

THE LANDFILL DANCERS

MARY KASIMOR

BLAZEVOX[BOOKS]
Buffalo, New York

the landfill dancers
by Mary Kasimor

Copyright © 2014

Published by BlazeVOX [books]

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without
the publisher's written permission, except for brief quotations in reviews.

Printed in the United States of America

Interior design and typesetting by Geoffrey Gatza
Cover Art: Stairwalkers by noah saterstrom

First Edition
ISBN: 978-1-60964-173-3
Library of Congress Control Number: 2014930359

BlazeVOX [books]
131 Euclid Ave
Kenmore, NY 14217

Editor@blazevox.org



publisher of weird little books

BlazeVOX [books]

blazevox.org

21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10

from the blog of saints

maria Goretti's white BONE China
wearing A
BLONDE wig and
mermaid feet THE water
spreads Itself
THIN another
FISH of Women
in AGITATION
OH ST. vagina the Door separated
you FROM
Your mother AND the HEADlines sCREAmed
Murder INDIScretion
kept YOU dead A Subtle
SAINT of Disgrace
no one READ the true
Narrative of BACK alley
butchers among
THE UNDEAD after an afternoon
movie heaven
MOVED the earth and DUMPSters
filled with
Eyes and WINGS and wedding
RINGS a Modest
Attemp at covert ESPionage
Your TOES were Painted
RED A
marked THE SPOT
You ate HIS skin on
aLL souls' DAY

lullaby hallucinations in the library

i

please submit
to explain pure handling plans break breeze
pieces off
itinerant plainclothes people
monks and nuns and mimes
grab onto wheels
to move the red truck
performance burlesque squeezes dioxides
rain
rain
falls upon my dog
prom costs more penny daisies
ready to bloom

machinating chairs

ii

I rose to the nights of pink hustle. furthering the story changes to a fully clothed series of exhibits their blessed may selves a perfect carved memory piggybacking onto need. what separates the economy from the country the anxious wheel drives the numbers. survival with no music the piano plays the brain a phantom fire eater's word swallows for submission purposes only. half a version of horse to where it ends chasing itself again unsuccessful with sounds to dream.

iii

and I stepped out onto the street waiting to be hit
wanting more than that lost life with no chance
of winning the future
or moving forward
past the information

 I couldn't tell you more then I moved the furniture
just to change places mirror reflections
in the garden
and what grew was a small name
of a piece for peonies a fugue for ourselves
not just me
but all the reflections changing with margins for error
the deer in the library hallucinations
wailed for what were identified
with an X blended together with the shame
of self with unspeakable
art that reflected ourselves inside and out
I fell into a dream

iii

you fell out of life like life between borders
where the music felt restless and a broken
drum
and a broken guitar are spare pieces for
the wild dog that ate the heart (air) the wild bird
flying into the cave the house always locked
the sleep dreamed the skin left out to
dry the days facing the desert the flowers confusion
dead as a stone

iv

I wore only a ring and the bells rang out.

with the taste of blood I cleaned my hands, fitting them into a teacup.

made of fine bones, my face was a breeze on the red flowered veins in winter.

in the white snow I wore the white silence.

waiting for time to break every meaning of existence, I hung myself like walls.

I faced down my own reflections.

I discovered my shadow to find my paths opening the book.

for lack of reflection, I made myself.

purls in soil & distance

purl & Knit
I knot from A lamb's Mouth
I deliver nature's CRUDE

SOIL'S blood in the wheat & corn
Lying in uneven RowS
dangles A reproduction painted LARGE

I bloom TWO lips
the bleeding finger thumbs
THE Skein

many hues made OF fingers
a bloody STUMP of sun

purls END
no One sells rutabagas

& dirt's trembling Roots
from the grave
OF a black EYed Susan

I eat the Salt
& those who eat the BLUe
KNIT a CautionARY tale

planets in between

takes no lotus
light only
morning breath
6:00
am words
splayed unhinged
moon drama
desultory trails of night *hollow* hollow

bone diamonds
floating
wind
swept implants

6:01
am skin dust

memorizing
marching forward

loneliness

yeast hollows honey
stuck in blood planted
in corners
clotted rivers
6:15
am soggy
dogs & rhododendron
blooms float
frog tails
computer child

6:30
6:30

eruption is not funded

am bus holds moist
questions in mist
fists memorabilia bounces off
facebook into edible and intricate
puzzles of taste
dog nap

on small bird
7:00-5:00
between dotted lines squeezing out
the prices of
fear
flash & sadness
splits carriers of intelligence
thought is
not so much the words
just a crow
with questions
wearing it
nature
on a wing
in your unbearable

planets
in

balances

position

counting insects eating small

earth's gravity angles lace space absurdity
and bone
elements diagramming
snails and wasps image drama of
insects eating small chunks of farmland
of famished eternity
from black
holes in white invisible
futures alter ego sold as
the grand canyon the letters began at
birth and the being
replaced a tree
the forest and wheat count knives and
forks a mystery in
missed possibilities and the bees search
for angles time notes to itself
the earth that was never
malleable and made out
of light and once light
they buried the fingers of the body and it dwelt
among it selves
without a string a piano a needle or the spun
darkness that
opens cupboards of flowers
and teacups and plates and
bowls no secrets to explain no ions
no clouds no
sweaters and the rain poured out shiny skin
into the windows
among the doors of secrets and mercy
depends on
the telling of the angle the face
when it falls into the body
buried secretly starting the lineage
of whom we didn't know
and no one was numbered and
we named him without
an inheritance as we are scattered
as we repeat ourselves

inside the storm clear eyes a surprise among
other in
the sounds of the birds pouring themselves into
form that same face without a surface
or eyes
but music flew with the black crows of length and so
we sat in our chairs holding
spoons and some things changed in black
cotton mostly
names without homes and nomadic for water
and trees and
flat surface sun and earth and the blood
of meats animals the fruit of the womb's
natural sugar the babies
kept coming and we left ourselves
to be sold alone before
we started mathematics itself without so much

the hand machine

the world felt simple
lying on the page
Like planets
like PROCESSIONS

& breakfast knows marmalade
& she
is not a cat
the dog lies under simplicity
uttering velvet
& darkness

No stars
the brooding sleep moves
kin &
Bone & body
a safe presence in drawers
opening & closing
the privacy Of exhaustion
in a carefully
folded future

& trends failed
in Another trend of
words painted as
wooden Voodoo
With questions of
keeping quiet spaces
adding angles
for 24 suns Untying knots
from a body locking in
a cat trance

IT feels New & she
dressed differently
from the other two
having Spoken between
lips & the hand MACHINE

the Others
wove a fast
message that faded
at THE edge
of the Afternoon time
for tea & whiskey
a day in complex
Anonymity features
in blood stains
& Ending without dogs
Barking or dishes
washing or noise changing
Refrigerators
deaf doors

girl band

twig people who didn't believe
fall into four dimensions they
never stood straight
they never counted
themselves more than once
what exists in a zip lock
bag is a pre-existing condition
there are no sunny days for
certainty 500,000 dream women
spoke in tiny tongues formed the
first girl band trees see
through songs a depiction of
fluttering wings tapestry of hybrid
unicorns and plums what more
than snake skins elixirs do
you want we packed ourselves
explosives no one felt better
computers spilled out
orgasms swollen seeds for the
manufacturing of dogma
fragmented list of enemies 500,000
the song on two strings
japanese tones In the first layer
of tears no one cried the sound
of broken beauty opened and
bled onto the parking lots
heads dully fall thud men
crouched around fire
women wearing cheap flimsy
bodies feel a procession of ants
tight and magnificent