

definitions uprising

melissa christine goodrum

NY
Q Books™

The New York Quarterly Foundation, Inc.
New York, New York

NYQ Books™ is an imprint of The New York Quarterly Foundation, Inc.

The New York Quarterly Foundation, Inc.
P. O. Box 2015
Old Chelsea Station
New York, NY 10113

www.nyqbooks.org

Copyright © 2013 by melissa christine goodrum

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author. This book is a work of fiction.

First Edition

Set in Cochin
Layout and Design by melissa christine goodrum
Cover Design by Raymond P. Hammond
Cover Image by Gabriel Padilha | www.gabrielpadilha.com

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013952378

ISBN: 978-1-935520-78-8

contents

la invita 1

i

signore hopkins, the old eye-sore 4
eye lines 5
eyes 7

ii

to think sleeping 10
dream sonnet 11
dream lines 13
dream proem 17

iii

the exhibitor of words 21
lip lines 22
lips 25

iv

sound 29
screaming lines 30
screams 32

v

victims 35
finger lines 36
fingers 37

vi

stripped & bleeding	41
skin lines	42
skin	43

vii

wish & want	49
-------------	----

viii

in the galleys	53
god lines	54
god, the prophet	55

ix

little explosions	59
stars in lines	60

x

solpugid, as applied to the marigold	65
sun lines	66
sun	67

xi

object	71
moon lines	72
defining moon	73

xii

baby blue	77
mam's blues	78
deafening blue	79

stripped & bleeding

Jack draws a backbone
 in spring, on other holy days
the screaming lambs
 in vertebrae sticky silk, emaciated
& beating a drum

under pink leather rain (he taps)
 with star-painted boots
still attached—in living skin
 to brown savory bites
like little beetles knotted
 & a roping scar

oh, solemn little guy,
 he will not complain.

in the galleys

a ring-a-ding god-box
thick oil-painted & animated
painted with rhinestones,
some day of the dead murals
on a cheap casket white wood

leaking temperate soft oil
thru ever stunned lips,
onto knees & elbows
bent in livid god-Greek.

implore,
where is the lion?
where is my noble Lord?

little explosions

she swat blinking fireflies—
 winded rosettes diverging, she dance
to many prickly & brittle stars
she stream & sing of cacti & astral ink
 child-violet skylights drift in hunky patches
 a german jeweler's sack ripens,
 & dry desert valleys bespangle
near tall & spindly sunflowers

under the window, she witnesses
the deep ulcer of hunting
 in a mewling two-paw tomcat.