

**SARAH RIGGS**

**MANIFOLDS**

## MERCURY

*many have never seen it*

it could be  
determined lengthwise at  
roundly surreptitiously mass his  
lips rna-no sound-the rest (this  
one) is blue such penalty wind a  
cat hunkers down can undo  
coil hair ready spring

# VENUS

*the morning star & the evening star*

taut spotted

salty plucked

unreachable

written

stellar

speckly

doubled

taupe

flecked

glimpsed

# EARTH

*revolving*

It was a long time since--  
She had heard the men were with her  
are with her, always (floating phantoms, flesh  
memories) There he was on that bench, gorgeous,  
dangerous – she would have him somehow or other,  
and yet not (the silky threads hanging after spiders,  
his blue boxer shorts, his hairy arms). He, some  
of them, the men, they are lonely, lovely  
more fragile than the women  
a branch between their legs

# MARS

*eccentric orbit*

*Flippantly she goes goes*  
wet and windy and wild  
Happily into that dark wood  
go she goes  
Softly she creeps under the trees, *wordy wood wood*  
Tersely the word, the blood  
the place, the wordy place  
*Lovingly tapping each cock she goes peacock hen a-doo*  
Tensely they line up  
little soldiers in tight rows  
*Alertly we all stand up*  
*and tilt—are tilted*  
Blackly into bits of bit light, how how  
*Lightly, she lifts and enters*  
*simply that hollow fills*

# JUPITER

*not a solid body*

Angles & dimensions carry the  
thought through lines in the universe  
deftly proverbs revolt against adjectives  
(the silken how) Facts—rows upon rows of them—  
*J a place you're not likely to linger*  
nonetheless I found a place to sleep in the L-shape  
of your legs  
Irksome revelation, feelings also have limits (hold it  
tremendous felt hand) *Sparkling they are, thousands,*  
calm, calm, the underfoot, gliding  
the grey great the green spreading in your hands  
*your soul winging ways from skin*  
the jaws of universe (the sky's clutch)  
Tell, the thought, next to yours astride  
all *untie, wind surface*  
weights also instrument

## SATURN

why stars melancholy  
and say who who who running  
through your hair whispering to the ends,  
worlds—it held the tongue the story's who  
the round world was to have edges like a square  
and there are choices

Remotely we have felt you (a whispering in your ear) the matter of not  
listening, the rain down your forehead, blinkered back by your eyebrows

the performances like all things other—the life, patterns  
stories, movements, seemed to have no beginning  
and no end—it just went on monotonously and  
inexhaustibly till something larger than  
time wafted its thread by calling  
us away somewhere

## URANUS

*The seventh planet from the sun.*

Half the dream  
was you & half was you.  
Whole was you with the changes,  
stairs, being beside oneself. A whole  
half was you. There was nothing left, no  
edge of life not yet come to. Everything familiar.  
Everyone astonished. That long silence is you. You.  
No displacements necessary, no erotic mergings, half-  
baked couplings. Just the being. Stripped down. Caught  
at the border, naked, the only defense defensiveness.  
No chance to save you. Nothing to be fixed. Only  
empathy, acceptance, and the continual  
movement into life. And if I take your  
hand, knowing it is yours. Mine  
here, next to your silence.



## NEPTUNE

*A faint and fragmented ring system*

And if we could choose 'and.'  
And square. And museo. And mind.  
And Cuba. And Spain. And Geraldine.  
And boots. And phalluses. And belly buttons.  
And Andalousia. And Pauline. And Eleanora.  
And Guernica. And Las Meninas. And Adam & Eve.  
And El Paiz. And Liberation. And the New York Times.  
And Banyan trees. And stray cats. And Hemingway.  
And pears. And grapefruits. And Bing cherries.  
And patriarchy. And matriarchy. And a parrot.  
And strength. And weakness. And hands.  
And holes. And tips. And company.  
And Atlas. And here. And @.  
And and. And and. And

# PLUTO

Mass  $1.27e^{22}$

Costanza Varano of  
Quattrocento Italy : « even when  
asleep you understand the work better  
than I »

*the inner snail shell opens to its  
seeming adversity.*

King Pierus' daughters  
named after the nine muses—

Radius 1150  
*they were turned to chattering magpies*

The center cannot  
remove. only move

@@@ time and space  
three muses : moving water  
striking the air  
the human voice