

Triggermoon
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Julia Cohen



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for Spook

There Was a Bridge of Tattered Rugs

I've cut the rope-swing, carved scars in a tree
I've taken a glass bottle & shingled its sides
I've taken some velvet leg & tossed it in the gully of my bed
I've wasted quilt

A nightgown soaked in milk
The bassinet sleeping in the greenhouse
A boat-shaped spider crabbing the high corner
What have I done to this world

The fairness of snap peas
Did that sound leave me
I've tattered a rug to bridge the embankment
but the cry came from below

I've leeches from & leeches from
& left what I could no longer hold
No refuge is permanent
The human voice
Pelts of my name

l.

I Might Have Lasted & the Grass Curled Under My Eyes

If I had two cell walls it could be easy
I so snugly fit in your back
Hiking away from the saintly glass vacuum

Clothespins clipping your silhouette to the lawn
A double helix staircase, your spine & its turning away

Allegiance & then inconsistent light
Once I shelled my heart, could not recover

Flies, breadcrumbs, apricot pulp

If I was found in the excrement of an owl
Worms in my palm
Defrock, is turning towards

If your bones were spindly plants that bloomed
& then the water that watered the light

I think I was a body-shaped hole in the clouds

A Child Becomes Part of Your Nervous System

We collect everything that can be touched to the body
& bottle everything that cannot

Careful labels written on bark, glued with slugs

Out there, new levels of apathy crawl through screen doors
Unsurprise families at the kitchen table

Out there, hairbrushes aflame, a shabby brilliance ashing in pigtailed
Out of your need to explore a need to protect

Cut eight notches on the school desk:

The non-world occasionally rolls over you & you
must let your mouth widen

Birdsongs appear as abstract patterns

Some days everything is missing

Deceit if we turn the day's leaf from the pillow

Tend exquisitely to what's taken from the mouth

A vision with no roof but the cap in hand

Your eyes darken to enliven the birdsong

When you arrive at the darkest blue you no longer knock

Each notch for the same child sleeping with fists

An intention lapsed into ink, unsure of what pain proves

Out there, they'll finish the picnic as muskets fire

Oh timid sugar oh fire that caramelized your name oh sooted lamb

Hindmost, save room for dessert

Golden-haired amoeba, upstream, there there

And the way through your water was loosed upon the world

Some things are meant for flesh to touch

We Took Away Your Horned Helmet with No Sacrifice on Our Side

When my ship sent for the breakers I was made

A magnificent kite cut the horizon in half
In the cove that crept inland, regret did not come in pairs

Before, I was quiet in the discomfort corridor
My attempts at conversation almost touching in suggestion
Companion to slim pauses & sailor twins

Any harm in keeping if there is no sacrifice on our side

To float I've holstered your helmet to my flanks
Hollowed the horns for crabs to hide in

My beard was tired & filled with shells
Ashes have made many more beautiful than beauty

Defer your rapture, every era the most trying

There Is a Naked Body up There & I Need to Touch It

Every woodsy stroll has a ladder bark-hilted to its hip
Even as it happens I know we'll remember separately

Climbing a birch when I say tree you picture pines

I don't agree with myself for longer than a minute
& then the guiltless sleep amongst roots & grubs

As in gauging the rain, it is nothing like rain

A courtyard perched in the middle of the forest looking out
upon what it should not encroach

Pinecones cutting disparity between indecision & expansion
Walk on the white arm of a branch, remind me
to swarm from the inside

What is waiting is what these curls hide
Untuck my confusion in front of my forehead

Capillary action, it is nothing like cold rain

The arm was no longer part of the tree but resting upon it
You there, today I need something physical from you