for ra, when we fell in love.
SYMPATHETIC nervous system
health concerns often noted routine the lack of any further creation
the uptight laundry mat taking as little taking as much writing about the story of our life without
a dog or with a dog with something of a greater demand how the demand lifts
the grey stress the dull atmosphere evangelical or autonomous the stairwell for passage
we all have a small box we manufacture ourselves in some are more fluorescent like a song
you hear & don't immediately like only to find later it is all you want that you sit at your desk & write
now we are sitting here again proper & full of positive words the story has seemed to make itself into another story
someone somewhere reads I will never have the privilege to be on the outside of it just a flawed
inner correspondence with human hair & finger nails a groomed monograph of skin to be something
the easiest trope yet irresistible the story through someone else's mouth sounds pleasing rarely am I asked
to expound upon my own we all cultivate an image we eventually wait
in doctors' offices in hospital rooms the not necessarily near future is still a certain one the fist
that is in my throat the palm lines on my hand impressed by the astonishing accuracy of astrology
how very "like" me but of the things to give up I have a few dependable fluctuations yourself inserted
in the waiting room the room overlooking Broadway in the morning time will move so slow
in front of what is empty to stay seated a harrowing postcard a search for instruction that hubris believes
lies at some inner depth to write about something real this society is run by vultures the train is the subjunctive
of the light up above filters down strategically or by accident we keep talking & talking & talking
eventually having learned time to speak clearly to pause in between words the chasm between bodily
mentality the perceived audience infinitesimal the overhead feels rehearsed the doctor's office
where I recently departed broken or clipped awaiting confirmation procedure procedure consequence
always an arbitrary resting the appointment & the announcing it is my aunt's birthday today & I will
call soon to say hello the poems I've been reading correspond to the season when weather is all
we can see worn down a twin heart in reading then writing then writing this
twin alabaster of the 2 train barreling downtown & with me on it everyone I love
accounted for the summon of love this is our responsibility to keep stepping onto the train & riding
for a while resting our heads on each other's shoulders then stepping off when it feels right
morning of obvious maxims calculating representation a plan for when the current plan retires heavy-handedness for all avoidance techniques a little bit every day seems to get to the heart matters cohabitation support sometimes spot on sleeping face to face side to side I love when one gestures for the other's hand such simple physicality an about-face recoils communication attempts left free to float away with the wind we keep living so I guess we need to keep thinking about dinner steal days to read quietly on the couch thinking about bodies inevitably leads to thinking about the way they connect a seraph of detachment everyone seems like they are friends on the internet nothing is better having more to give is just a fact not a judgment what more should we be aside from posted intimacies another form of expression to build a small shelter to cover our respective shoulders the laughter we provide in the face of darklings if I wrote every day I wouldn’t know more about how I felt but would remember the day more precisely
exhaustion trope the willingness to will the smallest bird in the palm of my hands cold extremities colossal
fight against the seasons a powerless mastodon bones caught in amber to forever be
gazed upon no real execution administrative dalliance conventions for breeding appropriate protocol it must be
maintained by some subject an individual or automaton writing the act of being here

& now impulse makes the heart grow fonder each story one step away the glass ledge bringing
home a story of purpose slipping introspective all this time filled or empty it is time
just the same farewell fanfare looking ever more polite & controlled observation of artifact
this party & that party or the fact you were there pursuing all these lovely homeopaths a friend
cave to call my own the nets that coalesce above us the nets that coalesce below always
in some inner stable of stratosphere where over-crusted alabaster reinforces the cracks sweet
action a pathway to equilibrium nothing is delicate so much as severe taking up time that feels
in constant peril this body waits for results waits for time to be less so the mannequin front
runner promoted to director my friend cave had other commitments my friend concave
brought me to this moment the quiet click of the heating vents a little mouse lives
inside my walls if I didn't know any better it is hard to outlast all the diving fare-thee-wells
tragedy weighs more even when feathers through air cornucopia backslides falling
down to what is below nothing to catch our funny sensations to think of jumping when atop
to think of turning the wheel midtraffic of opening the car door while in motion
I believe so much of what we meet day to day & by I I mean me & by me I mean this
processing anatomy your powers hype & bully & basketball I am not alone at home
but sometimes sometimes I am sometimes my mom will call or my sister & we will talk about our bodies
or what traffic was like in general our animals some dead some alive
mirroring one of the first acts we learn in the early morning modeled behavior that mirror that has followed us that mirror we’ve fallen in love with & their child mirror there are reasons for everything yet most things remain inexplicable country house we make up ways to spend time canopy of spider to walk under to walk through to feel the light fall through we walk along the water shadow natural occurrence against rock against water the allure of a silhouette so hard to resist poetics the light the dark the sum of these words longing changes the front side of the mountain morning quiet the backside torrents & blistering trees soundscape like cars moving along a highway the wind through the pine needles reaching our ears at some point you just want to be better in relation extrapolating patience make-believe desires for the purpose of purpose even here I am writing my song secret
when I think about what it is to have a voice I suddenly have no idea what mine sounds like just like smoking to pass the time the need for additional stimulation if honest one could mention the irreplaceable the idea help the idea held the piano galloped & lines of negotiation are drawn at times feeling comes to us dreams are premonitions other times they haunt it is expensive to petit four alone the want for more indicated through small actions we must learn to want to be alive we must learn to take action as if we couldn’t do otherwise
even if you don’t want this time is here for your trouble & how much trouble how hard
it can be to carry what you need on your back the vague impersonal “you” a lame stand-in
for the loquacious of all experience you want to be surrounded by friends
I want to tell you stories about childhood I want to understand more through the telling it is not illumination but something more profound a piano
sonata in my two ears a temperate commitment to the song hierarchy of wings
my heart so much all the difficulty we masquerade around
what is better than crossing bridges with flush cheeks with familiar conversation
the arrival is always quicker because of it because of the daring commitment to continue I must
trust you to see I must trust the warm pocket you wear on your face
today is another day    water falls from the sky    the couch & the cat & the current
descriptions sake    pulse for providence    pulse for poisoned words
the circulatory    that mistake coincidence as a sign    a guide
words that are interchangeable    a mountain knows such leisure
it has been so long    it hasn’t been long at all    tattoo upon the body
a reminder isn’t enough    what is permanent terrifies
over time    when you should learn    you don’t learn
it all dies just the same    redefine new ways
the different silhouettes    its facial expressions are unreadable
neither bucket nor faucet or ocean    the outside is on the inside
to the crypt    the stairs are dark
outline the desired shape    with your finger
errors clerical or otherwise my head already filled with elevation filled
with the parameter of the outside world without a known starting point none of this has truly
begun not in a controlled colloquium or rather it begins & begins & begins a new allowance superseding
the old to hang balance in silence what is the purpose of that to ask questions to a page a page
that I expect myself to fill a backwards philosophy I can only write what I have felt inside the sticker-bushes
& rock gardens walk with me my love nothing happens because of it
to write with strings so close the ties sweeping & busying themselves inside the small apartment I hear every move if we go out we go out with a purpose making plans basic gestures toward activity a resilient barricade center all these competing intimacies alone at home in the temporal realm everything unexisiting pulse relations in the fire drawer go ahead & pull it open let what’s inside engulf your face & surround the army you populate your outlines with let your decisions all be wrong & questionable like prayer before the monument there was a mountain & before the mountain there was dirt & each surface was beheld with wonder I miss the formative decorations the love the revolution turning on a previous axis
sympathetic & hypertonic
but existing just the same
circulation distress
under the sun
invite the cross-eyed mind to step forward
allowed to jump from one island to another
expanding siphon in my chest
to bloom
a day of bright but cold skies
the right raised
living in such a state
imagine the interplanetary potential
into the light
what swells expects to be filled
to watch it open & succeed
when it is quiet
slightly more
with more writing
the day
for shore-worn glass
tell a truth & tell it wrong
how easy to want
a subsection of succeeding
a borrowed phrase
letting the sleep pull you under
a six-footed monster
borrowed vocabulary
tell a truth & tell it wrong
how easy to want
a subsection of succeeding
it's easy to remain
the body is polluted exhausted but posturing like a wheel turning underneath the body
is harmed is flexible touchable is usable until the very end the sole
c-curve the tilted hips resting in chairs all day a project in moving
a recognizable fashion more than a want for a single window just a breeze unconscious
to the train a day daze the tripod for livable hours the picture the big one I am lost
colossally anthropomorphic
generously steals
the bank vault succeeds
premeditating
fragments stolen
ingenious
writing to define
writing to describe
to sort the tools
& store the tools
the archive of past flowers
a search for unifying themes
writing to define
to sort the tools
writing to describe
a museum retrospective
pragmatism is lethal
lining up all the pins
making a place
dig down into the ground & scour
the artifacts
hang them at different points on the body
communicate your logic rhythm to the field
you will be misunderstood & worse
you will feel misrepresented
to tell the joke because you know it
not because it gives you pleasure
at this height nothing feels
arbitrary eager for better reporting skills
a charge or permission
to go forth
reticent needs to accompany your pride
to be serious about the future
it’s been so long
since your last reflexive raven
you looking at the books that surround you
what have you been looking for
the lowering coast build a sea wall in between your heart & the television auxiliary forces
prepare dinner-sized news I can't look I feel bad about not looking when I close my eyes &“I” messages
what do I see tough expectation “you” messages &“I” messages
driven for the driver’s sake everything is almost exactly the same since you left accumulation
of all the days things have gone missing without being noticed
please take a color take it & put it under your face let the color melt inside your body
traveling between systems let it bust & waylay the convections use the colors
to inflate balloons to hang on your door this is a plea from the body to shower the river
with something radiant & proud something deserving of triangulation I don’t talk to anyone
in poems anymore because what I want to say most is too practical
walking from one stone building to the next the rain-manicured lawn unexpected fondness
detachable presence it comes & goes the work that needs to be done
shortening of rope animated distance the natural word as I speak it from my tongue
rhizome philosophy walking to the podium please help me transcribe
your otherness inside your suit coat behind your collar give me some sign you have plans to achieve
under the sun structure unforce fabled wind tour the badlands with others ordinary ruin
televisions left to despair over time the bike transits outwardly approachable needing solitude
for an act that would rather not be alone driving head first into the promise strong cheshire smile
friends fading a glimpse in passing glimpse the rocky terrain
second jurisdiction    how to fill time    someone to sit across from    the table    abbreviating discourse
everything just goes quiet    after a while    walking for news or plans or some way    to augment
the current situation    what are we supposed to do    sensory deprivation    reading can’t cure
or doesn’t cure    doesn’t distract the mind enough    a day like any other    the living brushfire
skirting up the alley    the dumpster hired to clean up what needs to be cleaned up    feels like it would be impossible
but as I sit here    I know that it is not    to start some barometer waterfall    a force field peppered
with plutonium    a mind influenced by words it has seen elsewhere    to write something of the heart
a discourse at a sustained length    everything feels remote    I would say foolish    you can reread letters
go in search for someone    so far so long ago    but the physical discourse doesn’t vary    to not be
ungrateful still    ambitious    sweeping speeches to sweeping rooms    the serious intricacies
of cotton-puffed capillaries    the parameter guarded by collage cutouts    replications defending against pattern
the meta interior a room in a room    a building in a building    a nonspace in a nonspace
fold into the stairwell    fold into the echo it creates
our sun-filled mouths
hunted
in the mountain
to not remember falling asleep
to take up
all the available time
fill it
fall asleep with my head on your shoulder
fall asleep
without knowing
if you are next to me
the championed press
the (im) pulse
heart shape carved
in the ceiling
dulling the pain
that accounts for most of the day
too foolish to use it
to its greatest potential
I am looking
out my window
at you again
I am getting better
at seeing though walls
my eyes
an independent processing machine
I want you to take me
to a tall tall forest
I want to be
dwarfed
in the shadows
with you
what black pool have you been swimming in
when can we start
making plans again
people fall to the wayside
the automatic
falling to the wayside
formative power has changed
in consistency
now some kind of underwater stenographer
now helmet
now air
outer space is exactly opposite
our efforts
to avoid kaput
to transcribe
that melody
you hum in the morning
while putting on your sneakers
the sneakers that carry you
from our door
how urgent
could words ever be
three dimensional blue sky the memory photo behind my eyes the skyscraper angling dramatically with the seasons everything is new the open door the first time the sounds of Saturday morning the plants growing inside their pots another reflection behind my eyes our silhouettes in the water blue & green with just the right amount of sun we construct its meaning after the fact the same afternoon we lay on the barren grass our faces pointed in the direction of the sun our competing creations have no place here here our hands can touch & we don’t have to say anything excavated pressure if we were going to live our lives differently this is how I would want it to be
razor edge deliberations carry over voices carry over visibility
the emperor marches forward makes crosses with its arms a battle of uphill
in the day time the long list of classifieds & somewhat promised-filled acrobats a battle evermore
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persist allows for long walks long standards long unfilled even arid conditions
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of circumspect lung power capacity dehydrated dehydrated dotting blood dotting the nose
masquerading the denomination the trees filled with lamps yet to be switched on
women who connect when women topics are broached the belly with baby the mom in another state
how alike or unalike your smooth skin the secret to keeping the body presentable the secret
to surviving in this house in this head that dusts the lens to ask
for favors without being in any position to demand no leg up no asset of return
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Jackie Clark is the author of *Aphoria* (Brooklyn Arts Press) and the chapbooks *Red Fortress* (H_NGM_N), *Office Work* (Greying Ghost Press), and *I Live Here Now* (Lame House Press). She is the series editor of Poets off Poetry and Song of the Week for *Coldfront Magazine*, and can be found online at nohelpforthat.com.

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we keep talking & talking & talking
eventually having learned time to speak clearly
to pause in between words the chasm between