

Spring 2007

## Three Poems

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### Recommended Citation

Goedicke, Patricia (2007) "Three Poems," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 67 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss67/4>

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PATRICIA GOEDICKE

*When Blizzard Shatters the Gray Air*

"Things eternal want to join us"

*Or Atomize:*

split each unit a-  
part into eyes, shrieking wires, ice needles  
in micro-diamond veils banging,  
clattering up and down,  
rushing against each other with fine ground  
chiseled claws sweeping over the cornices,  
the flat steep sides of the house, the incessant noise ——

*Out Of Which We Are Made*

from white absence into white  
raging angels/ snow devils crazed  
rabbit ears spinning whistles from the anti-  
podes strings tug at the clapboards  
snarled banners slither head straight for the windows  
those blinkless eyes  
stunned spies at the entrance

*Alveoli*

of the lung hive behind them, open-  
mouthed, almost empty  
except for the pit-  
ed huddled seed in its precious  
vacuum limp air sacs pockets

of brittle bubbles the wind hungers  
to breathe into,  
stick its right hand in and lean back at table  
satisfied      having absorbed  
every last rabbit back      into its hat

*Trick*

and so oblit-  
erated it      even up to the ears  
("always the last to go")  
earth's garden beds      and gutters  
into borderless space gobbled  
anonymous bones and grit      cycling  
and re-cycling  
in the house or out-  
side      even the one closest,  
the one we said we'd never —

*At The Undefended Door Still*

knocks knocks      and keeps knock-  
ing      whether to add or  
subtract is not clear      battering rams of abstract  
weather systems bombard  
suck up all the air;      though in the white yard  
cardboard boxes bumble      like clowns, head over  
congealed toes, rough flips and flops      friendly  
or not      who knows  
under the doorsills      drafts  
reach for the ankles      try to lift us up



## *Kayak*

Shoe without a foot.

Moccasin-shaped, sealskin

soul pod. Knocking against the dock.

Leaf, scatter of lackadaisical cloud —

but you were never a hard driver.

Nor I either.

Filled, used to be

both of us,

whole from stem to stern.

Some days, sailing along,

I'd carry you with me, from subway to work and back

like a book I couldn't put down.

Other days, folded close

we'd turn ourselves upside down in the river

and just hang there, sputtering,

then swing right back up again — amazing —

and never drown.

Drifting along as one

welded, spirit-caulked,

so fitted feels

wet. Sleek

easy as fish feel,  
tail and fin powerfully  
    swimming upstream —

or womb-walls, caressed. Rippling  
so smoothly who knew which was which —

Except for the villagers on the banks,  
the children calling out

across the world:  
little pot-bellied chocolates  
    trampled in their sandboxes —

Who paddles for them?

While you and I ate, drank,  
lifted and dipped arms

who said any great enterprise, even love, say  
    is worth *how* many

lives?

Reader without a book to read by.  
Glass without water. Plate without a crumb —

Last night you came swimming towards me across the desert.  
Rudderless. But still sea-going.

Bother the big ships, the ocean liners full of people.

Who said one isn't as mindful,  
as good a crew as two.

Frail memory vessel for holding  
ghost texts, palimpsest after almost forgotten

palimpsests; children,  
tender Pharaohs encrusted  
“forever” —

word stitched across crumble,  
on thin papery skin.

Open, please, and let  
a live body in.

Come, Shoe. Tongue, wag your best.  
This isn't a coffin  
yet.

With or without paddles,  
each life's leavings  
still call, imprinted deep

in frozen stem and marrow dreaming  
single cell on the sea  
still knocking, full of —

covered over and sealed  
for the night.

*Never A Shade*

But real. As goatskin. As leathery

                    pomegranate packed with seeds circulating through  
all of us, you were sweet sap, you were apple; even in old age  
                    never drained, fine high jet of conversation

endlessly rising and falling, no I am not

                    exaggerating here: you were articulation's  
juiciest snow pea pod of a man loaded  
                    with salts crystallizing into sugars, into hard

fragrant cider: even sagging from the heart-stem

                    painfully, at the apparent end you were still full of it,  
                    spirits that never sting but speak true, brisk buckups  
for darkening friends, fruit flies and honey bees multiplying around you

then as they do now, under leafless trees stricken,

                    jostling each other for one more sip of you.