The words spoken as magic
Elixirs for my open ears,
Open for words of resist
From equally strong/soft voices
Of older sisters, roping me
Into the lineage I have come
To find myself accidentally in.
I can embody the power and
ferocity of Anne Waldman, the
Root Matriarch of a lineage
Awake enough to be named?
Your tenderness is your strength
Tenderness is your strength
Tenderness is strength
Tenderness strength
Tender strength
Tender strength
Yes I am angry
Yes I am crying
It is possible to LOVE
Without having to Have met or seen or touched someone
This land, land of fire, has no consistency with all nature; it must learn to adapt to its surroundings with semi-autonomic and forced sound,
Opa, Amrita them.
Ta ga ta; Bombs no
gin; the sounds. I have
a dot patch; waiting for
gloria is Red Star.
HOW. how the Red line
stops. & Krishna save us
antlers up, White Star.
boot legging & mortar
boating. Mermaid’s swimming
a-moore:
close your eyes and
invent the
space – Ashima
Sleep. Let go. You are desperate for night and for the presence of your life and gorge on it. But it’s okay to wait. You will get it back one day. Right now. Sleep. You are living in security. But it won’t always be that way.
Gotta be careful careful
O no! I’m so afraid of decorum!

SPEAK

Speak, child.
Just speak.

“What are you doing here?”

My teacher. She’s gone... I haven’t seen her for so long. She reminded me—
you know—
you have always known it’s just been a very long time, and you’ve forgotten.

“Don’t stop looking for me”

You are it.

You are exactly where you need to be

you are seeing the glint of the Trout upstream, not the actual trout.

listen, woman: if the wolf be at the door, open it and eat him.

never let them touch you

you were always so fucking literal

you are stronger than I was.
you are strong. Stay Strong.
cuz getting old is a bitch.
so stay strong. Oh, and stay happy.

Be your Name
the word: Let
  Letting
  Led
  o  Be careful
  o  Be allowed
Beyond the firma-
MENT

} Prayer E

M

Peace.
[evening collections by Michelle Naka Pierce]

-Erasure of Barthes:
They unravel, prod, rediscover
  Substance
Two hands
From bowl to lips
To mutilate
Skin, flesh
A mouth armed w/ knives

You are worthy. – Aphrodite

-lines from readers:
Taken by flight
Chrysanthemum girl
Her map is a series of maybes
Seasick me
To spill wooden sounds into the morning
Was it a laceration? Yes
I cannot give you a lake
Collect me. Collect this cloud within my mouth
I used to know how to spell my name
You’d better digress more than just a bit
I forgot I was real
Experiments in survival
Speak your heroes! Mash them!