



rosemary stretch

Betsy Fagin

About the dusieli kollektiv project:

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Online at <http://www.dusie.org>.

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.1.

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.

.2.
sleep tight

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.

.3.
gilded siren

overfull memory
framed. instruction–
precisely formatted
to reason.

this thing am I
exactly so.
having fallen

from an oily surface
am coated (protector)
am skinned explorer

dirt worn down
makes paths–
trodden sod.

.4.

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.

.5.

water jar

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.

.7.
silence

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.

.8.

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.

.10.

my ancestors

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.

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