rosemary stretch

Betsy Fagin
About the dusieli kollektiv project:

This chapbook was produced in an edition of 50 numbered copies for the first dusie press kollektiv project. Online at http://www.dusie.org.

Many thanks to Susana Gardner and all the project participants for their enthusiasm and support.

May 2006
Oxford, UK
her self, a confetti shredder—strip shredders are pedestrians without skills.

cautious, pieced together from bank statements, castoff credit card bills all public domain.

delicacy blacked out, distributed randomly. soaked, broken its very fibers. slurried indecipherable.

spread widely, the only way of keeping her self intact.
I demand carbon copies of the last four years: something ~must~ have happened.

cool fall, deserted
dust boarded strong winds,
swept over eyes.
tired life and its people.

collected in the well
hollows
returning silent
cruel, final.

up to the window
pleading. its markings
matched those of early
morning, precisely

daylight before rest. unbound
from civility. protecting the despised.
gilded siren

overfull memory
framed. instruction—
    precisely formatted
to reason.

dirt worn down
    makes paths—
    trodden sod.

this thing am I
    exactly so.
having fallen

from an oily surface
    am coated (protector)
    am skinned explorer
undercover crowds
disperse trying to be down.

profiles match “tree, fallen” with
“vehicle, abandoned.”

could we support
standing on nothing?

the visitors, our neighbors.
all. all afraid comes

inevitable– that rain.
bloWS that wind.

first ours– the us of others,
convinced of devastation.
all memory carried,
good. praise it.
I thank the drinkable, activated.
your talk. your life.

raining separation
walls, barriers
downbreaking. rivers
become oceans, redistributing.

strengthening people of body
bless this carrying
and blessed, be purified.
water the world:

Nile the Potomac
Jordan the Hudson
Tigris the Isis—
Euphrates,

you are my Seine.
embody, begin. downrain
prayers my everywhere, my water,
pray I are all.

day every water for pray.
I faucet your talk. your life.
praise it. thank I
drinkable, activated.
.6.

*unbreakable structure*

if others, then more of us. everybody
regimes oppressive from time to time.

walls melting powerless, we are fiendish kind.
we are corporate hegemony, widespread injustice–

we are rigid, contesting motion minute by minute.
molten the fluid universe, all broken breaking breaks.
For years, I didn’t speak.
Fearing orange pine trees, their judgment,
mountain winds I wanted to think better of me.
Release this tassajara, from me.
Advice I carried for years on bread
and water for making the bread.
   Selves of right riot through
   radiating silence, stillness throughout
   an inside quiet.
the nature of nature inflicted
itself on others.
all the neighboring villages
and their dwellers were hand holding,

uniform scratching of backs
well harvested and re-seeded
in accordance with the higher laws
of ocean tides and wade pools.

this salted land sugared sweet,
rose up again rose hipped,
berry full, cherry-heavy boughs:
venusian balance imposed.
9. 

stakes is high

tired 

tumbling 

hemmed in 

cinching. 

stooped.

stumbled 

revealed.

all actions, emotions 

sorted. 

separated.

strung with blooms 

wrapped in colors. 

belted song 

taken in, under. 

exposed 

once’s structure. 

a backing: 

some cords, sticks, stakes.
contempt veins my pulsing
police distrust. explains generations
on the wrong side of the law:

manic depression, schizophrenia,
drug running, you name it.
an overdose here, a poisoning there.

‘accidents’ with farm equipment
and kitchen tools. fear of what
is held in stores. connectedness

invents, preservations the sky
in pieces. fitting days: puzzle
days, comic book days are these.