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CARA BENSON



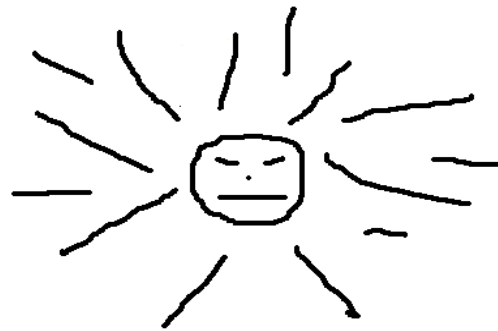
Cara Benson

“When the so-called normal world is doing increasing environmental harm and eliminating species at a rapid rate, it is the poet’s job not to sing normal, comforting ditties.”

Brenda Hillman

I've got my arms crossed and hair wigged wide pseudo afro spiked
sunflower consternation face center
fringe bottom of my polka dot dress waving with my wiggle hips but don't forget my arms are
crossed.

This is what I llook like:



but only some of the time.

and part of

This is the first page!

I will make for you in your very hands slight of hand tricks and poof!
so I can tell you strange facts and pour honey

I've got my arm crossed and hair wigged wide pseud. fro spiked
fringe bottom of my polka dot dress with my hips but do. 't forget my arms are
crossed

That's what I look like:

strange facts

honey

I've got my arms crossed and hair wigged wide pseud. fro spiked
fringe bottom of my polka dot dress with my hips but do. 't forget my arms are
crossed

That's what I look like:

I can't Get UPset UPset

UP

set

poof!

poof!

Under shade fern afoot jungle lost

regaling with tales of

when...

oh, when

...don't forget birdsong!

não se esqueça do birdsong!

Inserted with Dr. _____'s files, a form. It is to be filled in. Or is it "out."
Various medicines are labeled and the brown containers are indisposable.
Files collected at outskirts - a dump.
Thank the cabinets as temporary holding spaces same as a tummy.

We bow down

before dark. Strung

above us

laundry, text.

Think of the words you wear.

Fold yourself in the arms of the writer.

I can whisper now.

Ear of the inter-genera-tion.

ssbhsbshsbshsbshsbshsbshsbshsb

don't forget

(not) a toy

não se esqueça do

a billet
a ticket
a skein



HIA

a beltloop
a unicorn horn
a broken box
a

arms crossed
arms crossed



HIA

frayed hem

but some of the time.

What only looks like a sun.
Also, looks like

same as as in like or as

rub out

Oh, be the en face little girl you are!

Show your double;

render unto any old world (said like "this old thing? why, I've had it for years...").

Chew bubble gum furiously. Let escape dots of pink air
once full lungs emptied into sugar.

You want to talk about tar. How pliable it becomes
under the influence of heat.

The seasons ain't what they usedta be.

The frame has flyaway hair – brown threads of coconut shell.

Standing prayer.

To pray still.

And then, without

or is it "out."

()

the wind knocked

think "helpless"

Where is the heart?

my love

My hands, up
from inside the vase
blooming. What hole
fashioned between.

Heat making space.

inside

inside the verse

How to grow all that that we live.

You want to be
under the influence

black wet walnuts (stain

empty

Oh, be

canção do pássaro

Planet, we

want more

falling time, as in night falls
good girl

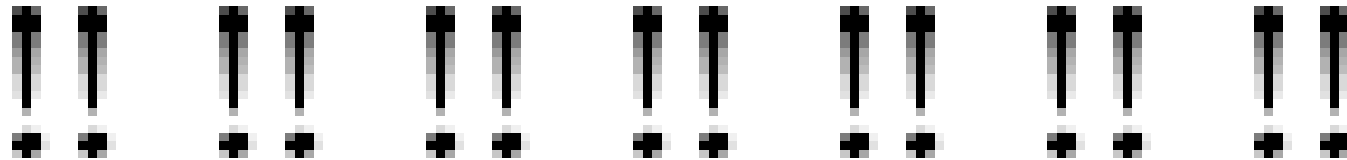
there, there...

In winter gone.

my face, milk white

coconut milk
cow milk
goat's milk
milk of the moon
milky eyes
onion milk
shepherd's milk
breast milk
evaporated
reconstituted
tea with milk
milkweed
mother's milk
bone milk
the crop milk of pidgeons
automated milking
curds large and small
milk of the yak
chocolate flavored

water lily head



I want a soundtrack.
A taxonomy of experience.

See how I wear my wings, publicly.

Never one for the appearance of obliqueness,
Mrs. _____ put her hand up when volunteers
were sought.

Underscore, madame.

Undergarment.

What uniform for the missionary.

At the point of interaction, contact
between immune systems. A

handshake; an
exhale.

Smoke hangs in similar patterns to fog, so

something ahead on the road is burning

or clinging as moisture.

How pliable

~~You want to _____ be~~

(not) a This was how they found her.

black eyed susans
black eyed -
ed susans
black eyed susans
black eyed susans

pop out of the banks pop out of the banks pop out of the banks

when two plus two has no

when

when

tread water careful eat sod light spider

Broker the Oh!

Pushing on a rusted Toyota flatbed – a jump.
What rots by salt and what is preserved.

...and the palms

or the final things!

My narrowing eyes forage for searching's sake.

I want to find. To come upon.

What comes to me.

I stake I
am.

Up from the root and shattered mirror each tiny human reflection – that we know of.

Twinkling consciousness in everything!

I can! I can!

Crab claw it!

Under

foot

lost.

whisper now

no why

Jade stonepersonplantcolorname r e l e a s e d

)breathtaking balloon and the tether, the line

Mama's gonna bake

there, there...

there, there...

there, there...

there, there...

there, there...

there, there...

gonna take

irritable reaching smacked back

Get UP

