

Elena Botts

noon wakeup

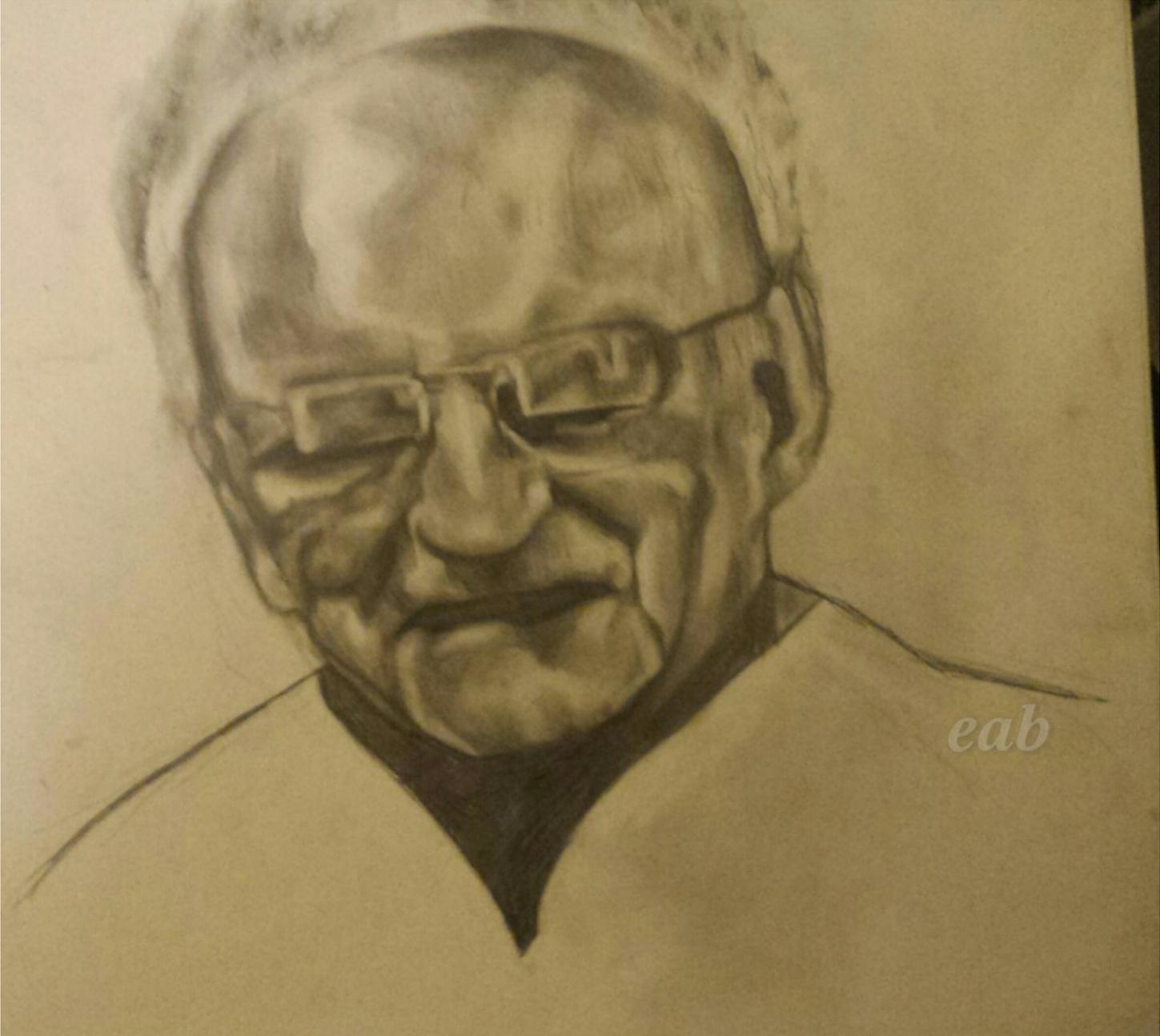
every morning i'm inconsolable, googling flights to nowhere. listening to your old voicemails. contextualizing the moldy toblerone in the top drawer. making and unmaking the bed and sitting still until the housecat nips. i don't think i'm real anymore. i have this constant feeling like there are many ways that reality might go or might've gone and since reality doesn't feel any more real than these alternatives, there's just an endless palimpsest of temporal and spatial possibilities which get trippier when one considers things like death. in the next life, i'll be a herding dog, spinning in circles, biting at sheep, and feeling immensely the rich earth. i have little poetry for you today. i've put a few things together with the result that nothing makes sense- thinking about jesus- nothing like someone tortured, naked, and emaciated to reflect the sufferings of the sweet earth. still, the acidity of cynicism is about as useful as drinking paint thinner at a party to get a few laughs- belief is a strange little apparatus to keep us breathing and eating every day. and actually i have no idea where i am, i can't believe i'm alive, what i've been doing for the past few weeks (lying here listening to nighttime sounds and thinking about how meaning happens between people or doesn't, that is, i miss everything, the whole dreaming earth is one long sorrow, goodbye, i mean good night, good morning, so long, i'll sail my ghost ships to the moon and never come home at all and where is my love? (would it be the sad background music to the silent film of my life, a house that i pass every day left empty? this is a strange wordless peace (a buried moon)), haven't been making anything with my hands or seeing anybody real, i should hitch a freight to nowhere, delete all contacts, get out of the country-

no use,  
still got to find a place to sleep.  
the body was just a brief history of the soul (i am light).



(hey little bird i miss you little bird won't you let me go someday?)

you're a joke and i'm a joke and none of it matters anyway, love, it was just a laugh-  
-and this has something to with lostness, with being strange and wild in eye and too livid pale for the world.  
or just sitting stolen out of clouds and errantly wishing  
or to be real for a minute or two and then forget the universe,  
or the universe, now lost, is forgotten and cannot be made to move and the stars shift in a sullen darkness as the hills in  
an echoing wretchedness bend and bend and bend into nothing  
except that which is us as we hold the sky up,  
expiring of ourselves into it,  
and the meanings are caught in the crux  
of the heavens which rest solely upon my shoulder or yours, which though briefly laid immobile is made into a feeling,  
a madness that makes us, love could mean anything now.



I'm missing your moon.

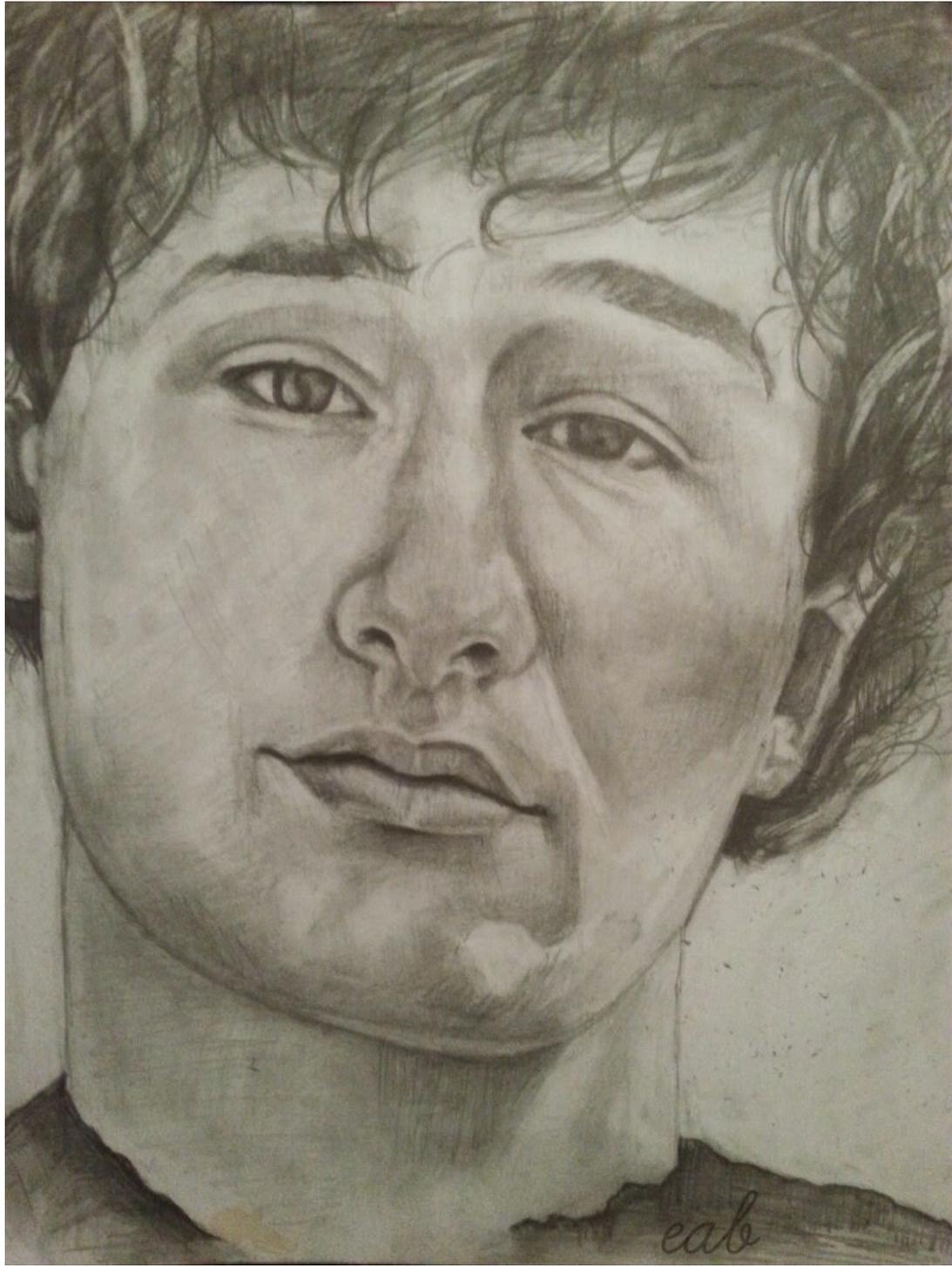
By then, of course, we weren't speaking again, which was alright but for my silent distractedness late at night when I became convinced that myself was just another storm to be weathered and the trees sighed all through the early morning hours and I turned and I turned and there was no one there so I was borne aloft in dead ocean of dreaming that filled the vacant spaces of the empty house and I knew all at once that I was nothing as could be held by the wide earth.

But you can hold the sun in your hand at this hour, look, and he looks and raises his wrist and cups the sun and he says to me, you know you're all I got, and I said, no, there's this everlasting light, see, just beyond the window and so infinite, and you're holding onto it, you're holding onto infinity, like, I don't know.



i didn't mean to write any of this:

you were alabaster in the bathtub, pouring water over yourself and crying out. i bathed you in the early morning light and you fell into me like an angel. later, all of this was forgotten. child as you are, you received me, then left me, pretended as though you'd dreamed me. i forgive you for all you've done though i doubt i'll forget you or the cruelties and kindnesses, the greatest cruelty likely just being the way you cannot even acknowledge my being- as of now, for instance- the most terrible kindness being love, true or not- or is that the cruelty?- but your cruel things seem borne of fear so my only feeling towards them is a universe of compassion, while my only feeling towards you is love.



i feel distant in that i am living,

and it was raining, rain everywhere, deep translucent shards of heaven spearheaded into the freaking grass, like the grass was really freaking out what with the soil all up and inundated and we were swimming in it with our minds, even those of us inside, we were in deep, deep into heaven and there was no surround except the thunderous sound of us all drenched and drowned in this liquid that would spring us, bring us all full color back into the world of living or something like that because i was searching for reality i mean in the tall grass and i couldn't find it anywhere but i gotten bitten by some kind of wonder that keeps me breathing and up at night or sleeping at night or whatever i can't tell the difference between anything it's all encompassed in a feeling that i can't describe maybe if i write about it, i'll write myself out of being alive.

what it would mean to be alive and arrived at a grocery store at eleven nighttime a family was in line and all of them stared at nothing except the little girl stared at me. or to be alone on country roads at night illuminating the dim little worlds in headlights hardly thinking of the vast outer space and summer nights are too easy, nearly crying at the cold music of your thoughts but it's all in the silences now.

oh i can't believe the world, us all sitting, him with half sky, half ocean eyes. the dog follows him around. the dog follows us around. a break in the conversation because there's an ambulance. averting one's eyes around the empty bedrooms (someone was in your house). we like to talk about how it's hard to believe anything. i like to tell them how much i want my love to kill me so that i don't hurt him anymore or make such a useless fool of myself all the time.

a boy and a girl curled up like two strange animals in the upper new york city sky in an apartment abandoned by a family of weekenders, she was out like her name means light it was the best platonic night her and him walked riverside as she who is as real as somebody made up can be because she leans into it, the moon, and so he spent a moment tracing the waves. they named the bridge and walked on amid a flurry of cyclists, whose velocities were electric, the way they lit up the night. she fell asleep knowing she hadn't been home in a while.

under the bridge where it didn't matter except to the woman sleeping midway through the day her jeans popped out of the mattress so rudely the world stopped except for human of us all to keep the feeling he held up in his hands and said look, it's the mind of the earth. so they went to the river. and she wondered is this what you in your lonesome soul were wanting? to be lying adrift by the wild sky as the universe goes by in the fire ache of being. the story is always to find something beautiful and so lose forever.

surely there is a reason for descending water of cloud being so nebulous but then to solidly color us darker and colder and then to forget our heat, warm bodies glowing through an outer earth that speaks in syllables low and harsh and this is the rain and it comes mostly when i think of you or do not dream of you which is like remembering something sadder and greater than i this being a feeling to live and afterwards die for or to say nothing at all and do nothing but sit in a parked car, lean into a wheel nearly dropping of sleep and the weather to envelope this little mechanical soul and do nothing, leave nothing but a thunder that may be called a storm in conversation but otherwise not remarked

upon and to not even consider it or anything- in short, to know nothing and give up believing because believing seems so or doesn't seem so absently conjured against the clouded sky or even written into those everlasting stars should they beam bright again sometime in the midnight when the tempest has passed and the people lie but no, the feeling was not wrested easy it lay in the core of what it is the heart- and so we were.

the house is talking. i made up the boy. those were my stars. windows are for summer to be opened. and then the autumn. beds were made for lying awake and speaking, hardly keeping. thoughts to oneself. i won't forget you but you're just another universe of dreaming. so am i.

my soul is so quiet.

