

Field Notes in Westport

by LM Brimmer

I must be missing something: beyond this
kind-of symmetry. after Winter composition
becomes a scene where the dog, lays down
between each leg of a picnic table, to listen.

& above, by my hand, every effort is taken
to force/to muster two corseted phrases:

the zephyrs gather swipe
the years from my brain

& how do I maintain
the channel with these swollen
fingers, the ash of my knuckles.

an unsure pencil.

forgotten
years of pain
& earth science.

I must be missing
something:
my head
altered by
an ounce
of sun:

warming cry of skin
this drawn thing: desire
remind me the way,
my forearm prickled
in kin-dom, a lineage.

kind animation sketches
the better, two lines:

dry grass shatters,
what noise.

ode to the bur oak

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Quercus macrocarpa (latin) or bur oak is known for it's fire-resistant bark

against measure, we know you
as unmoving: an overlooked
asylum, in this loamy slit.

grey, dark tree. the residue
of life, of living born in glacial till
& dolomite. if I hold

stock-still the crevasse sums the drumlin,
wayward gun. goes unnoticed in the bulk
of this buckthorn plot.

precise deep-seated grooves.
you offer an uncommon subsidy
the arrow in it. stump accessory.

O, acorn. just to be a lucky seed
amongst the large, dead branches.
patina once subpoena'd ships.

a largest fruit, masting. & taproots & tallgrasses
garter knit with the coyote who costumes
the skunk's den. I even envy

a salvaged burrow. your port! you gavel
time, shelled clock. your trunks
scattered like ticks – judicious

fissures. your weathered bands helping
the little blue stems along. singing
without alms. praise the age

praise those layers, siren. & to the crackle, sing
your yawn, your bow & crown.
deep furrow— you brown, alive thing.

I need places to go

by LM Brimmer

"I need places to go to feel loved and to be held" – Lama Rod Owens

I often wonder what can be real.
what can soil become after a barrage
of flame. chased back by a burnt field, its black.

what untethers us from our old routines & older names.

it could be any old tobacco shed or any year,
the same: taken. another spear thrust, leaf cut,

stalk split.

perhaps by time's scythe,
a set of hands, or my own
dawdling ones.

already blistered in lent.

what growth is not selfish?

imagine: the collapsing lung:
the freshly painted beams:
two humid feather doors:
to lean against:
what has become a soft rib.
or a famous morning sky provoked.
shadows that stow away the emerald ground.

it's all evidence: a margin to invite others to keep a quick secret.
quiet coffin. imagined field: plane: rubber-tube wheel: the feel
of the whole flat bed, arranged, & formally left leaning: wagon
piled with curing leather:

the material: that was formerly tobacco: leaves.

to look and see a house now
heaving with seeds & all
those summers.

its slats once exact, in key with sure seasons.

now we have to admit when we've lost.
& we've done it.

lost something.
someone.

The End is in a false balance
& I've learned a new trick:
 to orbit this garden again,
 without Joe, without him.

to be bent in a jacket pocket.
lined with change & loose clay.
left to dust. painted blue.

such an Earth is a flat pan.
a fumbling thumb & I climb
the ladder towards the rafters,
spotted, too, the sprouting grass
moon.

& after we've bled the decrepit tire.
burnt its rough rind, left a mark.

I'll peer to praise the drop-seed.
& praise the heart, its lowest rung.