

OLIVER STRAND

The Love Poems

I.

On dark leaves. Dark leaves,
mummified skin. Green and yellow
grass rain flattens marks a flatter
curve than snow. Snow rain flattens slow pulls
itself down to that space without
desire that rain
collect. All my life
dark soil, the corpse head
that burns on
television—its curve already familiar to me
at four and the men around it
in another nation. What did they
wait for?

II.

I press the knife into dark soil and pull
it out again. I line my fingernails. I press
my elbows into the dark soil holding
the knife: eye sockets, me, clean forearms,
clean hands.

To continue:

The heaviness makes the voice new: you will never hear those sounds
any other time. And everyone is a dancer. And everyone is a secret
dancer. And suddenly a rhythm a certain heaviness—a momentary
separation when the heaviness lifts—a return—the heaviness is a
heaviness of touch but it is not our touch, our touch is light—it is
what tells me to pull grain off its stem it is what glows the moss what
pulls the bud away from its reaching out a separation a separation

III.

The heaviness makes the voice a new splitting. And everyone is a dance. And everyone is a secret. And suddenly a certain—a momentary lifting, the heaviness—a return—the heaviness—a touch but not our touch—it is what pulls the bud back—declines its reaching out it is what bends the coral trees

a separation a separation