

**THÉRÈSE BACHAND**

**ELEVEN POEMS**

“The world is on fire”  
shadows of clouds  
cement skyscrapers  
to cloistered  
redactions of our  
mothers/ human  
edifices remain  
devoid of visual  
restraints as the  
body to strict  
observance or  
nature to false  
witness/ seeking  
alms in the exclamation  
a daughter  
withdraws from  
all worldly laying  
her hand across  
her mouth – a  
vocation that  
quenches the spirit

typewritten #9

friendship my darling  
permits discord

a

hasty word and even  
harboring a grudge  
intimacy includes  
everything while  
endearing love  
to concealed  
extremes        relatives  
can invent a choir  
of inappropriate  
trials every cross  
a communion and  
multitudes permitting  
vocations of opposites

typewritten #13

perhaps the ailment  
is elsewhere proclaim  
ourselves alive we  
are the silence wailing  
about a mere nothing  
pamper the nouns  
alleviate the emergency  
hermit by stopping  
breath & acting  
on principle (ask  
me about an unhappy  
marriage) self  
indulgence is everything  
it's as if your  
heart were breaking

typewritten #14

the doctor confirms  
the gatekeeper is  
undisposed and may

require a replacement  
so much depends upon  
readiness “she

clings to it manfully”  
is an edifying discretion  
that compares a fast

& shrinking tranquility  
slightest mindful  
decapitates very quickly

resisting precedence  
foam on water

typewritten #16

more has been  
achieved with  
a dishtowel than

a gun/ ambition  
can appear as  
“wrestling with the

devil” or a holy  
boldness grasping  
for truth no

loss of honor to  
bring everyone along  
at the same time

being satisfied with  
what is given check-  
mates a restless murmur

typewritten #18

night has uneven  
quietness the freeway  
does not abate closer

voices follow the same  
path as human voices  
do concentrating

on direction puzzling  
over unoccupied (flank  
to front) how bodies

have a habit of  
processing one and  
then the other signing

yourself over to  
speaking in tongues  
as laughing makes

fathomless the ocean  
and then everything  
trembles again

typewritten #21

rising from play  
I looked death straight  
in the face and

delighted in him  
at the expense of  
the body everything

is the word of God  
a plight trampled  
upon those on

earth who shut themselves  
up before entering into  
the court of detraction

my thoughts may wander  
but nothing can be learned  
without a little trouble

typewritten #23

a fervent attitude of  
verbal intercourse eureka  
transient intellect

over gin or toast  
coffee or hummus  
surely you remember

the outward sense a  
prayer of quiet featured  
in another place

to swoon while thinking  
the word swoon moves  
noteworthy an unparticular

day

typewritten #24

I can't remember the  
last time I spelled my  
name with meaning

the light grows  
young

let's all go live  
in our own beehive

we can cherish each  
other as if we were  
the only humans

put your feet into  
my sleeve and  
exhale

typewritten #25

enduring the sight  
of rank a portrait  
stumbles in haste

descending into sacrament  
of friendship make  
me laugh or cry

injustice is a topsy-turvy  
disguise how little we  
understand ourselves

simulacra of trial  
forwards humility  
deserts in bloom

typewritten #28

jealousy obliges  
saying one thing

and meaning another  
a simple affirmation

distresses even  
though seeing is

what's given what  
favor do devices

reckon to belief  
darkness finds

virtue or reliance  
on nothings we

test our fallible  
dreams and leave

our sexuality  
out to dry

typewritten #30