

Three Poems



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Global Economy

I am dependent on an unacceptable invasion,
the kind of inflation that isn't about the soil lining
Riverside Park, but the limits of family, whose

branches are entangled—you break ours,
you need room and the view gives it gratefully
Everything's a dark moment, urgent by the river

plastic falls into—urgent talk under microscope
Drove that car into a wall, had to prove you made
the right choice, crash into, in the crowd, crushed.

Police the family — the formal crash doesn't matter—
Time to stay indoors to watch honey locust bend,
to travel between spaces/desire, everything at stake.

Lost momentum, what makes you think you're better?
14 daisies on the side of the road. Drop these worries.
Time littered town. Stone inside. What makes you

better than the rest of us? How are we terrifying?
 The urgent means to be the morning branch of you.
 I fell in love with a linden tree—look at trees, I want

to be the branch—is that a good solemn place?
 14 daisies on the side and no one in control
 of the road. I wanted to pick them, assault them,

them, alive! Daisies in the family—what does that
 mean? Light “bustle in a house” or enhanced led pipe
 sensibility? Individualism tore us apart, overnight assault.

Consider the Climate

I've had enough of new names, new ways of trying to stop time,
 it just creates more sleet in the steep curves of my pale existence,
 of ways to prod and avoid the emotions that rock the course of
 my continuance, which is entirely filled with paper birch trees—
 during the short window available, my entity responds to anything
 with the word “paper,” gets me mapping the “just was” page.
 I wanted to have deeper words about the Caribou, new designations
 that would help me “see,” but writing is always a walk in the dark,
 dependent on the will of my body, including that variable, the brain.
 If I had soft velvet horns and warming fur I might be okay with my
 scattered disposition, instead I take umbrage with the time allotted—
 the image of the glam reindeer in the cartoon I saw as a child, and
 my fear of extinction in the future. What I learned then as we shifted
 from one school to another, was the motto “adapt or die,” isn't that
 true of all of us? Especially for those stuck in migration patterns?
 I thought it would change once I became an adult, could control my
 own movements. I took stock of the temperature, tried to be kind.
 The voyage can be one into lower realms, but that's one of choice.
 I want to excuse myself all the time and make adjustments, change.
 I got stuck in the branches of the forest and had no herd to guide me.
 I got here, for now, to a desk and typing—the entity with my name never
 imagined months in the silence of a temporary haven. Most of the time
 I look back at what can be culled so that I can mine it on paper or
 communicate with you. From the first I wanted to please and repair

the scar, wanted her to see me, but the chaos around the musical was full of wild animals and shadows. My body will evolve to cope, or just end up in trampled grass. Remind me of where I want to go. Oh yes, those northern landscapes where we won't be dying of thirst.

Incorporating Ground Methods

Red lights flashing, an ambulance, an absence—
 step forward when communication breaks down
 Family ghosts grow gestures blow trumpets stall
 Bring forward and release your heart, the whole
 wave to impart to souls in this life, unfold yourself
 A ghost of a smile remains, guards us, even a little
 bit will pull the skin through and change the mood
 Remove the false image on the screen, pieces of
 a story that was absent, at the same time wonder
 is this my legacy (fantasy) and will you haunt me,
 in this small room, like the shame experienced
 by a twelve year old girl when her father threw
 a chair during a silent meal at a Buddhist retreat
 Cut off all complaint and fry it up in a pan, check
 the apparition before its sight cracks our course
 Charm with a spoon why don't you, pop the balloon—
 have you ghostwritten your own text, left your body
 behind with all the dust and particles of the day?
 The now incorporates all methods of handholding
 but beware of what you say or the virus will catch
 you unawares—at all time keep up hand-washing—
Out, out damn spot! Did it again, what am I holding?
 “Enters Ghost” majestic transformation of distress
 signal “I shame to hear” you look pale now “speak”
 I was scattered over the land, a strange eruption—
 pieces brought together in a basket, put to the river
 How could you keep quiet when you watched your
 child dangle from the man's arm—I kid you not
 Blindness gave space for the phantoms to rise
 Are you my ancestor because I read you? Trembling
 before you precursor to loss—time now to move on,

shove it forward, you know twinkle toes time to fly
The man on the table drained of all life—shifted all
The family changed identity, a strange eruption
whispered as he was buried into the art of dirt—
the art of the tiny particle to ease our vanishing
if you have any sound or use of voice, speak to me
Remind me why I started this poem in the first place