

Holiday

Also by Jennifer Firestone:

Waves (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, 2007)

from Flashes (Sona Books, 2006)

snapshot (Sona Books, 2004)

Letters To Poets:

Conversations About Poetics, Politics, And Community

(as co-editor with Dana Teen Lomax, Saturnalia Books, 2008)

JENNIFER FIRESTONE

Holiday

Shearsman Books
Exeter

Published in the United Kingdom in 2008 by
Shearsman Books Ltd
58 Velwell Road
Exeter EX4 4LD

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-905700-53-0

Copyright © Jennifer Firestone, 2008.

The right of Jennifer Firestone to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with the Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act of 1988. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

Cover photograph copyright © Elena Ray, 2005.

Acknowledgements

Grateful acknowledgment to *BlazeVOX*, *Connecticut Poetry Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *moria*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Sidereality*, *Sugar Mule* and *Tin Lustre Mobile* where these poems first appeared, and to Sona Books for publishing part of this book as the chapbook, *snapshot*.

Special thanks to Dana Teen Lomax, Sarah Rosenthal and Jill Magi for their discerning eyes and growing friendships. Particular thanks to Jonathan Morrill for his unwavering support, generosity, insight and love.

ONE

Figures spiral upward. Male arm flags. Ribs, thighs, buttocks.

Architecture.

(I see you carver.)

She shoots from mass. Eyes swoon.

So smooth. Sex/violence. Black

Birds.

Marble stone. As mirrors. As pop aesthetics. As pedestaling.

Push/pull. Endeared/sickened.

Which is it?

Precarious times. [Not fine.]

It was suddenly there
the Israeli woman wrote words down
she was far from water
we were given a camera
to shoot
a couple who entangled quickly
and then because it was
our move
we posed
beneath deflecting pink sun
running toward the edge
you left
slicing at your ankle
blue

I was living it
 unsheathing
 like a thick vine
 between space between
 ribs

The connection
heralded (it was in someone's headlines)

Outside all of you
 knees touching

Lip marks luscious clouds

Through a window
closer still
behind a line

I want
a
ticket

I want to pay watch the movie

Telephone line extends buildings shade yellow where colors
mute where planters

Out of throw-away marble in a shed 3 years later
biblical figure

Backwards with left hand can't read his journal
30 minutes' sleep

I say talent I say talent I say talent is a tall bird creeping

Don't waste a minute make something out of everything

The canvas productive for market Donatello carves
St. George advertises him

*Pay for a supper for me and I will make the saints go into the niche
without trouble*

Carte blanche to 300 figures on ceiling climb scaffolding

Proud to be buried in floor paid for heaven

Making up a holiday
start by the water
I left first
straddling the sea

Following the others
a procession
choose which rocks to see

Over the bridge
slopes dictate the way
below it shines
don't stop for reflection

If it's not after this turn
I failed

Battered sideways sacrificed to shortcomings
old song collapses from rooftop
pink light on wall
trick of sound film over cylinder

Green photo
the one you take because of the view
eyes blink at large expanse
land excites you
pictures develop as bleeding colors
no center identity mute
no where or precise memory
just land mountains

You can't appreciate habitat this isn't
in the abstract it's about personalization how you felt in
the climate your niche the scant road between trees is the one
I took in the big hat day four

Take Two:

eyes half open
scarf wraps neck
arms swoop waist
flowers at ankles
I was here
next to the outdoor market
its
wild-colored fruit

again again attention

landscape immensely foreign

white comes to darker parts holding

brown slices high higher

again
no walking is seen
if so
the ground remodeled

motion first woke in morning
in rain
the form distinguishable
despite low visibility
each shape had names

tenacity in the undergrowth

clamorous goings

the magnifier burned the pocket
look through the hole

seamless attempts but no openings

quiet little bird you will be heard unforeseen unforgotten
you will hemorrhage

push towards a cold front it reddens

qualms detected wear a hood

Sky paints itself behind rusted building brown shutters open
to expanse

Market's cheap handbags, sugared pastries, boar meat. Photo
cuts off tree—long brown trunk, dark green leaves. Behind
body of another, sea-green shade.

Below shrubbery, sharp green. Against metal fence, turquoise car
kissing silver car, euro brand.

Teenagers with ice cream on steps. The clock struck. Cats
on sidewalk tables. Telephone sign moon-like. Diagrams of
flowers in the shop. Postcards of Leonardo's inventions. A day
of lines. Telephone wires cross buildings. Slim streets break into
green brush. Lantern lights flicker. Rich café. A jump in my
spine.

Free from walls, down trail
past park, tennis courts, ornamented houses. Down aisle,
trees line the way.
Expanse, expanse. Vulture disturbs air—camouflaged
by rocks to the left.

Expanse: wings open. Flight. Dotted hills.
Pink house, white roses, planters on cobblestone walk.
Man in upstairs window.