

Studium Spiritus Sancti

by Annie Blake

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for my children, mein kleiner geist, my husband

Once something is made conscious you may take a course of action. I could make the choice to live or to die. Whatever is unconscious will be the blind hands which forge life. And I had finally come to understand that I was feeling the guilt of generations of women and men and all the destruction they died with was still alive in me. There is still so much I cannot describe or point out. There were things that happened to my ancestors which they were unaware of or had to deny. I came to realize that it was not death I feared most. It was that my spirit and my ability to create as a woman would not ever take.

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Death

/ when the heart hems press their lips / hair long and moon white / craters of unworn scalp /
for she was in her last hospital bed / assembly of umbrella ribs and spokes of a wheel / and
she pulled out the needles from her fingers / glued them with milk / wings and flew
them above her heads / near our red chests / and the little angels grew out human feet /
embedded in me a daisy coronation /

/ when my daughter widened into woman / she married and had children / in their upstairs
bedroom / window seat and cushion / this is what the young dream about / my fingers and
through the glass she could cry / coursed warm her trials / seer of tears / and the birds wore
wings which were just like my feathers / in and out of our stomachs as buoyant as ticking
clocks / so i skimmed her white hands

black

Contractus

pearl tears drop and gather to father and feathers sprinkle the sea / how wrinkled its sheen and
soiled green / billow belly / composed
egg /

/ experimental writing is an old golden locket kept warm by a soldier / to open it after he kills
his kin and then to cry out for his mother /

/ and because yesterday shared the warmth of the lion and today it rains /
sometimes the doors we close against our mother is to heft and sift / chaff heads of madness /
arms that run blood for miles / charred trees leave roses cradled like unsung tongues
in their portals / my adjuvant / a wreath or a human wedding ring / for every word herewith /
for whoever mother lies here / lest my own children be crucified /

You Can Miss Out On Going To Space

if you don't mine under the ground she plays
the violin like she is sawing wood she will
one day make a house
if i were to die i watch how my soul sores
haunt me with my child's carousel or
all my children never grown maybe we could have lived
in a foreign country learnt to feel
what it is to love

Poppy Brown

/ brown study and a head of flowers for the dead / lie down in a circle /
reminds me of how at the end of the cycle / menstruation turns as rich as under the ground
/ but i still sailed in the sky so i ate clay so that my body would sink heavier still / for the soil
will no doubt mount my skin /
/ i told her she was allowed to pay for the book with paper money / because children
are green and even though some in two on the altar / for that is where flowers grow
and the colored curl of redemption / and when my father told me my mother stopped loving
him as soon as i was born and my mother asked me if i wished i never had children / so i
walked out of my body and lived on a rainbow /
/ so on the cash register / i pressed for circular coins / for i had to pay for things / he didn't
think balancing the till would change the world / but to be honest with children and to listen
/ their words on balancing scales / and when i walked into the cathedral / above my pew /
gothic and wooden angels flying a cross the ceiling / for my children told me for the money i
spent on an antique wardrobe and bookshelf / i had carved out the mouths of a thousand
children /
/ because i built myself on top a yellow hill and spire / but i thought it would be better to
swallow it stone by stone and then fly into my house but how do i watch it all fall down /
/ for the girl had deleted her mother's voice from her cell phone / because her doors are walls
but i have walked up the tower and / wrote bills out with crayon and i rang the bell / tied my
money to the dove / so unwrinkled wired talons / and so the poppy delivers her seeds
and gives me sleep / prophylactic / for death must come before life / morpheus and thanatos
and red soldier crowns /

Lot's Wife

/ so i handed him food on a large silver plate / prettily peppered / hugged him like a scarf /
and i thought i gave him the moon / how it hangs cold-cadenced and silver scalloped / frayed
edges of his mother's soul / porcelain children from the opportunity shop / and when i drop
them / their size proportional to their body weight / there was something very difficult about
being alive / for children knock me like sharks knock ships / and as their storms rose /
there was a risk we wouldn't eat / so i made sure dinner was served and a silver service /
because a too contrived relationship / the mast erects the hull as high as a pen / the vulva and
a cervix / for at the labia i hold on and the sea is lamia / behemoth and leviathan grey /
for salty water blinds my eyes / and so i heard my mother call me back /
/ and their marriage lasted only because she always said she would one day walk / but
sometimes wood can be nailed on doors like the icing on hot cross buns / for most
the resurrection never comes and my father only ever loved his mother / and i drank the water
out of my plate / for mine is only soil-roiled / an injunction when the angel touched
her feet with the ground / so i remembered she churns like a pillar of salt / and so with my
fingertips i pinch my upholstered slippery meats / for the gods have pushed me in myself
like a well and brimstone / death hole / new teeth in the devil's mouth / i give up
to my shoulders / held on till my nails and my knuckles / wet as a knife and paper
hot / ropes of trees spook like hair / my mists are my ghost / the sails fall / the hull and the
grazing of tar /

All Hallows' Eve

/ souling for the cake / why worry about the next world when i have found my feet in the next
step / i promise myself i will cross the jordan / cross my heart and hope to die / for my ash
/ scab on my forehead / but i still have my body / because i scratched a cross on my own head /
scarification and christ fish-fed all those who listened / gave me a butcher's basket / for
guising / because my whole self broke and my spirit drunk in heaven / when i was a child
and for all the souls who burn like crows and i thanked god for raising me from purgatory /
the rest on all saint's day /

/ for i sit here in a medieval torture chair / i was shaken as a baby and my father and mother
told me i had to womb their original sin / for to wash their head with soap and water will not
necessarily clean my mouth /

/ so i kept trying to print out my family photos / but instead of pixels we were built
of limestones / because there was a once a girl who wanted to be frozen / and the magic
mushroom man watched her cave in and put her under his spell / reptile scales climbed
like a ladder until it covered her face / so he buttoned up her body /

/ panic as prickly as cacti / sunsets baking on trays are flat horizons / and her red balloons
started to bleed / rose petals lumping her head but at least she could now wait for the bus
to travel to school like all the other girls /

/ so i cleaned the kitchen / for i started waking up early to sort out the laundry / so many
people i knew have left my house / for i washed myself clean / and put on my own clothes
/ and married georgia's father / even though he had white hair / he was strong and young
enough to be my son / for even though she was one of the shortest girls at school /
when she grew up she could scrape off the old fat from the range hood / for i must unfold and
fatten the table cloth / little red riding hood / because naiveté / wearing emotion is covering
our heads / so i silvered the hood / now a whitened curtain / old fashioned and delicate lace
and became a bride /

/ so i cut out the material and sewed the leaves / the curtain was cast off the boat /
so i took off my hood / and when i walked out into the garden the lace hung off the line /
how sunsets or dawns are blessings which dress our bodies green and gold / how the autumn
falls to grow /

Schizophrenogenic

but i often underestimate my husband /
for he pointed out that i actually said schizophrenic /
i had a kitchen dresser which contained crockery i never used / over-
solicitude is display mothering / for the women who set out
their family's clothes is not serving hot food on plates /
for my mother would always shake me awake and ask me if
she thought she should see the doctor / so i thought sex was rape
and miscarriage meant the same thing / so i feared
my father more than the devil / and i grew up and showed no
trouble casting the last stone / so to recover the heart / i unturned
every single stone and built a grotto / swirled myself around
like a chocolate mousse / ripples and waves / a tap which leaks
like a tap / waterfall lush / milky watering in concrete crevices until
the shore joined in / so while children play / their toes watered
and sprout oaks from the ground /

So I Demolished The House And Planted Her Body

/ bones and muscle of our psyche / advertisements and cognitive psychology are an epidural
/ and to prove to my father and mother that i wasn't a failure i built a large country house in
america / so i went to the post office which was also a news agency / for to receive and send
mail / you must have enough agency to communicate with whoever leaves hands in you / and
i realized that all i wanted was to save enough money so i never needed anybody ever again /
and before i threw away my clothes i made sure i saved all my buttons / but all my children
were strange but merry and their rooms unkept / so the police woman put me in the electric
chair / a sepia hospital gown and strapped wrists / his right arm quivering / for the dominant
side of my body must act / every time i write i sweat and black with dirt under my fingernails
/ for it was the first time it had occurred to me that my brain was damaged and so ventricular
fibrillation and cardiac arrest / i was a tortured man / and finally she yielded and she ordered
the policemen to set me free / ektenos in gethsemane / o rosary made of rocks and stepping
stones i suck like throat candy / her white body and dressed ballet black / her pieta when she
is en pointe / the stripes on his back /

Meet Me In St. Louis

(from 1944 Musical film)

/ so in the vestibule of my house / there was a woman in a shroud / and even though she
was a shadow and there was no mouth in her head / we were not to say goodbye to her more
than once / nor follow her steps / angels think it is impossible to hold four children because
we have only two hands /
/ the gay fair music and girls were singing / but the melody dragged / bass and off key / for
how does the wrong key fit in the whole of the door / so we waited for the dark woman to
leave / so i called for my child / and on the porch / on the swinging chair / i do not know
what / but it unfolded like a jack in the box / so we retreated and on the first floor was the small
child carrying a pile of folded clothes / but i remembered when my parents used to warn me /
if i ever had a friend or walk to the pools by myself when i was an adolescent / and so i
eventually secured a job but could not hold it down / and my mother always told me to stay
in her house and nor did she believe in marriage /
/ so every time i would fold clothes i would get angry and drop them and make a mess
on the floor / there were no balusters and only a wooden lip and i was too young to
understand the danger of falling / because i was taught to keep a stiff upper lip / and the last
thing i wanted was to fall again / peter and his denial and when the cock crows thrice /
/ so like my thoughts / how a witch cuts the sky in half on a broomstick / for when we are
frozen we lose ground / there is no such thing as heaven and even bodies that move can die /

Kyrie Eleison

/ ants were crawling all over the kitchen cupboard /
i asked the boy to quickly spray them / for i had to keep my mind
intact / how many scars leave lumps on my body / when i knock
them in winter the chimes ring / ants edging towards the lavender
that was stuck to the wall / crushed cereal / tenderized
bread to help me swallow it soft and so it doesn't get stuck
in my back teeth / and so my body and / disintegration / my
father's mother had lavender in her garden /
and sentimentality instead of femininity / for even my own mother
taught me / you can only get what you want if you are a man /
and marriage and children will ruin your life / for all my father
couldn't do and to never birth the son /

The Nightmare Family

/ but when i had a daughter she licked the stamped letter
let the slot swallow it whole / because i addressed
it to every member of my old family / it's strange how we let
pages of our old worlds fade like each summer /

/ creativity originates from weighing out
their moods and answering all sorts of impossible questions /
so when i decided i was normal and it wasn't my body's
fault / my mother told me i was too sinful
to eat bread in a church again /
so i sat in the dirt and weeded / broke down
the mouse mazes in my head / crazy
paving which my ancestors buried / a psychotic
lady who wanted to be pregnant / hunched over
like she was pushing a pram /

/ mother earth has wrapped me
warm in her hay bales / and so my husband laid
the pavement like a joined puzzle and i mortared them /
and after three days / when the ground was stable we carried
over a table / so i had to learn to turn the key / take off my shoes
in my own house / and my children were waiting for me / the man
i married / making inferences / healing
from the type of suffering i've made / i will only feel empathy
toward others when i can feel it for myself /

/ there was a woman through
the stone garden wall / so i left my mother in eden
for i must trust there is some other place / and flowers /
petals like the wings of butterflies /
there is a light in my head / and so they gave themselves and rolled
out like rain / wings flew high like wheat / infant dragonfly /
harvest of the sheer—

So I Drive My Daughter Into The Forest

/ and i followed the map written in my right hand / for my veins were roads
filled with blood / and in the dark they glowed / the leaves of trees
in the sky and the black hill / and i had chosen the right
night to show her / two moons / one high and one low / the first
was a twin / the dim one behind the one that was bright / i remember now
that i have unnailed myself and have safely descended /
the rolling over of my body with my soul / and so i knew my daughter
was saved / for lunacy is psychogenic / so i walked into the kitchen and carved
a host out of the bread and we both ate / i will wait long to touch
her hand / so when i showed her the first
and then the second / milt in yellow lakes / milk / spotlights /
soft and breast heavy /

Dona Nobis Pacem

/ for i have woken up from the seabed / woman bodies curled and
stoned and patterned like shells / amniotic olives
for i must marinate myself / for to sin against one's own
children / and it is a sin to miss my own dead mother / for
it was our sacrifice / that the five calves and their heads / cut
at their throats so they live long and as thin as string / i have often
questioned the use of wearing a ring / a gold necklace / as bright
as church chalices / how black blood fills all our dear
children / like silver money swells in her small purse /
because i am good at saving for investments / so we make calves
give us ham / and i remind them not to eat whatever is unclean /
because all our teeth have fallen out /
for it is not my prerogative / for so often
the young are born and then made to sit plump like dough
in bowls / and during the day / when my children have gone
to their new school / and when they came back to life
and the slaying marks were invisible / the dead will always speak
out for their dinner /

Spare The Wombats Or Make The Womb Bats Fly

/ so there was a star / embedded in my forehead /
blood at its points / and the skin between
my eyes was as rare as the mark of god / for i have seen the whole
universe and speared the wombats that hide in trees / one every
hour for five / but had to dig deep into the ground and to bury
the thoughts in my head / and my mother was wrong
to tell me i would go to hell / for a liar is a person divider
and out of them bats green like bulbs / how they fly in wombs
like caves / and how all my mothers gave birth while hanging
upside down / for there must be a cycle or ritual / no
child should be born to suckle her mother / for christ too
was hanged on the branch / and out of his side there came blood
from his meat and water from his bone bowl body / and the red
man who gives children candy / so i ate and washed
myself clean / and as i was already dead / they had no reason to break
my legs / so i could walk again / and learnt that for them
to stop my mother and father whispering in my head /
for the devil goads and i would have to understand that hell spares no one /
and so when the voices stopped / and the shadows went back
into my body for i swallowed one every hour for five / but at six
i had to pick up the woman / your intuition can tell you
what your body can't / and the star promised
never to deliver me from temptation / but to lift me up from hell /

If I Don't Really Believe A Woman Who Murders Her Own Children Cannot Ever Learn To Be A Mother / Then I Don't Really Believe In Salvation

/ for my mother taught me how not to sleep / so now that when i get tired
enough i believe every word she says / and she used to put me in clothes
to make me look like her / even if she died / for i live a cross the road /
i have never met a woman who knows the mothering well / so when i
searched for him / the man my parents handed over

/ my mother told me i was old enough to work
three jobs and go to school / but she had to watch me walk three houses
down to buy milk from the store / for to make sure i never
had a body i become her saint and prayed like the devil /
to make me a boy and / so i stopped eating / and one day i wasn't menstruating /
so i handwrote every word she typed / for she reasoned how can you trust
friends when your own father /

/ being alive or dead can mean the same thing / so i remembered
that i must buy food for my children / and for once
i thought i would swim in the pool even
if it was getting late / and when i tell the psychoanalyst there is a hole
in what she just said / they all nod and look at someone else
or say that was not the objective of their research /

but even when i dove in with clothes in the dark it felt warm
/ and i let my children stay up to play with me / for in my void
we have a staircase which turns into water in the summer /
because the only way to learn how to climb is to first learn how to dive /

and it occurred to me i could just switch on the chandelier
because i remembered the angel / to stay calm even when night time
drew close like the palms of my hands whenever i prayed / because i saw
the man i thought i loved / so small he looked like a money-monkey / the woman
gave me millions of foreign five dollar bills /
for i have to believe in conversions / and to die but triangular legs birth
a sun in wine / the morning high and holy / rose red /

Tick Tock

*a clock from this world has a pendulum which swings from right
to left. one must believe that a revolution will take place in the other.*

many years ago i took pictures of my children—
none of them smiled because they were in old
fashioned clothes. i had nailed
them there. black
and white images. i must forgive
myself. for i suppose i was just a ghost—
if there is no mother then there can be no children.

i will open their eyes now. watch how they return
from eternity.

Fishing In The Green Lake

eyeball filled with red vessels full moon grow red
pubescence placenta full of soiled roots branches
that heft the first apple my green wiring writing like khidr and
dionysus drank everyone's blood hearts sit heartily
in slick stainless steel boxes they forgot that if there is no
lid i can fly to heaven whatever these deep purple
states imply for i leak lent and to decorate the altar to alter
the way i love men my children mouths of the
crucifixion their soft toes tucked in luxurious wombs with the
rolling white stone fill the uncouth mouth full
of fresh teeth saliva-warm arms song-long around my house without
a moat velvet-belly fish kotinos scales

And When I Learnt That My Husband Was Once A Boy

his father would hit him harder if he cried
and i was hit harder until i did

so he knocked on the old man's door but i told him i didn't want
to visit the stone mansion again my mother
had an aunt who lived in a cave as cold as her bread oven
and insane because her mother was blind

so the old man
walked down the stairs sideways
because he was so old he came to visit me just before he died
because he had survived the holocaust i must climb into a furnace
to retrieve my newborn as warm as eggs buried on the shore
the scramble of a crab on the sand

for women flow like the tides do rocks hidden underwater
when the storm breaks but i am afraid
for my son for he has a softness
that hardens all of us for we have put him on the boil
every egg i place seems to crack and everyone
of them i cannot cleanly peel

i warn him
not to ride his bike too fast past driveways
for it is better to walk down one step at a time and
how he underestimates the danger
of leaping to the floor because
it is not the first time i have fallen

and i must admit we all construct camps
for concentration for who wants to know how long
the train is that wears down the wooden tracks like the spines
of our backs fingers and nails under the soil when our heads
sink as heavy under the ground as the sun multifarious
as umbilical cords
mothers who cannot eat
dried fruit that is pricked puff like smoke where
is the fire

But To Descend Under The Fig Tree

where i sit cross legged on grass the color of peridot
there is a ceiling of arms and legs
and my dress of leaves so i remove my shells like
ball gowns hanging from windows
uncloak mirrors because i just don't believe in death anymore
sykon and fica and inside there is a white light round suckling
mouths like succor whirled world of
dried skin brown leaves in winter's hibernation hole
so take this bone and i hole my mouth clan
and whole swallowed for she is only holy too many women
squander their bodies like money so i loosened
buds like purses my spine measured my height along
the shelf of books instead of the nursery wall switched on the high
lights with a meter ruler
rolled my tongue in my mouth and eyes that taste of pearls

Zhong

for he told me he is burning in his stomach for you
but this father killed his own daughter
so i was violet with my mother for the witch
who kills you must burn and my father cries
for his mother too easily anointed her arms
and wrists with oil the way i anoint myself with his
perfume peaches decay in his mother's front
garden and i remembered that in my own backyard
i had a hill of rocks instead of leaves of fire a cup
and a contamination with blood

my daughter told me my writing room smells
like the christmas tree box for all my notes my clothes and all
the things i thought about i hung them on the line outside
and when there was a fire i unpegged them so hot
i could hardly hold them i have often wondered what i would do if
my whole house burned down but then the rain came for it can sacrifice
its belly more favorably than me

i have been too high in clouds floating in air balloons like
a queen's brooch and as garish as the sun
the fire smoke it's fat body smug and how it undarns the dawn
the sun ticks an inherited golden watch its red moaning mouth nitid
wound van gogh's weather in my house my mother mild peeks
her fingers in her pockets head sheet and eyes prodded holes

Adoro Te Devote

mother earth you cannot eat her
if your feet slip under the ground oat field
for the fledglings are so hungry she takes me wide open
for when not fed they turn
dark brusque strokes like crows at night pelicans
look black terrible
field the drought bereft of fish death mother
how we are pieced
on the cross and rain for where the little girl
gives death on the concrete there was always a pool of blood
the assumption of the bride the bird of astarte
sophia in christ's body oats from a pastoral chute fish silver
water well fettering like fingers foraging in throats

Azrael

there was a woman who came her hand and
human and not clay made there is a blackness
crows with wings as sour as liquorice an iron to uncrease wrinkles
sometimes leaves a triangular burn
an infant will not be soothed but she spoke upon
me my faith that i had saved them as she stroked
my hair unthreading the suppression of knuckles darkness
is an infant crawling down the stairs from the very top for it keeps separating
me in fragments but for wholeness something must first
be broken a bouquet of frangipani handpicked from a far off field
i could not sleep until i learnt i was alive and full of blood for this fear
will open the bridge and to step into time
how can the circle of miracles ever be so ordinary

Wearing Your Chateau On Your Head Ruins Your Sleep

so i spilled for my body is as rare as meat but he had milk ready for me
i am afraid of turning back into stone i would gladly give up
this world it is true that ignorance unnoticed is more
conducive to long-life but not so for any sort of kindness so to die as
i warm my feet by the fire

but i would rather much live even though beautiful
rooms haunt me for there he is calling me to come
so my body started to walk i am sick of looking through glass
bottles but a chateau bathing pool for even though it was deep
and the man offered me his drink but to dive clean teathed and pointy
as an upside down candle under the water a basketball court
for to join i must see how the living lie in pieces

so i give you my body and the last wet leaf licked by the wind i would have
to trust his hand for my head hole digging in the world on my back
behind the fort arrows he made life houred and four a bow and fingers rings
of a harp

Apollo

so a man was standing like a spirit on the rocks
our garden for it saddens me to say whatever i make there will belong
to everyone my daughter warned me he was
going to flood our house so she came in with me
and i shut down our windows sometimes i would rather not
interpret my dreams
for i must finally admit i am more than sorry that i could
not save my mother and all the times she could not save me lilith
and eve bedridden that year the way life and death close their fists
—open their palms
how loss can feel so clean when rinsed with redemption i had saved
thousands by teaching children but i used an expensive man's car
for work for when i forgot my own he would have his keys
ready for me and i remember passing the trees in the summer
the fall and my dad would never talk to anyone my old counselling
room her eyes darting to the clock on the wall i read potok's
the chosen on my mother's porch it astounds me how much i decipher
in books but end up understanding hardly anything
i forgot that i once saw the leaves of trees shimmering in the sun
like colorful fish but even though they sometimes rise in water
i still don't bite
maybe it has something to do with wanting all the seasons at once
but i must learn that even though they come to me i need to let them pass
some leaves are too free or feeble or the laying of his hands too
strong but it hurts to pick up the leaves when their bodies are atrophied
when they draw up their knees how their light lips curl up their sleeves
the color of summer house spiders one with the ground

I Am Far Away From Home

i am still worthwhile if i am blind
o lover from heaven our merging how fetid
my head is heavy of meat and shy of breath and body
how it all goes up reculer pour mieux sauter
so i have learnt to still myself
and blossoms on my way down
o land of marriages i remember a time i used to touch
him and i am so sick of falling in love
my smoke blows like a kettle whistle

i wonder if i should tell him

but which words open enough to hang myself wide open
wooden pegs a meat hook

misery makes me want to remember things
the city in the winter and how i once was young
dodging so many cars cold sheets in my night's sleep
for i remember there was some life without my children
and what have i ever given them

Mother Mercy

her loss of control and my tooth grind downwards
the holocaust a gas-field jar
a person who is rejected by their mother
i have to accept that sometimes i can't stop
trying to destroy myself
my moral tides armpit odors
scent of the star shrinking in the sea trains and their shadows
and all the scenes of my own winters the color of powerlines
the plug in the sink that always leaks
when i was young i would just go to bed and
think of the days' events
but my fantasy world just doesn't work
anymore
my daughter catches the train to town i've never traveled
that far to learn anything when she steps out of our house
her pointe shoes hanging off the laundry door
i am the only child in the house

Therapy

i could never imagine telling a psychoanalyst about my lost
in layers of whatever my ego is made of fine as hair
symbiotic lice her pronunciation of words cut
like edges and there is nothing familiar about her clothes
how would she ever make up my body her hands numbered
and as smooth as paper
money because the last time i saw my mother she was always
either too busy or her anger sugared her body caved in
for she closed the door before i left with my children in the car
how a terrible house is a body a single day with you and a year
of undoing red ribbons a witch's belly like an unbelled door a grotto
or a cliff face
wooden arms and legs instead of branches and a crown
why do i have to be the one ram my pain into the bull
of a boat but to sit in an everyday wicker chair small odd teaspoons
from the opportunity shop and a five dollar portrait
my floral handkerchief tucked inside my sleeve a virgin bluebird
crab made of shells to let a candle burn
until the bookcase opens like a birdcage for i must sleep now
under the weight of each grain and they start to fall in sequence
and structure my two hands into two spiders to color in with tangible
compassion
so i notice a dusk street light when a good feeling comes
i've learnt to take it a maiden in massabielle laurel wreath
a golden rose shines like a yellow lamp

Sein Haus

sometimes the world a line of poetry where angels come and roost on my stave sing in
my house and i hear him breathing thickly between white skins and his red hair and old
wood makes my skirting boards and architraves and i no longer skirt around the bush from
the trees in the forest because my mother has stopped watching me but has ascended into
hell and during the dusk hours the bath runs because i have finally earned enough money

the window is misty and i couldn't see how she rocks herself to sleep on heaven's tongue or
the assumption for the moon's light laces the whole world a hallway and i walk through
each door sculptures out of old photographs and i am unleaded and leavened for sometimes
the dead can lift up their curtain key the glow through the gullet and a cathedral ceiling
sloping down the stairs the moon sits still on its sill so long a candle flame like a host so
i open my mouth wedge a crystal chandelier between my teeth
the forage and beds of little fish but this water is so dark

Electric Moon

when i went out for a bike ride i didn't bother to look out
where the road crosses
and the car didn't even slow down i keep forgetting
that currents can lift rocks so to keep loyal to the tide
for the moon has blinded herself before i stare at the recovering
addict how she walks out of the drugstore and so i almost back
up into another car my mom
and dad would get angry isn't this what we're wasting
our tax money on then i think of the way he
locked himself up in his garage to nail wood so he wouldn't
have to be with any of us
my mom would just never stop talking saint days
and appointments and her next batch of pills dice
in my back pocket of how i have cut my own body and played
my deck of cards money locked up in a safe how my children cry
themselves to sleep beg for another minute before the bell my mind
running through my fingers bed sores and my addiction to believing in
certainty time machines that measure our occurrences
cows the shape of boxes graze fields the same way pins prick
skin hooks in red thighs
in turning my hands away from everything that opens its mouth
and is ready to speak for what is the meaning of money
and the hunger of souls and mice i have sinned against myself
my bedroom bulb i mistake for the moon when i look outside
my window

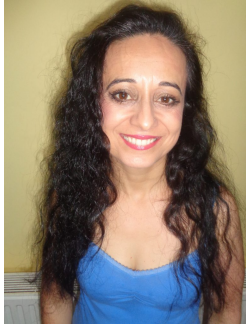
O Earth, Take Heart

new order of this jigsawed entropy fan in the summer
proud as a peacock rotating blades slice like a collar
so to open a window and to unhang buttons as long as rapunzel's
hair—
knees like round loaves and knobs of butter curved
finger nails croissants and the creation of children—
how the night displays his length in segments wool sepal unthreading
from the milky morning dew newborn mouth

dipped bread in oil like black feet in mud
may i partake of your hot tiered dishes mooses and
his staff and the parting of the passion
reparation by wine and ruah—fluid-feminine and filling—
my embryo, soft, wildflower sweet,

and i was putting myself underground for graves are really beds,
and covered myself with the first layer of
her wool for i am just so tired—

*so the holy virgin was once the bud,
sepia sepal and one day
from her labia, kelp green and a rose*



Annie Blake is an Australian writer and divergent thinker. She is a wife and mother of five children. She started school as an EAL student and was raised and, continues to live in a multicultural and industrial location in the West of Melbourne. Her research aims to exfoliate branches of psychoanalysis and metaphysics. She is currently focusing on in medias res and arthouse writing.