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Meaning is Movement

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WE BUILD NO FUNERAL

We build no funeral
pyres for you
Your tender skin
soft as morning peace
is burnt
blood red
from saline
Curled up against
birth
Fists clenched
against the world
Who were you
dead baby
that might have been
another Yeats?

CAROLYN KIEDS

MEANING IS MOVEMENT

Meaning is Movement
is
itself
Round
and round swirling
dizzy I
wonder I
wonder does
an ant
know
he’s
an ant?

Front porch
watching
one grain
of sand
Being
maneuvered by
one small ant.
And does he
know
what he
is who is?
Why at any

Meaning is Movement
is itself
I don’t
trust
The lack
the Gap
the yawning
Want
to Grasp
and Be
Held
on his lap
warm singing lullaby
lullaby sleep.
Sleep, baby,
sleep. . .
daddy’s watching
the sheep. . .
mama’s milking
the cow. . .
so
sleep, baby, sleep.
Meaning is Movement is itself
death.
still.
stench hung
suspended
pus
festering,

stagnant.
body moved.
I in my
body was moved.
I didn’t think
at right
moment
If the bed
moves one more
time I
attack.
It moved.
Rush
forward Rage, but
STOP.
I don’t want
to hurt
any—
one I
mumble
warning and
return to
half death.
assaultive with
pain
unspoken

why’s and
please, why
won’t
you
hold me?
before
Dark.

Light trying
to prove how
indestructible when under—
neath she
feels
scared.
My eyes follow
bits
of dust me—
andering through limited
air
Space designed by
their travel which
interrupts
quietly
to flutter
changing stillness
by merely
existing
Unseen,
except I
follow
their trail and
blink the
brightness from
the sky
into my eyes
where transformations
give
birth
to worms crystalline
fragile, linked
microorganisms
coming
together to
copulate
fertilize
disintegrate—

But it moved
again.
Shoe’s off I’m
charging
hanging on
to her I
did what? have
I just
wanted I
wanted to be
held.
I fight
Struggling my eyes
squeeze shut
Pain.
I was
held. I in
my body
was held.

Meaning is Movement
is
itself
awake.
voices
lulled softer
after
hours and hours
of sharp tonsil
talk
and gossip.
politics and
family discussion.
fission and
cracks
atom
bombs finally
worn
donw
tattered ears shattered
nerves
reach at
Last,
to cease.

the car has stopped.
garage shelters.
unaware.
voices
speak to
wake
the dead, I
but I
don’t
want
But it moved again.
Shoe's off I'm charging hanging on to her I did what? have I just wanted I wanted to be held. I fight Struggling my eyes squeeze shut Pain. I was held. I in my body was held.

Meaning is Movement is itself creating tops of trees whizzing by wires strung between poles passing before my eyes Sunday morning drives Back— seat slouching Only top halves in sight from car in Motion the sun is still shining bright like she musters her last

Fully, generous acceptance of selves in Movement

Meaning is Movement is itself awake. voices lulled softer after hours and hours of sharp tonsil talk and gossip. politics and family discussion. fissure and cracks atom bombs finally worn down tattered ears shattered nerves reach at Last, to cease.

the car has stopped. garage shelters. unaware. voices speak to wake the dead, I but I don’t want to wake to leave to Begin again enter—in—to world of walk and one foot in front of the other step by step You'll be making restitution. contribution to Adjust— Meant to sacrifice your sleep knocking knocking no one's There will be empty stares back from solid door, Thick. hollowing out behind my eyes Torn from expected knocking Knocking chiseled to under— Stand firmly. floor grounded hard You'll learn For— Getting wakened is not easy.
distant nightmare I
shut off
to Sleep. I
will not wake.
I will not
speak.
Darkness rooted
in
original
sleep black milk
nurturing me
Back—
seat I
sleeping am
lifted
Carried
To a new
Door through
love I am
borne.
to Home
new Sleep
Dark
and I
Grow

APOLOGY

You labored for hours and
It was borne upon the page.
I had to deliver it.
I’m sorry it’s misformed.

BERTA BRITZ

SOMETHING IS MISSING

Something is missing but the Other can’t
He has stowed away all her precious possess;
She thinks she knows him from somewhere.
The Other cries, “Stop thief!”
But she doesn’t know.
“My mother knows, she did it!” she says.
But mothers don’t know, the Other only knows.
Oh! to discover that you know him best of all.
Husband, father, son, employer, teacher, pet,
childhood lover,

They brainwash, wipe out, destroy.
They invade fantasies and mock there to see
infesting meat,
Laying their eggs unseen until all of a sudden
there and shock.

Too numb to protest.
“Let me die!” she pleads with herself in the
“Oh God save me!”
Woe to her when even God steals from her.

CAROL LEVIN