

2009

Humans

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Pitzer College

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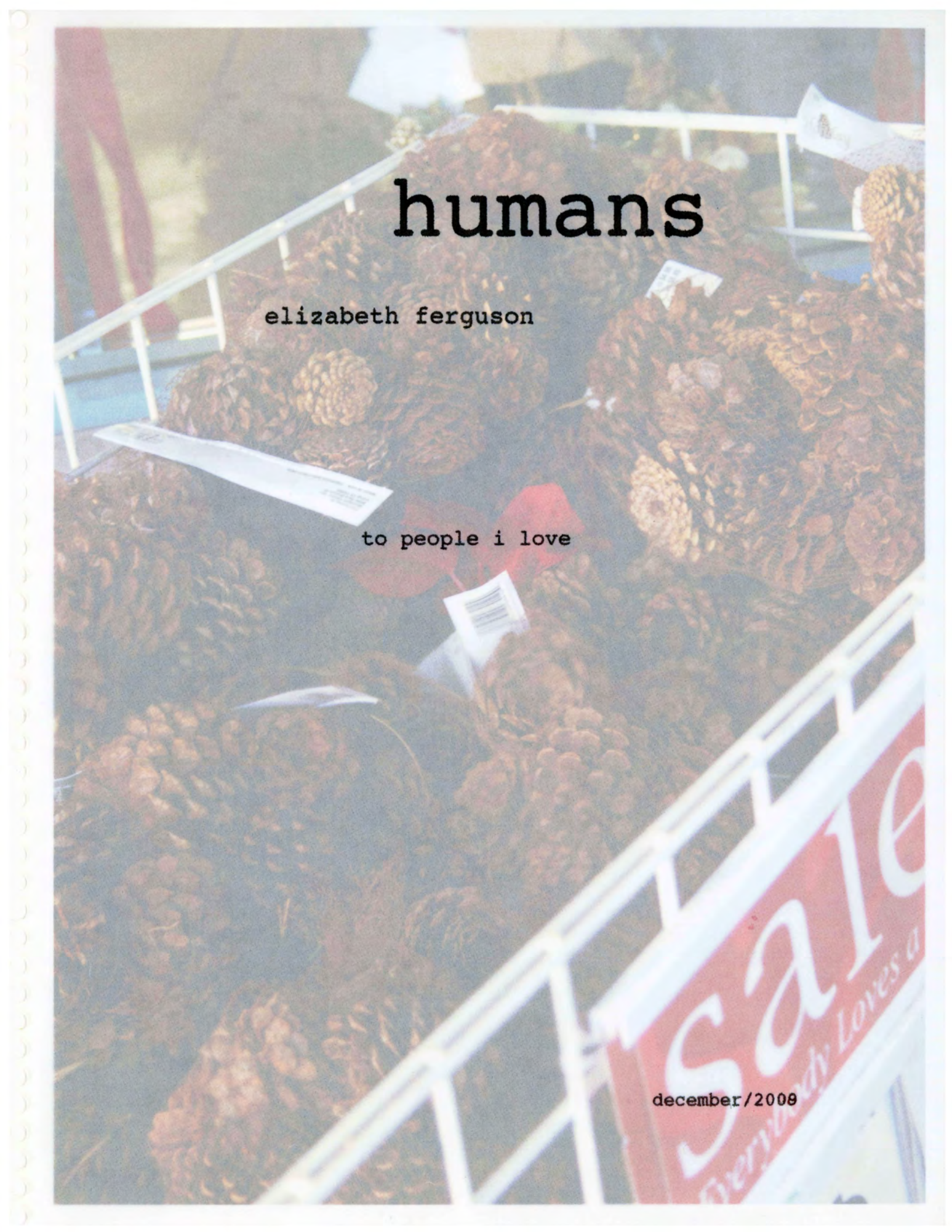
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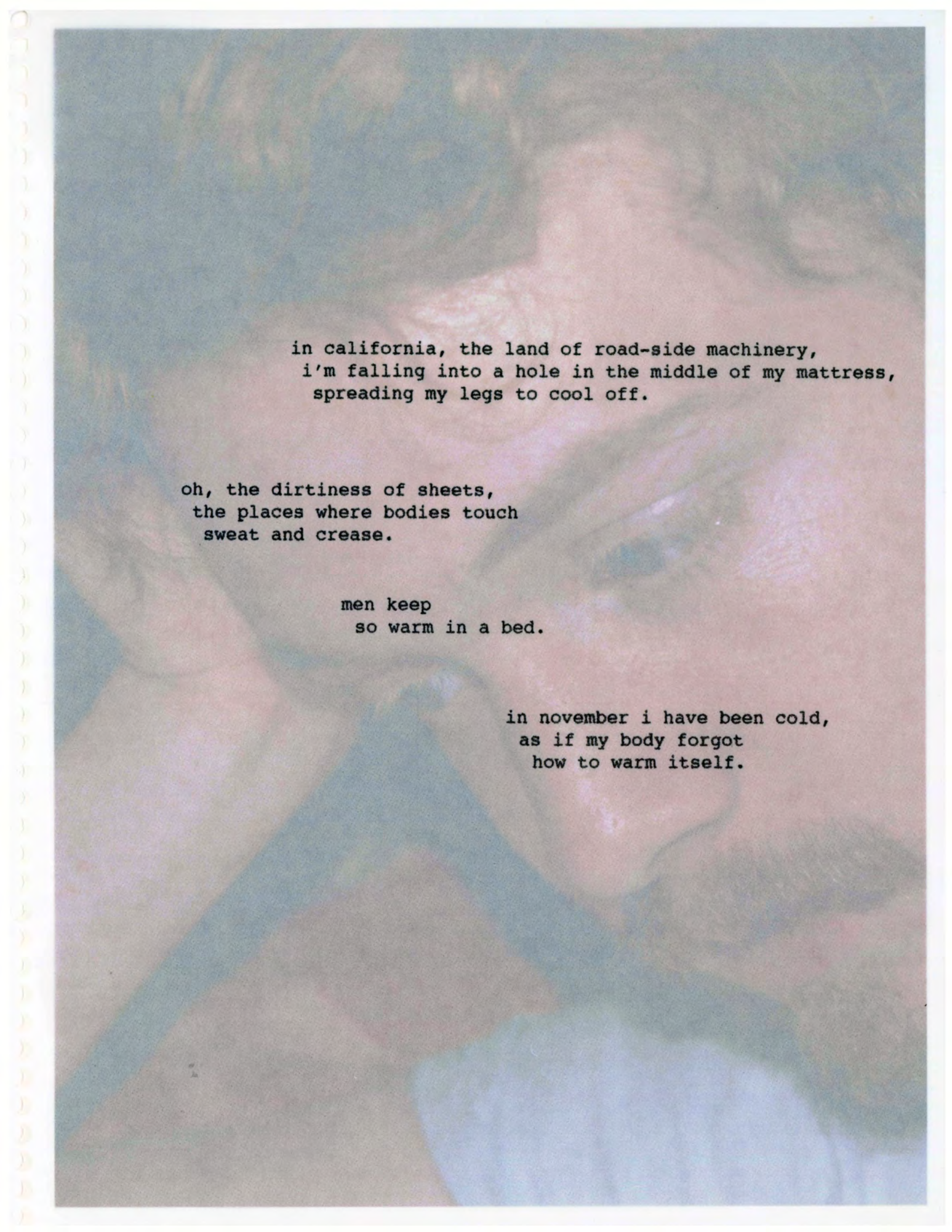


humans

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to people i love

december/2008

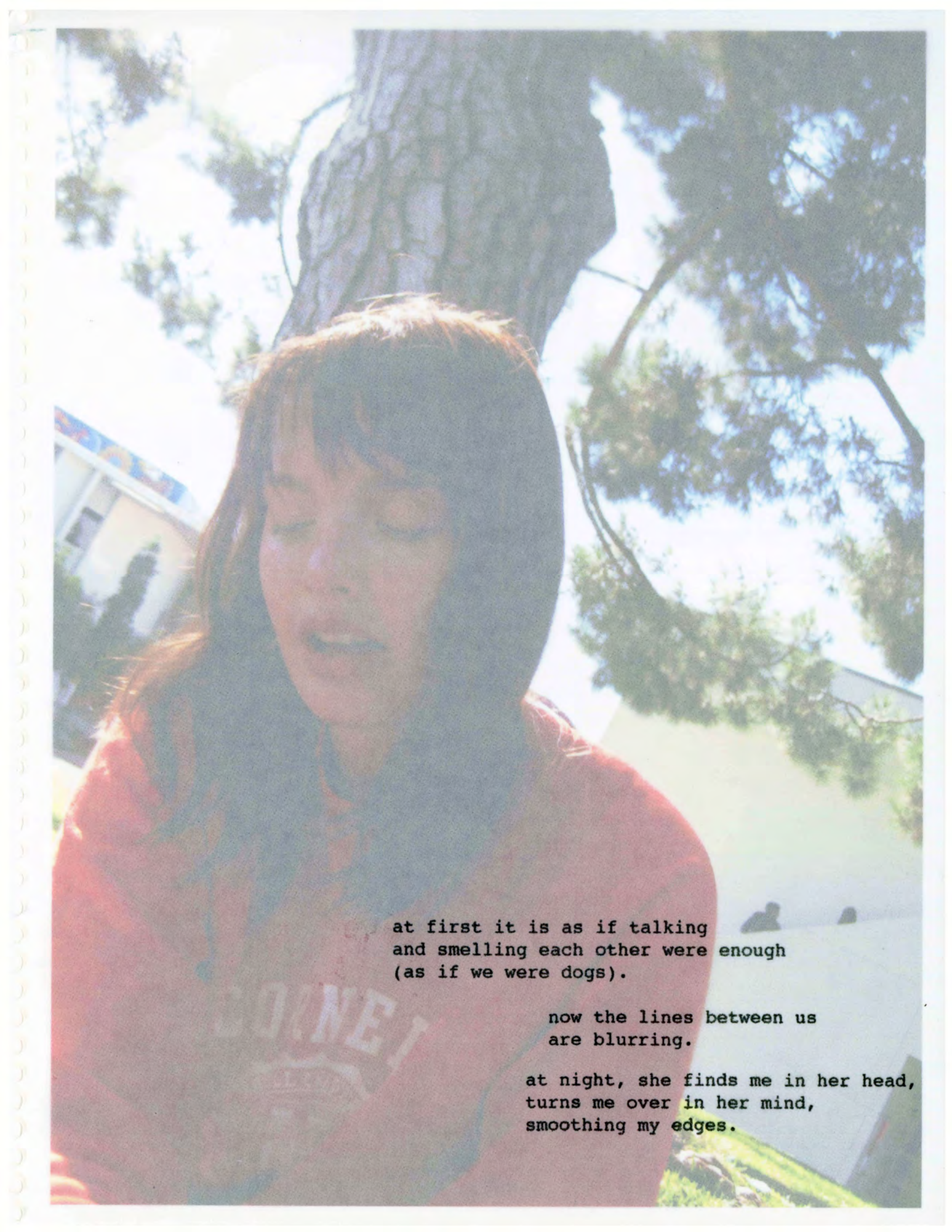


in california, the land of road-side machinery,
i'm falling into a hole in the middle of my mattress,
spreading my legs to cool off.

oh, the dirtiness of sheets,
the places where bodies touch
sweat and crease.

men keep
so warm in a bed.

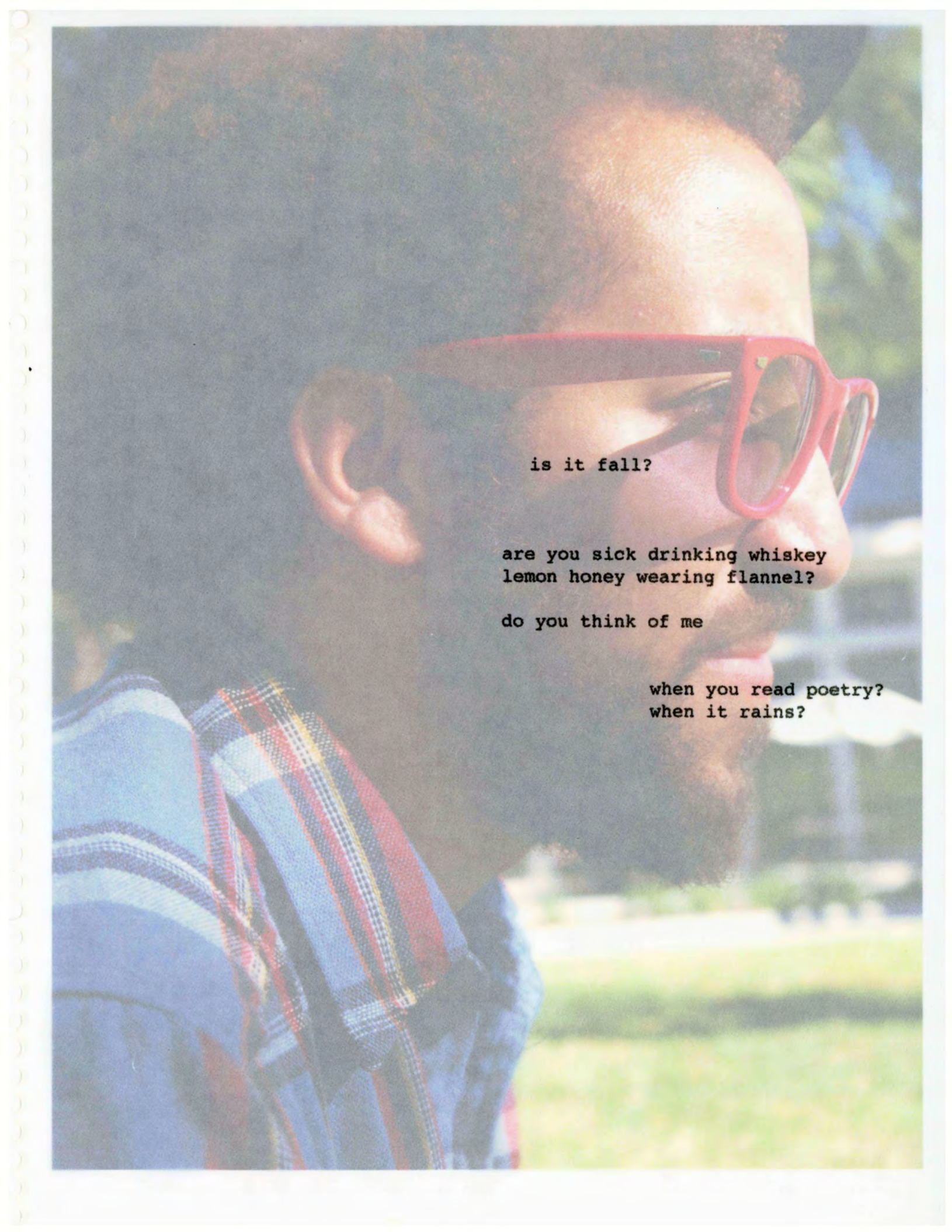
in november i have been cold,
as if my body forgot
how to warm itself.



at first it is as if talking
and smelling each other were enough
(as if we were dogs).

now the lines between us
are blurring.

at night, she finds me in her head,
turns me over in her mind,
smoothing my edges.




is it fall?

are you sick drinking whiskey
lemon honey wearing flannel?

do you think of me

when you read poetry?
when it rains?



i need to see you
in a situation where i believe in the existence of reality.

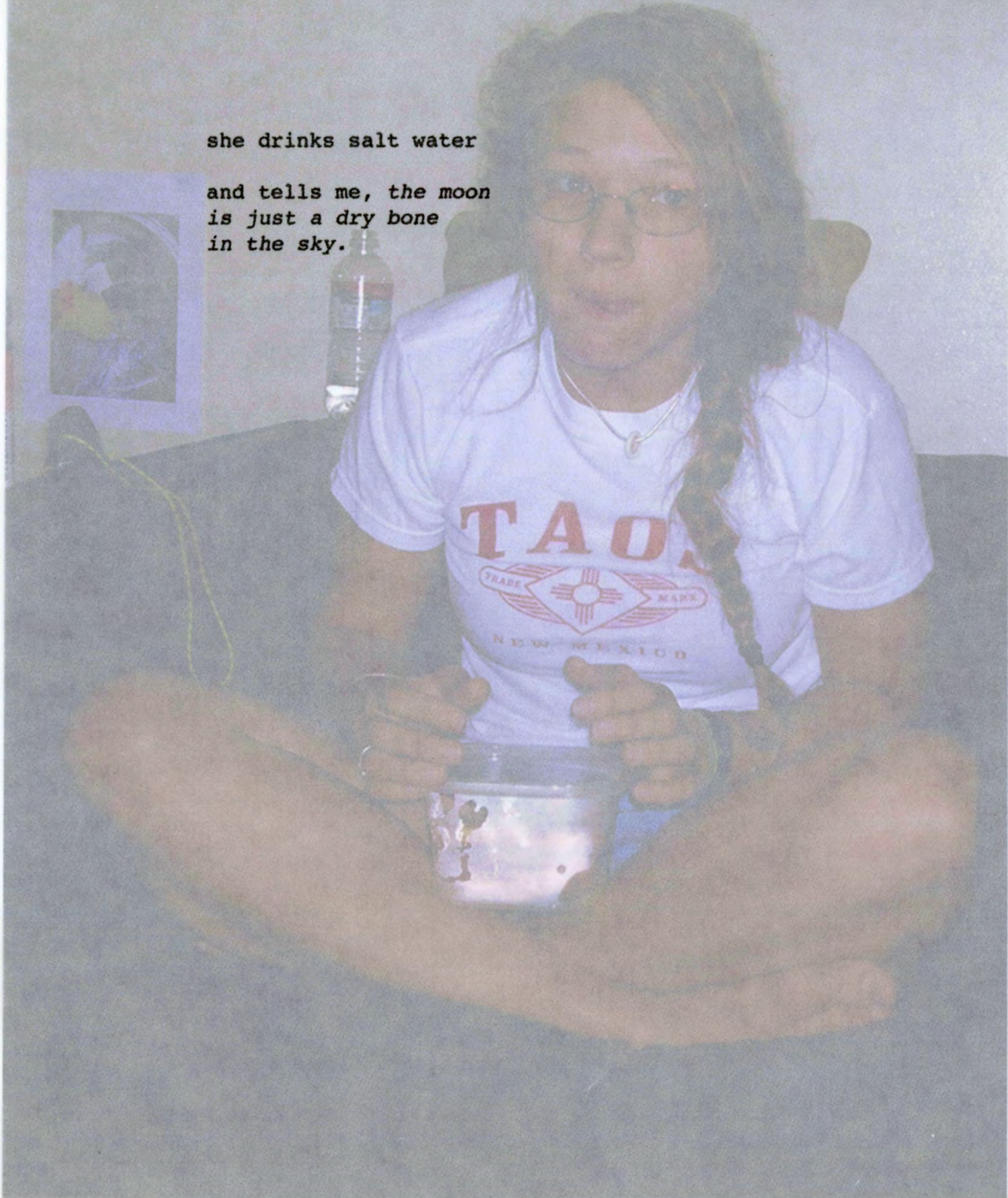


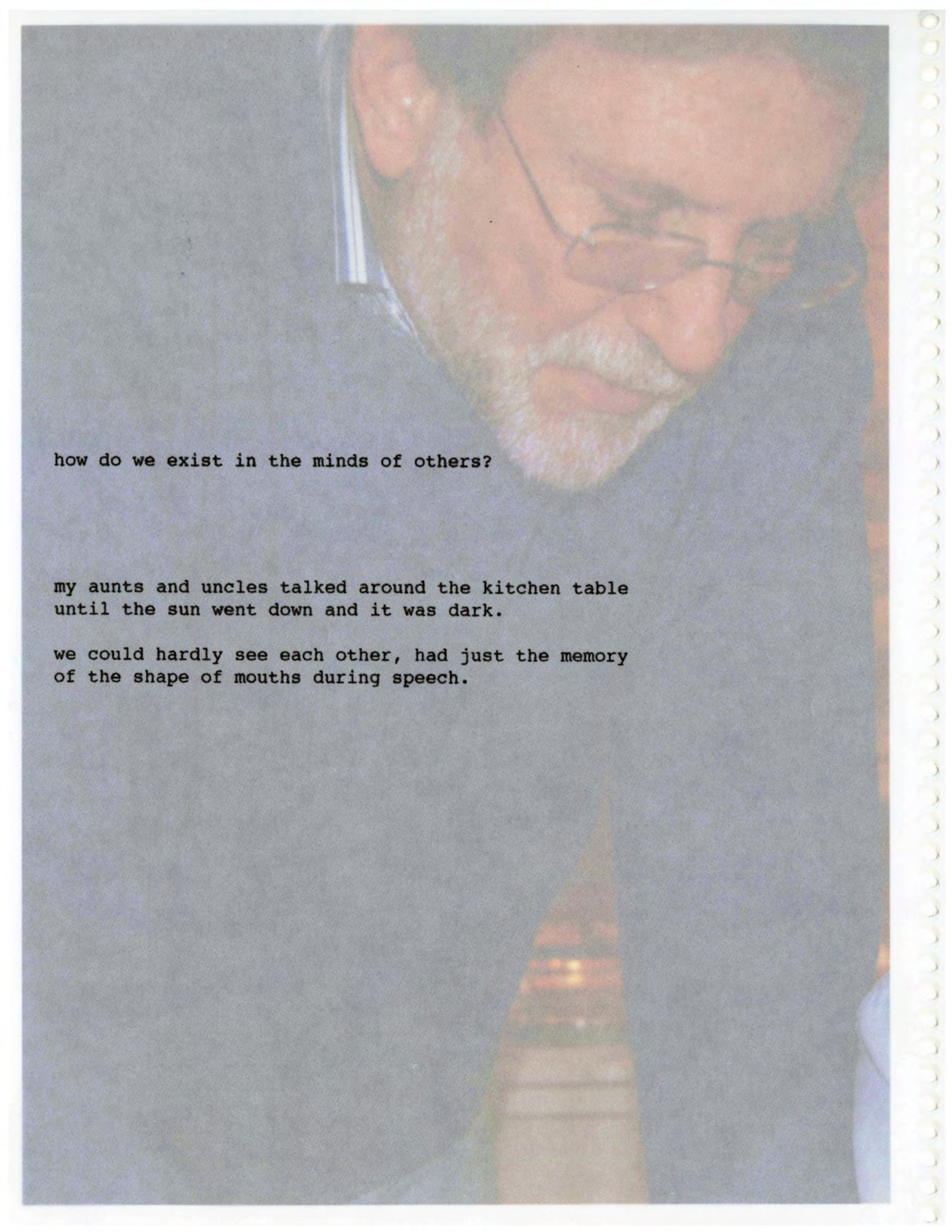
how easily
affection comes.

on my bed, i read aloud while she sews.
loving each other silently, as people do, who hardly touch.

she drinks salt water

and tells me, the moon
is just a dry bone
in the sky.





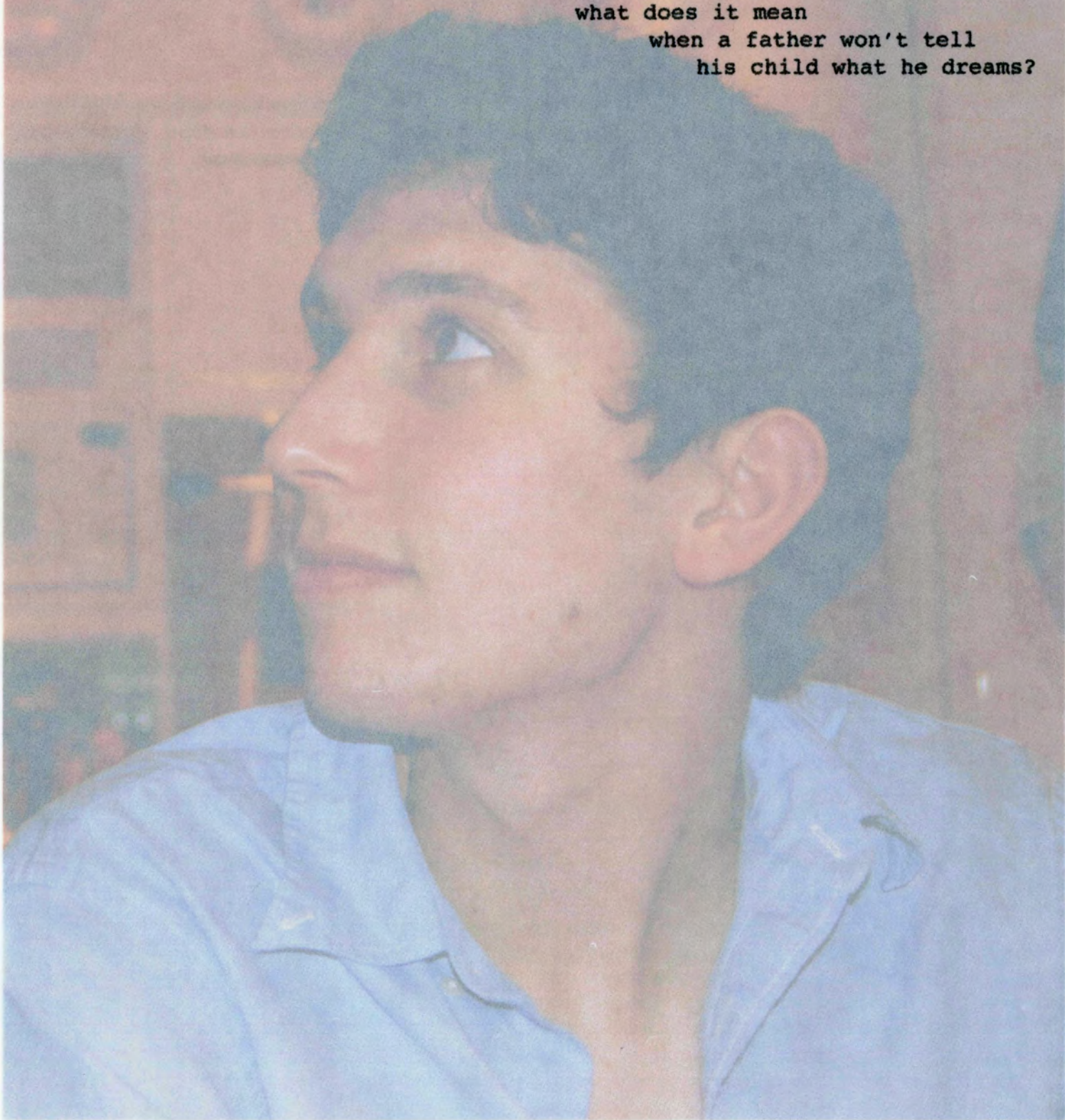
how do we exist in the minds of others?

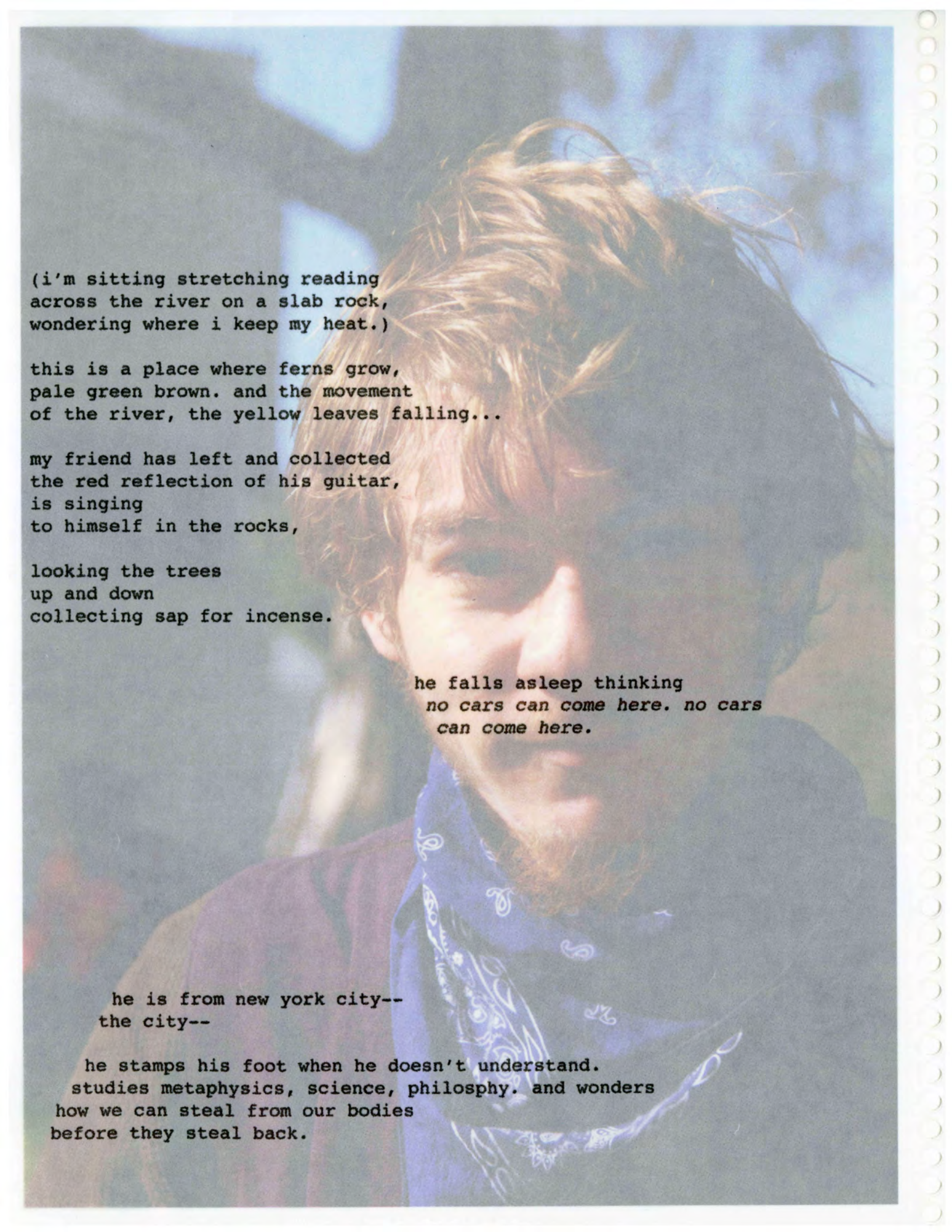
my aunts and uncles talked around the kitchen table
until the sun went down and it was dark.

we could hardly see each other, had just the memory
of the shape of mouths during speech.

and where we are from
(knowing the sadness of dampness, of rain.)

what does it mean
when a father won't tell
his child what he dreams?





(i'm sitting stretching reading
across the river on a slab rock,
wondering where i keep my heat.)

this is a place where ferns grow,
pale green brown. and the movement
of the river, the yellow leaves falling...

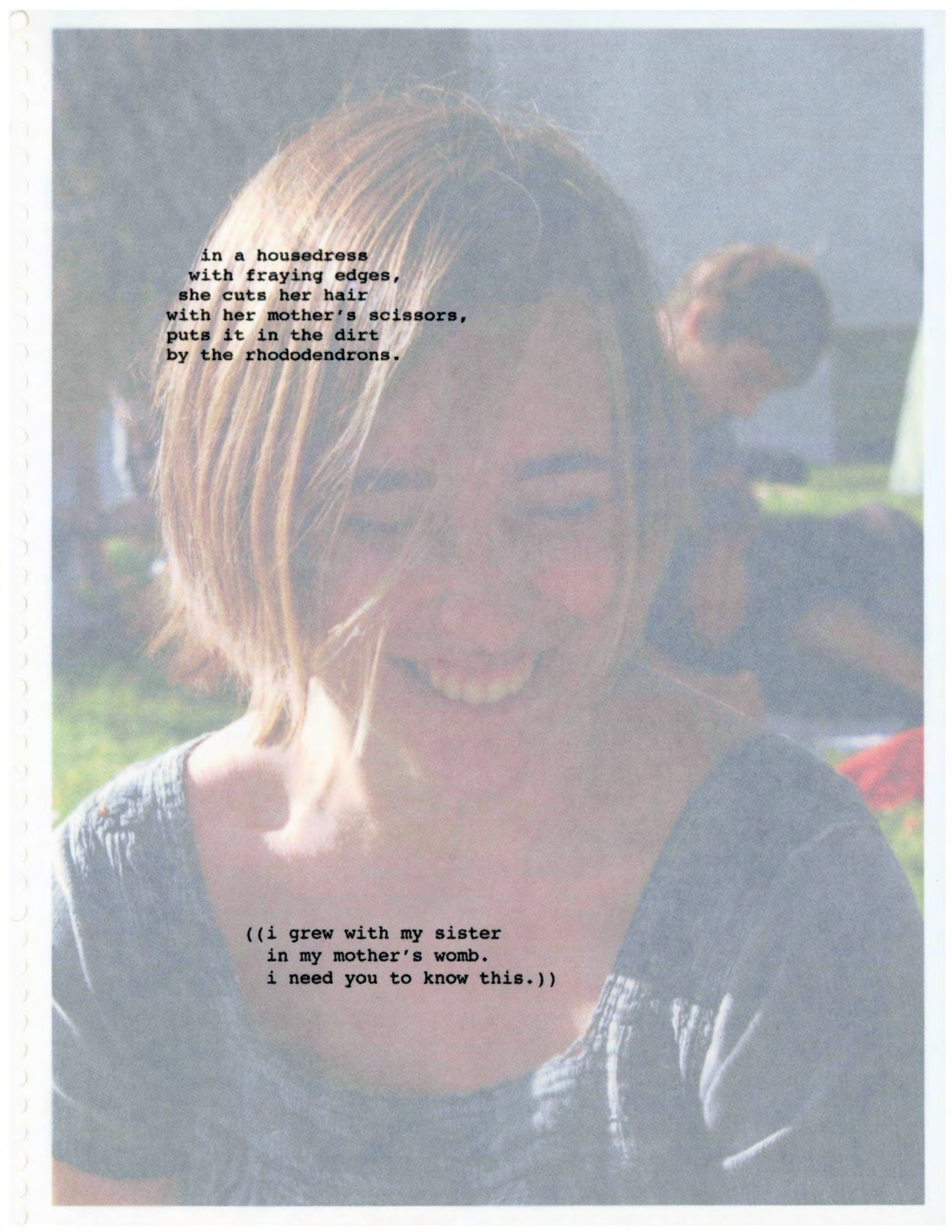
my friend has left and collected
the red reflection of his guitar,
is singing
to himself in the rocks,

looking the trees
up and down
collecting sap for incense.

he falls asleep thinking
no cars can come here. no cars
can come here.


he is from new york city--
the city--

he stamps his foot when he doesn't understand.
studies metaphysics, science, philosophy. and wonders
how we can steal from our bodies
before they steal back.



in a housedress
with fraying edges,
she cuts her hair
with her mother's scissors,
puts it in the dirt
by the rhododendrons.

((i grew with my sister
in my mother's womb.
i need you to know this.))

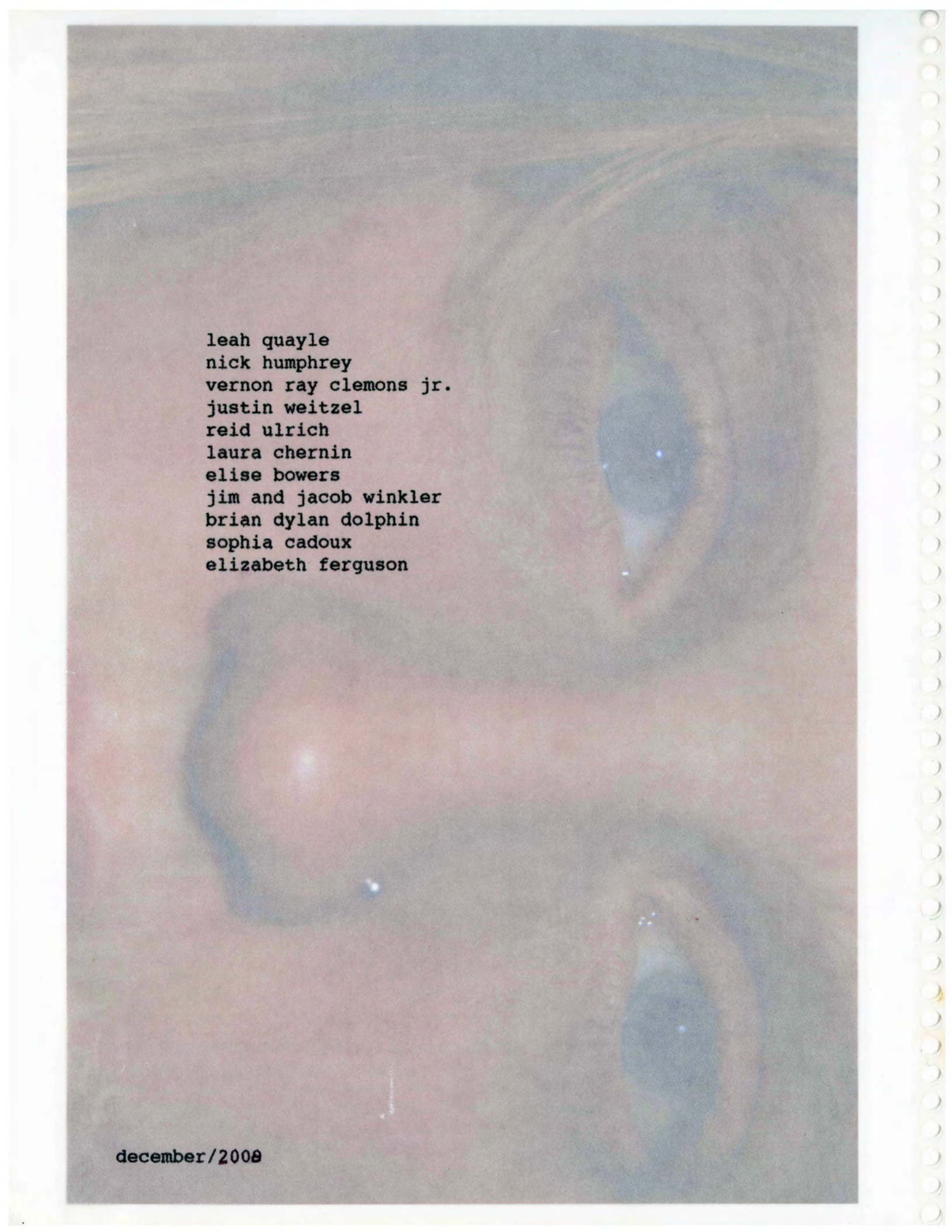


over the phone
you advise
varying degrees
of loving.

but at night, i say,
the desert pulls warmth
from my feet and fingers.

does the mind heal
like the body?

it will have been
the way we remember it.



leah quayle
nick humphrey
vernon ray clemons jr.
justin weitzel
reid ulrich
laura chernin
elise bowers
jim and jacob winkler
brian dylan dolphin
sophia cadoux
elizabeth ferguson

december/2008