

Carrie Purcell Kahler

V42.1: Heart Replaced by Transplant

To Corey

First, an inadvertent swap with codfish—
kiss and pulse flip-flopping swish
faster than incumbent politicians.
Traded for a cat clock keeping sanguine
seconds by tail and eye.
Ditched various pumps peripatetic and pedestrian.
My mother posed fobbed off nano-legos.
My father said swallow gold.
Others extolled the bottled smell of old books—
I bound instead a street organ in and looked
for the blue blood's brimming spin
through creaky lacuna to begin.
Instead your rhythm swelled my veins;
our hearts' beat a sweet and perfect pain.

780.2: Syncope and Collapse

“Alas I took great pains to study it, and ‘tis poetical”
“It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in.”
Twelfth Night

th’purpose
o’th’viol-de-gamboys
speak’st o’these
question’s

o’my
o’man
i’th’butt’ry

whoe’re a’nights
numb’red t’embrace
th’alliance mourn’st

swear’t
‘tis
cruel’st suffring

297.1: Delusional Disorder

“I only ask for equity justice and truth”
The Second Book of Wonders More Marvelous Than the First
- Joanna Southcott

If there be credit in the newspapers,
I ask what they judge of me.

I trouble you and your father's house:
judge from what Spirit I was visited.

I saw berries like potatoe berries.
Meet with six or with twelve to judge my writings.

If the man were now alive I would not kill him;
I hope the judge will forgive me.

These are the promises:
call back the judge of time.

The perfect truth of England of the harvests of 1799:
judge it from the devil and call back the time

How many letters sent by children?
If you were to be the judge of the writings,

would you act like Pilate?
I mean the Bishops judge every spirit.

The book is sold at Jones's, No. 5, Newgate-Street.
You judged it the disorder of a confused brain.

My soul feels for you knowing the threatenings;
judge why the Lord will suffer a woman's words to come true.

Do you believe that this dark orb shall from ashes rise?
None but fools can judge.

The hearts of men in chequered lines lie open.
The Lord judge between man and me.

What in Gethsemane?
You judge me a lost sheep.

The wind shall carry them away and the whirlwind shall scatter them.
Judge how many are going astray after me.