ochre
Gla4
winner of the 2015 BOAAT Chapbook Competition selected by Mary Ruefle
The author would like to acknowledge all of the people who have sat on the porch and the angels who are angels.
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some legs and the texture of some tiles
some colors I could hide behind
I go to my camera
there is no film
it is a great relief to know
that there is no film
today the car will not start
I dial a number
but I cannot speak
I write it down
but the letters are broken
I hear moving in their bathroom. I walked down the hall and cracked open the door and saw their bodies, most certainly still and in bed (on their backs) completely still. But back in my bed, I think I can hear a slight shifting on the other side. How many times I have lay in my bed thinking it's them in there, making the noises (being the source of the noise whose source I now see may be anything) (while it is most certainly everything) (whose source may be "gravity" or "plumbing" or "air pressure" or "water pressure"
I never remembered to clean out the car

until it was night

and then I wanted to do it really badly

but you can't clean out a car at night
Vacuuming Car

removing dirt from places you try to avoid thinking about
push to some marginal nowhere and
Those wrinkled leaves are in the wrong place!

put the dirt back where it belongs

in piles with other dirt
everything
  about out is
purple is
  violet is
  and over
everything about today is violet
the street is violet
Perhaps I should be grateful
that the place into which my body came out of
has demanded that I doubt the validity of this
place at all. all its springs popping, screws
dangling about and bleeding out the cracks.
should be grateful that the place does not cohere into
a warm meaning handed down by a single saw.

because if it did, if my ancestors traditions were fluid through my goo,
if the language I knew held the pieces together,
I would not have the adventure of searching for a subtle taste
of picking through the ruins of my ancestors
power trip experiments
of falling out of and into the darkness of dimensional splatters
when predictions make you sickle

knowing the knowing of the single sun goo
but knowing as well its mutated missing piece

if I was a single sun I could not be this
a bacteria lost and cocking in the magnificent muddle
of toxic dung and soft chemical plush, of
stainless aluminum limbs, plasticycle shards, and
ceramic tiles scattered here by a dented helicopter

a wandering drone
a disconnected steering wheel and a pulse that is pulsing
I can feel it under my skin
but the pulsing motions that match it have slipped
into the shadows, at the edges of my missions
I follow the disappearance
green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
star green and blue
when I was little the best part of the day was eating ice cream

now when I eat ice cream a vague float of recollection comes
over me

I know that ice cream used to be enough
holding a sword,

I could not swim

depth in slumber,

I could not evacuate the building
underground
at the historical preservation place
I saw all the instruments
they are rusting underground.
I could have asked
is this one for giving pain or
punishment? or is it for
measuring stones? I could have asked
is this one for chaining horses? or for
castrating humans
but I knew the material was used for
everything--- they all came
from the same side of the same mountain
I brought my clipboard to a house
it had never before been to

I had been there in January

In January it was Cold
the air was colder in the house and outside
in the forest and the field and outside the valley
in New York it was colder in January
than May
the children who trade marbles live on the other side of town

they trade marbles for marbles

here we trade rocks

some rocks are gathered

some are born inside of your stomach

I traded all my marbles for a day at the river
bugs
outside touching
her all over
she
can't control them
so she gets uncomfortable
and goes inside
She pointed out something I hadn't quite noticed before that I was entering a child with the action of writing in a loose possibility realm this body is said to be separate from what it references this body is tied all over to my body.
Sometimes we search for words. We search for words that will satisfy some ache or itch.
Sometimes words find us.
When you’re not expecting it

    a word will come through your perception space
It may land like a stone or it may flutter around you quietly, wondering if you’ll notice it

as something to be pulled out of the

    flowing pooling of messy color
    to occupy a space in the mind

protected from dissolution.

    The letters provide that protection.

    (but letters may be even sneakier than words, we don’t know the power of the freedom
    each letter has to change its form and still pass as itself)

a word found me recently. It is “clival”
I say
every time I cut garlic
I think of you
but I can't remember
if I thought of you
the last time I cut garlic
I am not being dramatic.
The words are being dramatic.
the bathroom floor looked really wet

it was pretty wet

the bathroom floor looked really pretty

it was wet

the floor of the bathroom was wet it was pretty
Sometimes I search for shapes
I may search for the shape
of a word or the shape
of something else
else
else
else
else
else
This saliva... comes back off and on up until now (Thursday 9:45-)
and is associated with weird tastes and tingling and numbness in right side
of face/jaw/sinus
Woke up Thursday with more headache than before. Achey left side of
front head above/ left of eye
cont'd dizziness, lightheadedness
Eyes and body feel extremely sluggish and heavy
Tingling in and out through face, upper arms, shoulders
“Hat” Collections

250mL solid yellow
1000mL medium yellow
300mL very dark (for me) red (ishish)
200mL bright yellow (same as)
400mL soft dull translucent grayish yellow
250mL dark warm yellow
150mL dark and warm tint
300mL medium nice
250mL nice yellow gray (yellow)
350mL nice warm yellow
150mL dark
200mL dark and strong
350mL light yellow
400mL nice yellow
400mL light yellow
200mL warm yellow
400mL dark golden yellow smelly
150mL gold
200mL yellow
200mL gold
300mL light gold/yellow
400mL straight yellow, lt.
300mL dark/med. nice
250mL orange yellow
250mL warm strong yellow
250mL dull gold
300mL yellow
400mL slight green
350mL bold yellow smell
150mL dark yellow
400mL limey yellow
550mL limey light
500mL light misty
400mL nice yellow
100mL warm light
100mL
200mL dark warm
500mL light medium warm misty
350mL brown yellow
150mL gold
450mL dark misty light ochre
550mL very light lemon lime gray
250mL light faded gentle bird
150mL soft bird, brighter
200mL gentle grey tint rust
350mL dark sun
450mL dark dusty
150mL yellow blonde slant
400mL dark ochre
200mL yellow
250mL ochre w/ fire earth vibe
400mL soft bird
150mL nostalgic
300mL orange yellow
600mL sienna yellow
500mL light tea
225mL light lemon
350mL dull gray yoke
450mL gentle and tired
350mL light grayish tint
200mL
200mL
350mL