

HANDWRITTEN POEM

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tonight, start with the ending,
walk the entire way backwards.
with each callous novelty
busy something else, dig in reverse.
Cover and uncover trace evidence
underneath feet raw and undone. this
is a journey of archives, is it not?
mileage measured by things taken,
from the words disappearing
from pages read, the ink flowing
back into pens and ideas, the numbers
on mobile phones unsolve themselves,
until no one on the Bus has heard
of anyone else. bodies return to the soil
they rose from, nothing but lithe,
unmet bodies left standing
in the rain, the warm sun, the new night, the whole
sky so big that it's easy to pick up the pieces
of this construction
and make something new.

'You cannot ordain the end of times of disillusion
with a wave of your hand.'

all of our language crowned pulled yours an anchor back in
from being dropped through the heavy dark &
the blinding thud of sickening contact
with axles spinning through now muddy paths
as clocks inside sound helplessly

when people see race there is a chorus that repeats itself
& our teeth cannot listen since they're busy wanting to leap
over and over and over again how to solve that violence
without ~~pp~~ becoming thieves

balry steps are futile peace accords in the languid city
where I walked

beyond the township with my arms out picking bricks
off of the corners swallowing

things without names that do not care
if they make my stomach hurt as I sit
on this bus as we dance to the sounds of
fingers marking the trees with their flesh
wondering

have we really always been so permanent as that?