

crying in public

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I

a woman once wondered where to begin
 "the animals and the children and the hopeless
 and the homeless... and then there's this,"
 she said, lifting a petal to her lips and noting
 its wetness a tear dripped and she thought, "how
 to express this..." in a tree in a breeze that
 rattled the leaves, with the chirping of birds
 and the shades being changed by the passing away
 and fading in sun... "there's no way to say how
 it hits the viscera, about the waves in the gut...
 how it makes of the worst a trivial portrait,
 indispensable to a scheme so chaotically
 perfect..." in a house full of people,
 glaring lights, banging music, loud laughter,
 empty words overlapping she closed her eyes
 and hummed a sad song with a slight smile
 sitting back still as a sculpture

1

II

"we have the whole of
 history to compete with"
 we are a bit ambitious
 in comparison with artists
 drowned out by city's whirr
 and drone while
 staying in bed with pictures
 and letters & deriving some
 entirety by overhearing pieces

III

pompous prophecy: (alliteration
 is always accidental)

preempting this soon-to-be classified
 and emulated or imitated but impervious as
 a monopoly my former friend my bridging link
 these spreading roots overtake this once &
 still sparse soil sterile till now four
 fecundating footprints to follow

3

IV

it's much to say that i can't go
 without you that without the taste
 of your spark to set me off i
 feel a little lost though far
 from hopeless i do my best with
 your sense freshly sounding in
 my fingers nevertheless some
 refreshing bursts have been born
 in your absence yes this
 supposed dependence is just
 at the tips and yields to a bit of
 initiative resistance grip has
 exaggerated emphasis which
 resigned abidance will soon diminish

it's times and manys
 of representational 'i love yous'
 'sweet' too many times uttered samenesses
 you can sense can you i
 think that's the whole basis
 your my me my you
 refute that stipulation of
 words' purpose (not the 1st
 though its own kind of that
 denial of an unserving nontruth)
 tension in the teeth repeated
 know better

in looking i see what i'm
 sure i feel for whats extent is
 surely what renders the
 indecipherable (perfectly
 commonly and beyond
 ineffable and and particularly
 in their meaning nothing to you
 what can matter have to do
 with letter choices if & when
 they've no motivation other than
 of earning you

and can't we reside here and here at the same
 time senses spreading out to capture each instant
 and release simultaneously or at least almost nearly
 while a body part's engaged but that's crazy eh?
 it takes mastery of akind skin to harmonic singing
 (2 notes at a time from one larynx) lay the seed
 and you'll have a tree to climb in a century
 if you just wait

"Subcutaneous itches can't be extinguished"

The sun was just setting. He was lying in his
 bed, looking up at the ceiling, his feet tapping
 restlessly, fire in his worn-out eyes.

none is quite extreme enough (to satisfy)
 that doesn't scream and flail
 give birth destroy in loud fire
 work crash, colored showers
 glass sharp biting undeniable
 unavoidable lash strokes of immensity
 branded deep in stone that
 shreds quotidian coma embarrasses
 immediately everyone

He could hear his mom and her date, in the
 kitchen nearby, talking about some people. He
 tried to filter it out, but he could only
 drown it out.

manifestations are slight compared
 to their impetus, i mean the means
 of release, all those e and ex words
 tapping when mountain-wide echoing
 bassy boom bounces back and
 forth below the surface

He hummed. He added his hands to the tapping
 and all the sound now from all around melded in
 layers of rickety dissonance.

that makes me think of the hopelessness
 that's love of the closed circle that crushes
 futures potential it weeps and wails and reels
 but dearoldpal it gives for its taking a heaping
 helping of extreme hope-ridden delicious fancy
 i might say exclusively a large sense of
 the utmost for high doses of prolonged
 agony demandingly asks we to withstand any
 without blushing flinching cringing or buckling

VIII

so many steps back paces make that as the looseness
contributes to the authenticity, as it's derivative
of such indistinct states... whatever is there to
come to but here's nows whys this and it's links
better observe responseless this wish is constant
distinguished from that so-named childishness
in which longings of all kinds and the attempts
to satisfy fit.

parenthetical: "just hold your tongue"
it will come to nothing to take the most direct
route...

there's nothing like a memory selectively
to spare the cerebral impact of reverb
water under something so it's never
twice the same thing except where
a looping river flows in...

gratefully, i keep forgetting

XII

nothing known be
fore of how or what
that just as much when
clouds are settled low (below
my brow) the boom and circulation
overflow though i can move only
almost undetectably heart swelling
warmly a dance happening in a shackled
body yes again nonetheless the little
sparks of light bounce from moss to grass
to petal to treetop and climes of cold and
warm are intermittently settled into amid
vast expanse with feet a little lifted
off the ground as i run dead skin is
shed and empty thoughts pour out