

ROSIE STOCKTON
LOOSE ENDS OF THE WORLD
after Rimbaud

look, the earth has undermined
a world into a new state of water,
one no single pair of eyes
could lay their hands on,
into a charred air quality
where risk analysis vacations.

now, a pulse in the ground leads me to you.

when we are summoned
by the green valley,
lonely, turbulent with Lexapro
& untraversable,
you stop to classify the wild roses,
so we may emulate their forms
of jealousy, so we may lay down
at their feet.

when there is nothing I cannot remember, I carve myself back into
myself.

I am the boy who can rhyme
with any body's gestures.
I tie you to the rain,
my only technology.

the soil in heaven –
is it very strong?
can it sing in paradox?

so we may finally be bad to one another, outside this planetary death
drive.

fragile beauty,
become more remote,
make decrepit of category,
make ruin of taxonomy.
your breath is a leash
that coils around my expanding radius.

this is my apocalypse poem,
my fault line friction,
the advice I heard from the prairie
and its split architecture.

melodic to dine on the bricks in this estate,
clock gender's badge number,
burn off policed value.

truthfully, I can't prove I am not a robot, but I can prove my disobe-
dience.

I open my wallet to debt's imagination.
what binds my hands to yours.
I give away what I have none of,
in order to merge with my grief's ghosts.

I hide my social danger card,
whose digits spill off the paper.
I hunt my generational secrets,
I eat my meals when the hickory
commands me to spread its seeds.

I pollinate myself, become public funds. I collapse like wind does.

ever shifting edicts, this is how our kink
must keep up with the pace
of my inexplicable fear,
my override shame.

I'll always turn toward the darkened clouds, there is no way to explain
luxury.

ENFANCE IV after Rimbaud

Tonight I'm all lack
I don't know how to be in a body
that wants like this.

Some days I'm saintly good
If I had a balcony I'd pray on it
I'd be so good on it
I'm nasty now but I was once good
I was once historically good
I bled in all the right places,
I covered my tracks.

Once I bled like a sea would
Under a full moon in a coastal shack
It was so animal politics didn't matter
In this fantasy you didn't care
that I was menstruating
and in the morning as you pass the French press
I see my blood between your fingers.

The personal will cease to be political
in utopia. My desire won't be born of
lack but of fullness...
What do you say?

Now I'm studious, look at me, I've only had one drink
I'm sitting here thinking about how I only desire you
because of my fucked up childhood.
You call me because it's rainy, you got off work early,

but I cannot see you tonight, I'm busy
Unbecoming.

The sunset rinses me clean, I'll walk to work tonight.
What is it about walking that proves my love for you?
Melancholy legs are sore, tired of holding up
my sounds. Barely an I, I'm all contradiction
There's no way to inhabit this air, this sick polluted air
Your air

Why are you silent?
Why do you care so much about mimesis?
You've abandoned me like a child
Won't you come over! My heart is out to sea
There is no difference between sky and earth
When it's this foggy out.
That's a metaphor for my anguish.
Can you see my head against the window?
I've never believed in the forever of anything
except the wretched present.

Tired of longing,
no one has walked this path
in centuries
and the weeds cut my ankles.
Do you know what I mean about the air?
It's in this state that
I can't remember what birds or rivers are.
Can't change absence to presence
Just like that
I feel like shit

I'm ending this poem now, yes it's over
a hungry ghost,
nothing has changed.

ENFANCE V
after Rimbaud

Is dying or living more costly
This apartment might as well be a tomb for all I care
I bet the monthly rent's similar to the plot of dirt,
and dirt cleans up just fine.

Even then I'd just pretend to read while I wait for her to call.
I have elbows, they are useless down here.
Now that my only neighbors are worms and shit
I imagine everyone above living in a fog filled hell
They go to art openings in the city, they go back home to their lovers.
You were brave to forget your umbrella.

I can't bear to think of it. Nothing is not night.
Me, I am in my cozy abyss, oh I'm in my lack alright.
All around my body there are things you can't even imagine,
You know, like moons and comets falling in love.
But it too is a love you can't possibly believe.

Just try to imagine the way seaweed tells its story to the sea.
See you can't. I don't know why I'm trying to tell you.
The ocean is a myth that always wins.

Down here I know silence well, I am in charge,
I don't have to talk to anyone anymore.
My oars are made of water,
my sapphire is made of steel. Let's go.

Of course I am aware of the sudden chasm, this call
that casts bitter light, that dwells in my attitude.

But now it's your turn. Tell me what unthinkable blaze
you miss me like.