

to be continued

Also by Anne Blonstein:

the butterflies and the burnings (Dusie Press, 2009)

correspondence with nobody (Ellectrique Press, 2008)

memory's morning (Shearsman Books, 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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Salzburg Review* ('through the ephemeral bonds above'), *Switchback* ('to
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of refuse and zoologicality'), *Tiger's Eye* ('they gave them the names of
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mistress of the crazy chromosome

actor

(famous) he agrees to meet her
(sleepless) in a quiet italian restaurant
on another continent (imagination)
while billie holiday sings

“solitude”

she offers him a dreamplay
a love story locked in a box
in the archives of a library
bombed while they whisper

when a freshwater pearl bracelet

she fiddled with
like a rosary
or other beads
whose silky milkiness suggested
the teeth of baby angels
or the calcified tears of ghosts

broke

one strand of a living
between purchase and a loose description failed
contacts to those epidermal receptors amplifying
inaudibles from the past

between

the translated shadows of girls
brought by poverty into cities
to service men and women
domestically and sexually
sacrificing future tenses for unconditional modes of the present

and

the ache of accentuated muscles
the apostrophic smoke of a french cigarette
the echo of a hawk's wings
a residue of ambergris

an imperfect world

in which the 12th-century japanese poet finds
the synthetic silk sleeves of her chrysanthemum
and banana-leaved 'made in switzerland' kimono
won't absorb the tears she sheds watching

assassinations

genocides and deforestations on television
while her 21st-century pillow-friend dreams
of butterflies falling off the ceiling
cracked blue glass bowls

the unperformed meeting of refuse and zoologicality

having fled germany for norway in 1937
kurt schwitters
finally arrived
in england
which interned him as an enemy alien
granting him citizenship

in 1948
he

had died two days before
in ambleside dreaming of anemones and nasturtiums
an unsingable necklace for the swan
that swallowed his watch

the red roofs of tsingtao
for f.-l.s.

scratched by sea-salt
that deposits an untranscribable
tang
in its beer

like a peacock's memory

a six-year-old girl
building sand-temples hears her father's voice
unfold from waves mauver than explaining
their rate of displacement

they gave them the names of saints

when a hot tamarisk-scented wind
carried echoes upstream
between her legs
from unsatisfied deserts
over the cataracts of mistake

to an orphan brother
kneeling

in sand resharpening memory's arrows
exactly — while she caressed boundless black curls ~
tomorrow they must bury a friendship
with her copper mirror

if

for thomas

i wove you a tapestry
warped with transfusion-red tubes
wefted in Nile-blue cottons thinner than
breaking
and an uncompromising

golden thread
from another conversation

would you hang it perhaps
in the fifth chamber of your heart
where one daughter synthesizes painless silks
the other repairs scrolls?

when night steals her sleep

and her dreams
do the mafia angels
pay a good price on the roseblack market
for their rhythms and unfinished
choices? do they

watch a conductor scratch the air

with a splinter of bone
harmony haunted by a suspended russian lament
as his left hand grasps saltchords
whispered by drowning men

green

velvet trousers
for a journey through a painting by max ernst
in the company of refugees from darfur
and simone weil's cat
(if she had one)

— a lonely music covers the horizon —

for transcriptions of their curves
to attempt before a gondola floats again
on the unhealthy waters of memory
smuggling florentines to jerusalem