Torchwood
Also by Jill Magi:

*Threads* (Futurepoem)
*Cadastral Map* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs)
Torchwood

Jill Magi

Shearsman Books
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I.
Day with divine ferocity

Carrying yellow between us
is pasture, soul—

beauty from the sun
is your exercise in dreaming, thinking.

Such days hatch tomorrow in my girlhood—

purple on gold, I may tell you
about church.
From the wall, transparent,

I take a day.

Tell me to slide in
and drink your tea
lest I pour myself out.
       (I pour out my age with all wisdom
available.)

I wear a veil. They insist
at my lion’s rage.
**Turn, song**

Answering a bee, the heart-sound, a motorcycle
or a sudden
silk.

Justice
powers my lover, a mouth
sickled by a kiss—

If words are a helmet

stop
crashing.
Against Space

Eating crickets at the conference about the future, they showed us *Soylent Green*. Chaos or escape, the crackers are people, and on the bus there I said I didn’t get space travel. Across blue skies many shocking falls or what the planet needs. Florida being closer. For the expansion of knowledge, she was corrective and stern. Generation of lightsabers, asteroids, o-rings. Joey Rasinski’s intricate rockets made sounds as he bent over, penciling. It stood for Gifted and Talented and I didn’t want to go, my emphasis on charts, colors. Or he drew sharks. They gave us a problem to solve in groups about population and food, which was my least favorite until the transparencies. My ink spot was a pupil and though I was nervous, eyelashes dominating the space, still I was placed while Jennifer Johnston was not. Aim has never been. Jet and fast little space pod, I sleep. Earth below, looking soft and teary, problems, hazy blue and green seems delicate. She was my best friend. The curve, feminized, indicates welcoming or vulnerability and I have said gravity versus freedom. Unending distance, boulders hurl themselves toward me in the space before sleep, I spin. I admit limits especially pulled toward warmth rather than out, soil rather than. Heaven might be the black hole in Orion’s belt if you can find it, no eating and no sex. I declined. Making sure statements. “NASA invents Velcro” was the first line of the first poem I wrote in a sociology class when wearing Birkenstocks he explained space research is tied to war. Always having felt under the sky, not particularly curious. Strong diagonal. Or much goes on inside the house, diffused. Why up is considered
imagination and down is inscribed. A planetary landscape is barren, site of history, the prophet comes to revive and whether green or deformed, those creatures locate our civility. She from his rib and all that. Directed attention. Such as a fighting system, a hero, and honor is an agreed-upon concept, except that everyone loved her gun and most memorable were her braids, Victorian. Evil, usually shiny and anonymous with more horsepower and masks, moves in groups with larger guns, so that the upright opposition is necessarily analog, individual skill, personality, and god. We saw them falling and touched each other’s skin everywhere possible at once explosive and many-pointed. Cold war t-shirts and swag. Stars or danger but both are about love and trying, an ideal. Either way, entering a channel requires mentoring. Marks. Exile. Ambrosia. To receive. A microscope of evidence waits. Not that I am against space or odyssey, rather the mists and groups. Within or among being favored over conquer and shape shift, not necessarily.
I am Climbing Innsbruck

I am climbing Innsbruck, I am pathways for skis and rabbit stew, at the Uni halls of blue smoke bludgeoning, I am a castle of Lederhosen, do you cook? or volleyball? I am stamped of my passport, I am hot wine in iron, winter kettles of Strudel and by myself I am a projection across silence.

I wildflower,
I Schnitzel,
I lace,
I crucifix and Vienna,
I Salzburg and tunnel,
I castle,
I gypsy,
I Christmas, very Christmas.

You do cooking,
you do German,
you do knitting and not the gypsies again,
you do all night on the lake and dawn on the knoll,
you do dumplings and dumplings and dumplings.

I am Edelweiss speaking American, I am stamps and Post,
I am skiing down a strong coffee, I am silence
and I am by the River Inn,
a wish for a pizza pie, I am needing Alpenrose tea or Excedrin
from America, I am rare in feeling and climbing the thin air, 
dancing behind the locked door, American.

This is a night of snowing and snowing, these are wildflowers 
yellowing a bike path by the River Inn, this is Café Central and 
me sitting a strong long coffee, writing a café notebook hour after 
hour, this is my postcard, this is the yodel of Lederhosen, this is the 
valley and my silence, a silence and valley, my life so far behind but 
it’s snowing and locked doors are opening now, you could say that 
this is not the wildflower end to the story, English of my dreams, 
my dreams and dreaming in German, my speaking, this is my wild 
fluency and a little literacy, this is me carrying a handmade basket 
and a dictionary, this is the Wienerwald, a restaurant chain having 
nothing to do with American hotdogs, O my basket dumpling, sing 
low, sing high, sing wide for me.

Do you lace? 
or a green sweater knit thickly? 
or bake a good Brot? 
a starter dough? 
go to Ball? the dance 
with gown and feathers? 
do you girl or lady or even just sometimes 
just a bit of sometimes woman 
even if just sometimes American? 
do you teaching? 
do you? yes, 
all night on the lake 
the moon sings low, sings high, sings wide.
I am not by the lake of the moon, I am climbing Innsbruck,
I am lace and a walking stick for the hike up to Frau Hitt,
I am slinging a basket, I am hiking and climbing the locked door
my Schnitzel, I am two languages projecting, reflecting the
moon and again.