LiveRecovery

1.
the suffering angels offered the river’s gaze
I wasn’t to blame
I steadfastly redeem inhabiting my body
as stone melody vindicates my innocent feet
questions of my father open palms
revealing the vulnerability of my inner arms
the medusa gaze of the orchid returns
me to consequence
the unspeakable forces closed my swallow
around his death was a relief
the raking of the leaves
plastic prongs on stone
sounds like the scraping out of the inside of a grave
presence exonerates death’s permanence

2.
summation anomalies offered the river’s genealogies
I wasn’t to blink
I steadfastly redeem inhabiting my body guarded
as stopwatch memory vindicates my insider footholds
questions of my fatherland fatigue open pandemics
revealing the vulnerability of my inner armouries
the medusa gaze of the ordinance returns
me to conspirator
the unspeakable forecasts closed my swallow
around his debt was a rendering
the raking of the leaves
plastic prongs on stoppage
sounds like the scraping out of the inside of gravity
precedent exonerates death’s permanence

3.
waiting in an empty hospital room with his shoes
waiting for him to come back and fill them
his sleep sounds like the sea on the sand in Sandringham
the tide tiredness pulls at my ankles
watching the light change on my choices
traumatised people use strong verbs

Claire Gaskin, ‘LiveRecovery’,
Transnational Literature Vol. 9 no. 1, November 2016.
don’t anguish over it he says
the hallways are blocked with length and emptiness
the coffee is not working and my reasons are worn
the river gives rest under bluestone sky
intimacy takes the shape of a star jump orchid
a paper cut heart bleeds coffee stains
cheap scotch tastes like when he left
tea tastes like post-natal depression

4.
waiting in an empty hour glassrotation with his shortages
waiting for him to become backwater and fill them
his sovereignty slights like the sandstorm in Sandringham
the time tiredness pulls at my announcements
watching the likeness change on my choices
traumatised people use strong verdicts
don’t anguish over it he says
the handbooks are blocked with lessons and emptiness
the coincidence is not working and my recasts are worn
the roadblock gives restraint under bluestone sky
invasion takes the shape of a statesman organization
a paradigm cut heartland bleeds coinage stalemate
cheap scotch tastes like when he legislated
taxonomies taste like postgraduate departments

Claire Gaskin