

New Poetry by Kathleen Hellen: "People Boats" and "Pretending There Is A Garden In The Spring, Paradise In Time"



DREAMS SWELL LASHED / image by Amalie Flynn

people boats

dreams swell/ lashed to circumstance in Syria/ in Gambia/
launched from Libya in leaky rubber chugs to birdless deep/
chugs w/ floor of feet w/ canopy of arms like 700 starfish
sweating/ surfing demons/ keeling keening groaning spinning
ferment/ tossed estrange/ the black moon sinking into raucous
mucus maelstroms/ cataract of violet distress/ the turbulence
of orange sun/ bursting over flotsom/ boats adrift/ boats
repelled/ prison haulers fatal w/o water, w/o air fatal in
shrieking rescue/ panicked sea/ 10 hours tossed to grief/
where vomit waters sweep the beaches gnawed by ruptured rubber
masses/ huddled under searchlights/ infant wish:: democracy

pretending there is garden in the spring, paradise in time

this silk and golden weft that weaves
its vines through field and forest
this intricate design atop a kingdom
of the dying, above the restless thread
of streets, the rot beneath:: Deep

the sleep of mouse and wren, the carcasses
of crickets. The desiccated corpses
of the moths. Beneath the flowers all
dyed dismal, dog and possum disemboweled,
little deer with tongue stuck out, the rat
beheaded, like video of hostage