SAMPLER

Roam
Also by Laressa Dickey

Bottomland
Laressa Dickey

SAMPLER Roam

Shearsman Books
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I fly, my dust will be what I am

Hafez (via Borges)
SAMPLER
O light open my hand to impasse

Is it golden, is it water’s wig I wear when I sleep

With desire for misspeaking angels for ankles

Trolling. Guard [by which I mean rascal] the field

if I lift up & roam
SAMPLER
A piece of information about his invisibility
If I had known we were walking here from the bridge toward home, how we sat, who were we kidding, I looked at the overturned boats and wept, tide out, it’s just the tide out.

Solo legs draped in purple cloth. Whatever I touch he straightens. Some say I am homing but I know I decide. Will my body be celebratory or just do the washing.
She wasn’t stopping along the Atlantic, she was crossing it, by God. Not worried, she had the hat and aviator glasses, later I would write away for them from the cereal box address.

I am only the moon on water
I have a kite and storm

He has a tractor he built from plans in *Popular Mechanics*

Reposit: as he says tears when I say I want to buy child shoes. Not dogs nor cats. The domesticated substitutes for the replication of a human. People in this country used to disappear I want to wear pants and be called Jimmie
Translation: I could only guess by the speaker’s gestures what was being spoken to me. I touched the prism. He told me it wakes up in light. He told me it sends a thousand rainbows to the world.

Be kind to that reflection. This is like a psalm you overheard. The dark glass fox fraternity. Bread fist, pickle island. Drop the moving snow function. Misunderstandings, errors, controversy.

We were off by 5 miles
Tricked by sunlines or many voiced reporting.
January found me.

You make a business of love and give it to your family of wolves.
I like wolves in the sense of swashbuckling.
Nothing, as the sum of something.
Iva May Rose dies and no one notices.

When he was young he liked his sideburns to come to a point and tap his ear, anyway no one should be so intimate.

Sounds like a bite but has shoulders and looms. Are you fine if your anger roars up and blows out your wagging arm. No one sweeping up after you.
He stops people on the street
for cigarettes

You will never stop
you dream your body will break
if you do

Sugar chest, hunt board,
locked chests for flour,
all things a body might steal

in bags thrown over the back of a horse

[like him, I am longing for 1960]
Things in the hollow got better when money came, 
Pa Neal’s social security, ten dollars 
from Aunt Lillian in California.

Estelle’s [scanning, selling books one could barely read] 
wild idea: she walks out of the kitchen, grabs 
the shovel and from the hill digs a small pine.

[I hope we will be wheeled side by side]

Nobody else would take my granddaddy except Estelle 
whose mother had been put out on the street in her chair

Ben says, what’s so great about clarity? 
Sweet chimes made him smile his 13-year-old smile.

When they left me, I was sleeping soundly. 
Scratchy Ray chased Holsteins all day.