

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Connie Post: Three Poems

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Four Miles from the Center of Town

You will find the body at the far side of the field past the sagging rocks beyond the milk thistle weeds and the crippled crows

you will need a dog –who only responds to sign language

you will need to search only in fall when the dusk smothers the trees

you will need a rope so you can tie yourself to a large boulder when the soil caves in

you will need a small camera so you can remember yourself standing there in the smoldering light

you will find the sallow, bent body the smaller self you the barely thirteen-year-old body 1

a girl lying lifeless pretending no one will find her learning to live in the shallow grave of silence

Prime Meridian

Step upon the earth as if it is melting

fold the continents as if the borders were already singed at the edges

hold a container and let all of the oceans run inside of it drink the salt until it is all that's left of us

succumb to the talons of the last orphaned eagle let it pull you up by your shirt collar and sail you across the life you were supposed to have

look down and watch the glaciers fall the oceans rise the inlets of every river drown inside themselves

listen for the sound of your own voice falling backwards

listen for the sound of the ocean turning itself under

as if the earth were a womb and you the child passing through

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How to Sort the Living from the Dead

Forgot all the nonsense about eyes opened or closed or breathing or brain waves

Ignore the sallow skin the pulse or even the way they stare back at you

find the place where the hands are swollen with regret

find the place where silence is the chest bone

find the dental imprints of a life not eaten

find the eulogy that is transfixed in your dust bound bones

find the small minutes where each of us wander through a fractured room

remember how to immerse your amnesia in embalming fluid

teach yourself how to leave a body and then how to return

(Author photo by Farah Sosa)

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