

# New Poems by Alex Pitre



## Slurry

The bones had been surrounded by years of suppression, political amnesia, and walls of loam that contained not much more than clay. Now laid out in some large building on the edge of some town, these amalgamated bones or the unidentified relatives

of them know the name. The smell fills up to the rafters and a summer breeze or none at all passes through picking up new weight.

If each bone could be perfectly matched with the density of air, D could just place it in the current. Thoracic cage. Mandible. Radius. This equated

metatarsal could remain or leave without genocides or policies guiding the way home.

The smell wrapped around each hair follicle follows D home into the tile shower. Maja absorbs it. It stings as it goes,

carrying gravity, leaving impressions  
on pillows. The air wilts as it passes:  
the difficulty

of finding the definition of a word when its absence creates  
the shape of its meaning.

## Nettle

Iron legs reach, sinuous and long,  
to the floor. Down to the floor. So down, below  
a bed under the floor and above the room.  
Upside, inside, 'round and 'round.  
The smell of iron fills my nose, fermented nettle leaves.  
I live in the smell of it all.

I'll take it. All  
of you. I'll braid my fingers through your long  
eyelashes. Shake your head and let your leaves  
drift down, savoring every second below  
the winter moon rising. So round.  
We've stayed here in this room

with our roots deep in the soil. The sun to light our room,  
the walls. If you would have ever asked about all  
that I had wanted. The year turning around.  
On the beams that hold up your knees I left you such long  
messages. Can I write upside if I am below?  
And then the sun, it leaves.

I still see your face between the leaves  
casting shadows on the dirt brown wall of our room.  
Upside, inside, you've tried to hide below.  
So silly. Below is my hiding spot. All  
the things I have hidden under my roots long  
for that humus and detritus to surround  
each layer of skin. 'round and 'round.

Lying with my chin upward, your leaves  
tickle my cheeks. Lean long  
iron legs burying into our room.  
For all  
of our seconds, I'll remain below.

You know what's down here, below  
with me. We've turned around,  
spiraling. Twisting all  
our leaves and our leaves.  
You left me all the room  
again, but your arms they are so long.

Below, when I saw you there, I wondered how long  
round pupils would last in this room.  
All our seconds spent tumbled in leaves.