

Just a little moment, extrapolated, is the whole of the thing and the thing of the thing. The thing is that life is all these little moments and the little moments built together make the big moments the moment they are. And the birds fly below the clouds that move across the sky and the wind moves the clouds or the clouds move the birds and when you look again they're gone.

There is a waterfall in the woods frozen, and you, you've found it, found it hidden under the leaves.

It's scream, the mother's silence, the undoing of song and the child reads the mother's story, dropping into the dream.

Here come the nuns at verspers unsinging. Here comes the moon, by habit.

There are lips, these lips that speak the unsound plan to traipse across the blacktop mountains in the dead of night with a map of ideas turned wrongways with what light, without a dawn.

I do not know if the Earth goes round the moon or a fish goes round the sun or a star goes round a rock or my heart goes round the dot at the end of your letter.

But there's nothing left here to go round. The carnival's been sold and the carousel mismbered of its gapping toothed terrifyingly organ fueled cascade the herd turned loose and without purpose chipped and faded and collected

so turn round and walk straight back to where you've come cause a rock and a star can go round forever.

What dream broke for your today?

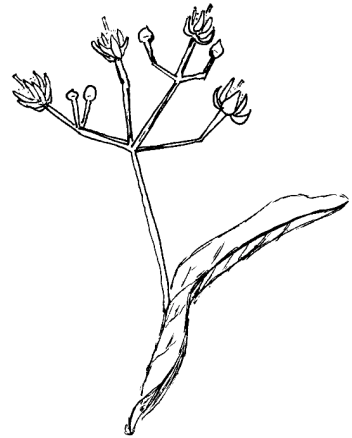
I haven't danced in years with abandon

I have explained what happens to your body when it's hit by a bullet to my son six years old.

Patch it with gold.

with abandon with gold

I haven't danced with abandon in years.



Poems
Libby Hanssen
2020



trancous chattering
turns to silence with one
thousand-wing impulse

6 APRIL 2016

27 JUNE 2018

25 JULY 2018

3 MARCH 2018

21 OCT 2017

10 APRIL 2016

13 JULY 2018