

A RAG-TORN WORLD

Dawnell Harrison





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Gone

My stomach dreams of something
Ripped from it.

My soul dreams of tattered bits
Of blue raining down like a

Ticker-tape parade.
My mind holds cold blanks -

It does not know what to think
Since I said it is over.

Memory moves like snow drifts -
Holding onto the highs and

Shoving the lows
Into the hooded background.

Two red beating hearts
Stopped dead like a dog

That freezes to death
From the elements.

Take notes.

Purpose

A lobotomy would be nice.
All emotions pressed out

By shocks of blankness,
My hands lying flat

And upward towards the sky.
I cannot feel your hatred

Or your tenderness.
I am in a long, sweet abyss

Of nothingness.
I am the person I always

Wanted to be -
Soft and sweet like cotton candy.

I dream that I am Dorothy
In the Wizard of Oz.

Toto rambles beside me.
The yellow brick road

Awaits me -
I have a purpose now.

White hot

The stars are white hot flames
Lingering in the ebony sky

As I bleed my life away.
A man as mad as a shroud

Of crows crosses my path,
Mumbling gibberish to himself.

I turn away as the violet purple fog
Hangs in the air like a chandelier
That needs dusting.

A volatile space

Desiccated vowels
Speak to my soul

From some volatile space.
I hear a pigeon's muffled voice

Murmur to me
In the hooded darkness.

Cherry blossoms ice
The spring night

With their coldness.
My heart beating in its cage

Has been dismembered by
By loud voices and

Sealed judgements.
I move forward
In a silent rage.

A raging red soul

Glimmering debris forms
Clouds above the sunset -

All the colors lay in complete solitude.
Pink. Purple. Red.

Monstrous swirls of stars light
The glittering sky with absolute peace.

Soul. Hope. Meaning.
Romance is emaciated -

Everyone hit the forward button
On courting.

I ran across the rooftops
Proclaiming love is dead.

Sorrow. Rage. Loneliness.
I use to dance.

Now the floors remain
Silent and forgetful.
Life. Youth. Senility.

The unknown

The breeze is a choir of hooks -
The rain falls on spring flowers

Wanting to bloom
Before their time.

Red. Yellow. Pink.
Coffee and nerves overflow

From cups and fingertips -
Not knowing when things end

Or if they do at all.
Hot and strong. Rattled. Unanswered.

Does the sidewalk recall
The weight of bodies upon it?

Mystical. Meaning. Molecules.
Some days I wander

In the back recesses
Of my mind.

Love. The unknown. Hunger.

Describing life

I am the lost verb,
The noun scurrying off

To some indefinite space,
A tsunami of love and

Indifference that is
Not solid or can be solid

Depending on the day,
The time, the endless

Blathering of my mind.
I have been given the body

Of a female but my thoughts
Are androgynous,

My physical address is uncommon,
My days of wanting men are over.

I want to be a stalactite and
A stalagmite and the same time.

I float lilies downstream.
I have never skinny-dipped.

Is there a warp in time
That I can visit or a place where
Time does not exist?

A silent core

My breath is moving
Toward a silent core.

I understand now what death
Death feels like -

Its feathery fluting,
Its sweet blank slate,

Its tongue calling come to me,
Come into the gilded light.

The night is magnified
By shadows coming and going

In my sterile room.
They kiss my face,

My hands,
Anything that belongs to me.

They check my breathing
And my pulse -

They want my silent pull,
My ending that leaves me
Looking so absolutely still.

Blood

My Mother gave me kindness.
My Father gave me a sense of humor.

My Grandmother gave me
The ability to cook.

My Grandfather gave me
Suicidal behavior.

My Stepfather gave me confidence.
I wore pretty dresses to school.

I learned how to make myself up
Like a little painted doll.

I showed the boys my hands
And knees -

They never got much out of me.
I went to college and learned

How to stay up all night.
May I inherit only the

Good tendencies and let
My dusty remains
Silence my bones.

Unplugged

The phone is unplugged
So no voices can creep through.

This is how I like it now.
No family to shine a light

On my kindness or my venom -
The concentrate on the latter.

They spill their shrill voices
Until the glass is overflowing.

I sleep in a silence
That is overwhelming.

Closes on nothing

My voice closes on nothing -
Silent vowels rise

From my throat.
I am recuperating

From some infection
On the lungs.

The doctor set me up
With a mill of drugs -

I swallow round drops
Of white and blue.

I climb from my bed -
Heavy as a horse and

Ready to be well again.
My voice is still the silent.
Mark I leave.

Hood of white

The moon is
A hood of white -

Partial but still
Controlling the tides

As they push in and out
Of sandy beaches.

The moon's darkness
Drags behind me

Like a child with a blanket
Trailing after them.

Words can be axes
Of steel and wood

That slice your humility
In half -

The moon speaks
Of nothing and

Destroys nobody.
She is a kind Mother

With sweet, round
Candies in her craters.

The monsoon

The monsoon is a choir
Of hooks and cold blanks.

The wind slices through
The Joshua trees as the

Cacti stand sturdy and true
Relishing in their own weight.

The windows shake
As the night puts

On a light show all its own -
The lights dissolve and bleed
On the light blue kitchen walls.

The train cries

The train cries as if
Its engine is hooked

To a crane.
A baby screams about

A blood red fable and
Scrubs the air raw.

The geese flutter
Into the breeze -

They are searching
For a space without cries.

The dew appears
On the grass like

Small diamonds just
Cut for display.

Sweet calling

The far sea softens
My heart.

I've never heard
My heart beat

So slowly -
It is the sweet calling

Of the waves.
I lie peacefully

With my hands up
Toward the gilded sky.

I have never been
So simple-minded

And happy.
Now there is only

One seagull
On the Seattle pier.

Peaceful

The far sea
Softens my soul,

My bones cling
To a silence.

I have never been
So peaceful -

I lay with my hands
Upwards toward

The moon as
The breeze slices
Between the oak trees.

Sad moon

Your mouth moves quickly,
But you say nothing.

Lies and a sad moon
Encompass your withered soul -

I can hear it grieving like
A widow at a funeral.

God will let you through
To a blackened sky

With blood red roses
At your feet.

A party

The rocks in my front yard
Are gemmed with rain -

A mill of rain drops
Battle with the forecast

Bruising the sky purple
And black.

A party at my house -
The human beehive buzzes

In one at a time as they
Lay their needs on me.

My heart is too small
For such desires.

I smile as if I truly care
As the headlights
Of cars trail down the street.

Fresh pain

The rain marbles the sky
Grey and black

As the wind blows
My golden hair sideways -

Tussles cling
To my maroon lipstick.

My baby rubs the air raw
With her blood red cries,

Always wanting something
That I sometimes cannot undo.

She holds fresh pain
In her soul that only God

Can comprehend.
We move forward.

Tiger lilies

The moon frowns on me -
I disappoint her.

Six tiger lilies
Sit in a tubular vase

On the kitchen counter.
They are too wild for me -

Their spots throw me
Off balance.

They seem to lean on me
As their open mouths

Say feed me.
I have nothing to feed them -

These beasts inhabiting
My house, my eyes,

My lukewarm assurances
From the world.

Bury

There is food to be prepared.
They will bury the body tomorrow.

Fifty drunkards ambling around
With food hanging out of their mouths.

I can hear their teeth clicking
Against teeth,

Against silverware,
Against glasses

Full of ice and whiskey.
The room will be soaked

With old spice and overly
Sprayed perfumes -

These smells hang
In the air like lingering

Cigarette smoke -
Grey and dull.

The body is to be
Laid out like a banquet -

Blood gone and formaldehyde
In its place.

Hooded darkness

All night the night
Has been darkening

With a flood of blackness
Like mercury that drips

Through the veins of the sky.
The sky is starless and

Motherless -
The moon is a small sliver

Of itself.
I want to return

To the star stuff
And moon dust -

I want to suck on the
Hooded darkness
Of the night.

Associations

My bones hold a coldness.
The Oregon coasts' waves

Move in my soul
While the birds'

High-pitched cries
Melt my ears.

Idaho's six feet of snow
Falls down into a great

Whiteness from which
There is no return.

Arizona's pink sunrises
Dot my heart with a bevy

Of bright colors.
Washington state's rain

Washes my face clean
Of contentment.

My associations
With the dead
No longer cling to me.

Engulfing my soul

Your face was a hundred
Small sparkling lights

Engulfing my soul
With hope and splashing

My heart a velvet red.
I could not tell where

I ended and where you began.
My mind had previously

Shattered into thousands
Of bits of ocean blue fragments

Until you took my hand
And simply kissed it.

Fragments

I feel flat and dull
With a bevy

Of broken fragments
For a mind.

Something floats above me
Like a cloudy smog

As I lay resting my head
On a fluffy pastel pillow.

Words drag through
My mind like clogs

Clopping down a
Long-winded hallway.

I am numb and feel
Absolutely nothing -

A flattened sheet
That's been ironed
With fresh starch.

Footsteps

Angels swim in the vast array
Of silver stars as the clouds slip

Through the sky like
A thread through a blanket.

The moon dissolves
On the yellow kitchen wall,

Splaying its lights all over
The night.

The stars bleed from the sky
Down to the ground.

I silently walk around
The house trying to forget

My mistakes
Footstep by footstep.

City life

City life is a smattering of hooks -
Cars honking,

Street lights blinking,
The crowds of cars that form

A parking lot on I-5,
Dogs running in the streets,

Sheets of rain beating down
Whatever there is to be beaten down.

Questions without answers,
Unsettling to a world of order

And foundation.
Coffee and stress flow

From my fingertips -
Not knowing where things end

And begin or if they do at all.
My cat sleeps in solitude,
My only respite for the day.

Kleptomaniac

Light droops from my side
With a new girl screaming

Into the silent, rose-filled air.
She loves my face and

Her Father's soft embrace.
The baby is a kleptomaniac -

She has stolen my placenta
And sucks my sagging breasts like

A hungry lion.
She cries like a girl as mad as bats

And steals my hearing and sanity.
My stomach still bulges and

My thighs are as thick as
Tree stumps -

The baby girl shows me
She breaths softly and has

No responsibility.
She is a little god.

Ruby red fire

The moon's tears,
The sun's blood -

The sky a mess
Of ruby red fire that pulsates

Like a living creature.
My psyche lives there -

Burning and burning
Into an unforgiving night

As my soul turns and turns
Upon a milky bed.

The sun

Under a conceiving sun
The poppies rise up

To meet its rays
In a flurry of colors

As the shallow clouds
Drift like a thin fog
In the rose-drenched sky.

Red and tainted

I am moving towards
The grappling vermillion light.

You were never meant
To come with me -

Your body is red and tainted
Like a rust red engine

At the bottom of a river.
Do me no harm and

Don't follow me or leave me
On the side of the road

That eventually leads
To the yellow and red

Tulip fields.
I imagine you flailing
About in a foreign sky.

Torn off

As if my own face was
To be torn off,

You broke my soul
Into red fragments

That caught the light
Of the orange sun.

The pieces of me spun
Around in wavy circles

Like a Tilt-a-Whirl
At the fair.

I was neither coming
Or going -

Everything stood still
Like a lion eying its prey.

Heavy

Your soul is heavy -
A bag full of steel girders.

The weight of it presses
Into my bones, my flesh,

Any tender parts I own.
I do not cry.

My soul is light and golden -
It cannot take on your soul's

Infinite mass,
The untouchable red.

Mine

The pain I wake to is mine.
I've tried molding it into something

Respectable and scolding
It with a large stick.

I can't get through.
Perhaps I am talentless

Or the pain has been encapsulated -
A dull shriek in the wind

Like a popped balloon.
The vowels I form do me no good.

My voice is diminished -
I am being disciplined

For not handling it all properly.
I rise from the wind and devour

The oxygen filling up
My full red lungs.

The divorcing moon

From the divorcing moon
I learned it was mottled and

Laden with craters as the sun
Lay sleeping in its infinite heat.

The crimson sky melted and
The clouds streaked like strips
Of blood from a wound.

The edges

The moon witnesses me
Curl up at the edges as

Snowflakes sweep
Through my head like

Spindrift waves.
Words fail me similar

To prizes lost at the fair
As I ponder the depth

And width and length
Of my life like a drifter
With too many thoughts.

Stunned

I have been stunned by you -
My mouth a gaping windsock

Blowing in the breeze.
I feel like my life has been stolen

From me like a thief nabbing
A red Ferrari,

A real grand theft auto.
You are the raw monsoon

Blowing water sideways
Into my face.

I stand there never asking why.
I know it is your heart burning black

As the night -
All positivity slapped clean
From the day,

A teller of misfortunes like you
Dwells in it.



