

Roam

Also by Laressa Dickey
Bottomland


## Laressa Dickey



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# Ifly, my dust will be what I am 

Hafez (via Borges)



## 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



# 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

Reposit:

He has a tractor he built from plans in Popul Mechanics<br>as he says tears May I want to buy chidnctoes. Not dogs nor cats. The demesticated substitutes for therep cation of a human. People in his country used to disappear<br>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, contrersy
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 tome to a point and tap his ear, anyway no one should be onfate

Sounds like a bite but has(hoorders and looms. Are you fine if your anger roars up and blews 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


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]


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

