

Christie Ann Reynolds

I arrived early and wanting an instantaneous self

A little plastic man you sprinkle water on
and boom. Grows.

Wanting the same of horizon, season, lover

I clicked my heels to sparks,
became an anonymous alphabet maker.

Rain came in isosceles triangles and saturated
my profuse hatred for numbers.

I wanted a numberless fiend
to find me attractive and plant little letter babies in my brain.

We would eat fireflies and illuminate the many virtues
of tango and wedding cake.

We would import crepuscular and octagon into everyday
language.

Diaries would overflow with spores of mold.
Newspapers would crush to dust in a page turn.

Grass would grey with thoughts of shoes.

Our letter children would proudly become hostile
soup-shapes and enter people willingly.

An expletive written beautifully across the bed

I amount to nothing but your hair. A side swept
Helicopter sound of pocka-chockas and the snowflakes

You wrote of. Their disease-like shapes and their infiltration.
This is you, too. A colorful superstition of oil. A black jack.

An expletive written in the pillow with drool.

How I'm jittered by that one red string
In the tree. Is it idolatry? Symbolic of _____(you)_____?

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(o red string, an expletive written flutterly in a tree,
a promised line,
a floating medallion in the blood of a branch)

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Gently. Eventually. I amount to a shoulder. A hip and thigh bone.
White knuckle.

You understand now: I am a child.

I am so young but I promise you a face.

I commit to being a defective soul. I invest
In precise motivations of sorrow and if you change,

It will all just be a few crickets dying between us.
It will be like the horse head on the wall.

Absent galloping.

Our lives will be like the shattered tea cup
Gleaming even in deathlight.

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We enter an experimental cathedral.
Our steps an organ-press.

I will offer my hair to the clergymen and dangle
Between their thighs. A child bell.

An invisible kaboom of church making.

You won't mind my tremble. My curtsy
And lip speak.

I pull the world down.
I own a field and bomb it up with bullets.

It is our cathedral and in it,
I am a burning wing.

An earth weapon
The sky discarded.

The Palm Inside of What Flows

Blood we said. Sweet girls. They speak
With it on their hands and the one with the petals.

September wears her as a dress. September learns
Her like a spool. The octagons

Of evening swallow pale faces. Lagoons. We achieve the lagoon
And pull ripples asunder.

We climb the light rays but they are bending
Into our bodies like men.

The blood we said. We said we are sweet child-girls.
We are watercolors of drainpipe and oil slick.

We are amounting.

Time Machining Again

There is nothing about arriving that I haven't mastered.
Opening the window. Stepping in. Opening the pant leg.
Stepping in. Arriving at clothing. Arriving at hello,

I am here to teach you something important.

Alone the bell drones. And bees, we think of bees
In her palm. The morning she set them free

On the lawn. Spreading apiaries like a redundant
flower. Arriving now, a birth

And a forgetting. Sliding of sound into stethoscope.
Hearing the word chiffonier between heartbeat and inhale.

And wanting France, always wanting France
to arrive in a touch.

How one day, I will climb into a timeless valise
And demand to be known as the only person who ever slept alone.