

by KIMBERLY LYONS

ABACUS

In the garage, the passageway to the fix it shop
a teenage boy sitting on a swivel chair in the dark
pointed to the piles, the debris, the golden treasure.
With my girlfriends
I set to delimiting
the utterances I mean the discarded classifications.
We found polyurethaned receptacles, encrusted framings
for shells & shit,
photographs of a palm, a red wagon, a dark brushing
gesture of a woman's arm
in front of a blurred white clapboard house.
The hieroglyphics on the backpack were shellacked as
a secret, minutely transforming alphabet.
The springing slender
letter A
a prong bent to the earth holds
a tension all these centuries not to release.
He said, between bites of his bologna sandwich:
so, what are you all looking for?
and I said: *it all depends*, for whatever
I could fix on that's not yet fixed
shifts back to the shadows its fractures
Insistently intact and every opalescent other letter
repaired, renewed in use, shimmers on the wand of the abacus
contained in promise,
undisclosing of the core.
If I put my hand to the beads
of its machine

I'll go in there also, hidden in the mess
of the calculation, scribbled
by the transmitting
numerals of the words'
equivalencies
and slide along the track
shot from the dark of the transactions
into the bright complications
of the fix it shop on the other side.
And when I woke up, realized
that the abacus and backpack
and some other stuff, had come back also
and if you come over I'll show them to you.

THICK

Dear Lynn, today rustles with branches
of the veins that shed their packages
along the way to some larger artery
thickened with inherent substances
that dry
in November and you can see a broken blue
Willow plate there
and some other stuff, abandoned objects
encrusted with leaves and stalks of dead grass
and all the holy garbage we discarded when
the water flowed.
Today shatters with splinters
of something thrown
from the platform of its origins
towards space which all day encases us
fragilely and transparently. The content denoted.
Obdurately we make gestures
within its mantle to one another
like sign language.