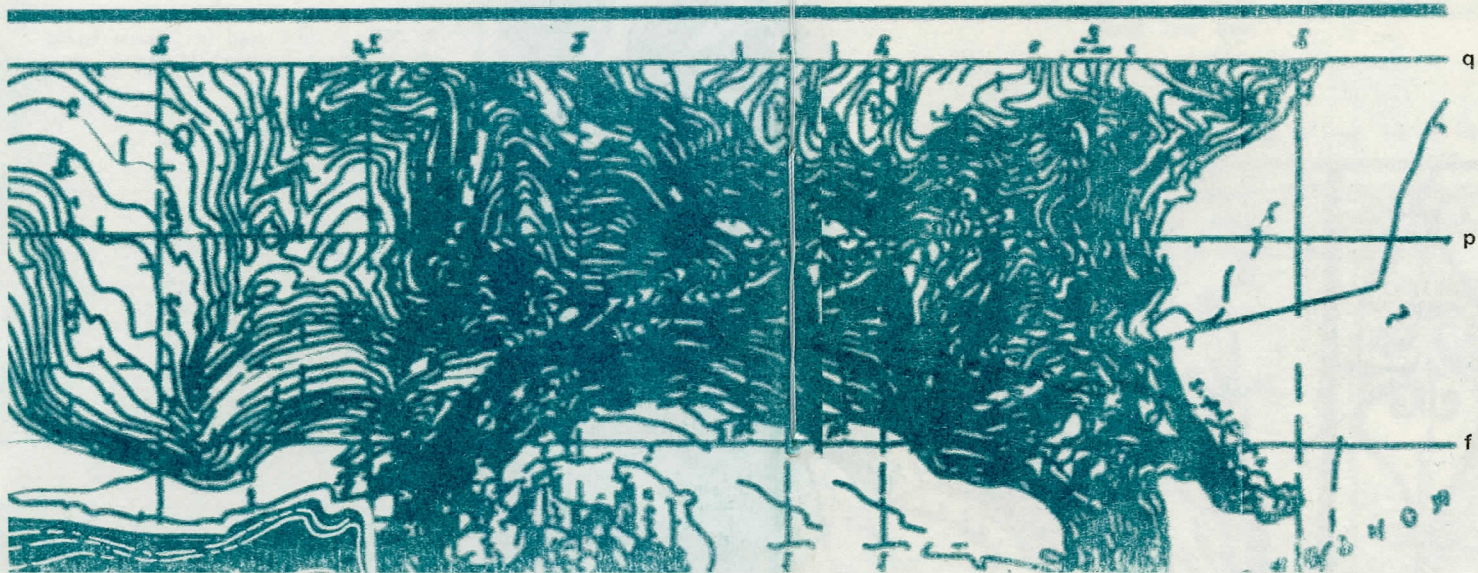


makeshift press publications 2023

postcards from the train



for my friends
here and there



You are sending me pictures out the train window of rivers
and red rock. I used to live just south of there, I tell you, for a
summer. Before this place, Colorado sun.
Lines crisscrossed in time and space,
running long and loose along the railway,
stitched through seasons: there is a

tangle between us.

We watch you pull the fine details of your life off the
walls, sweep them out of the corners, pack them into
moving boxes and duffel bags.

We sit weary, expectant, waiting
for summer to swing on its hinges into whatever it is
becoming: August,

in your words, a new year.

I am at least learning to be discerning. I hold my small gold embroidery scissors at the ready. I pick out postcards to send to my string-stretched loves (that's you now, you know).



i. seafog rolls perennially
in from the

west

sky a slurry

bluewhite

birds

caught on the breeze

I think we are savoring

this time that we finally

know each other

ii. california turns: fogchill, railrust
sea crust stilts, houses hollowed
out at the hips by high tide
quick to oak bake, pine simmer,
crackle grass hills and east sky
particular pale blue
thin and frayed in high heat

iii. laced with trainrumbles

and green summer still lush

in smokeshadows,

chicago overgrowing

you hold a mirror to the light and say

california would crumble

brickbuilt like this but junefires

burn everywhere now

between the two of us we have

nearly three shadows

between the two of us

i was almost you

between the two of us there is

static on the line

summer doesn't taste like itself here
blown through with

seafog sundirt city paved

I would have spent the day

wrapping my mind around you/ out of

nowhere you/ out of river home

you/ who i have almost known

slow to surface memory starting

to mark-make on my skin and in the corners of the room

I have hardly begun to live in

plum bruise plaster cast door

frame scribbled ribcage stone

scraped stitches in the space between

us a tangle

of days cinched tight topographies creased close

night chimes under the fig tree and

here/ then /there/ now

sit side by side in the stairwell,

blowing smoke to the light.



my

I

am

am

my I homeagain am learning
I am my home learning again am
my by learning homeagain you
by learning you my homeagain

homeagain
you





lips slung with
 low hung words
 summer ripe, scrub jays
 gathered on your collarbone
 pecking for flecks of
 fruit flesh
 stones pit teeth
 the shade between us is sticky
 with slow sound
 promises falling like plums
 my own name tastes bitter on my
 tongue
 purplesoft skinripped
 knowing you is a task for tantalus
 kneedeep //reaching
 in the heat
 tell me true darling tell me sweet

thunder out my august window and I
 remind myself every fortysixseconds that
 I

I am here,

reel my kitemind in from some deep blue dream
 resew sinew nestle my hips back into their sockets

shrug myself into my skin from where
 I have been skimming through

uncoming days
 light from unseen sun pouring through the
 plateglass window pale in my chest
 perpendicular to each rib there is a door swinging
 on its hinges spring on the tip of its
 tongue
 where I live in kitchens / canyons
 past / future
 your name I am

culled / calling

Kite string mind, reeled way out the train window and
 tangled in moments uncoming and gone. dark blue sky flung
 open wide. Pulled to the same faraways again and again:
 the people i tie my strings to
 have some windcaught condition.

Everything here reminds me of everyone there, now,
 linked by your elsewhere. In that kiteblue place,
 in the jasmine,

you sit together.

I hope you chat as I carry you with me,
 that my idea of one gets to know my memory of
 another, over tea and wine.

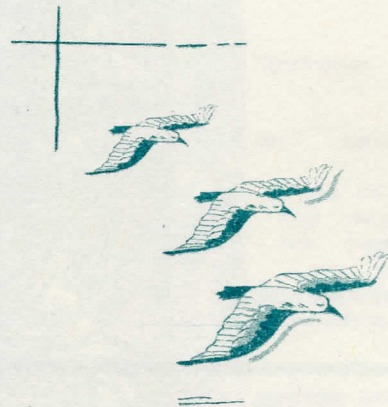
Pack of people in my pocket.

I reach for you and

all I find are cigarettes, a stone, housekeys.

Day

scraps.



kite string mind
 dark blue sky flung
 open wide
 in the jasmine
 pack of people in my pocket
 house keys
 day scraps

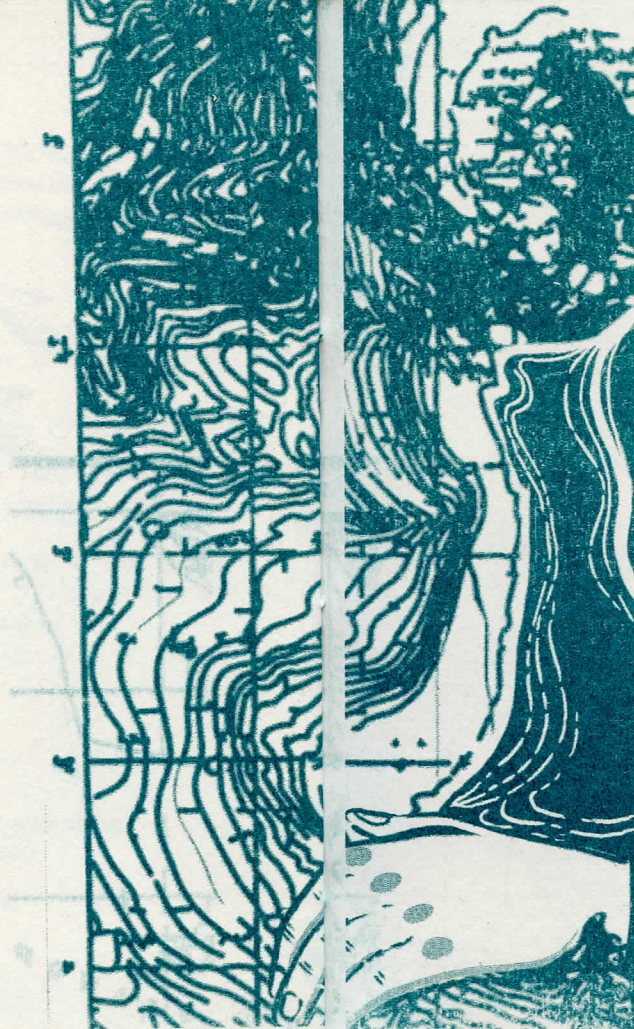
Everything (everything?)
is changing but

hasn't changed yet,

a bluesky day caught
for a moment
on the sidewalk for a coffee

in the sun, parkedge,
before dusk pools in
door frames,

climbs the buildings.



I race the dark to the top of the hill.
Fast through Chinatown dusk and
hot breath home: intricate city,
quilt of small worlds stitched
together with trolly thread and
thrown over steep shoulders,
I am map-making in my mind.

At the top of Sutter, at Octavia facing
West, I wonder if I will grow into this place.