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Lines for Revision

There were people behind closed doors, people on the other side.

The cop on his motorcycle tailing me.

His parents invented a language, wrote a book in that language, and named him after the main character.

I was not suspicious of the couple buying children's books until someone pointed out that they did not have a child.

Two men in the park admired my baby: "How old, how old?" Then, "That's one of those meaning-of-the-universe type things."

The tree jumped into itself and stayed there, as if hung in a frame.

Two boys hurled wads of dirt at one another while the Wica group completed their ritual: three little girls in velvet gowns: "Food time!"

The woman on the phone, her dog in her lap: "Who can remember these things?" or the waists of men?

Broken stumps scavenge the sky.

If I believe my eyes, the chinless man's got one leg, two feet. The new moon's sliced to ribbons by my bus's windshield wipers.

Willows whiten, aspen quiver. The Viennese scholar of the avant-garde swallows his tea as the baby wakes in the Shakespeare garden.

Night: A stranger among humans. (Hölderlin)

Whether one can feel the news as one can feel one's own hands. Whether one can feel one's own hands as one feels the news.

What else can words do? But I'm no closer to her without them.

Anna hesitates before the train, while under the tree, the former mayor of the former city.

This book is your mother and your father and for that reason you must allow it to feed you, must accept, at the limits of your cellular body, the taste of it, even how it walks all over you.

What is the music of that line? Why watch, once again, Charlie and Johnny, in fear of one another, rising toward the glassed-in sky?

Lines for a Storm

So he plucked out his feathers, went and sat by a tradesman's shop, and wept.

With the sunflower nodding and the sirens on steady, she wakes to answer the phone.

Kissing the deck with superstitious ardor, the hand with his cap, is filmed.

And he walked the globe with feet of lead, and she in a window of dust.

1861 to 1863: doctors diagnosed 2,588 soldiers in the Union army as suffering from nostalgia.

Pale blue lines between banks of dark cloud had no choice but to become America.

Wept and wailed until he lost his senses—when the cook came by he gave her pepper when she asked for salt, wheat when she asked for rice.

Though many of the afflicted were hospitalized, the most serious cases were allowed to return home.

Running as ocean-froth or cloud-wisp in storm-wind, a memory of her small lap her salt scent her blue beads and her eye, blinking.

Psychologists began to advise parents to train their children to master the emotion, to send them away from home so that they might become accustomed to movement and change.

Must I hold her to me as she, in this torrent, dissolves?