



*New Heat*

poems by S. KRAVE

holding my breath won't do  
-*Marthe Reed*

## **is it too late**

the leaves unfold, already singed  
dust has blown away, exposing roots  
unprepared for the new condition  
and yet, somehow, I can't  
get the water out of my shoes

when tar dominates the air  
the faceless figures speaking in tongues  
will celebrate with ritual suicide  
having converted their portfolios to cryptocurrency  
with plans to pay off some new dog to be their guide

but the dog's sense of smell is better than that

you wouldn't be caught so foolish,  
you clever dinosaur,  
abiding the idioms and eating right, thinking  
within you and without you  
gut flora may be enough

will train travel be enough?  
on the trail of disappearance  
gone cold way later  
in abandoned barns  
out where the hay is adrift

ad nauseum, we worry at each other  
with words rectified after the fact  
by changes to the legal code  
and then we wheeze harder

AGH, too quick an exit!  
I ball up the bits of lint in my pockets  
and flick the product toward the gutter  
but a gust blows it off course and it lands near  
a duck's nest, so I pick it up  
tear it to pieces and deposit them  
back in my pockets

## pipeline #1

I line my pockets  
with drips  
to burn of oil  
slick sliding  
warm down  
vines

## **riverbank #1**

a cloud of young mosquitoes—  
still too young  
to draw  
my blood—  
seems curious about  
me, intruder in their muddy nursery

if I had come later  
they would have risked their lives  
to feed  
but now, they are innocent  
so, gently, I wave them off  
when they land on my  
soon-to-be-closed notebook

## pipeline #2

I saw the image  
high desert steel tubes  
through neat piles  
chipped of stones to fit  
together approximately

## **riverbank #2**

bunches of burgundy leaves  
sprout from the ground  
near where the creek pours  
from a concrete tube into  
the river, frothing up around  
a duck calling for their mate

a branch cracks off a tree and falls  
along the opposite bank

a sudden low ringing overtakes my ears



## **out the window #1**

it snowed today  
late April  
a whole mess of white  
on spring rooftops

### **riverbank #3**

the creation of the nature-walk  
first requires a partial damming of the river  
with gravel, then the pouring  
of concrete, the casting of metals  
for the suspension bridge, the hoisting  
and securing of those elements, the removal of the gravel

then, what was overrun will gradually  
grow back and I will be  
allowed to look at it

## **commute #1**

along the way to my typical perch  
I swerve to avoid being struck  
by a reckless Nissan

I see the driver fidget  
with something out of sight  
that face of struggle  
belies a sudden concern  
far from here

### **pipeline #3**

pushed around  
by tectonic  
lurches our pulverized  
ancestral pulp gnashed bones  
ground  
beneathly

## **riverbank #4**

downstream a middle-manager with an investment  
stomps on a threat from below  
out of fear of retribution from above

a bud pops open and her bones fall out  
in the necrotic dark

**was I posed here before?**

seated neatly in the wash  
of frogs hidden by the underbrush  
a full red-breasted robin  
hurls its welcome  
the buds are beginning  
on the thirteen  
young silver maples  
in the clearing

## **a literal pipeline**

Enbridge punctured this  
town subtly, no major announcements  
no protests  
and quietly though the forest  
near the border near  
the high physics lab  
and the data center  
these conduits for the flows deemed  
vital by suit  
for spectacle

## **when the time comes**

you will wake up  
in a cloud of ash and residual  
heat heat  
beckoning you to strike up  
another plan  
for motion, for securing  
the necessities  
blackberries and gauze and  
if you can remember the look of it  
fresh camphor

--

you will get dropped into  
a new scenario

a car radio will buzz  
and pop, stripped of its trappings  
of car and legible labeling  
it will be  
or will be a time  
that once  
would have been  
baseball season

--



please gather the delicate bloom

a frost will settle

remember scars

need only

be slight

unluckily

--

you will need to dig

into soft earth

wet clay

pack it together as the wall of a trench

note depth and average water level

dredge spillway, set lever

the apiary should sit on the high ground

the orchard will cradle your health

--

you will arrive at a sign

posted on a chain-link fence

declaring the importance

of a rule long abandoned

scrape away the paint and  
read its red chips on your palms  
like a constellation

## **commute #2**

treading a narrow path through a slim  
stretch of forest it strikes me

the pools of gathered rain water  
are nearly permanent now

I bat away the knowledge  
of inaccurate memory

casual acceptance  
leaves me boiled

--

the tarmac of my mouth  
lands scraps of improbability:  
I spit the banal

tonight instead I'll steal  
the slickest trick:  
low creep, like water

--

the corpus glows  
blue enough  
to be mistaken for phantom

### **commute #3**

I step out into the sleet  
the grey barely risen  
it doesn't take long  
for my unkempt hair  
to fall dripping

## **out the window #2**

no sense to form of  
future or past  
pigly swelling brain  
never been never will  
be as big as thought  
would have it

what character leads  
into false weeds  
cut down

## **out and in**

out of the seafloor  
and into the gas tank  
and into the gulf stream  
and into the marsh grass  
and into the bird beak  
and into the plumage  
and into the larynx  
and into the bronchus

out of the shale  
and into the oven

out of the tarsands  
and into the dairy section  
    hanging floppy strips

## **an account for the public record**

it may be the mud from the riverbank  
smeared across my face  
or the torchlight reflected in  
    my eyes  
that creates the many other vengeful  
    demons, multiform myth  
pitted against an encroachment  
    displaced memory

the meaning is in the glow of cave moss  
speckling the night and dark water  
obscuring the moment  
    one becomes an otter and escapes

### **out the window #3**

the wish of death is rising  
to satiate the fear  
that lies somewhere between  
the responsibilities one feels one has  
and the power one feels one lacks



## **riverbank #6**

this person, known  
but unknown, ambles  
along the right bank of a river  
rejecting thought  
in favor of skipping stones

**riverbank #7**

these bones here  
porous there smooth  
resting in cool  
damp air as the clouds  
break apart and two stars  
take a breath before  
submerging again

## **without value**

I leave through  
a gate, floating,  
to recover  
elsewhere the slip  
of memory encased  
by fog, but known  
somehow to be  
green and fragrant

I look to follow the monarch  
but find the milkweed bare

a young soldier points me  
through a scorched field  
insisting I'll come to  
a citrus grove

since then I've acquired  
an excess of peaches  
I make of them  
a solitary gift

I enshrine my knuckles  
pressed against a gnarled trunk  
its only name  
to me what I give it  
which it accepts

a minor abrasion  
becomes more necessary  
than I expected  
while following the path  
laid by immaterial beings

I recognize little but sense  
this is the right direction

# 21E DU

Kollektiv—2019

*Omnia sunt communia*