

Andy Frazee

from "The Body, The Rooms"

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My body rests in its perpetual motion machine, its circular cellular division, its
divisioning. The rooms

are not my rooms.
Their ministrations want me

to envy enclosedness, un-
dialogic fingers *Lives beneath a February sky, sinking certain words*
into the world, the page of worldly symptoms. and the arcs they dance, prompt
as letters written, alphabetic litter
written under condition *Comes to the*
world weakened from movement—through dream, my dreams partake of me.

and maps on walls,
no maps on walls, rooms
pale in comparison *(When I sleep alone, bed wet with slick of me, the sweat and come of me, snow in faux spring—*
rooms of the past
encamp with the *here.*

They memory-grasp.

To let them in, induce
the design *low-angle daylight through windows decades older than me—*
the entire ramshackle city, their songs
patrol me, echo off
dust motes. *a foundation of invisible stilts, imagined scaffolding.)*

Churn of wash, hum of heat:
I belong to taxonomy. Periodic table
my moods indicate

some visible space. Insects
in corners can't be

reached. Have they names? *My body seems something solid and permanent. And pure, pure as a god's mouth—*
the TV's dark. Once it said
ten dead. It invokes
a world, a corner of room *though it caves in like calendars, craves coffee*
and sugar, takes Prozac with its breakfast, with its toast and eggs and its

with some special maneuver
grabs an object-
part and drags it

inside my apartment-
gut like a huntress *(death of my father, then death of a friend—death of a love affair with—) (winter*

some terrible compromise
a million years ago. Some splice

humanity meant to them *sprinkling salt on the mirror of me, sowing the ground with—) (I call upon*
the thaw and reflective sun, refraction in the mirror of—). to preen the day's
shards and rust—and permit us
to envision the other.

Lock on door, door in
wall, wall in *Sets itself in front of the*
mirror and sees its scars, its pores around the nose—like some landslide, some lava flow.

books stacked in a corner. Near a lamp,
a fan. Near the fan, a
window. Venetian blinds. Outside: *It needs a cut, it needs a shave.*

My body dreams inside itself. At night my body dreams—

friends and fathers long gone, lovers and love, one upon one, one upon—.

I can never place the train
where the sound comes from.

A martyr to forget,
that sound, a Saturday

*Dreams of music—The spheres undefined,
though of rock stars,
performance artists—*

*Dreams of peace,
a feeling of well-being,
feeling comfort in its skin.*

its music keeps me warm.

And the room, a slit throat
the hall reminds me of *It consists of dreams and skin.* all its mechanisms *Counts on me to do what's right.*
Sometimes seeks a soul and comes up cold. behavioral

models, everything *(Hear me you*
Methodists, you mother and grandparents! Hear me Baptists, my they sister and brother!) *(The waning daylight*
makes me miserable!) *(And the sink sunk pollinate me into the countertop! the sink gleaming through the night!)*

Will lie silent on cold table. Wants cremation not internment. This is my last will and—.

Useless doesn't lie here.

The fan in the corner
the wind won't enter.

(A sight to see, parking
lot, maneuver) *Confirms the oxygen around it—says goodbye and hello on the phone or when it's buying milk to
help it grow*

into newer, bigger, badder bones. but enough
of movement. They correspond

to a heart, these chambers. Pushed
through the threshold *Ten dead in Iraq today—roadside bomb,*
suicide bomber—the elections draw closer as— again the threshold threatens *Likes sunlight, impending summer
storms.* to pin me among worlds.

Blood clot *the accounts of tsunami lost climb to stratosphere and past—*
into empty void, universal god-space. of my forgetting.

Wonders if it's animated by anything other than itself Something's meant
 to change. Objects oblique
 and serviceable (*blood vessels, meat—*
tendons, nerves—brain and brain stem—pitted skin and hairy skin— if the ceiling fan wants to
 make a mechanism *hair*
from my head, ears and nose and arms). Some sort of animal— of my dreams—it should (*want to be some*
poisonous animal too small to see dream their solidity, their
 corners and sills *and crawl up under a toenail, or down a throat, an*
unawaking ear, then folds of brain—lying, laying eggs there).

enclosure should posit its tenets:

A gloaming at end of day. Prescience
in their knowledge of my movements

My animal of sounds and language, of sense and poetry, of meaning and non-meaning,
of perilous endeavor, perilous viewing, perilous making.

my shadow should haunt me.