

[untouched in the capital of soon]

poems

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CITY,



*city 1*

A darkness that studies late into the last thought of a white mouse

*city 2*

A snow that reminds  
mirrors  
to breathe

*city 3*

A creature too naked to lose track of time

*city 4*

Not laughing at god

How long

can the infant  
go



*city 5*

A short rain touching its shadow in a god just as real as a bird-hating  
seahorse

*city 6*

No plastic  
in hell

*city 7*

Fast growing  
child  
of Eden,

I don't think  
they were hiding  
from God

*city 8*

An Ohio barber spends her whole day

looking  
at icicles





*city 9*

The children bathe together during what they call a thunderstory.

*city 10*

Older than god, water believes

it's never  
lost  
a shape.

*city 11*

Perhaps in this one there is a boy whispering over earbuds from a  
nearby ghost town that all sickness ever does is protect god

*city 12*

Ask fossil

Can snow  
dream



*city 13*

God wasn't there when image called off its search

*city 14*

A photo  
eats better  
than a mirror

*city 15*

I don't imagine that I'll ever be

as angry  
as every

third wolf

*city 16*

The detail that got away from death  
was almost perfect

But I should not

have understood  
your poem



*city 17*

In my last Ohio I hear in a pawn shop her Jesus say it belonged to my  
mother

*city 18*

Almost  
the color of a distracted blue condom

*city 19*

Time  
an exit wound that god closes with our need to miss a creator

*city 20*

Death  
still thinks  
my son  
is fast

*city 21*

Future is the part of the snake the astronauts eat last.



*city 22*

Sometimes there is no city because everyone is alive.

*city 23*

I can almost not hear a toothache tell a truck driver that squirrels get  
that way praying over roadkill

*city 24*

An angel moving itself in the mouth of a ghost while on the back of a  
sea turtle

*city 25*

Pain  
as proof  
the sun  
is small

*city 26*

A boat that has two gods





*city 27*

Here you will sleep like a gun on its dying password

*city 28*

Touch is everywhere  
a stranded  
know-it-all

*city 29*

What's the longest we've gone

being pictured  
by nothing

*city 30*

God didn't think we'd create sleep



*city 31*

Click  
while naked  
On this

link

That later  
the forgetting  
is small

*city 32*

sleep cries itself to death  
I wrote

a poem  
similar  
to the poem  
below  
You love

another



*city 33*

Bagging the bright mouse in the deer faith of my youth

*city 34*

Tooth decay carried by god over the capital of After

*city 35*

All secrecy genetic

Proof  
is our last  
ghost

*city 36*

A running shower that prays impossibly on the body of our lowest sibling  
for the return of a bomb-maker's homesick drone

*city 37*

An angel burned for soundproofing crows



*city 38*

On tv a lunchbox designed by my ghost sells so well that a mom

*city 39*

My copy of god's longing

When

was it sent

*city 40*

The dream on its deathbed

sees a film

on emptiness

*city 41*

Animals pretend to live here

But don't

eat much





*city 42*

Dogs, I'd say

For their panicked  
longing and cricket  
faith

*city 43*

In which my left hand  
known  
for my left

Hand

Cannot kill a spider  
in a haunted barn that another barn builds

*city 44*

Keeping the baby despite its perfection

*city 45*

If I die at the end of this book,  
I'm already dead.



*city 46*

A paper airplane on fire in a helpless mirror

*city 47*

Skip

*city 48*

Nothing in a rabbit remembers void's birthday

*city 49*

I can't sleep any slower  
but heard you  
anyway  
Telling  
in bear  
time  
Nowhere's middle  
Of our brush  
with birthmark



*city 50*

We picked flowers and the elevators stopped

*city 51*

Some days  
see us

Twice

*city 52*

I could've been so young

*city 53*

It took three zeroes to invent loss

All three had to think of nothing  
for I don't know

how long

This last

guess



*city 54*

The singsong mothers in country unison

While dipping a baby's sock  
into a cup of mouthwash

Reverse in their sons a longness

(the air I had for something new Killed itself in a balloon

*city 55*

Sounds exiled to the flattening of a father's tinfoil hat and the astronauts  
our gods pinched so that we could leave the dream

*city 56*

Land has some people here





*city 57 or 58*

A puppeteer rubbing her hands over a book of spells for the untouched

A shy thief whose items change shape

*city 59*

Practice  
forgetting

*city 60*

(how to starve a microscope in god's museum)

*city 61*

One dollhouse for another  
The noises  
leave

I keep the same double life

Dog's paw, child's knee

The rifle's

Tilted  
field



*city 62*

Match the ghost to its egg  
When

did I like  
My children

*city 63*

In the keeplessness

or in  
The boat

*city 64*

How is it we know that the subway

Wanted  
to be there

*city 65*

Soft teeth  
And that thing your son can do

with his shoulder



*city 66*

A drawer left open in an office  
is all we need

The cult of lost fingers

*city 67*

Dying, touch will ask to attend

the hand's  
silent film  
debut



*city 68*

I thought reading would make me attractive to god.

I ate slowly, you know?

Like blood like time and their ableist  
Newborns.

I wanted the thing that was not the thing.

Poems  
in quiet  
animals  
An exodus  
of unmoved  
pairings  
The corpse

of a cricket  
My cricket

mind





*city 69*

Crow, with seashell

*city 70 or 71*

The short past of my body in the small  
of yours

A baby chewing on its hand in pile of leaves

*city 72 and 73*

The boy has one mouse

All named  
Cigarette

*city 74*

In its shadow grief the window

in the open  
Mirror



*city 75*

Rabbit, microscope, flower.

In that order.

*city 76*

Our waiting and our leaving

The moment  
they meet

*city 77*

Occasionally the odd ghost that worships  
blood and glue

*city 78*

I can't always find the year I believed in god



*city 79*

Instead something joins the body

And two  
places

Die

*city 80*

How quietly they eat

This far, even

From the birdwatcher's strangled son

*city 81*

I forget to eat and god says I am swimming

*city 82*

The sleep I do in my sleep

I can't  
carry this



*city 83*

My son's wrist  
Was a flower  
But vanished

*city 84*

City of my grandmother, grandfather, aunt.  
City of my human  
year's  
dog.

Death has never known what it's looking for.

Believes it will remember

*city 85*

Your body won't change if in your dream

There are many  
people





*city 86*

Hand, hand, bar of soap.

Some fish are never

Hungry

*city 87*

Even god's children get their death from books

*city 88*

Your car long gone

You hear from your father  
about a city  
that has

One raccoon

no  
cinema



*city 89*

Less recently, home

of the longest  
newborn

*city 90*

Band names include

Winloss  
Childgroom  
and City89

*city 91*

An ambulance from dogcatcher's dream puts the hurt on a flickering  
cornfield. Past small pockets of boxcutting amnesiacs go the bicycle  
legs of the non-born. Without hell, our cellar is a mirror collecting all that  
thunder can hear. Never done, I saw yesterday what a swimmer looks  
like so close to uncovering god's one-eared suicide and made a ghost  
out of anything except a ghost.



*city 92*

Though up and down a son's arm  
I move with my fingertip  
that phantom dime

Touch is not  
set free

*city 93*

Yesterday only exists if everyone believes it at the same time

*city 94*

Not until you finish eating what's outlived you

*city 95*

This is as far as I go:

My lookalike owns nothing



*city 96*

I still don't know whose memory resurrection erases

Or if death  
misses god  
all the time

*city 97*

Two birds lost by the same mother  
enter my childhood

*city 98*

I only share with you  
when we're not  
alike

*city 99*

Time always surprises the dead





*city 100*

In the uncounted lamb of my boy's grey voice, stillness is the hair of  
silence. For every third wrist, an ant's shadow sings to a worried bomb. I  
am always right. God changes the size of the things we try to save.

*city 101*

Your describable  
obsession  
with father's  
handstand

The syllable of your lost  
knee, and

The roadkill  
your dog  
put to sleep

*city 102*

Angels buy footsteps with pictures of the poor

*city 103*

Your mother enters god in the ghost you painted for death



*city 104*

The past  
changes only  
what was

*city 105*

Erased sex tapes  
and moon  
landings  
Is Ohio  
even in  
Ohio

*city 106*

In Ohio I was the only hole my mouth had

*city 107*

I think there's another way into the city. For example, when you lost your  
broken hand and had to use the movie camera of our fog-eating infant.  
Parents of the sick get no sleep. I died designing a bathtub for god. It's  
not true but it keeps people from leaving.



*city 108 now and the future of 109*

Your form-obsessed form curated by a dieting emptiness and the  
bloodless image of a stickman using my head as a pillow

*city 110*

Ask any widow

about the letter  
n

*city 111*

In the farness of this room is there a pair of handcuffs hiding from a  
wheelchair

*city 112*

Two small boys forget to jump out of a cake. Some stories just say city.  
Not anymore, but this movie was once very good at being about god's  
future.



*city 113*

After the collapse of our competing factories of sleep, we don't, as  
written, switch bodies. Surprisingly, it doesn't take long to eat a god. I  
want to tell you I am here

Untouched, in the capital of soon

*city 114*

A single tail left in an infant's belly

Ohio loses  
every job

*city 115*

Ballet or the lost  
mind  
of a snowstorm

*city 116*

Oh how gone it is the ghostjoy of lighting a mother's cigarette in a dream  
that gets my mouth wrong





*city 117*

Death maybe saw Jesus as a way out of watching God kill

*city 118*

God comes to me in a god.  
Sleep is a footstep worshiped  
by a mother's ear.

The baby is asking for more time.

I don't know what to add.  
Poor mom. It's not a trick.

*city 119*

Not until there is a city 120 will you have the dream that gives death its  
memory back. I wouldn't describe it as easy. We sent the wrong hand to  
study your hand. We had a grandfather walk in place before we knew  
he had a dog and all we could do with his wife was watch. Rain wrote a  
spaceless poem. If it was like taking a toy phone from an angel, we  
never heard.



*city 121*

My memory isn't what it will be.

Povertavoid, avidsad, handbefore.

She wants a flowermysonisdead.

*city 122*

We get our thunder from snow's dream.

A baby  
invents  
kneeling

with a fork and an outlet.

The wind is slowly eaten  
by what

*city 123*

There's not much to know, really.

The puppeteer sleeps all day  
and the fisherman  
all night.

Hide your hair in your mouth.



*city 124*

Pop-up books about sleep.  
The rabbitwater ocean.

No one is the one keeping god alive.

*city 125*

The loneliness they hide in window cleaner. The horse, the puppy, the  
two churches of thought on thirst. You with your son and maybe a meal.  
Snowfork, snowspoon. Each past soon a future he's not in.

*city 126*

I can't be around people who know how to swim. It's not, I know, the  
best way to start a city. God wants to be alive all the time. Everything in  
my body is recent.

*city 127*

We had the child to get the child's attention. We vanished, then, or grew  
slower than eyesight. When it snows, it snows almost long enough to kill  
the unfinished ghost of a rare giant. Still, there is a place in hell for every  
jump scare. Darkness ate me first, says the rock.



*city 128*

In a pool made mostly of where a pool should be, we take turns pretending underwater to know how long it took to create time. A baby outside of its mother screams god into a bird forgetting to breathe. Our sisters think they can't sleep.

*city 129*

In this game, you've to touch the bottom of a pool then make air before anyone you know is killed. It is accepted during play that the impatient have been verified by god. Pets are allowed but must have left some amount of water in the cupped hands of one who's been recently alone in a yearless city. Death that occurs from other types of dying will be photographed by the mothers who've yet to kneel before the earliest walker. Scoring is determined by the length of the game. If every mother present has knelt, the deaths can be ignored.

*city 130*

One parent is grief and one is touch. Years pass without a thunderstorm being put to sleep. A son moves into his body to bathe. He scratches his own arm and tries to look at his eyes. His thumbs hurt and we tell him a picture has just been snapped inside the closest museum of the suddenly sick. Because there is only a second time for everything, I thought you knew we were here. Touch is teaching hand the history of again. It's grief's turn to be grief.





*city 131*

Reincarnation came close, but God has yet to experience loss. This is where human pain was born. If there is a tree made from the nights I look my children awake, eat what you want. Hide anywhere. We only see you when you swim.

*city 132*

A snake looks a thing stuck with ending its life. There are no snakes here but you can lose your appetite in the wind. Also

sleep stops breathing.

*city 133*

I am less than a mile old when I have all the time in the world to miss nothing

*city 134*

Is mom movie rain or real real snow



*city 135*

Of a ghost that can dream  
I can only  
dream.

Eyesight was god's weakest bone.

*city 136*

a bitemark goes from one sea-thing to another

someone hates your body

& a toothache  
makes one limp

*city 137*

Spotless you in the dream you'll use to shorten your later dreams.

Loneliness as it describes each thing  
in one  
word.

Boy whose skin is never older than his first food memory.

No tools in the angel's cave.



*city 138*

There are days nothing happens to Adam and there are days nothing happens to Eve. It doesn't take long to lose interest in the last thing known to have used god as bait. Touch is the bird of nowhere. The outside can't survive outside.

*city 139*

After a star it's wrong to name a rabbit

The mouth to hide from god invents the kiss

*city 140*

One counts underwater to a certain number

Colors forget blue



*city 141*

The angel of eye-level  
loses  
a crucifix.

Attraction has no children.

A pear  
is remembered  
in half. Music

knows only  
the locksmith's  
lullaby  
of deep

looking.

I love about this place  
the abandoned weather.

*city 142*

Leave pain in its blank heaven.

Let touch  
undress  
taste.

Change dreams  
mid-god.





*city 143*

A fish they'll say  
made of sea  
lightning  
as if it's not

all  
sea lightning.

Here if you see a bowl  
outside

go to it  
and stay.

*city 144*

because you wanted to know what ghosts do about their missing

*city 145*

In the elevator of the nightly named Bruise Hotel your mother points to  
her stomach and says

to you  
that your eyes will never kiss



*city 146*

Forehead to forehead, the sick children  
blur the coin

of labor's  
voided  
palm.

*city 147*

The end of silence

met  
with

*city 148*

Jesus on the cross, mother in a tree

Hair keeps god  
awake

*city 149*

I smoke and one place on my body

knows three  
on yours



SOONISMS



#### BLISS NOTES

I live in the future with an animal known to predict nothing.

It runs out of food when I forget what it eats.





## BLISS NOTES

In my wrist, the heartbeat hidden from me  
by my ears.

—

Eye:  
The first fossil of my blankness

—

God only takes suicides.



## FAR NOTES

My eyes when closed live forever in the knees of the awestruck.

—

Dear grandmother, grandfather, aunt-

All absence  
loses shape.

—

By not killing us, god lost the power to die.



## FAR NOTES

was there a moment I was wanted  
past life and all, was there  
a nest a whale, has this  
been me

in a mothered  
before)

(looking at a pill while picking a flower

time  
temporary



## LAST NOTES

again we speak

(they are making  
it now)

the forgetful  
weapon





## MESSENGER NOTES

wind  
the weigher  
of its own  
wound, when

(did my body  
know

what form took from me



## THE CHILDREN DON'T LISTEN TO RUMORS OF THEIR HUNGER

The children they dig a hole and give the hole a name and a backache.  
They ask was I ever their age and slip a housefire-in-a-seashell under  
the pillow of an endless angel. It's not what I say but in truth the older a  
thing gets, the younger its god.



SCARED OF MY SON'S BODY

there is in fact a time

exactly like

the present



IN THIS SCENE AND IN THE SAD SCENE BEFORE IT

the ghost

invents

color





ANIMAL NOISES FOR THE LAST PERSON TO BE ALONE

The stone has one thought before it dies  
and that thought  
turns it  
to stone

(The trick is to lose every child

Or is it  
each



MY BOOK OF UFO SIGHTINGS

handmade

would you  
believe



## NON NOTES

Dream returns little more than a medicine cup's worth of water to match the amount once hired by a bullet to take pictures of a mother's ankle. I want to whisper it isn't our mother but mostly we're here to name simultaneously those we imagine are looking passively at the thing we stopped touching. No matter whose baby was the first to say jinx, I know how to learn nothing.



DOES ILLNESS KNOW THE WHOLE TIME WHAT IT'S LOSING

so obvious was paper cut's love for scar

night

wouldn't hurt

a shadow





#### LOCATION NOTES

It was sick for three minutes and lived for eight. I haven't seen a picture in so long that I'm not sure you'd know me unless I was there. The dream is using us to remember god.



MY SON FORGETS HIS SECRET IDENTITY BUT REMEMBERS WHO  
I'VE TOLD

Grief cuts itself from the movie it wants to make about wind. I design,  
sometimes, hats in a dream. I don't mean every word. I thought  
loneliness would be taller, that's all. Not this god who knows we exist.



#### LOCATION NOTES

We weren't alive long enough to stop pretending we'd lived. If you don't have something in your hand, don't get a dog. I open my mouth but am still saying star.



#### LOCATION NOTES

The interior life enters heaven here or there in a bitemark. No splinter leaves a painted church. Distance is one meal. Longing, a puzzle.





#### LOCATION NOTES

The deathplace. Our losskiss. The inventors of déjà vu dropping  
everything for touch. Touch with its borrowed memory and urgent past.  
No one mistaking noon for none.



#### LOCATION NOTES

Darkness never gets to every creature. I like that it tries. A cigarette taking sad thoughts from a ghost made of breathing. The ant-same memories of a toddler.

God doesn't change, and knows it.



AS IF SNOW WAS TOLD TO FINISH SNOW

Loss gets older and befriends its childless parents without knowing  
which of them placed a glass of toy water beside mirror's bed for the  
you in all those video games where I stopped moving



#### LOCATION NOTES

The television is always this close to placing the perfect image on the grave of its grave. The children love loss, or anything they find twice. Never both. It's as if I am trying to remember what kept me up at night before I was born. The baby cries but cannot weep. The cat has this look mom calls changing ghosts and then there's less and less cat to forget. I have misspelled a word more often than you've died. Are you gone, or nowhere?





## LOCATION NOTES

Do as nothingness has done

and cover  
that scar  
with god

—

There is a room

that knows  
where you die



## LOCATION NOTES

As quiet as a doll's neck  
a bell  
dies  
for the wrong  
church

—

I watch it again and again  
your goldfish  
outlive  
a bowl  
that's frightened  
of sleep

—

No animals were created in the making of this harm



## LOCATION NOTES

In one stopped car, a baby with a staring problem is on hour number three. In another, my sister takes photos of her dog. I leave my own car to find the icicle that will become the mirror's rifle, but I know I'm to be killed by the wind for a thing as big and as little as rattling a scarecrow's keys under any table that ain't been set. No story needs told yet here we are outing angels to a god best remembered for how it covered the noisemaker's brevity. Does shape forget its poverty, or poverty its shape? I ask you on a train about the wheel you're asleep at. If the food came early, we'd call it starved. Dying is a chew toy. Be as unmoved as your attackers.



#### LOCATION NOTES

Loss changes its name to loss and then back to loss. Time runs out of death. As a kid I wanted there to be a fish that was alive because it was the only fish. The gone, to themselves, will always be the last to have left. I don't sleep and you don't sleep and together our not sleeping is a blessing that disguises scarcity. But god has nothing and keeps even less.





#### LOCATION NOTES

I miss the radio being off  
even when  
it's off.

Forty baseballs going dark.

I lost someone. I lost

their death



BONES FROM AN EXTRA MOON

father making book covers in the nude

his longhand moving in the veins of a giant

his name an ant sleeping in the center of a band-aid

what if the end stops coming

a crow is not a star

the eyes know nothing

but know it first

loss is the salt of now



## DEEPTRAIN

A skull has nothing to do with a seashell and a dryer is not an oven. My brothers don't remember being taken by aliens, but still believe that god is serious about studying who misses us. My dad has a single idea much like a pregnancy test has none. I dream in twos. The unraised wolf, the worshiped stork. I want a better world, or to get food poisoning from hunger. I hope my son has one friend as harmless as an ear.



SOMEWHERE EVEN YOUNGER AN IMAGINED THUNDER THE SIZE  
OF A SEASICK DOG HAS CRUSHED AGAIN THE BABY FOR  
CRUSHING PILLS

To heal her brother, she asks me to brush her hair. She jokes that when  
I'm done she'll not only show me the scab but also remove it so I can  
see where her batteries went. I tell her the fish are biting and that my  
father is wanted. Touch leaves me alone and it must look often as if I  
am trying to get a pair of scissors to eat snow. For every angel sick of  
heaven, there's a shadow passed out in a dream.





NOSTALGIA, BRUTALLY

a trapdoor meant for a circle, a body

from a puzzled  
lake, god

falling ill  
in a dream, back

to back

cures  
for skin



#### FAR NOTES

The bomb is never here long enough to know it's found us. Son in bird years you'd be dead. A stomach holds on to its hand-shaped sleep.



THE LOOKING THE ANGELS CAN'T UNSEE

I'm happy that this is all there is, even if it's not.

Forgetting is the sooner life.



## DRIFT MUSICS

You won't  
drink it  
but ask  
anyway  
for a glass  
of milk.

Vigil.

That bone you broke  
while swimming.





#### ENTRIES FOR ORIGIN

my roommate's father lives with a puking man I call future in a skipped  
year rewatching a tv show about what poor people film



## MEDITATION

Summer was for sexting and for watering the scarecrow's spine. Say it with me this was not that summer. As a ghost might surprise the mother and go to salt, a doll might remember its teeth.



## DOCTRINES

Dropped on its head for saying footprint, the baby begins its work of collecting only those sounds it can scare. Its father mothers otherness as one who watches a film to make the world worse. Its brother hunchback and sister backstroke are viewed as two stomachs waiting for hunger to dry. Because my mouth is empty, I want to kiss you to the sound of god counting footfalls on a mountain path. For one, I have never been completely covered in bruises. Also, I was in the spotlight when my mother was asked to describe a sponge. Instead, she identified the break in the letter where a father changed pens and childhood as the longing of Eve.



#### OCCASION I

I am on the train that will take me to my brother and he is on the train that will bring him to me. He has only just seen the great bird I've envisioned since birth. I make myself in his image and use his inside voice to describe the bird. My train arrives early. Once off, I put a cigarette in my mouth without lighting it. I pace. A woman asks me if I have a light and I say sharply no. I apologize to the woman and explain how nervous I am to meet my brother this way. She says she understands. She says she'll probably see god before she sees her sister. I offer her my cigarette and she takes it with her. My bird is getting smaller and I don't know who to blame.





## OCCASION II

To rename fish from the lobby window of a submerged hotel. To let the water from a mother's body but not before telling her that god lives in me so long as my son is outside. To have nothing but the mewing compositions of rooftop strays to keep me from becoming the devil your pen pal was fed to. To die listening for the never arriving marble of grief and to drown while pulling imagery from those years spent on land openly preparing the eaten, subliminal beast.



## NEXT NOTES

It's hard not to want  
the premeditated  
yesterday  
of it all

The brief health of your son's  
dream-seen mouse

The toy's  
eye  
pinned  
to its memory  
of being  
removed

Every cigarette  
god's  
little suitcase

The finished half of a field  
broken bottle  
by



## NON NOTES

I wrote, just there, of a mother whose hair was a ghost fighting a ghost  
for her head. How easy, to lose a poem. A ghost, a head, a ghost. A  
boneless brother in a shrinking bathtub. How easy to leave out the wind,  
because it's only the wind. With its one memory and then its one.



#### NEXT NOTES

Saturday I wait to care for my still sleeping brother as a tennis ball sighs its dog back and forth on a television screen. Who can sleep, with all this care? Patience is a midwestern agony. It doesn't last, but death can't watch.





## NON NOTES

The dream wakes up before I'm over. Some private sea discontinues the shape of my mother. A drop of blood doesn't explode but one day might. Every chicken is now or was the two-handed loneliness of a birth-skipped god.



#### NON NOTES

I don't know yet what to think. Your stories of empty babies. I liked the few that ended early and it did make me sad, the snowball fight beneath a boneless moon. One is never too old for god, I suppose. I did not for very long love the daughter born to fake her pregnancies but again I am short with love. Sudden death is for beginners.



#### NON NOTES

The velvet crows seeming to swim in the river as it's filmed. The missed meal eaten in half by presence. The skeleton dragged from anatomy class by the recent angel of your mother's broken arm. And touch, of course. Still hurt that taste was first.



LIKE A MIRROR I LONG IN MY UNWATCHED MOMENTS

to hold  
my weightless  
creator





## SOONISMS

So that god would get to hear music, they made god.

-

My hair leaves me in a cornfield.

-

Every angel came from a sleep that tried to reach a star.



## CURVATURES

In my dream jaw my dreamboat's jawbone

In my flood a sober seesaw  
In crows a kind of waiting  
meant to receive the balloons of the strangled

In a film ghosting a film, In the church of rolling our own

In mannequins where small things kneel that are living

In jigsaws of the crucifixion and in the ideas my veins  
give to lightning

In Ohio in my left hand what is elsewhere lost in a broken rabbit

In the city the building thinks god will jump

In the nothing nothing leaves



## NIGHT NOTES

Oh school of fish,  
this way to shadow's wedding.

Oh heartless deer, hornless train.

Oh son

Who entered too early the long illness of the world  
Whose dreams could burn a spotlight

We are this close  
always

if not  
to god's  
bones

then to the missile  
that holds them.

All play as boys

freeze tag  
to sadden  
birds.



## SOME OF THESE CHURCHES AREN'T MINE

I don't have anything poetic to say about names beyond that we killed the animals in the wrong order. I remember a rabbit disguised as milk as clearly as my dog does a dream of a whale moaning a verse from its lonely size into a bullet hole meant for something smaller. I'm not sure that wordplay tricks trauma out of its inheritance, though suppose it's possible that incompletely by accident the fleeing angels of our absence return harm over and over without a scratch to a satellite touching itself in a photograph developed by god's avoidance. In a town for homesick people who use sex as a lamp, there's a first time for everything except recognition.





## SOONISMS

Healed by a microscope, the angel burns my missing son's hair

in the mirror's  
invisible stomach.

I am in the blue school of that first shooting.

Ohio radio treats fatigue as an error from sleep's past.

Art is a moon rock in a gun shop  
And death

God's refusal  
to age.

~

\*\* 8/23/21 Poem-a-Day at poets.org, selected by poet Kazim Ali



ABLEIST JOKES ABOUT THE MOON

Tracing his toes, my son breaks a bone in his finger.

It's scary because things mean more in a simulation.

Somewhere in his body his body wonders  
if it's unguessed by god or by ghost.

Bath. Both.

Sabotage time not yet



SOMETIMES THERE IS NO CITY BECAUSE EVERYONE IS ALIVE

An Ohio barber spends her whole day looking at icicles. The children bathe together in what they call a thunderstory. I've seen in jigsaws of the crucifixion the ideas our veins give to lightning. Is there a creature too naked to lose track of time?

We keep the baby despite its perfection.



END [ untouched in the capital of soon ]  
poems. 2021

~~~~~

OTHER WORKS:

Skin To Skin In An Unmarked Life

chapbook

(Trainwreck Press, 2021)

Ghost Arson

full-length

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Animal Masks On the Floor of the Ocean, 124 pages

June 2019

MOTHERLINGS, 52 pages

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an old idea one had of stars, 58 pages

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Dec 2020

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