

STEPHANIE CHRISTIE / Mag[net]ic

Give me a little space to think.
The angels of local details
hover around your lips.
Animals crawl all over the house
and some nights they get in.

I won't do as I tell myself.
There's tension stored in the words
in my chest. My heart is
in my mouth
which is in my head

i can't get used to living

Power's heavy and hard to shift
from beneath. We gasp illegally
in spinning translucent gaps
between nouns and what they name
twists of fade germans in drag
light on the lawn breathing into bags
holding his sex in my hand leaping
into flight out of nervousness and glory
shaky, shaking, shaken.

I exist because they wanted to parent.
I wasn't what they were expecting.

We're at our vocabulary's mercy.
The staff persist whatever the government.
I check and recheck certain facets of reality:
that the work is done
that the door is locked
that my hands are clean.

Each day we sleep till the dreams burst
left too long on the branch.
Birds eat the meat off our arms.
We continue to walk and laugh,
ignoring hysterias that haunt dry seasons.
Falling on purpose to keep inspired
by 'accident'— pressure releases pressure.

The learning doesn't make it worthwhile.
Learning's doing the best you can
with what there is. I made it as good
for myself as I could, but that doesn't
make it good, so don't say that.
The awkward crash of conversation
as people try to reach each other
across Father's Day brunch.
To be known takes a lot of guts.

Under leaves, tongues and bridges,
dirt shelters life. Good from wrong
looks different in different weather. Evading
logic on our speeding bikes past midnight
recording tremors on sensitive stable tools

I come into my senses. Come over.
Let's turn our suffering into something.
To grow, we'll find new things to fail at.
You give me space to think nothing.