

**Box of Sky:
Skeleton Poems
B.O.S.S.**

By Amanda Deutch

dusie kollektiv 2008-2009

* a dusi / e-chap
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DUSIC

memory of metal

on full bellies
they sing.

hands grasping
upon rocks
of granite

all sizes

all hands

your bones floated in Hood River
flooded, to be pressed from wet clothes, molded
into three small grey mountains we spoke to
until us flesh clothed ones began to move.
you inserted in our folds of skin, crevasses of heart, gifts tailored to
our needs.
you gave me trust. unknowingly, we dreamed of you until these gifts
were completely received. one by one or all at once,
bone by bone, us flesh clothed ones, we left
the house you called the Ramshackle—
a bit of your ashes and Hood River dirt dusting our skin that will
never rub off.
your skeleton turned to dust. your laughter in our dreams.

A bowl of bones

A bowl of bones
turned to ash

my reflection against
a palette
of paleotherium femurs.
all this came from me
looking for the bathroom
in a bone museum

a fine rain
of animal carcasses—
organic particles
in the sea
fall from surface
to depths,
a scape of millions of
decomposing whale
skeletons layers
the ocean floor.
they call it ocean snow.

Keyhole working
bones upon bones
need I mention more
the light & dark
suggest a splendid well being

this as this you mentioned
over coffee & anti-depressants
at your kitchen table one afternoon
in Utrecht,
“Certain times our bones need
to wallow in swamps
to become fertile
trees
again.”

In the portrayal of light, there must be dark.
To depict different surfaces convincingly, truthfully
one must apply courage
thickly or sparingly as needed.
In some places it is smooth
in others grainy or gummy.
so the plot of skeleton goes

tracing of lips, fingers
phone calls, streets

rhythm lasts duration of skull

different human houses
sound
different.

trace edges, boundaries
of bodies

sweat. raise your hands,
touch someone
with your fingertips
and into the explosions
dump thought.

reach down into the red dust
pull out a fossil—
small indentations of scales, tail, bones

a burial ground for nomads discovered
in Mongolia
all women's bones
shaped in the warrior position—
one leg bent, the other straight
(the way I sleep)

Today
the clouds
in the sky
make a spine
and fade

for my father

by definition nothing is repeatable.

naked

the performance began

gulping

when you were alive

we used to dance on old loading docks

these bones

yours

and mine

2 tiny lamb skeletons
joined by the heart,
liver, cranium—
in permanent
small embrace

a double headed calf
has one body, two heads

a pigeon head
splits at the neck
into two bodies with
one eye
alone
in orbit

is that monstrous
or Beautiful?

Qu'est ce que c'est un monstre?
explorer les monstres

what is a monster?

Montaigne said, "We call those monsters that aren't of god."

This makes Montaigne an asshole.

flowering numb between species

carcasses

of glass whales

snow of bone dust

young mammoth fur

atrium of metal bones

my reflection in a case of petrified ears

permit me to see

monsters as

Beauty

permit me to diverge
from the simple
theory of one head
and one body

allow me to sit here
in the short span of my species
between dinosaurs
and whatever comes next

elated amongst
skeletons & monsters
thinking of sex

nests hair refuge
 massive palpitations
 this skeleton
 this open chest
 wide landscape
 above my breasts
 vast in stones
 it quarries
 precious metals—
 gems
 press to choose my fucks
 ingenious, civil, entire
 to faint in the museum of
 one's breath is the greatest risk—
 to go out
 dressed as the animal
 in your skin , close to the
 place, state of life

these skeletons
tumbling
on top of each other

charcoal,
red,

spiral, or straight spined
don't interest me,
Louise.

a private
spider
in your hair
step on up
you know what to do

(You always have.)

Home,
a pile of naked plastic
blow up dolls fucking
has no bones
no skeleton.

compare me to you
we have the same
exquisite skeleton
that can dance
or crumble
to dust
in air

a live
heart beat
in all this
fluorescent
supermarket
light

all that's left
is
the
heart
beating.

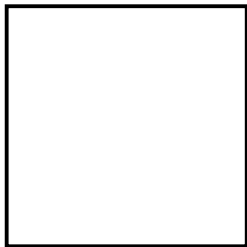
Acknowledgments:

The Muséum de Paléontologie et Anatomie Comparée in Paris, (particularly the teenage mammoth skeleton), The artwork of Louise Bourgeois, Richard Serra and James Turrell have all left their imprint on these poems. *Box of Sky: Skeleton Poems* is dedicated to Sarah Bishop and Jerry Deutch, both of whom influenced me and this work greatly. A deep thank you to them both.

Bio:

Amanda Deutch has had poetry published in over 26 journals. She recently finished her first book, a serial detective poem. In 2007, she was awarded a four-month writing residency on Flores Island in the Azores. Her work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and she has been invited to read in Utrecht, Morocco, Spain, Portugal, San Francisco, New York and Portland, OR. She is dedicated to offering writing workshops to underserved populations and finding innovative ways of exposing the poetry everywhere . . . even in a bone museum.

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press

www.prolepsispress.org

layout, design and packaging by mackenzie carignan
for prolepsis press

This chapbook is printed in a limited, first edition of 100 for the dusi/e-chap collectif project in March 2009 in Boulder, Colorado. Text is Constantia.