

My Resignation

Also by Maureen Thorson

Applies to Oranges

Maureen Thorson

*My
Resignation*

Shearsman Books

First published in the United Kingdom in 2014 by
Shearsman Books
50 Westons Hill Drive
Emersons Green
BRISTOL
BS16 7DF

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office
30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB
(this address not for correspondence)
www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-344-7

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Bird Dog: ‘Peace for the Poor Student of History’;
Columbia Poetry Review: ‘Doubtless’, ‘A Late Omen’;
The Equalizer: ‘Jackpot’, ‘Past Perfect’;
Gondola: ‘Closer Than They Appear’;
H_NGM_N: ‘For the Long Haul’, ‘Directory Assistance’, ‘Shortwave’;
horse less review: ‘The Sun Sets Every Day’, ‘Meet Me at Vanishing Point’;
The i.e. Reader: ‘So We Began to Kick the Tires’;
InDigest Magazine: ‘For the Long Haul’;
LocusPoint: ‘A Total Victory for Chaos’;
Lungfull!: ‘Sturm Sans Drang’, ‘Last Frontier’;
Open Letters Monthly: ‘The Path of Least Resistance’;
Saltgrass: ‘There Will Come the Great Reshelving’;
South Dakota Review: ‘Applause for This Shared Vigilance’,
‘Bounded in a nutshell, yet...’, ‘Love Poem in Four Drafts’;
Washington Square: ‘A Change Will Do You Good’.

Many thanks to Sandra Beasley, Shanna Compton, Tony Frazer, Kate and
Max Greenstreet, Jennifer L. Knox, Mark Lamoureux, Magus Magnus,
Erin Lyndal Martin, Fani Papageorgiou, Nate Pritts, Lee Ann Roripaugh,
and Michael Schiavo for insight, advice, and support.

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For Jeff

“But one has to make some sort of choice,” said Harriet. “And between one desire and another, how is one to know which things are really of overmastering importance?”

“We can only know that,” said Miss de Vine, “when they have overmastered us.”

—Dorothy L. Sayers, *Gaudy Night*

A Man for All Seasons

I bruised out
of what I thought
 would be
 my last bout with love—

 won only a ring I wouldn't wear,
this bedazzled warning:

I will not participate in my own oppression.

Stitched it to my belt
and hunkered down.

Months passed. Then you—

O questor at the doorstep of high summer,
the weathers of a heartbreak
left me red-eyed, wary,
 transparent to the winds,

tawdry terrors
underlying my tenderness.

I can manage the simple tests of August,
 of autumn, and of winter, too—
 slow bus rides
from one state to another and back,
a part-time love—

but spring
 brings higher stakes,
 moving trucks and cable bills.

You're not the one who lost my trust,
 but when the daily rub of minds
 leaves me wondering with my claws out,
 you're the one

 who'll have to earn it back
 and I'm the one

 who'll have to let you—

or else what always-broken thing, tongue-less bell, will I become?

 Spring is here, raw-chapped and rudderless.

Let's see how we do.

April Allegrezza

So We Began to Kick the Tires

This unit not for sale. This bicycle built for two.
High-five for timely truck-rental.

The idea of boxes.
Storage.

I send you advertisements.
I send you houses.

“Two specious rooms.”

A hand mirror.
A dance partner.

“I’ve got nothing but perspective.”

We are a machine.

And all our parts can move.

Enter the Heroes

This is the new place.
I've been here a while.

Just gotta figure out these doors.

Where the sun
mirrors an empty closet,
a flap of wings. A sweep of hands.

I wonder how you'll handle
the cicadas.
A dropped A late
consonant. phone call.

Afterimage—
a burning reflection
in the retinas of birds.

Say, "call me Ishmael."
Say, "just try me."

And let me welcome you home.

Hymn for Those Who Lift Things up Stairs

I am singing us, I guess.

I want to understand
what I love.
Prove it is right.

Though I am too busy to think.
Boxes.

Let's make a deal.

An eye for an eye.
A tooth for a tooth.
A box for
what's inside the box.

I am singing, I guess.

Just-glimpsed vanity plate—
1HOME1F8.