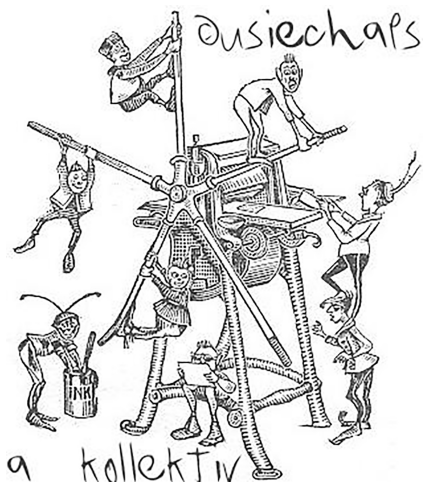


HAILEY HIGDON



dusie kollektiv / what to us (press)
copyright 2015

H
A
I
L
E
Y

yes & what happens

H
I
G
D
O
N

I believe we come back.

Here's what it is: I say *yes* a lot
go wide, not deep, what happens
when we agree to duty, deals, what happens when we die?
where the best you for you
is melting into your instrument
is drawing you closer to being one thing

To meet you for dinner is recommending
defeat, a shared plate, giving something up
I haven't the vacuum-packed counsel of my friends
their opinions pour into a backyard
assumption that I am unalterable (*yes*) shooting off events (*yes*) patterned
to find the trouble in union

That time I was angry for more typical reasons
at my mother, or wanting to remain steely, effortful
I saw a picture of the Salton Sea
crusted in all directions
what thirsty ways I've tried to out fox
the books about softening

To believe in process, in moment to moment, to let
to be as queer as you are without boundaries
the giving part, man, how do you do it?
you go like everyone else
you go through it
not under, not around

For flavor I drove to the city

reaching into the pocket of the evening to encounter both closeness and far away,
asking

this much more of my instrument, I believe we come

back, I believe we come back, like fashion, used cars

pedestrians give-in to, the dark intersections of the city

connecting with the man who sat in front of me twice

My version of care is unaccustomed to temperate weather
a product of false-advertising
in the silence of a sick day I am grateful for the extra hour
the opportunity to track you
be in the canoe and not paddle
I had a dream of melting into other people

And other conventional things

I lugged solitude from place to place

I lugged trees across trampolines, kindness across violence

I believe we come back

angling new experiences like short cuts, quick starts

I believe we come back, shoulder standing for better views

I believe the mind is an aquarium, a holding tank
boats part the Snohomish river, loud mothers like motorcycles
it came from a sad place all that wronging
all that doing it to someone else
then the idea that we can co-mingle
by choice and not just biology

Revealing the colonization of our cognitive processes

I believe we come back, back when we were

without compression, interacting more like amalgamate

doing things better

how reciprocity is our first form of influence

how you were taught the river, its curves, its dry spots

When I'm lonely I go to the drug store

look at the clearance bins

there are people waiting to be loved, love sick

there are open spaces, what happens

what happened in the flood?

I believe we come back, thank you

The rivers of the world became the sea and they
were also rivers, tied to each individual place
that dream of revealing, not caring about too much
that dream of fixing other people
that dream where everything that is neglected speaks to power
that dream in which I predicted violence

That dream where you escape

I went to the drug store when I was lonely

I was looking for souls that were older than mine

what happens, what happens when you die

that dream where you escape

experience, turn up older anyway

Thank you for waiting, incurring the damages
which were going to happen, I've been told
everything was always going to happen and
away from you and near you are the same thing and
it was Sunday and I did laundry and you were all there.
All my changes, all my changes were there.

Life being an unbroken motion of consciousness, poetry is for me the celebration of that unbrokenness.

-Will Alexander, *Compression & Purity*

**Hailey Higdon wants to know your thoughts.
Write to her at haileyhaileyhailey@gmail.com.**