

ARIEL MACHELL

Memory As Dissolution

I worry about my elbows—
funny bone terror

& the way every thing
has a face:

the plum, the vase, the mat.

Pretend you are irrefutable
& open your mouth to the salt—

The pumpkins still are growing:

I hear their wheels.
I smell their rot.

Once, I scraped my way up a tree
& knew what it was to plunge.

Once, I laid my ear upon the hive
& knew what it was to tremble.

They don't tell you this:

Death is quiet
before it is loud—

all curdling tongues,
speaking just for the noise of it.

It's spring again
& I am only honest to the linen.

How little you know your own twin
& his little box of trinkets beneath the stairs.

I dreamed up my childhood.
So did you.