

GET YOU

CLAIRE BECKER

DURATION PRESS E-CHAPBOOK 26

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PUBLISHED AS DURATION PRESS E-CHAPBOOK #26

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CONTENTS

Moat
Mind Mechanism
Blade Runner
Nerve Center, Butt
Screen on the World Side
Poem with a Grand Title
Machines for Obsolescence
Get You
Fish Eagle

MOAT

Has fish. Is a water-filled ditch.

What is called a language library
and next to that sincerity
forming unfamily in the moat.

A throat is a moat.

We're talking its darkness.
Adult students of your darkness poetry.
Darkness because you turned
the words and we saw that they were gestures
and we looked back on the page
and they were words and they were turning into gestures.

A kid calls this romantic and worthless like a dream.

"Do you sense how all the parts
of a good picture are involved with each other,
not just placed side by side?" I read on the Baldessari.

Great uselessness: the words,
worthless as gestures 'til we airbrush them
into two round breasts, at least one per page,
and they deserve our ogles.
We will pay billions to ogle these breasts.
These breasts are darkness turning into gesture.

There's a cat and if I wasn't intent
I'd hate it, but the cat outside
my west-facing window has swallowed
a baby whole, and the baby is crying.
The cat was Kansas—boredom, madness.
Doubt is best right next to genius.

Our clouds—sheet metal. Our walls—sheet rock.
Our teeth: things between them disturb us.

We want to see the way
we think we'll see,
the way the thing we see erases.

I have pasted seven poems into the body of this email. I have
omitted a cover letter, per your request.
I push "Send" on the seven thousandth email.

Seven hundred poems I destroyed through abandon.

No junkyard, no farewell for them.

Let's have a barbecue and send off these poems.
August first we drive anywhere for one month exactly.
We'll see all the earth we already saw,

earth we fly across. The clouds above it
might obscure it, but I don't notice
because the clouds are it.

The way the thing I say creases.

The lit bridges are our bracelets,
adorn the rivers' wristlets.

A moat if it looks like a moat, acts as a moat.

I go through the learning process
in order to know less,
to know the poems
in slow process of themselves.
They will; there is the apex,
and we don't know. A sliding down low.

Welcome to our language.

If I added a drawing to each page, traced
the passage of a word, I might finally learn
about the flatness of Earth, the universe's donut shape,

seam, the rubble seam of time.

I don't answer the visual ringing,
keep something to watch.

And I begin my twenty-sixth year.
My breasts and I are supposed to like it here.

MIND MECHANISM

I teach you turn-taking like a baby
to decimate your past.
I breathe to you,

help you with your turn.
Breathe on me.
You breathe to me.

Think baby,
take me through.
A tenth of your past.

BLADE RUNNER

Say summer came
And you

Came to sonic energy
Saved it to the tape

Stacked us
To a tape

The room
Would move

Atop
If we taped it

In mind
Yours in mine

I can't hear
Us in this wind

I talk
You to myself

Speak to make
Myself stop

Speaking past
The recording place

Play
To touch us

I scour the tape to
Find a room

NERVE CENTER, BUTT

Car lights come at me
hot and delirious

asleep in the back. Planes come
at me every time the *rrr*

happens. A duck stands his feet
in a boat-shaped puddle

as I pay attention
by phone,

crumple my nametag
to the wind in my hair

boxed-chocolate
low-light of the conference table.

Body-tagged fence.

SCREEN ON THE WORLD-SIDE

Midway woke up,
slid open a window.

Been raining;
smelled a tree growing.

Bird—
through screen,

blinds—
a bird flew in

under my eyes.
The tree flew in,

bird singing in the tree,
scary. I thought

the things
could protect me.

Forgot the air
was the bird

in a tree flying.
I opened my eyes,

glowering lines.

POEM WITH A GRAND TITLE

Thank you;
the lump has left my eyelid
when we curve the sidewalk,
kick the rubble

of four tree groups toward the lake.
Can you see long
winter shadows?
See the sun

traverses other ground?
And the mountain
to your left, the one we'll not
finish climbing?

Brown mountain sun
on your arm hairs
when we
make it there.

Tree shadows are swaths
that cut the grass.
We're black
too on the green stripes.

We're shadows
listening for birds.
You hear the boxes
waiting

to light the diamond
locked up straight.
Step
thinking of maps,

evidence,
glossopteris.
Find Earth
on a globe

which is not Earth.
Spinning it's ineffective.
Touch and it says
Stevenson.

I see you surface
dressed in brown,

you as a bush
walking in green

by the white frame
goal. I run to hand you
eucalyptus bark.
You tell me

Touch it.
No, I say,
admiring
it thrown around.

MACHINES FOR OBSOLESCENCE

A little about TV.
How narrow the body

can be, tucked
to the corner.

Folding the costume,
filling me in.

Silence. I can wait
until transported

night; I'm a life
coach. Twenty dollars

for some eggs, staying up
and running to Van Ness.

At the stairs, hold
my arm above my elbow.

I can walk the contents.
Spread your fingers

to my legs taking you,
Hook-for-a-Hand.

GET YOU

How to live like money
won't get you tomorrow.
Headlights: the car's
turning to block
you in the driveway.
You're not scared
but you stare
when your face ages;
you change to lose touch.
Money getting you,
getting money.
Change doesn't have
choice. Get inner.
Got here the same way:
light off the plains
scanned the plains.

FISH EAGLE

Dinner that night
I wore royal blue sweatpants, a striped red
sweatshirt and sat on a white plastic chair.
Dinner was a golden fish taco,
cucumbers beside. Next to me
the Exquisito cart.

My flip-flops were royal blue;
my ankles were dusted brown;
your stuffed pepper was green;
my family was a school of rainbow fish,
two inches long. I went underwater
above the rocks past the lighthouse.

I wore a mask, flippers, a snorkel
by the huge hotel.
The plates and wine glasses
broken in there.
The sea eagle. The erne.
I didn't want you in your town,

snow around. At a solstice party,
I focused on relationships
with strangers. What I sounded like,
what the silence sounded.
We had an orange out
orbiting a candle.

I asked all questions.
The side of my dad's face.
Relaxed or smiling?
Could we say who today,
share ourselves off our hour?
Was your me better—without
what I'd said and done? The real things

I read. Pictured you picturing
how I spent my week.
Fish eagle. Osprey.
The Mexico. The sleeping it off.
I was wondering—thin line of blue
sky when the rest of the sun has set?

The Dog Star,
Orion, the Hyades,
Taurus, the Pleiades,
Cepheus, square with birthday hat?

I wanted to go west.
Red fire in the sky,

thought it was the west
or Las Vegas, Perseus.
Wanted to wake, go south
and see the cross.
Better than wave
as I emptied my head.

Emptied for a red spark in the sky.
1) Intense solitude becomes unbearable
only when there's nothing one wishes
to say to another. 2) Saints talk to birds
but only lunatics get an answer.
Americana Americana

Texcalana
Full of vacation cavities, couldn't
participate—pessimistic, poor.
Red line in the sky, medicinal
so the sky wouldn't cough.
Havasupai Reservation

Kaibab Plateau
Time to destination 00:55
Latitude 36:04 N
Head Wind Painted
Desert. We didn't paint.
I didn't photograph that.

Had you photograph it.
I only photographed some shadows—
brush tingling by the crosshatch
of the fence. Roof deck
with driftwood railings. Orange jellyfish,
three inches. I was a little paralyzed.

Slept and read, didn't fight.
I used Mutable,
adverbs, was economical.
I totally forgot.
I walked the beach. Wanted
and I'd forgotten you

and Canadians showed me
the telescoped moon
It looked gray and various.
No dark rabbit. Not white.
Lines from a central point
out to touch a circle.

The blue moon,
they said, For your psyche.
This is the only way to look at the sun.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of these poems were previously published in *The Cultural Society*, *Mrs. Maybe*, *Octopus*, and *Tarpaulin Sky*. “Fish Eagle” borrows a few words from Don DeLillo’s *Americana*.