

Symphony
for Human Transport

SAMPLER

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Anti M (Chax Press 2013)

Over Hear (TinFish Press 2015)

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SAMPLER

LISA SAMUELS

Symphony
for Human Transport

SAMPLE

Shearsman Books

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*I finally dreamed last night
after waiting years to repeat my life
in copies under dark and light
in the dream there were familiars and machines
one took thinking and assembled it
like tiny death-ray octopi welded to a self
they stretched out in translation for the watchers
in the dark spotlight of the dream
the door of the train flew open*

SAMPLER

SAMPLER

SAMPLER

ONE

SAMPLER

4

The door of the train flew open and we walked
grass and trees without knowing
wings inside the brain who flutter out
all you present for what I hear
the recognition forcing to an edge? I cannot hide dislodge
make room for me no explanations understand of earth

we surged out tripping over sky sounds
mind trees flowers leaves dirt
the world interpreting itself to each other
across the tops of buildings flying with our feet
tressed delicate through we flew
the green tops of the sky bespoke
the warm day held no countenance for itself
entirely given to burning

4

The door on the train blew open you stood
silent as the aftershock we came for
in that silent still hit screen pass
we knew things we were celebrants fitted at the window
where the smoke and conjuration kept us at it
kept us to the strings, percussed like the throat on open
lightly thrummed against, a delicate
bashing sound like an announced ascension
parallel an air device diving by the recourse we could make
were we there were we at the door
whose munificence has its limit
were we clear enough, transparent silent
shock crisp in its outlines like the quiet road
terms given as you ask devices permanent as day

4

To celebrate the self-devolved concussion
in that sudden frame
was all the welcome you could want
to walk in to a question
touch the sideswipe of the rush
to think all your body clear as trees
for that time clear as what you know
the spring-held trap sense
in the mind whose color's green and pale
and blue devouring idea flowered
of its strength all that duplication
in the glass the door shines
on the outside where to breathe

SAMPLER

4

The door to the train flew open without semblance
with a rare and sharp-full torso of knowing
myself a blister in the parts, a blister in the parts to move
the door, the spring air blasting its congenial
favor, not a tease, a specified air-fire blast from earth
felt early in the morning tired from the moon
and strung out inside torso's heavy stone
the heavy object moves its sunder slowly
wedged so tight, the blockade of the heart
its night-blind sore the torso an enormous
life's dead conscious-tempered stone

4

Every hour within the frame of air
the train were monst'rance held
to the torso of the groaned idea
 there they went the bodies walking out of air
 strode within an accident of shaken
 disposition mouths akimbo
to the merest question words posed
 on the platform of idea where we stood
 queer as milk queer as rounded land shapes
 where the train curved fast to lose its prior forms
from any door struck through with flesh
from any window holding light-hit air
 the eye bathes morning through
 the moving sky exceeds the blank

4

The door of the train moved open
voice chattel with the title full behoove
we listened for weeks the edges in our fold
we were open listen to the gentle door
fixed on electric command

our bodies sere bound where we were
on mantra's perfect scale
streaming judging clear calm full of noise
the sounds in my head were tree bark growing
faster than the sun shot through
the door outwhere I flew hands holding air

soft than light we walked our bodies
somber tropey knowing it the mouth
burned slow dislocation's afternoon

4

The gnomon spoke outside adoring partly open partly
close to air strung taut on the dipped edge
dependent on the doorish breeze
infusing inside out *a gnomon we could really count*
the train were lexical to nuance
in that tight saw fully down
our want the edge-cut fullest sheet of doors
were smacking open closed the parts dement
the water without glass without page
smiling no more clear transparent, no more clear
like dominance untouched its own walls
the world's already other half tore slow away
the trees their candid caliber stand quiet
near the door they know no more