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o f m y n e i g h b o r s

duration e-book 12

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published as duration e-book 12 by
duration press / durationpress.com

www.durationpress.com

The Imaginary Lives of My Neighbors

My neighbor's didn't understand how an unarmed man could pull a weapon from the waistband of his sweatpants. Where anger exceeds police obfuscation they're building this tentative house. Kenny got hit in the neck by a brick. We laughed because look at this Vicodin. What kind of beanbag compatible rifle. It is not funny Debussy, Jobim, the vicodin rifles, absolution tribunals. When my face becomes a brick windshield smash it. When your neighbor, unarmed, is shot dead in an alley, for fleeing police from a minor offense. That I'm warm my neighbors asleep & its night. 3, 4, & 5, the cops are all right. 6, 7, 8, shut the fuck up.

The details surrounding the shooting were hidden because everyone wanted to know what happened. My neighbors raised flags upside down in distress. The way flowered memorials breed overnight. As gifts there were curfews and blanket arrests. Police described clouds using gas they cleared out. The crowds dispersed windows with socialized rocks. Encircling the compromise, councils erupted, officials reported that bullets are irritants. Please stay away from the peacefulness please.

An all-out assistant avoided the passion. Widespread control emits small metal pellets, & each permits speech in the overrun chamber. Soothlings, their privatized Hale-Bop phrenology, bothered me, touching my head to the wad. Large flowers arrived on their sides by attention. A monitor grazing her stomach. The elderly woman who beaten by Jeeps spread lamps in the memory, Debussy, Jobim. All evening remote site the soothlings.

My neighbors aren't uprising curfew cleared streets sleep in an emptying peace we get trash out early police could be passing and see you out fumbling the lid and swept up be left off defenseless like everywhere evened with rage or with signs or with bottles cocked back or with no stable image unmoved by destruction it paints but paints bridges that fresh with decay twenty legs in the river it won't clearly say and the church is too full for the family.

I'm opening closing then opening the blinds I'm realizing we don't have curtains that surfaces heal their own negligence build up untroubled contempt or deciphering grief before each act of cruelty reliably loosens and pouring through trees the hatefulness loves its accretion, lovely, its unendured faces.

My neighbors abandoned their garden that week. We stayed in the doppler like drunk Corcavado where fire was over and over. The fauna was searched for a vicodin part. We found piles of pretty green glass. They're lifting their shirts and showing the bruises, others in stable condition can't breathe. We leave for work and come home to a barricade, old ones are toppled and rolling. The radios battered with wisdom and bunk. The sun's made of perfect transmissions.

How the startling quiet receives its soft cover unmoved in the courthouse resistance. A movement wisteria swims out of cursive from under the ribcage April worn fragile expands in the clavicle's puncture is apple sized shallow the funeral day cloudless & drained.

Hauled out behavioral rainbows collapse.

My neighbors watching processions tensely from braced or fresh guards how a half moon coronates Timothy after the wood had gone up in the storefront barriers stay in advance of the grieving police pray for rain.

Or the neighbors

decline behind once vital stone like
I watched the air going out of their lungs in the style
of emptying mills we have stars

Anonymous, but for their lookers.
a little bit wheezing of topaz or lucite,

Journey to burnout, phosphorous evening

Tin throats completely decayed

A little picture you drew came adrift of abjection
there wasn't enough of a difference to sleep
some renewed wrong amid picturing ends
drew life from the ink & made struggle.

My neighbors were walking to church to the store in route to the poling place

Crying.

My neighbors are building a pilot-light town on top of the blown out Monopoly board. The gardening flickers will own their own houses, renovate poplar, will feather remains through an area post, a starlight of glycerin bottles. The neighbors appearance depends on the spectrum, to move from abstraction to waning shapes given, left in this spot by a withering heat, by the wrongly placed glass in the mouth.

The cops they like
mercury damaged our brains
became a felt hat that we
couldn't take off
it was so soft & so vague.

Like nautilus bleeding the sewn-away ear could be someone in love with the ocean.

A child's moon moves through the regular moon, drops light on the charity stripe & not knowing, causes the beautiful plants.

Hey Motts don't smash that guys face on the rock. In the eye there's an aperture only for fire, triad to house equilibrium fell, a little glass road through a detoured center. The outside's a shuttered reciprocity wobble amending a suspect interior. As light as a neighbor of dust who visits, leaving the room a blessed shape. Rosy integer, I couldn't speak were you no. Parabola broken from rote. Consider the skull as a frozen baptismal the sun has relinquished for humor. Perhaps the declarative 'gone' is a neighbor, a gong of foam rung on election day morning, though I hear forsaken bouquet. A neighbor like blown away piles of leaves, a neighbor like sea-stranded children. Thirst like a weedy street burning turn back. Were that real the atom act civic and sweet, emits decoys, a curvature, spine into kite, shot marks sustaining in honey.