

# Soul Retrieval

Poems by Paige Frisone

---

## ghosted

they call it soul retrieval | when

    your essence | core | beingness | the skeletal|hole|body|brain that lives in your

    gut|liver|kidney|body|

    self|shatters | breaks its own skull|heart|body in its crumpled raisin|brain as the result of  
small t | BIG T | sOmE TyPe of tRaUmA

to bear witness to your own undoing | your un|becoming | whatever it was | no more

to be witnessed in your undoing | among and in be|tween the layers | somewhere | you found  
home

in be|tween the fitted and flats | the blank|ets and spread you live in but do not rest | you  
are mistake|n for dead by the observers who wait                      they

breathe

slink|closer

hover | they

press|in|to your neck | stroke your back|finger  
your hair | they

    play your silence like a kickdrum smack in the mouth  
    open to black holes

they say lower|level beings prey on your light | suck your life's force  
leave you tight|gripped under the covers begging for soul's return

to witness soul ripped from body | improper ascension | pre|mature a  
    |violation of|

    multidimensional and interplanetary harmony | like

    meat stripped upwards from bone || potato-peeled you are slashed || heaped onto the floor  
a side|chucked body|bag off the bridge

strangled beauty beaten the shadow|beings speak

    something | something

        you must come out from under the covers

            to hear

# natal report

reads no name

087W39'00' 41N51'00'

a calculated babe

nowhere 2 land no landing                  jump

slimed bits of me thick-drip from womb-thermos | thermom-meters | moms-meter in her ethers

in her

in her

history is a literal backslide

a | now 2 then | rewind

birth reversed times more reversals

ancestral tongues rip straight from mouths

from mine to moms to moms to moms

one long historic tongue

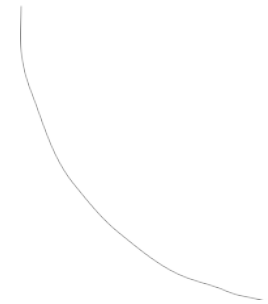
no space 2 speak though born in it

a sweet silent space born babe

screams

natal with no tongues & no names & no space 4 words

birth is an involuntary reflex | to gravity  
a being in flux | flummoxed | fluctual  
no wonder everything is backwards  
everyone confused  
out you come  
back come back



## alone

came home to find  
the back door open  
entered bed gambling with  
my life

i

invited presence, accidental  
a mistaken welcome  
something looms now

in the next room, shared wall,  
sound sleeper or schemer you are  
cannot decipher which

door shut now,

i

wait for breath, a  
floorboard pop,  
*just one and i'm outta here*  
body knows

i

should have just  
risen, scoped  
the closet, the  
vacant room,  
surely occupied now

i

might have found life or  
death, *yours or mine*, or  
nothingness, which feels like  
both

i

should have cared more  
fought for  
my life my  
safety my  
fatigue said i'd be fine

i

sit here now, on the couch  
this next morning, shaken

door remains shut  
for all i know,  
you are there  
    still,  
sleeping  
scheming

stirring the silence 'til  
you think i've forgotten 'til  
you once again  
    make me yours

## hypnotized once in wyndham

usually when i close my eyes it's dark  
not this time, not this  
all i saw was light like - -  
the sky was - - penetrating my - - eyeballs

it didn't hurt  
or make me squint  
it wasn't yellow like the sun it was  
bright like you and i don't remember much but  
some remorse i felt  
for the hypnotist

i'm not sure what happened  
maybe something went wrong

i meant no disrespect, to disturb  
how unlike me  
to draw attention

i kept thinking *sorry i'm sorry i'll stop*  
but it seems i really couldn't  
i tried everything  
oh god - -



for one moment and  
perhaps *the* only  
i could not, for the life of me, stop laughing  
such rebellious laughter how  
th' more i resisted  
th' more it roared

how hushed we are in life,  
quieted,  
monitored,  
shaped and carved  
trained for *perfect* through lethal obedience

we are meant for untameable joy, you see  
euphoric, hypnotic, blissful bellows of glory

the sunlight knew  
sucked up soul and out throat it came  
bellied laughter, macrodosing on Mama

i'll never really know what was so funny,  
hysterical, un-  
    containable but  
i'll forever have proof of what lives within  
    what's dying to come out

there's a reason people tell you to shine  
something golden and sparkling bubbles in the under-skin

something that knows no words  
something that refuses  
to apologize

## Rupture + Repair

I find myself lost  
in a crater alone  
*classic*

calling on Mama  
wrapped in her roots  
grounded by light  
granted with grace  
I sing:

*O'hee o'hee ay-o mio*  
*Forgive my passing*  
*O Kona my darling*  
*O'hee o'hee ay-o my*  
*Blessed Flower*  
*Hibiscus root rise*

in the hot seat  
where wind-launched pebbles soar  
above my whiplashed cheeks  
volcanic lava boils below  
my bare-burnt cheeks  
effervescent rage spurts  
belches

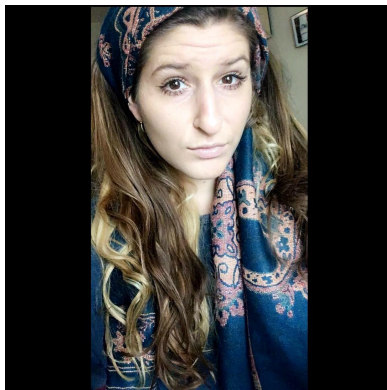
you are excused

in the midst of rupture, remain  
cross-legged, still, bear witness to how destruction digests, how one  
de-and-re-constructs

periodic pocketed porous steam soaks

such temperament  
let it be, let it be  
you have every right to fume, to rage  
even after all these years

---



**Paige Frisone** is a body-based writing coach and poet stationed in Boulder, Colorado. Her work has been featured in *Rebelle Society*, *Entropy's Enclave*, *Rogue Agent*, *streetcake* magazine, *indicia* and elsewhere. Learn more about her psychosomatic inquiries at [www.paigefrisone.com](http://www.paigefrisone.com).