## THE STILLS

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only a small blur
of a country maybe critical a charge intersecting seed and rotes
no b&w gas station or flags crossing
railroads all dust and blown

now no river left to tumble

a sequence is a decade in the passing person-

operates the thorax nerves project

a berated atmosphere: losing of heat through the top of head firstly, is what teachers all say

to throwing objects

not in relation but received none=the=less in the mind

public image :: cut edges carved against

asphalt indigestion of the all-operative all fully activate so few o, it had a time to cut

passing in \\ floor again and, throw it now

what passing does to you

throws you

i have been kinder, the losing

of heat to a tree

even 50

feels

all said , firstly, what

is. blowing is not an hour but a fledgling utterance against the middle of words

fixed or unfixed. not in

relation

how this was

other people bound so what passing does

is initiate tendency

leaving off of stick figures suspended and framed

with the blue mountains swallowed black in the back; all of my country forward. this

o so bound, gelid fingers approach detached from the eye

reach out to the cast iron bar \\ an invitation not a, museum no interactive here

although you touched, anyway, stranger still you

so far long gone in it masking

a cash register like a barb a sawmill extended across a metal beam with washer / drill / a bolt

my messenger

is informative: when you are here is when you are is

all rattle-cursing disappear

a woman and her daughter leave in a giant car / it is metal / only it scares dogs and birds don't they know

walk or

the tree is number 54-slow going avoidance, and still.

two black labs against a dense wall of conifers next to interstate 85

wonder if stopping will only make it worse

we drive / you

towards the war

America's Rome is Baltimore see shelled-out ruins of snitches

she's telling about the trees

used for lynching

used to be called HANGTOWN

east is east but this is west

there are live oaks in the west and a town not called HANGTOWN now, but was, in the west

now named for a lake a pleasant, simple life

this is we by extension

an emptiness here where once was a culture, a citizen, a life

no restitution.

didn't they compose us // or drugs

porous 🛨

in the first place// poor veins for the taking.

is wrong ascension. is it?

nobody flies that way anymore. we feels inadequate now but won't then will someone

> swallow up the empty and spit the cancer out.

it is falling down outside and blocking the drive. in pieces at a time. gun shots sound out we drive passing them //

soft landings

yesterday no. 53 sagged. i think it means you miss

today the wind is not moving faster than the car

it looks awfully thick to be an allegory

my spectacle tells me Memphis is running i mean it is on my mind-the fear of it

to stall o but the heat

Memphis thick with it

the way-fried pickles [as in over] and GRACELAND only hazard

we, a determination of how one can

be so light about light

the bricks writ with // are pleading for life

the lungs gurgle labored near to drown in that room in this one he cannot breathe his trachea is collapsing but still he will dance for you at the typewriter

in Holbrook there is nothing but sky not money, no water in the pool we sat, as four, angered by the leaving

that night i dream we are living the pain of knowing we will die always just behind ourselves we sink into resentful breathing

when i wake up: it is still hot there is still no water in the pool and we are still angry. i wish my chest would billow. the wind is blowing.

instead i buffet.

in las vegas the neighboring table told us to go to the gardens because they were the most amazing gardens the table had ever seen and so we go but we think hasn't that table ever been to  $\longleftrightarrow$  even this man. it doesn't occur to us that the table has ever traveled outside of las vegas but the table is from ohio so it must've been from somewhere else with plants. plastic motorbikes and racecars set amongst pink plastic flowers and some. we got lost for a little while, gambled 7 dollars that also got lost.

went back to the hotel to be with the dogs.

there is no reasoning the darkness always to my left.

there is only an image and the image is light a light that is only california light what does light do goes so appreciated in a way that only is taken with light that is light from a thicker air a mossier plain. there is only image and image is awkward stilt-split in a hat handlebarred or barren repeat stumble fade only image and image is vulnerable moments fingers slid in holes not meant for sliding in too dark to believe in site-specific

an ominous tone is beshitting the poem that began with image that is light that is only

can one be so light about light

we buy Diebenkorn prints to remind us of home.