

Ashley VanDoorn

“Rain softens roadkill for crows”

she writes while driving
while swimming and diving
through the oil spill
smothers some creatures.

She pictures scissors sipping incisions in another white room.
This is about the insulative¹ value of feathers vs. the naked woe-man.
Stitch, stitch—the flap of—wrist-hollow.
Is it sickening? The beak undressing the flesh from the bone.
Up to throat in wound. Dead going gone.
Dark eye against cloudy eye.

All she wants is to stop looking and all she has is desire to watch
rain fall coal-gold on the rescue-crew.

Coal: / other oil /

There are all these slicks at sea.
And at sea these slicks are bombed.
Aviation fuel is dumped on the slicks.
Quantities of ground chalk, dumped on the slicks.
The slicks get dispersed with detergent.
And the slicks’ aromatics evaporate.

Gold: / dolorous /

¹ spellchecker prefers “isolative”

People dancing naked catching coins and kissing them,
holding them up in both hands clutching them toward
every overlapping god, and the coins grow and grow
flashing back and forth in the chanting ecstatic hands
of the people and they grow so large they swallow
the sun and all goes dark as a crow swallowing

her another's outpouring now shut to light

and her eyes want to close and her mouth opens out the opening
window she dreams the arms she is driving toward/away from
in plush covering isn't this gory thing² cleverly cleaned?

² thing: always a vehicle

the broken car excuse broke us up is broken as a broken record

on a soaked afternoon
lonesome isn't blue, isn't clear like you—
it's maybe-gray or eyesore orange

*

transported (transient port spotted)

*

you who looks for a guarantee outside
feel as a waterfall
you should be a/cross by now

*

one a sacrifice and one a sack of ice

*

broken in broken down broken out
break dance take a break give me a break
brake

*

chirping
honking

lemon-scented shelves
green-wave gutters

re-tire her in a birdhouse
for a net-head she's feathered
land and limb pen-pinned
peeling wall-papered (oblique
map-and-doll print fabricated)
scratched to scraps masters scale-
matter plastered patter-familiar
slammed slack what bleak bird-
bitten dust floats over worm-
terminal she misses messy as
a misty nest she's missed too much
munching spineless refinement
isn't it fishy how she flashes
the wing/fin what he i'm/parted

intimate
isolation

“reality” is rated aRc—
when you know where you are,
you're inveRting it

“we couldn't be driven together so...”

Weather Art *We At Heart* (Wear Apart)

If the lake-whiff breeze of childhood
lacks verve but values chance to change? (her trek tracked by discovered
tackle beached then bleached)

A dark line describes scent's faint wavering intervention.

If a teenage rain intersects ink-minerals
and abstracts adult agriculture? (she sifted through her search a little
engine through rift injured rife)

A zone of worn-warm figures shield the chill-blotted field.

If middle sky is now almost a bottled
blue in which floats a sinking boot? (this season ceased reason loosens
her tongue-seized-tongue)

Supposal within grasp—stars pieces of foil—shifted wishes.

If lightning suppression is attempted
by introducing aged silver into clouds? (leaves the dock slimed with slippery
organic between-the-slats snag)

Artistic formations gain brain potential from earthquake up.

If enough charge accumulated
distresses results in strokes? (letters enter the net as sand
dredged accumulates she links)

Head-Heart poles drop thunderheaded experiments around eve.

If the narrative perimeter might
hurricane the worst in memory? (in caves she bubbles into waves
sinks and springs to surface)

No precise tornado delicately balances these various controlling factors.

If the developmental sun contests
future metaphor-worship? (the gritty bottom spreads rapidly
covering all her contrasts)

Inevitable subdivision on clear feasible borders, but distance continues.

elite lite

wilderness has become a symbol
extended because it surely should
lead to true wild—free to be storms
and forests to burn (but that is the
ideal (old but not for self) system free
to change without interfe-(refuge of
absolute ref-)rence—she refuses to
allow some measure of control
must consist of at least a fairly
compact unit providing an interplay
(p)reserves separate, specified
(place-)holder(-retained) escapes

(the gloved woman with the parasol
shadows the girl with the lacy doll
who stares away from the golden clasp
of the purse resting on the woman's lap
into the otherwise ignored bright bouquet
centered on the center table of the café)
in the corner painting at a cheap gallery
and she spends too much on it happily
and she hangs it in her little room
autonomous soon
(the girl is not herself) besides
(the picture is not herself) outside

Riddles for an Anchored Hot-Air Balloon

What resembles a reassembling of angels wielding savage weapons?

Right-wing: frozen fires barely shift inside a fear-box,
a float like a gesture but locked up
Left-wing: lift can't polish whims, dig, can't weld
the whale to the owl, hint hint

What expands to amoeba and contracts to shark-length?

Speech-cloud, be buoy between the liquid whip
and the trees' trial—bating how we're animal
reveals we're mythological

Prime-mates, when you ruse each other, who rouses the most outcast "if"
if you exist like rain confusing thorns, like "like"?

Say yes—yes saccharine, carnal yes—

What passes for the soul?

If time heals all wounds, why can't we live in time?

Amused by this truing mood, mind's mine field
is a parachute matching altitude

Does the garden cherub scare the celestial monkey?

Will white horses tortured rhythmless foam over the newledge?

Ghost in perpetual approach you are just like our friend—
mystifying gift—unstuck target tangled up in jump—

Bars Through the Intelligent Hearts of Cities

Milestones strip grindstones' grip
allowing "if" to exist with "if" we exist
we continue to wash our faces & blot them out
on towels we can see our faces inverted—
our faces watermarks, blank stains that blink—
the things we think we drink to.

Construction cuts our fingers gape when we write
we've got puss on our pens is a gaudy or raunchy
cliché the way we dream we bite down on blood
capsules each time we read & words spurt and drip
out of we mouths—well, we do not really bleed—
we are sealed and our seals reveal us unbloodied
& we worry we're unblooded because when we crack
we do not bleed, we capture fractions of how things
regulate = how things rule, collecting strange object(iv(iti)e)s.

It's impossible to believe except in deceiving we feel
more alive when we're dead
to time (when we don't exist)
& life is a transit-fantasy
pedestrian-peripheral
& surfaces for obvious reasons
we grew up with sound-syndrome
& now observe a daily rise
in the bottom-
feeder traffic if it were to be diverted
our rights-of-way movements
would casually clear-cut our
varieties of browse & competitive
towers would be shaded & the row

of powerlines marching
across the countryside could not be

- a. inconspicuous
 - b. decent
 - c. underground
 - d. strung
- divisions along

wet print rings the unwritten rim & the end of night wires a satellite whim:
what's good for our souls wouldn't get on our nerves if we reversed it.