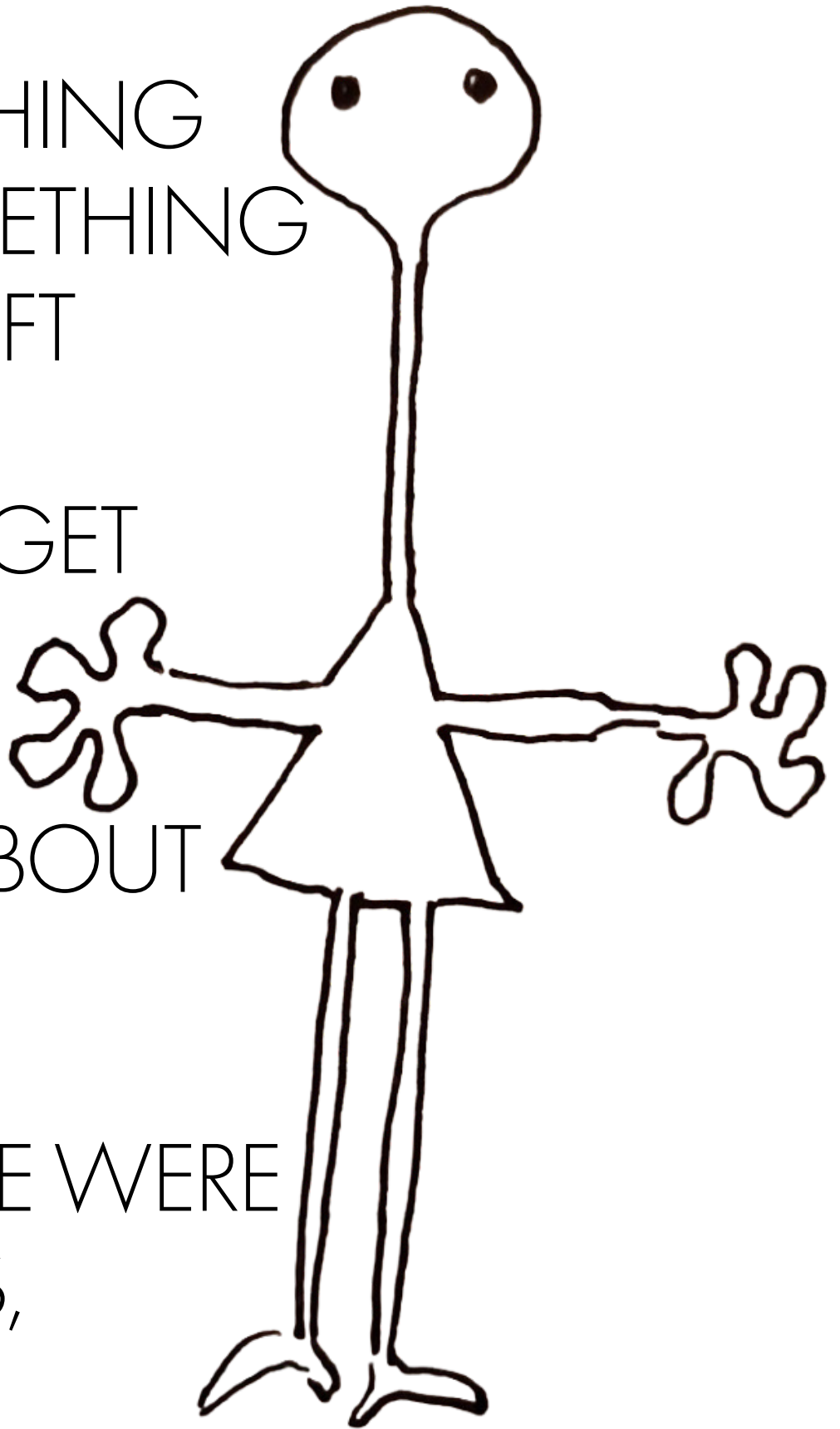


RETHINK WORDS.

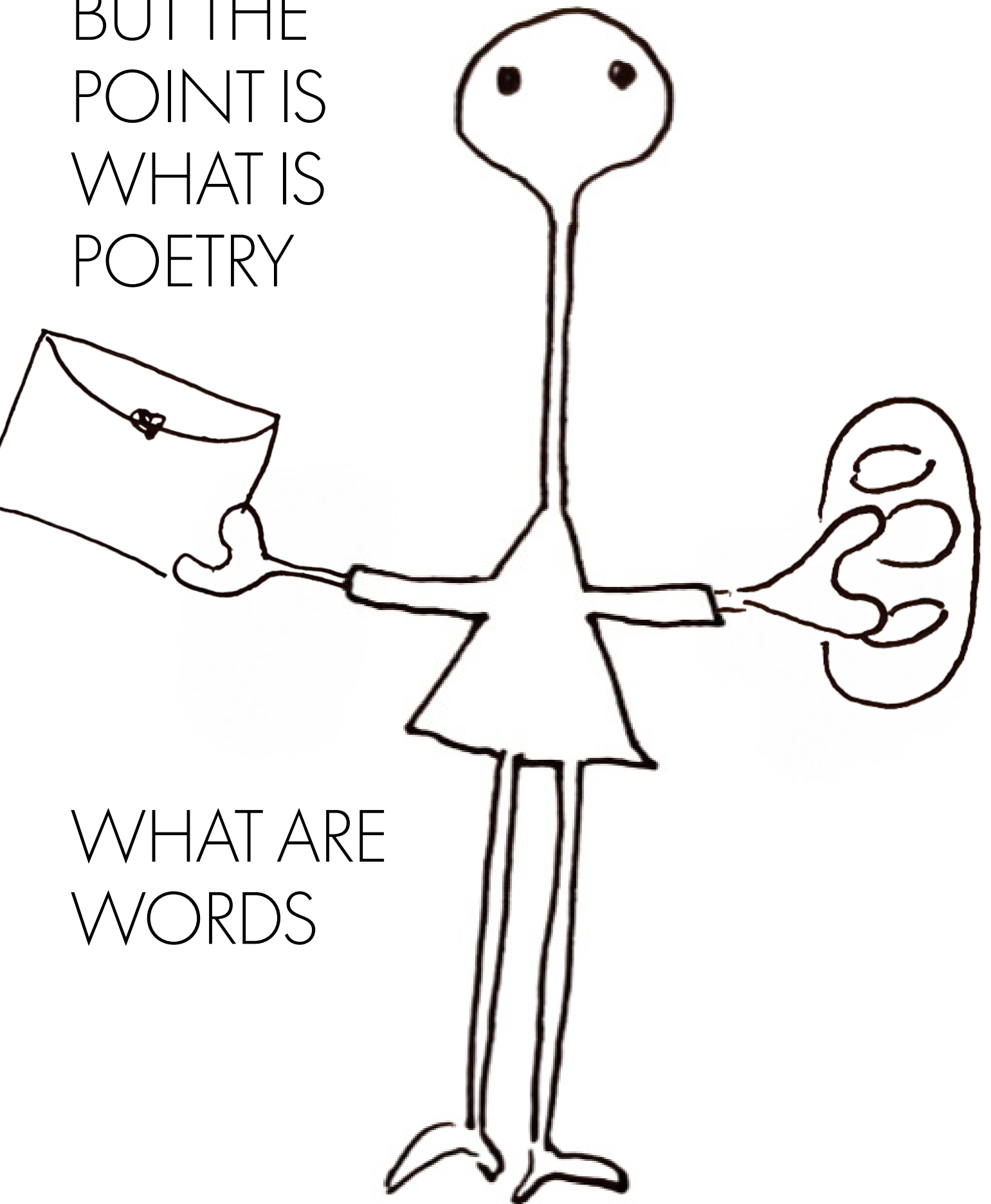
(pages 1-8)

BY CAROLINE DAMESEK

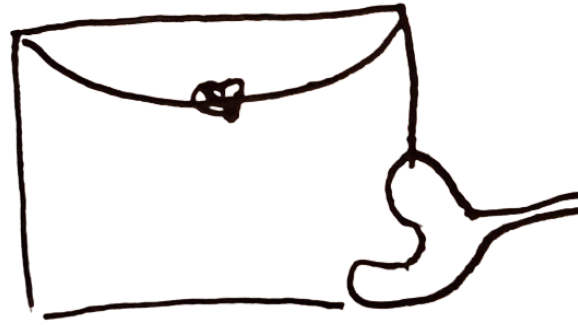
DO SOMETHING
WRITE SOMETHING
RIGHT OR LEFT
LEFT ME
HOW DID I GET
HERE. I
WANTED
TO WRITE ABOUT
HOLDING,
SHAPING A
HAND THERE WERE
DINOSAURS,
INVOLVED.
AND I COULD ANECDOTE



BUT THE
POINT IS
WHAT IS
POETRY



WHAT ARE
WORDS



POEM



I LOVE TO THINK ABOUT WHEN I
WAS TOLD YOU LOVE WORDS.
JOY. JOY. YAY.

I WAS NOT GOING TO NAME
BLEH BLAH BL
WAS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST

I WROTE ABOUT A SHORT
RELATION SHIP:

SHOWER

SHOWER

SHOWER

SHOWER

SHOWER SHOWER

SHOWER SHOWER SHOWER

SHOWER SHOWER SHOWER



SHOWER SHOWER SHOWER
SHOWER SHOWER SHOWER
SHOW HER SNOW
SHOWER SHOWER SHOWER
WE ARE WEAR WHERE
WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT
WEIGHT WEIGH TEST
TEST
TEST
TEST TEST TEST TEST
TEST STAY LEAVE GO BACK
LEAVE LEAVE I LEFT
LEAF
LEAF
LEAF
LEFT LEAF
LEAF LEFT
LEFT

LEAF

LEFT

LEAVES.

LEAVERS. STAY. STAY. STAY. PLEASE
STAY.

STAY. IT'S SO COLD HERE.

IT'S SO SO COLD HEAR
HEAR IT.

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT HOLDING
A HAND:

WE FEAR THE DEEP SEA

WE FEAR THE DEEP

WE FEAR THE

WE FEAR

WE

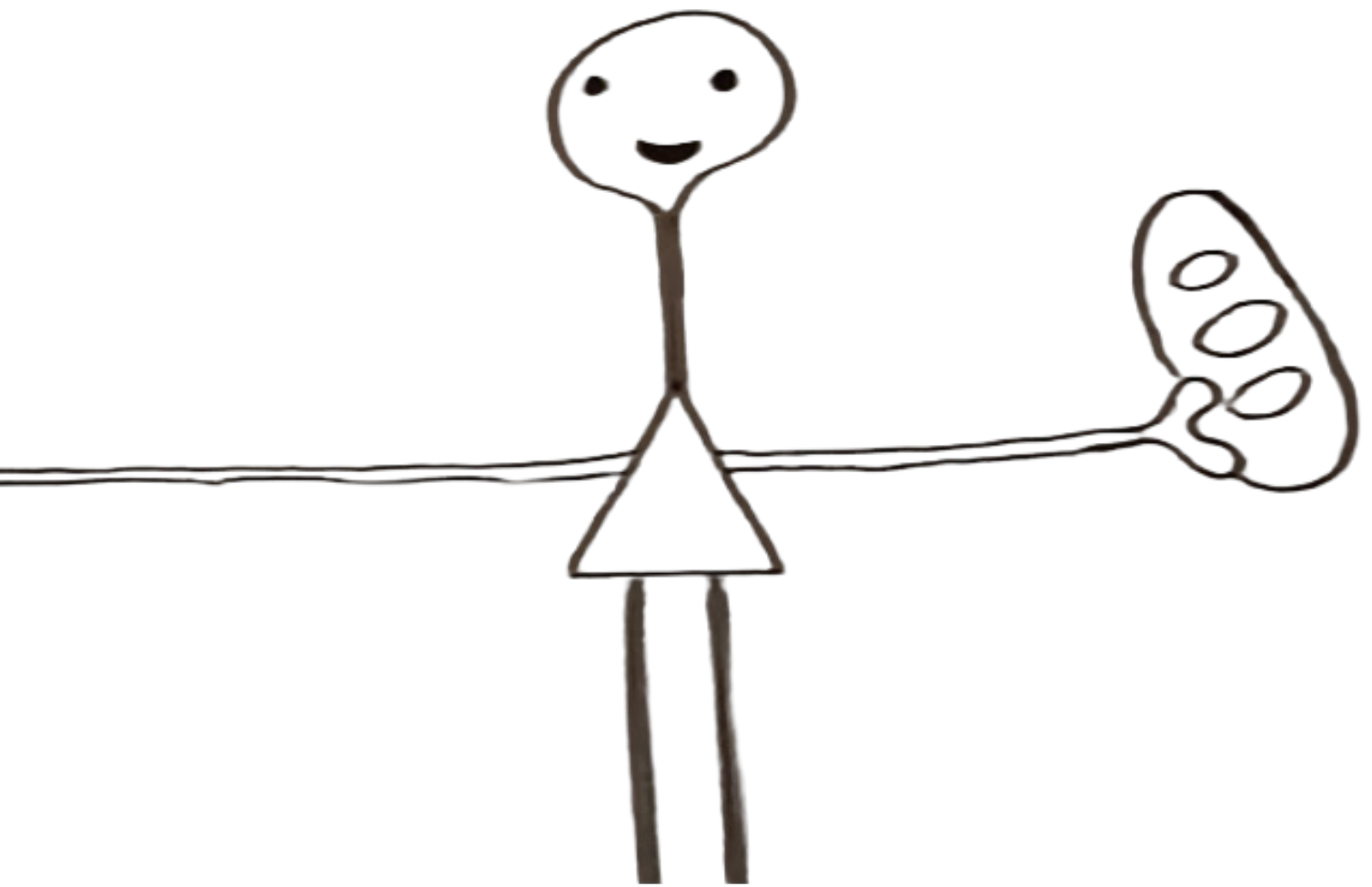
MEMORIES TO LETTERS, LETTERS TO
WORDS, WORDS TO LETTERS,
LETTERS STAMPED
WE SEND LETTERS ACROSS THE
SEA

PEOPLE ALWAYS ALMOST GET HIT
BY CARS HERE
PEOPLE ALMOST ALWAYS

ABANDONED BUILDING
A BAND IN A BUILDING
WELL

I AM WELL. I'M A WELL.
MY FINGERS RING

I'M PEN PALS WITH THE MAKE
BELIEVE



Insomnia

by Caroline Damesek

The thing about insomnia is that it gives you time
to replay that theme song in your head. It gives you time to remember all
the things you've got to do when the sun comes up, the things you'll
probably forget if your eyes
finally stay closed. It gives you time to think about what outfit you'll wear
to the Christmas Eve service and whether or not you'll see your ex there.
It gives you time to marinate in Langston Hughes' words and ponder the
brittle perplexities of Ulysses and brainstorm the next poem
you'll attempt to write. It gives your stomach time to growl and your feet
time to switch,
too often, between hot and cold. It gives you time to soak in the tension
between meaning
and meaningless, remember your guru and practice the breathing
techniques she taught you,
and let out sighs when you think about the fact you're still awake.
It gives you time to analyze people, forgive them, and picture who you'll
likely never
see again. It gives you time to sink into words. People almost always get
hit by cars there.
No, they always almost get hit by cars there. To email. Toe mail. A band
in a building. Abandoned building. We knead the materiality of
language.
It gives you time to diagnose yourself, acknowledge that you need help,
acknowledge that we all need help. What counts
as insomnia. What counts and has insomnia. What has two thumbs and
has insomnia. What counts is insomnia
gives you time.

the treachery of images

—

i took a picture of
him across the table
we sat on stools built
for children crayons
in hand together we were
beneath tall ceilings
and grand paintings
being small beings
wandering across paper
i drew a purple cat
that image is mine
so mine that i remember
the textures of brush
strokes the murmurs of
those who watched us then
asked for their chance
to draw i remember

the specks of heaven up
there in the open space
above our small heads
i remember remembering
being in this room without
him in his bed heavenly
warm the light that has

so mine that i remember
the textures of brush
strokes the murmurs of
those who watched us then
asked for their chance
to draw i remember

the specks of heaven up
there in the open space
above our small heads
i remember remembering
being in his room without
him in his bed heavenly
warm the light that has
book shelf in the morning
so i drew a moon for the cat

whatever made that image
happen must have worked
meticulously to put the
right words
in the right order
ceci nest pas une pipe
the only imprints of us
remaining are the trails
of wax our crayons left
behind

the treachery of images (typed version for accessibility purposes)
by Caroline Damesek

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