

three parts.
I could write novels
on just the first of this; and
yet, I will imperfectly monologue on all

three.

all is underpinned by murmurs from *Daughter*, and I don't know the reference (I'm not perfect) but it's patently relevant, and as a daughter, I acknowledge the pain those words cause.

"And if you're still breathing, you're the lucky ones / 'Cause most of us are heaving through corrupted lungs." – from "Youth" by Daughter

my experience is corrupted
and your poetry causes such
exquisite agony that I hardly
know where to begin.

this probes the edges of living and dying, this questions the barriers where none exist.
suicide survivors, people who lack organic remembering, their names stuck at the beginning

My name lingers at the head and tail of this, and I know will be framed by my
understanding, however limited - however expansive - it may be.

now look, this isn't earth-shattering.
this piece is not probing boundaries.
it is not asking for bent realisations of
how poetry or writing works; it is instead
living and thriving within its own limitations

but then:

*you love the clumsy unfolding / those embodyings
of language / unwavering monologues / the
abstract manic clapping*

and I'm manically
clapping, and I'm not
even sorry.

sobbing in reverse.

I know these words mean something to you
(if you read these, if you engage, if you dare)
and you should sob, as I do, to realise what

has been missed.

*phone ringing,
steady talking,*

do you miss me?

hello.

perhaps *this was superfluously* exploring dynamics best left unsaid
probing into things nobody wants to admit

“aren’t they birds?” I should know better
“last time, than to expect replies
clouds.” where none can exist.

but let me be explicit, where most remains unsaid:

her mother
wanted to talk.

does she?

she wanted
to be home

do I?

the complications here are immense, and I can only manage fractions, dashes and starts of reality that occurs to us both, the crushing realism of living like this, living inches from a startled form of

redemption.

art

I know

is

I should know better

self-involved

well, I can’t possibly deny that

now look,
this experience
is too simple for my
tastes, ultimately far too

it just isn’t enough
to force this kind of
melting in my bones

conventional.

and yet.

to feel alive
was a quality
associated
with this room.

to feel alive
is a quality
only for me
and for now

I feel alive when I read that.

*the dust
was an
aftertaste
in water.*

*knowledge
couldn't
go farther
father?*

a mother waiting up for a phone call, on the first night

I never called, and for that?
I don't know yet if I'm sorry.

*not far from art
living in
disarray.* a gallery inches
from fingertips, yet
entirely out of reach

*without the living visitor self-possessed, a little intimidating, what she loved were groupings of
brushstrokes, mystery in irregular human light, stronger than ominous, latent, free, asking
insistently about regret.*

I'll never be an artist
yet I passingly understand
the semi-reality of

*"you knew."
"i was too close."
"that's not why"* yes, you knew.
no, you weren't.
correct.

I should mention this hearkens to suicide and to god and to atheism and to things I only
passingly understand
a dream, a waking smoke.

*in praise
of fragments.* I cannot help but worship
these passing nods to my world

*"Shadows settle on the place that you left / Our minds are troubled by the emptiness." – from
"Youth" by Daughter* is it? because I don't feel missed.

*Imagine
sleeping* do you miss me?
I remember nights
where I felt forgotten

here, as a human, just a human

household who trusted tomorrow we all trusted I'd get better

"we're older" I'm not any wiser

“wiser”

I’m sorry, I’m sorry, now, back to where I was, and yet:

*nothing interesting/
too intimate/*

I must be more than the sum of my parts
I must remember to pay obsequence to my roots

+ *she found dreams
in the medication.*

the positives: oh, did I dream.
the negatives: I have dreams.

“We’re setting fire to our insides for fun / Collecting pictures from the flood that wrecked our home.” – from “Youth” by Daughter

I remember when I was a child
and water seeped in under the
doors and I stood on the sofa
and me and my sister, well, we

well, I

“i felt permanent.”
I felt right.
I felt real.

*motion becomes
life’s wish
to die.*

alternate endings, the same yet distinct:

*a./b./c.
nothing*

*a./b./c.
life*

I’ve felt so much life
I’ve been so close to death
I’ve lived and I’ve loved and I’ve
existed, and that is enough.

that is enough.