

SAMPLER

*Your Relationship to
Motion Has Changed*

ALSO BY Amish Trivedi

BOOKS

Sound/Chest (Coven Press, 2015)

CHAPBOOKS

What We Remembered Before the Fire (above/ground 2018)

The Destructions (above/ground 2015)

Everyone's But Mine (Paradigm 2014)

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Amish Trivedi

*Your Relationship to
Motion Has Changed*

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For Mark

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I don't know, but I felt a brewing of diverse particles into the whole.

—Joseph Ceravolo, *Preface to Transmigration Solo*.

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I

Ann Rutledge in the Dark

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Mary Todd Lincoln in the Boudoir

Pursing another kind of want,
we become night

surrounded with noise branded
by opening. You don't sell the steak,

you sell death in doses
measured by ounce. We verify

distance by telling similar stories
about water: how it became air

upon meeting our eyes and how
it covered every inch of

your hair in terror. But what goes anywhere
other than love being buried

below floorboards to a house
in midst of everywhere

and starving, jaundiced? We imagine
skin as a fence, a spark

lighting entire streets with veins
pumping cold sludge along. Our burdens

become mine entirely
or the trouble with lust

is that it's hollow, bursting cells
into a centrifuge to separate it

from genuine soldered contact.

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America

One more nightmare and I'm out. I seem to remember you dancing while holding your arm bent back and tensing. Another dream of child rearing and another about falling down into the gravel and being picked up, only to be dropped again. I've said this before and I've said it before.

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A Thousand Years of Staring, I.

In the distance, there is nothing in particular, depending on which direction you face. In my next example, I'll be using metaphor to show how I'd rather lock myself in a room than be surrounded by other people: a stationary wheel won't rust if you don't spin it. As if first eyes touching could be repeated, if you're going to be there, I'm not. Dear you, I lust you, but I'm better when loathed. Feet make up only small percentages of bodies but carry so much pressure that mine have dissolved from a desire to move, but with no target in mind, they ache for compression.

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Contusion

One more coagulation
of the fingers and the road
shatters beneath our feet. My
hair pulled by noises from
under the hood and the purple
patches of leg I know are
coming. When we speak of motion
in the future, we'll begin by calling
our migrations unskilled because we
weren't heading anywhere in
particular. This can be our
end time.

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Breathing

The grass I know is melting and plastic and another thing: I stopped believing in parchment that was dwindling and brittle. I popped my lungs out and back in. This breathing is tense and I don't remember why we were crying in the first place. And I'll say it before this next sharp intake.

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Listen for the Footsteps

I want to pull my legs up to my heart and burn them all at once. We could require immediate infiltration if our arms were to end up behind us in a fire or a mélange of different noises. If lies go

too deep, we can consume them and make them a part of our lineage. I have a lingering desire to be placed on a somewhere-bound bullet but to force it back into stasis is a trouble worth

waking up to. I cannot complete my own words without seeing which you want to use first, a decision taken too hard to remain uncaring about.

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