

MACKENZIE CARIGNAN



**METAPHORS FOR MISCARRIAGE**

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FOR  
MISCARRIAGE

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COVER ART FOR THIS CHAPBOOK IS A REPRODUCTION OF A WATERCOLOR  
BY MACKENZIE CARIGNAN'S 4 YEAR OLD SON, ELIOT PONTARELLI.

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my wound is a simmering punctuation mark

salt  
that left you wondering about what kindling

gash  
does it to smile, that you though, maybe, in the sunken morning

script  
or the scripted undone. there's nothing quite as precious as mud

if  
you could crawl and speak simultaneously, you would carry a heavy weight

scroll  
though the way you abdicate is linear and accessory

flag  
as if you loved looking at me

bay  
but would you swim with only jellyfish?

thorn  
in the place you thought was safe. punctured and blew

born is the cleanest foliage

egg  
cannot be likened to a tree

bowl  
is a bottomless tree

nest  
is a tapestry

dead  
but the tree still stands

leaf  
is not evidence of a tree

egg  
was there but happened too quickly

bowl  
to the face on a pivotal hinge

nest  
flew into tornado and glass

dead  
balance the march innuendo

leaf  
is my desperate, quaking plant

## distraction is the blankest shape

triangle  
character style fast menu

square  
twice alive not wearing monster

line  
eyebrows quick like symptoms dire

point  
given fireball is the collar of good

triangle  
recognize in the water on the sidewalk

square  
is the jar in the mirror two and four

line  
from the shadow the trail leaves tracks

point  
you welcome the flavor before it's gone

## the stone now is my wall

pebbles  
long eyes tread with speckles to you

quarry  
glance or is it already expired? glance

mineral  
she bought her a crystal with the greatest intentions

boulder  
flock of spite, bitter to land and be covered with stain

gravel  
missing the mountains, the significance of graves

silt  
it is clay, she recommends, with the utmost of certainty

sand  
or salt, or chalk, or sparkling liquid capable of shine

story  
you cannot begin to tell

fence  
it is the rocks that keep me honest

this leak is an everlasting stain

hole  
but no, it doesn't have sides or a bottom

organ  
more like wing than spleen

cancer  
the tumor is the presence, not the absence

polyp  
looking like an eyeball and focusing

intestine  
and all of its exchanges

ovary  
when you imagine grapes. again eyes

absorption  
where do the puddles go? wash

## how category becomes a distant bird

graph  
like a precipice and ridge

spiral  
not your complicated replication

apology  
the tendency of fluid to move to the area of least pressure

nickel  
so smooth in his hand. questions about the sky

he  
bigger than the universe and arms

graph  
rise beyond the paper

if  
you could have held that single, multiplying cell in your hand

carriage  
who knew it could be so minute?

something lost is the greatest evidence of “had”

play  
sand sticks in layers landscape his arm

gouge  
that grammar will never reach you. form

hill  
stimulate the seedlings, starlings, sterling dress

imagine  
beautiful triangular ships arriving

imagine  
that you might have multiplied and burrowed

imagine  
the wood without the water. parched

bring  
his significance is blinding. even his own sadness

## house is a cage for sleep

bag  
of envelope to deliver your woven guise

satchel  
the laugh to tie the long-awaited kiss. evaporate

sheet  
wrapped your arms which came to mean early light

gesture  
to you who will never have eyes

sling  
her chaffed skin refused to be moisturized

ligament  
brazen chest of your disappearance

longing  
to find my own pulse again

petrified  
he doesn't believe the world was ever wood

drain has become a worthy depth

bank  
crested bottom of wing in flight

evaporate  
leaving only ground and saturate

soak  
her disdain for linen is in proportion to the size of the window

three  
left her wondering about where the overgrowth has infested

cage  
feeling an avalanche between my hips

long  
it was the morning that brought the splatter

two  
distinct shapes of oblong thirst

counting  
past the day of cave-in and demolition

the next is what evidence of been

plant  
how gently the roots and systems grow

place  
yourself too far from my reach

you  
are newly burrowed and not yet gone away

how  
do I forget how everything collapsed? bowl

synthesis  
the movement I see when my eyes are focused on black

new  
how did you come back and rest so comfortably in a cage for sleep?

new  
system to create systems. how complicated the flow

new  
it is not an erasure. giant weight of your growth

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