

Ring of Water Turns

by Morgan *****

Our Lady of Perpetual Motion Understood Chant

6 parts of 4 parts in 2 parts:

(the 2 labeled such as 1 of 4 parts and 1 of 2 parts)

all in which 3 parts take 6 Steps and 1 part takes 4 steps and brakes

yet all dance in line and arc

4

Our Lady of Omens

perpetual motions

spinning out spinning in

sign sign sign sign

blood bag pulse blood back in

medical examine

circles to that drip and spin

damp salt and sight

glass of the vision all

wall superstitious

line upon line all fall

down and then high

gray is the Red Woman

arc through medicine

light through eyelid and lens

through through through why

2

beneath the gloved hand
muscle and skeleton
shapes that we understand
building a tomb

She is made archetypes
hand slow closing the eyes
geometrical lies
lead to a truth

for OBRL

He is risen out of pink and wet baseboards for show
i don't feel time any more i don't feel time any more
i don't feel time any more i don't feel time any more
OBRL i live inside your house
OBRL i live inside your Mouth
OBRL plastic over diseased limbs
OBRL panic floating in the sea still
silent unmoving docile and full of that water filling the mouth
incorporated becoming the body enmeshed with it
floating on my back and the plastic grows prettier
once it dries up such salvage
a treasure for the living and the dry
all offerings for those toweled down
all offerings for My Toweled Down Parents on the sidelines watching this as it
takes place outside of time when They glance my way
a Parent is all any one ever asked for and we all forget that They are never truly
given to us
They are made of words of conviction and we still have to float but always floating
or panicking
2 ways until there is 3 to glance and freeze for the smallest second the shortest
time
OBRL 3D movie at the big imax theater forever with all your favorite characters
and it never stops until it does

when i was 9 i was confused about why she wouldn't let me hunt with her

bored at work again
got the nerve to try my hand
at provoking God

coat rack hall of fame
featuring beloved coats
lego print inside

also including
the one with the weird red patch
Artemis' bow

fate has brought you here
mine forsaken artifact
i put That Bitch on

i steady my hand
Lady give me muscle strength
i conjure Her bow

crater on the moon
staring at me in the eye
through the pseudosand

shot let loose through glass
no arrow hath the resolve
like mine when i ask

discovers itself
encased deep in hot asphalt
fateful perfect grave

fragments of adverts
kiss the ground like chalk van gogh
stuck to shards of glass

Artemis cackling
unbearable tinnitus
"Now Go Masturbate"

breath letting

remember what you are is sweet
we all long to release that breath
held inside of that great billowing mass of that folded pink membrane
thin and waiting and carried by the others that encase it
what you are is sweet
hold it for me for as long as you can
when you let go of it emptiness will envelop that auditorium in your chest until
you let go of me
i am in and out and in and out
i am held and let go

remember what you are is sweet
we all long to never let that white hot energy go
it scalds our heart from both sides leaving scar tissue
thick and rough callouses from the cycle of letting go and taking in
what you are is sweet
let it go as soon as you must
it will be too soon but you will know the sensation intimately we have let go so
many times already
we are in and out and in and out
we are held and let go

what we are is sweet

i am new, i am a circle

1

i read many books
pictures and poems
1:30 am like a child
i am a circle
and i love my self now

2

non fiction makes my brain buzz
a new vibration
surpasses all that came before
i am a circle
and yet i am a ship
who's pieces have all been replaced
forgotten still

3

muscle memory
guides my hands through
deep seated rituals
their echos resonate and build
they pile onto each other
buzzing and humming
dissonant and harmonic
this time i am allowed to cry

4

and my head is full of warm fuzz
and i know what i am and what i will become
and parts of me fall away
and parts of me fold back in
and i am water
and i kiss the sand hard
and it feels good

elbows

i am piles of
messy fabric sewn down tight
pull apart the thread

remember holding
now an echo that resounds
inside of my chest

arms i cannot touch
walls built high that i can't scale
yet i try again

wait in silence for
your return with open wounds
we will learn to sew

hold the way things smell
simple and sweet I breathe out
old books and your hair

current

she shakes electric
current runs through her back and
out of my fingers

so easy she's made
out of paper and of glass
leave no crease or mark

her hands are magnets
my legs are made of metal
return and return

hold her while i can
try to be okay with that
no headlights dark roads

a shroud covers all
that i can see when i think
of her in real space

bloom in shade

i am made of glass
he marks me up forever
takes and does not give

i fill up the space
he left so easily now
return to myself

she was scared of this
but i am no longer her
new circle new day

familiar space
and new beaming bright i fall
back into myself

she places her clean
hands on me carefully and
she lets go again

hold me like some cloth
treasured handmade and hand washed
living with loose threads

i am blind and don't
understand how bad it is
hope is fighting stress

outside forces fear
and the things i cannot say
things i can't control

i can't keep you safe
only hold and show you love
can be very clean

pain creating pain
pray that they will understand
actions become us

pray that that's enough
pray that i can forgive them
pray that you'll be strong

ring of water turns

patterns and circles
deviation, thought and form
invisible hands

press against my skin,
guide me shape me hold me down
firmly gently down

small paths and exits
pull me like gravity down
circling spinning down

fall into myself
into what i am without
film or melted wax

dried but never peeled
now i can see through my skin
blue veins pumping blood

the self has no form
i will close my mouth and eyes
i will learn silence

my body holds pain
and feels deep what i did wrong
and what i need now

i will let her speak
to me for once and not stop
listening again

invisible hands
steady guide and protect still
filtering me down

third floor summer

1

8 am she is on her side
half curled up quiet with her fingers in her mouth
stale air replaced by cool humidity
i can hear machines and birds
and all of the strange noise
that fills the city with light and purpose
before she will even open her eyes
but mostly i hear her silence and the sound of my own breathing

2

i don't understand why she seems chosen for pain
why she has to be strong
roles change
i see it happen over and over
circles resist
there is friction to it all
broken cycles and muscle memory
but it is irresistible
me and you and everything make an offering
even as old things grip and hold tightly as they can
even as new things loosen and naturally slide into their perfect places
as if the old never existed

i want to be a cowboy

shock across the gravel road
popping and grinding
metal bone on metal bones
in socket or exposed
moving mechanical organs
strike fire beyond sight
hot presence
resonating through
my shaking body his
and the tunnels of houses
like messengers

i am looking for pretty gray stones
else any peculiar thing in the grass

i was made a girl clinging to him
like ivy wrapped around his chest
on that bipolar thing
we did not wear helmets
romantic symbol
oscillating between warmth and unsafety
defining my posture

it takes my eye out
he does not wreck the bike
i swing my leg off first

my mecha

hand moves inside glove
turns and sparks and burns and hums
veins crackle and pulse

now my body hums
to the grind and whirr of God
remade out of steel

hot breath on my face
i will run my hands along
plastic and feel her

heavier than God
so mundane and so ignored
by all except me

holy hands upon
sacred levers sliding down
away from myself

lines will bend and blur
for a moment my body
will become half tool

extend my spirit
out of my body fill it.
i will possess god

we dance like lovers
ecstatic to melt away
into each other

lurching like stomachs
throwing power out of throats
growling singing wet

meijer pine tree

the last time i saw her
she knew i was fragile
i still explained
i asked her if i could sleep in her bed again for one night
she said "aw i'm sorry"
and nothing

only days later
she asked me to go with her to buy groceries
i pushed the cart
she snapped at me for being confused
she said she was sorry in the car
i forgave her
she gets overwhelmed and i know
and then i tripped
climbing her stairwell holding her bags

she hugged me
she asked if i was okay
i lied and she knew
i still couldn't sleep in her bed
because she said nothing

i wasn't hungry
she made herself rice
she didn't have anything for my scrapes
they sat wet on my hands

we danced and laughed to a song we both liked in her car
she kissed me and she knew it was the last time
i could feel it because it was warmth
that i hadn't felt from her in months
but i didn't understand why

she couldn't stand that i was leaving her
she was ripping off her anything
i pick at my scrapes

she still asks me for favors and i still oblige
she keeps telling me about fucking other people
like she doesn't know how alone i am

giving you a gift

can we still be friends
can friends sleep in the same bed
i asked 3 months ago
will you give me a gift
no one who means what you do can because they do not

wet wounds on my hands
still i hold yours
applying pressure
streaming sickly paths down our wrists

you tell me about pain
every year of your life
tell me that i am good
the only good
i am gripping gauze

your face is cold
your mouth hollow
body shaking
i kneel before
you open and warm

i love you christmas lights

all of you likes an elaborate discussion
thoughts unfiltered by superstition
when they are you are kind
"five five five five five"
one of you looks at me and laughs with me and fails to convince me that it is at
me

who can deny intuition
not even you
you play with stringy yarn you pull out of me
i don't know that it is not my organs
i like to cover my eyes
it is more fun to get to knit unknowing
and none of you can blame me!!!!
mwahahahahaha :3 *bites you*

seven lilys

she makes delicate paper
of me and does not show care
or gentleness letting loose
everything inside of her
tearing me at the edges,
hands unaware of rips pain
despite holding me with both

she will never notice how
she does this from birth she's blind
and does not know how to try
to see the flat and made me
existing for less than her
i gave and would give much more
to anyone who would ask

that is my power and sin
ecstatic at my own pain
there are many beautiful
fingerprints smudged on my glass
i had thought her hands were clean
i had thought his hands were clean
dirt does not care what i think

and neither does she she knows
how to look out for herself
first like a whole person not
looking for parts and clean hands
to touch and remember her
identity misshapen
from scars neglected repairs

am i capable of that
there is a balance to strike
to be gentle hold oneself
and others delicately
i want it i want it like
i want to be alive but
i am blind like her inverse

she has loved me like i love
a useful object and that
is all that i asked of her
she is not blameless but i
cannot justify any
posture towards her less than
thankfulness understanding

still the tears and cuts will sting
like my eyes for days as she
does not explain or listen
at least she is consistent
i could have seen it coming
i would always sing for her
and she was always silent

my sister is dying

you protected me
i hold on to who you were
that sweet year ago

you are different now
you're in love with someone else
and she is perfect

i cannot release
how you protected me when
you were so wounded

i was catharsis
but you were armor and blade
cradling me then

it made us feel sick
and you felt it creep up slow
i unwrapped myself

it was too early
both of us cried out in pain
crusted bandages

peel and pull my skin
revealing darling new scars
as the skin snaps back

shapes in the dried blood
now my sister i know that
we are still in love

for you tell me still
desperately every time
it drips from your mouth

and dries on your cast
over scratched out signatures
next to mine pristine

you won't take it off
holy is the scarred paper
she caresses it

polyculture

my ex girl wanted
to get really fat for fun
it was so awesome

now we daily slip
past each other silent-like
in the hallway close

don't make eye contact
we still play the same games though
know we are the same

there's no letting go
every girl is 1, 0
in a line touching

compile up or down
it's all the same here baybee
in the thinking rock

prostration

i.

kneeling, a posture baked in
yeast or code, kneading in lines
malleable soul, folding in
looping and repeating
turned and folded

ii.

kneeling, a posture baked in
yeast or code, kneading in lines
inside, through, and on top of
my body the breadboard
canvas and vessel

iii.

rising after warmth fills the room and humming tells it what it is to do
how i should function
i can hear the Machine whirr if i listen
if i give Her my attention
always, as i do and will

Naming Convention (Programming)

Little Light of Mine:
hands and fingers all agree
You are one union

My Five Heavy Stars
Eris Yahweh Satarine
Awen dip to mold

cast like every bone
created to interpret
lines of surreal code

Mary Satan Man
Danu blanket overcast
rivers of thought forms

not one mind and heart
but one mind and heart in truth
it's like truest love

Her hands folding out
of that cross reverted up
seeing past today

yesterday they're gone
symbols break forever back
Now is all there is.