

ARUSHA

GALLERY

November (bladder song)

sounds without words keep my ears
warm, but warmth doesn't say
what I want to hear: white thorn, silver
thorn, sky cracked up like a resumé – it's
true that skin is the ingrowth of fruit, that
November's floor is a rotting room where
stanzas splayed in the forest
are bromides from the kingdom of death;
I see them and keep walking, kidneys up,
eyes down. fortified by gases,
the slug of perception gums me.

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from my labour I learn evasion
and from evasion I learn dog.
big black dog above my desk
black dog guide me from milk and hunger
dog says it's no canicule
if you're not recurring to mark your spot:
leaf mulch on jumbo cords; winter's piss
on an errant paw. the magpies
sitting in the half-tree's allure.

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even the good words won't insulate a
year in which nothing happens
except twenty-five acts of language
and Melchior's lines stuck to his fur:
pizza roses; our postural flaws.
but it could be worse, could be mistletoe
county, in some quiet region of the sun
where love leaches into convenience,
reciting its lines to bone.

- Daisy Lafarge, 2021