

Three Poems

Dean Anthony Brink

Bay Landscape

— for my mother, Antje Kaiser

While swells of arsenic still settled along Old Town
we took stock of concentrations sprouting textures,
hollows accelerating the glimmer of lasers
on incurved barriers and a tide of migraines
drawing sentences, oxygen, smiles. We move on
without the drapery of science
to chart heroic waiting, silent grays
coerced in war fervors you've lived through
and in drawings collage postures tethered fantastically
overcoming the warp of clouds and flesh,
reaching behind, nearly touching the crowded line
near nape and shoulder, hands erased,
your hand, a man's hand and penciled back
several times in overlay, the arms angled
and washed empty again—
limbs withdrawn, surfaces faded
trying to please so long,
paper pushed underwater,
revisited, worked over, pumice in the wash sink
tearing fibers soft and corroborating
worn-away motions, thick lead
smeared outward and pressed pearly mica again,
soothing welds, lead washes—
she, hair capped, the warrior prince,
long lobes, large eyes hoping,
the burnish worked to corners while we waited.

Waste

Ice cream winter in my mother's house
pinhole winds cross glass and lead.

Back-fiddle all I will, none of my clothes fit —
a new gravity settling in. The day-to-day
sticky docks rig slow erosion off the heat —
the science more heroic than sulfur
coerced in wars, leaves veins in hardened mud
along the shore, landed in the garden—
enough to spread pastel pigments
penetrations roughened through
paper worn and warped
forcing lumps spinning out of control
sewn down in bloated patchwork
angles harnessed to a shallow, roped

shore, chains left out at low tide.

To You Who Have Been Invaded by America

To you who have been invaded by America (or any foreign power):
be yourselves, treat offending strangers as rude, unwelcome guests.
Do not let them rob you of your dignity, do not co-operate out of greed.
Care for each other—they will be confused—let them not sow divisions
out of starvation, accept no bribes to join the immoral invaders—
stay away from them and their media, do not talk except to tell them:
you must leave this place.

No collaboration, no capitulation,
no murder as they murder.

Know in your lives you are better than the invaders—
be strong—they are weak—they lash out overseas
in empty rage—they are lost—wandering ghosts—
starved by them, broken in body, you will survive:
you have known the enemy in their withholding, their plundering—
they value riches, abundance, love to hold it high before you,
would have you crawl and beg—
without you, they are nothing.

You, who can eat of your own tilling, must resist—
tear up the contracts—stand united to lose all in their eyes—
you gain everything—make them see—
they must kill all to have nothing
as no one stands with the business as usual
in America or other lands—poisoned—
truth is in other languages and religions
at home—families—turn away from the invaders—
no MacDonald's, no smile for the invader—
find your cousins' cousins in the local markets—
rely on each other to verify you are speaking—
the invaders will censor us as we look into their eyes—
email will be returned—but the list of us grows
until we indeed are the world and not moved.