

BLAZEVOX 2KX

Spring 2010

**Jacob Russell**

**Maid of Mist**

Memory throws an anchor  
from the slip of time  
puts a stop -- once past  
to forward motion

This and this and this  
thus  
fixed -- behind  
our whitewater descent  
cascading

Everything we thought  
Maid of Mist  
adrift  
beyond the shimmering falls

**South Philly: Tuesday, March 9 2010. 1:45 PM EST**

Rumblesound and thrum/ Ingersoll-Rand  
Early spring at 13th & Morris

Air-compressor. Expression  
pressed. Shovel scrape across concrete  
Filling the hole, dust cloud swept  
above the broken pipes of winter

What then the tune when summer comes

Clarion St. A call  
of absent song birds  
winging northward  
bound

for distant forests, parkscapes

Pigeons. Sparrows. Here.  
old woman  
waiting for the 29. Silver cane  
brazen hair. The usual  
plastic bag  
afloat.

On currents of air  
A few dry leaves

Up & running from another season

## **Snow at my Window**

flakes both one and many falling  
tangled line-  
scapes cross  
currents  
breathstop

a moments halt

then rise and fall again then letting go

to trust oneself is not an easy thing  
to ride invisible precipitates of air  
heart numb with cold  
to never know  
lifted, crossing over, letting go

## The Inadequacy of Nouns

Stand alone

to falter      fall

adjectival adjunct

crutch      clutch are cane      conundrums

mark

sacrificial verb

desire      craven caves

consumptive

breathless

death of poetry

or poet      who  
will be the master ?

## Retrospective Suicide

Is the only way to hold on to the pleasure

I asked myself as though I had already died  
at the very moment it seizes us  
like an actor in a 40's movie --  
as though anyone still wore lapels  
or anything at all

side by side naked and not even cold  
the window rattling in the wind  
the rattle of sleet on the glass like time passing  
if we had done it then  
it would have to be the two of us  
to think of you alone without

going to work in the morning as usual  
at the usual hour  
first light of day creasing the rooftops  
the winter chill  
and the train with its bundled

or years later the children gone  
the other men in your life  
wiping spilt coffee from the stove  
a favorite cup in hand with its curl of steam  
and the familiar crack its jagged line to your palm

signing our last will on the frosted pane