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exacerbations

exacerbations of the orange phenomenon are such that they lead us onward, when asked, to the left when not. perpetration of artiholes for considerpassion exercise a minimum of restraint and restartling. all of it is based in the certainty of pharmacy, across the street. the vanguards of religiosity, rearing their heads. pedestals built, and looked down upon, like crowd, and crowing, and the perspective of the cornfield. walked to the edge. the astronauts piled up like torches on Sundays, and fevers running slipshod or horses' hooves. all of it passing the immanater as if shyness booked a crowd. feline forget-me-knots and petroleum reserves. pteradactyls and digitalis, parked before the fire. no pheriginators balk at asking—they stoke the electrics of undertow or negative space. now and til the time gone favored we chile through underbrush, sniffing as storks fly paretically. those who've not yet ascertained their incubator find solace in forensics, and prepare indigenously.

it is off-man, and stargazing through forests peels us to bone. all of it peeling us.

decision

when you told me about everything you'd done, the airshow, the spitting, the after-effects, I thought, this can't be it. everything I'd done led to that moment, and it wasn't enough. airshows. the planes dipping and twisting like kids bobbing for every drip of ice cream, sure—we're alcoholic, we love that shit, but everything I'd done led to that moment, my skinned knees, the lie about the hairband, the dancing too close that one time . there is more to it, airshows like sky-blemish, like varicose veins, like

I don't want to go on. like this. anyone everywhere anything like this.

but demise is slow, defeat tastes like cider, the doctor says I'm at a healthy weight and who am I

to disagree?

Dark: Chorale

Voice 1

each one had been lonely on her
own, so we thank you for everything
you have done for us

particle theory explains the traffic
patterns,

in part because no one has ever
asked that particular question, that
one

handshakes.

Voice 2

dumb to questions, dumb to
answers, dumb, but

in the stables, students muck out
late into the night.

Voice 3

coming down

in the dark

fits and starts from town to trees

stop signs, and also, music.

in silence the branches pass by,
the glistening road loud, the
intersections spersed with signs

guitar delicates the spine, the rib
cage then the yelling, the yelling,
the rage, the pounding, the
steering wheel, the glorious

Storm must not eat hay that has
not been soaked in water.

Sometimes the girls find each other
and laugh with surprise. A new life
is not always dreary, there is still life.

the street signs repeat themselves
in odd patterns, the playgrounds
repeating, the ditches drawing
lines to show unique

dumb to questions, dumb to
answers, dumb, yet

the desperation comes in layers,
or else in waves, of sincerity,
sometimes, *Woman, I've gotta leave
you* rubbing up the leg, the lure of
the desperate so delicious, the
tongue

eating the straw grass in the wet
field, the orange construction
signs glistening

constructive use of education is the
career counseling of bugbears, the
bug bear or the soup special of the
Tuesday. Papa bear said this chair is
too hard.

once they've spoken there is little
left to say, but the lights are on
bright until well into the night, the
girls wear boots, they are all girls.

ross and whitcomb and cline and
taft and taney place. Place. The
getting lost and refound the
amazing

grace is the last word of the last table,
it is something to be born into, it is
something to be born, to

these horses' backs are taller than
a girl's head, a girl is borne up and
sometimes, the horses fly

bridges, roads out, around the
pond, the lake, the airfield, the car
warm and rattling by now, the
music loud, fits and starts
between

wouldn't, really, we want to see
them fly, for those few moments,
that warm rub to the stomach, the
loin, the weight silent for now,
while airborne.

strobe light of known/unknown

hand shakes. Chest tight, excited.
The reason for meaningful
occupation.

the light into the night, mucking
out a stable, providing moistened
hay to an old horse.

Streetlamp: Chorale

Voice 1

highlighting the wind, how it is to be
pushed in one direction so long

under the streetlamp I call your
name

out of alcohol, out of thick stick of
nicotine

bare-assed in the wind, pee soaking
the brown leaves

Voice 2

binderclip for boots

everything I do I do for you

I regret that possum, I regret
stomping, I regret

Voice 3

trifecta of branches, there at the
top near the moon

people are calling, humming, at
the top of their voices

not leaving until I think that I

don't.

one pair of pants explained it all,
the mysteries, the incongruities, if
size fourteen was truly

average

I regret washing down the car,
with its markings

wandering toward middle-Am like
this wasn't Griffith, wasn't a town,
wasn't

When the hurricane hit the east
coast the wind kept up for days,
the clouds kept moving, kept
advancing, the size of the storm
from hundreds of miles

away. I imagined being pushed

for so long.

a squirell stayed, tucked away in the
crook of a branch two and a half
stories up.

our story is that we started one
way and ended up another.

our story is

your story, I regret.

explanations falling, tumbling down
like avalanche, not all stories

not all of us can tumble like that,
haven't learned to tuck and roll,
haven't

remember the class in college
where he learned to tumble with
grace, and seuss seems less
insipid.

american beauty so---

we are slow to learn initiation.
Inertia and paralysis and those
clouds never calming.

every single day I try to start, the
promise, the swears, the imagined
punishment, rewards. I wake up
each

our alarm is a song

love is a song, ooh-oooh

bop-de-bop

piles

plies and stretches

holes all through it, reaching
through the thick, and eventually

the full moon pops through, sure, the
moon, shedding its light, shining,
that's its thing

the cigar burning her lips and still
she won't start

I have tried everything, but I can't
stand up. My core is not your core,
my core

I regret the washing, I think of the
neighbors, I change the headlights.
Maintenance.

the beefiness, the thickness of his
shoulders, the palm of his thumb,
and still I am thinking of the roast,
of the kitchen, of working late.

I regret late.

vesuvias and lava, we ponder
repaying with electric light, and heat

no such thing as hearth.

hidden pages ripped from a
calendar. "hope." "priorities."
"dream."

and yet jobs are hard to come by.

poets particularly suited

cataloging like peanuts the
infinite ways of classifying, the
guilt

classifying, as we were taught.

one dim light, one bright, one
accessible, one we'll just go on hope,
for now.

principles at the time personified
as female; freedom, liberty,
civilization.

principles beat up like a woman,
like

the poor cannot afford to work at so
low a wage, and then too, there is the
deck

stacked like a shipment of milky
ways, when I smell

stars dusting the sky like sugar,
like autumn and smoke

I am not the only woman here, but I
am

we have begun to talk, guilty as
we are, we decide

fault is bigger, and it is. Soon we
will begin to do the things we
despised, oblivious, in our
working late, of what we have
said. As if the enemy were not the
man in front of us but bigger,
farther

away. The clouds here just a
reminder,

our skies so vulnerable. And so we
vote, with a little more intention
this time, but no more effect.

and so we vote, with our feet.

pony in the circus, we can count, yes,
we can count, watch the man give us
treats.

if I hum,

lately, I have been regretting, and
yet not getting there, still not
sleeping enough, still

the average of the mean, where is the
mean, who

are we set for this, settled? When I
hum, my chest vibrates, and it is
good.

on the seventh day my chest
vibrated, and the tree still has its
bark, the possum

would have found a way around
me, my insidious stomping. I
hummed,

hope is not the same as regret.

I hum.

I hum.

I hum.

I hum.