

Where Grasses Bend

Poems from Portland
to Steens Mountain
in the time of Plagues

by Mimi German

Inside

it is quiet
everything is small
the fire in the wood stove
the night mouse the moon
somewhere there is a sun
and love

i sit on this couch
wondering if
clouds make sound as they pass through each other
like the swish of fish deep in the sea

my hands look old
veins more transparent
under thinning skin
tired but no more linear
i am losing weight under this weight
it is hard to be hungry to hunger
through the scarcity of erased lines

tomorrow is a made up word

A Thousand Grains of Sand

amerikkka the dominatrix
empire of a thousand grains of sand
whose masters ink in the high heels of war whores
 who circle jerk at the feast of landlords
 while spilling slop bucket prayers
 to the poor

amerikkka how necrotic your soul
your poets cringe in the wake of your obscenities
your rotted stench of henchmen
 pillagers of lands once verdant and alive
 your orchards of poverty
 grow seeds of death

amerikka the illiterate
 puritanical
 and unsavory
 you were never ready
 to leave home

Spring on Steens Mountain

*~~ o the sparse trees the split trees the half trees and the burrow trees
the one arm trees and the old crag trees o the lone tree ~~*

in the afterbirth of winter
we rejoice at last and open the windows wide
to breathe a deeper breath of sky

winter's paper grasses turn to fertile stalks of green
snow still clings to mountain crags and peaks
the songs of coyotes fold fields to clouds
and on the open slope of thighs
spring rides in unbridled

velvet auburn robes swath the new born fawns
wild flowers and balsa root shake their blossoms loose
to remind us what it is to earth ourselves
in such tambourine divinity
redwing blackbirds sweep the tongue of sagebrush fields
rabbit peaks from his namesake brush
we drink the running waters in pronghorn country