

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 67 *CutBank* 67

Article 6

Spring 2007

from Enclosure

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Recommended Citation

Dick, Jennifer K. (2007) "*from* Enclosure," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 67 , Article 6.

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JENNIFER K. DICK

from *Enclosure*

*She went to sleep and grew up
and looked at her
body and said This was just
a reflection...*

This was just
 She went to sleep
Lili,
 she said
Lilies and a basket
 Of protection
This call a place
 she stopped
This could be she
 a voice, she, a voiced
Lili?
 Some recognition
Some recollection Take
 them back Pluck
a few
 My,
she said,
 garden
The gardener by a white
 picket
she fenced
 She was fenced
in, she said and
 behind her
clover, take this

and bouquets and baskets
Bushels counted on
old parchment
Things behind glass
under tape In this
museum a collection
Egyptian
artifacts, artifactual, anti-
or artifact, she claims, signs
labor exchange
a ticker-tape-like
recollection dug
up They were
unearthed
In a cave
centuries
a measured
existence
Roles, models,
modular re-connection She
fences
the garden Pricks
her thumb
forefinger this rose
those lines
accounting for
To count for
or forward and growling
in this dark
she says, *nightness*,
palms to the surface
so that guard must
(Is his back turned
Is he turned back round
Is he watching

To see, to look, to notice)
warn her — *Lili?*
her voice in the
Shadows dimming
the lights to signal
closing
A closure
This deal
is final, he signed, she
read how
he'd signed and sealed
each document in red
wax sending them rolled
off Rolled up
a scroll
a past
She presses her hands
to the fence
Splinters
To the glassed-in
box of words
Pages, she whispers, too,
with their too-flat ink

from *Enclosure*

Lili is missing

still

mesmerized by

see

tropical angling

fish across

the cross tanked

43

top — teeter — troped

blank

lanky robe dotted with white

Calla lilies not composing

(compromised)

coasting by her

Lot

Almost taking (taken) off
Back to her (black climb)
(clamor) out-the-last-slide to side-
-le up to Lili, "she's just"
sun voices bleeps down on the
way "Stay your course" hears
the couple's chips unraveling wrapping
her waist, bent back to (salty)

turns
up

snow
free-
bickering
round
burn

44

turned down

Her

collared no-kiss

list

of greens

trimmed garden paths

shears

(sheer)

belted Lili tanked

Doesn't notice the grey her lined
discharge

A set of forms

raised

dotted

letters

touch congeals

in

to

45

the sense of

the sentence of

her orange departing.