

*ligature
strain*

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strain

poems

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no. 6



Retro Series chapbooks are printed in Hawai'i on recycled paper.

file practice rant the closed toe webbing for swimming
like beavers hunting building wood chopping in homes
or dens they survive webbed and brown like your feet
in dirt in calm soil brown and dark and webbed
kneading earth to eat wood to be a den or a home
a webbed grasp of your toes w/ nails deep in blood
flesh a cut along the calf and curve of a thigh
how restless winter becomes beaver baby beaver child—a
gray beaver fetus webbed in a womb colored translucent
blue solid brown not yet earth

small small trailer of land where systems
rise and fall. the fjord is open and broken
where water does not flow and beavers
cannot enter or house. brown oiled fur in
water to repel or release your pink child
into water or wood. like termites that
sleep sleep and swarm in desert
wind new pink flesh float and wait
inert for birth.

reinsulated in winter a dawn
where the beavers live. snow wet
and dry in frozen flowing water
wherever the new pink fleshs leak
and freeze like icicles

infertile pond

the beavers leave the gate open
and hail away to cities and in habit
your water. fill cases of sewer detritus
small pipelines of little bits of pink
fleshs—come for teeth and shower
nozzles—you bathe in squirming pink
fleshs.

the webbed fetal toe in grasses
grasping at roots white grass roots and
smeared soil caught in the nails
and white chunks of fertilizer poison
you.

white seeps in for that webbing is thin.
a balance for your swim bladder that
always kept you too low or too high.
a rudder for your swimming mind to
feast its jealousies on.

so you pilot up a hill and echo locate
echo locate into caves—the mass has left
you useless. an empty eye without being
around. loll and roll like glass mis-
behaving.

secure tree to give birth lined in socks of
gray and swimming pink. sound is
absorbed and the pink fleshes shock and
swarm in their sacs. echo locate. echo
locate. but. you. are. lost.

a scintillating beaver she was—she
sheds her skin her skin pink and
new streaked with blood and left
without its protective fur. a whole
molting process for winter and each
season the pink comes through.

the pink fleshes attach and drink mothers
milk from your pink teat bits of red
blood cells pass too. pink gums and gray
lidded eyes paw and gnaw.

pink squirming fleshes and new pink skin
streak your blood and appetite.

so she closes her womb. you close her
womb and watch for any pink fleshes that
might slip out between the black stitches—

she has amniotic bloat. she is a fetal
carrier until she becomes a bloated bale
of incubation. pink fleshes drop from her
nose one by one washed in gray
amniotic goo. premature fleshes drip
from each teat translucent blue.
your pupil bursts with small
quiver pink pieces of flesh new w/
blood traces mucus and gray placental
flesh. paw and gnaw. paw and gnaw.
quivering for food quivering from birth
they streak their bloody trails to the teat &
drink lifeless pups which spray from
opening to opening.

her stretched pink flesh drops like tissue paper on the cave floor. the pink flesh squirm in shapes of congealed raspberries. the massive raw mound makes its way to the cave entrance. green mountain air blows open their weak skin they burst like your swollen mother pipes blood cells and half digested translucent blue smear leak into the inner mass.

beaver flesh against beaver flesh
eating pinks that burst in mountain—
sunlight and decaying sacs cover
like a den—the dead squirm with the
movement beneath.

they eat and grow webbed toes—
brown fur oiled thick w/ resistance. they
waddle down to suture the river the lake
with chewed wood. echo locate echo
locate deep inside your warm brown
den. the beavers swarm inside her burst
webbed womb for blue teat leak and her
swollen mother pipes strain for fetal
release.

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