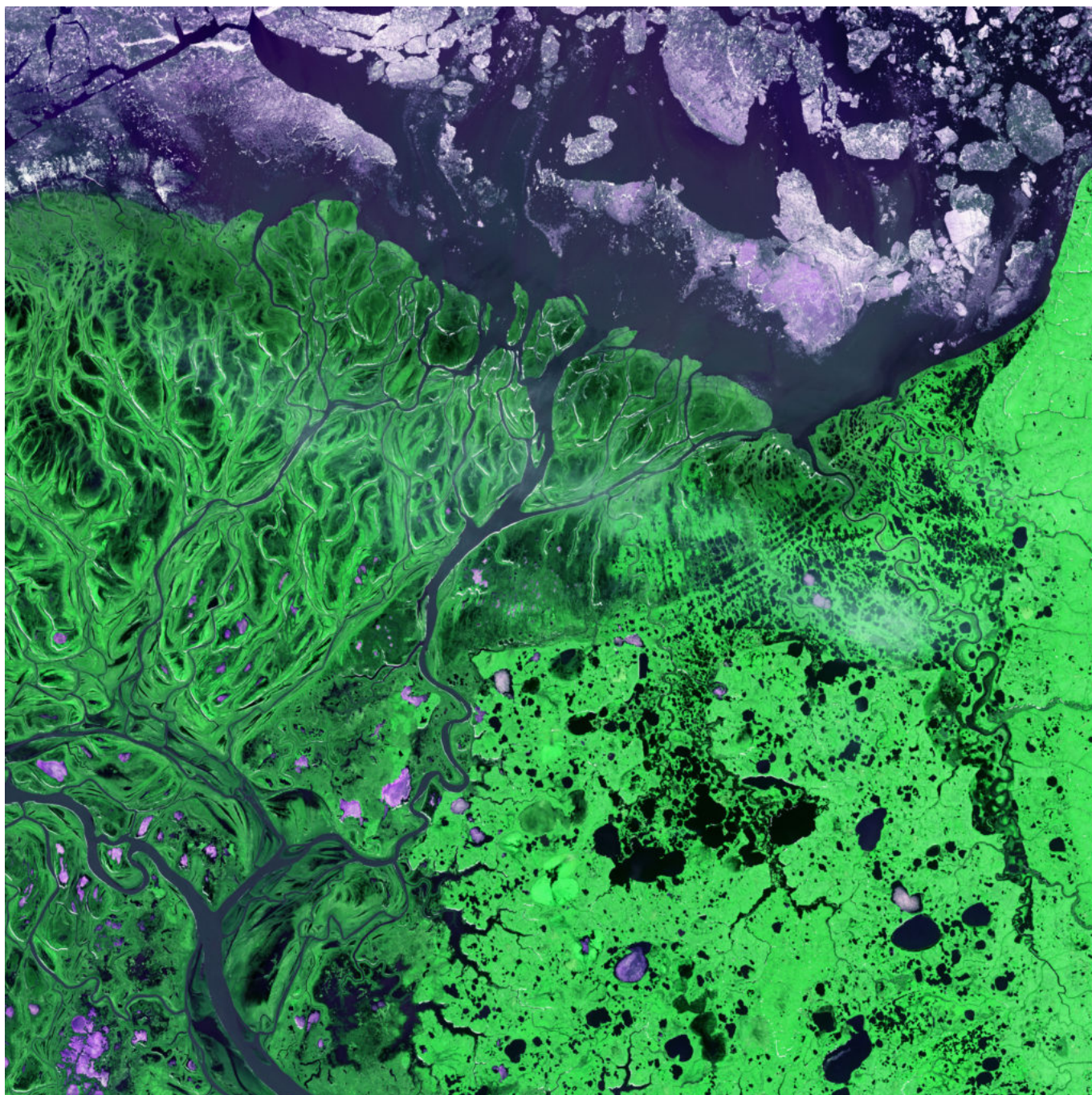


# New Poetry from Shana Youngdahl

After the Maine Tin Min Company Prospectus, 1880

The earth has veins we can  
open with our hammers.  
Follow the cassiterite crystals  
down where the iron dark  
is picked by the swings  
of men who name minerals  
by the feel of them on damp  
fingers, the bands of elvan  
quartzite like the rough  
footprints of mythical  
man, or the smooth track  
Of native silver, or gold  
Ore floating in the salty  
Rubbish of St. Just. Imagine  
Fellow capitalists, what  
Enterprise can find  
Rose colored mica, purple  
Fluor spar, tourmaline,  
And a thin river of  
Tin Ore imbedded among  
calc spar crystals, follow  
that river, I say, crack  
the vein open.



## To Find the Center of a Circle from a Part of the Circumference

Which is all I am really after, the path to the midpoint  
and how to get there from this little arch

of my hand I'm told to *span the dividers any distance*

and with *one foot on the circumference*

*describe the semi-circumferences:* today pollen and blue sky,

book bound in navy cloth and draped with black  
velvet. The ache in my wrist, throat and head dull  
like the birdsong we stop hearing weeks ago.

I'm trying to find the center: the point I can cut from.  
I pencil out two indefinite lines and lean  
under this dome into the illuminated center.  
Someone a very long time ago, told me to call *point P*.  
There is comfort in such specifics, but still I feel  
like all the unwound clocks that fill old buildings;  
there is something I am supposed to do, but  
in the fog I am unfocused, turn my head  
to another arch and am led away.

—

1.

### **First or only?**

My child is three—  
wakes three times

a night  
has no room

I would know. Wouldn't I?

Piling her piss-soaked  
blankets on the wood floor  
I leave them to fume,  
  
wait for the calendar or the swelling.

8.

I know  
and don't. I'm half-open  
hungry, two days  
from late.

I dreamt my name wrong.  
I dreamt a boy laughing,  
my girl pulling his

baby boots on, spelling  
her own name that I  
could read by water.

37.

Find  
a stone to fit the palm,  
  
our last iris, photographs of daughter's wet curls, half-  
burned  
  
and broken candles, recall when sister  
believed the rainbow alive.  
  
Collect your pebbles.

38.

I leak  
dying larkspur and the strain  
of mileage.

It's a glass night,  
with clean towel,  
and midwives in  
the basement room  
where spills won't  
wet spines and this damp  
brings the cool harness  
of crying.

39.

We set out walking  
the child grabs a stick  
points at clicking marmots  
shakes the trees and piñon  
bleeds into her fingers  
she twists it into her hair.  
She is pitched  
and dust rises like fire  
billowing between sisters.