

memory's morning

Also by Anne Blonstein:

the butterflies and the burnings (Dusie Press, 2008)

hairpin loop (Bright Hill Press, 2007)

from eternity to personal pronoun (Gribble Press, 2005)

that those lips had language (Plan B Press, 2005)

worked on screen (Poetry Salzburg, 2005)

the blue pearl (Salt, 2003)

sand.soda.lime (Broken Boulder Press, 2002)

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poems 2000-2003

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cioletterra, scrimplay, gedächtnisgefängnis, strassenfee, wortschwer and nefaire were published in the chapbook *that those lips had language* (Plan B Press, 2005).

Lemech lebte zweiundachtzig Jahre und zeugte einen Sohn, vier goldene Ringe, aber sie ist in Wirklichkeit nicht, wo sich die Wolke niederließ and *dass der Mensch nicht allein vom Brot lebt* were published in the chapbook *from eternity to personal pronoun* (Gribble Press, 2005).

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lashing mauve

evening in january. basel. after coming through a storm of sparks

and hearing musics.

the buried music of orange and blue bracelets on the arm.
jangling wrist to elbow on the arm of a girl whose arm
was blown off by a landmine. the music of churchbells
and of central heating. the songs of lena horne. and
war symphonies. the archives echoing from kabul

to leningrad.

new year greetings. a friend wishes us
ein poetisches one — yes a lyrical one. and she quotes
hans magnus enzensberger on bodies' essential need
for rhyme. my additions : the protein of surprise.
the fat of omission. and a three queens' cake
with a hidden question.

*Lemech lebte zweiundachtzig Jahre
und zeugte einen Sohn*

for t.d.

noah. who would have recognized the scene —
the flooded cellars. the nagging smell
of decomposing rats. the salvage attempts
deep into night's drowned corners.

I'm too old

for this stuff . . . you write. but the rabbis
(more or less) agreed that kabbalah should not be transmitted
to anyone younger than forty : frivolity –
adultery – drunkenness – gluttony – lust –
warfare – the vanities of a boy's world
so some sages said.

and. twenty-one years ago
defying the music of bombs and bullets
his friend celebrated the palestinian poet's
40th birthday

head blazing : "Welcome!
You're no longer a youth."

cieletterra

she discovers sounds that depolarize
her muscles. drumbeats that can stretch
the narrow channels of caution so that night
pours into her taught body. moondanced skin.
shadows digesting silences.

or is it a forest of piano strings?
a perspexed path. and the scale of walking. in winter.
after orchids. after a conversation between cyanins
some cloud bursts. a migrating when.

notes come giftwrapped in green velvet.
but the fingers that rubbed ghosts
into the cello of her cheek until it squeaked
have bolted the wild door. because she could not
meet her eyes in double graves.

rhythmus nicht wiederholung

dawn chorus on the tram. the sky bleeding black
to the tune of car radios. where does
the blackness flow

now

or then crossing language lines? to the snow.
a prisoner (a murderer) walking through shadows
a trail of red footprints. a baby blue snow that has
fallen from a dream. and could a cherry tree
grow from each footprint their nows might
blossom into polyphors of how to save
the variations in a gene. anticipate.
by rearranging historic sclerosis. inserting
daisies. and transposing a heart's flash. with
the deletable note. not yet deleted. not yet.

la vida verde

x-raged. magically reasonabled imaginings complicating
tomorrowed. the dying walk through me. each one takes
a pearl from my ovaries to pay the ferryman. lead skies
glass skies and broken skies. (this poem is a market
to barter dreams. leave them in the margins
or slip them between sighs and salmon. take away
anything that meets your unexplained.)

because i want to be
buried (not burnt) in a coffin shaped like my memories
lined with a pea-green velvet clad in a dress
of parachute silk stitched with the words
of the suicide poets

so the mourners can wear a style
that coats their bodies in roses oceans and stripes.

yellow games

(as sung as : the moon on a quasi-parade across
a moss-framed dream. when you and some
hungerstrikers escape on a diet of feathers. if time
continues while minutes swallow numbers chaos
profundities — those fine roots that ache and pretend
i dances on the outer mouth of its undoing.)

as sentimentality dehisces seeds
of alterity. as pomposity leaks from the cities of fear.
as music crumples. the past sends insects and angels
to an incredulous future.

as
mahler's ghost walks through the AIDS ward
of a maternity hospital on a night with too many names
his tears turn to marbles. a black clef in every heart.

blutungsarbeit + scarlet pimpernel

for miriam cahn

dream of a large caged animal half dog half ape
with a long white pelt. the last of its species.
i wanted to hug it. or him. her perhaps. but
had forgotten — human — my germs its susceptibility.
it studied me with large green eyes.

(cellists were playing on three pink videos.
at a peace rally. then the bottom of a shaft
in a diamond mine. screens to memory.)

so write (the eyes asked me) about DNA RNA
chloroplasts mitochondria. i will suckle time
while you synthesize words. love may or may
still correct your misspellt rhymes. but hope
should fall off the ends of your sentences
as god and small cries walk across yellow bridges.

fädenfrauen

*My wife Anna then undertook woman's work;
she would spin wool and take cloth to weave.*

light projects the weight of colour. but
in the night fey and gaunt dreams infiltrate
the symbols on the bedclothes. she'll not
wash forces and like a kite navigating ground
she dips. sheers. sheathes. then knotting
the corners of imagination's silk-pleated sounds
outsteps us with wings of pink haze. there

is another's nemesis. moontripped on her
ungravity in orbits of burnt kisses brush against
the twisted and spectres released by an eye.
for where do bleached lines lead but to and
through a heartscape of stones.

zwischensprachen

the woman who cannot pronounce
the dialects of nursery kitchen and home

reads writes

in another scripture attentive to slips.
phraseskin — the exclusion of others.
if we would call it planet ocean. if we saw
in the sea unnamed colours. if we pulled in
the fishing nets of stones. walked on a beach
of lost stories collecting glassparts. driftwords.
after the war my grandparents went on holiday.
came here to switzerland with my father
and in the alpine trains managed to translate
from strangeness into nearly neighbours : yiddish
and schwyzerdytsch — two old stories.

ophelia in rotem kleid

colour after death? can memory dance
in shot silk? or must our voices echo in the rafters

of skulls

in smoked romances? you cannot cover
your fear with no choices. superficial
and too deep. dew and rust kiss the surfaces
of a rose petal. the violet tenderness
when you sleep in a silent bed. where
do the crows fly to at midnight? your dreams?
self parables against the grave. fragments
of fear the ellipse. two bodies. two foci. far apart
but touching. at edges. the slow path
of a word chandelier. i stitched this dress
with my blood. those pearls from my ovaries.

fragmentary blue too

after robert frost

veins of it ripped in snow-laden cloudscares. plastic :
paperclips and whistles. my french dictionary. scraps
of the virgin's robe trapped in pagan cities. a word
so exhausted flunks the symbolic : blue was and blue is and
blue will be. blue : a turquoise the navajos have blessed
born-from-the-sky. my egyptian grammar : those ancients
who desried a difference without naming it : blue as green :
cobra
papyrus fresh
and papyrus written.

drunk (post-coital) he noted for the artist that :
 “It was one of the most pleasurable experiences
 I’ve endured.”

as the mountains rise
to extinguish the sun the snow turns from white
to blue. the silence clots. and ice transforms the wet.