

Seeking the Fold



A collection of new poems
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lunafly

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Contents

Blue Spells

Oak and Ice

Of Dogs and Divinity

Golden Rings

I die for you.

Comet Reflecting in the Pool of Your Eye

The curve in the ring/Unknowing

The Poisoned Rat

We

Life After Words

seeking the fold



Blue Spells

an erasure poem found in Meridian by Alice Walker;
p. 118-121

Washed in ink, Anne-Marion
Moved in blue spells.
She would laugh and laugh.

But one day, blue became black.
Sight seemed exhaustively elaborate.
Fainting paralysis.

Light of the Universe,
Innocent as the rocks.
Anne-Marion could not see.

Eyes slipping away.
Die blank and nothing.
All around soft spikes glow.

Sight pricked. Dreamily,
She hugged a lover
Like Jesus.

Black eyes required jazz.
She would survive.
She endured.

The audience was rapt.
Revelation in her eyes.
She believed!



Oak and Ice

a villanelle

Eyes capped with the ice of age
My body twists in dull, slow dying
Through the veil, I fix my gaze

The mind dissolving in its cage
Fire burning, damp skin drying
Eyes capped with the ice of age

My body is the Earth in age
You seek the wisdom in the raven crying
Through the veil, I fix my gaze

A part is ending, a dimming stage
Audience stands with faces shining
Eyes capped with the ice of age

Garden overgrown with fragrant sage
Harvest gifts at the time of light'ning
Through the veil, I fix my gaze

Bury me there near the windy crag
Where the old oak twists in timeless
shrining
Eyes capped with the ice of age
Through the veil, I fix my gaze



Of Dogs and Divinity

1.

It rose around me like honey.
*Warm amber, liquid light,
Divine buzz lofting up,
My feet buoyed from the earth,
Crumbs of soil stuck to my toes,
My head tilting back.*

2.

We move through it, bound,
sensing it snatch up our tender young.
New earth wails like babies hitting cold air.
Tortured scream of striving breath.
Thick as sugar water in my nose,
slow motion swim, dead weight
somehow lifting into flight.
It reaps what we only feel,
hungry and unjudging.
Red beacons blinking,
hot to the eye,
cold to touch.

3.

Great dog god
Cosmic copilot
Head hanging out
the window,
tongue flapping
in the solar wind.

Slobber drips in thick
viscous string, splatting splotches
on the crust of continents
below.

4.

Burbling.
Cold cosmic tongue
flapping in the solar wind,

hungry and unjudging.

Sense it snatch up our tender young.
Crumbs of soil stuck to his toes...

Thick viscous string -

liquid light

thick as sugar water in my nose,
splatting splotches on the crust below.

Babies hit cold air
and the silence around it is a door.



Golden Rings

I step and atoms wind in

expansion

contraction

Inside me, universes
How do I embody this

A million selves, a billion galaxies

Spiral dervish spiral

I pull heavenly bodies into my orbit
With my gravity
With my light

Chimes and dimes clang to the ground
Empyrean orbs drawn from their orbits

Spinning to settle

Like heavy
Golden
Rings.



I die for you.

Filled with vapors and matter,
There in the fabric of time,
You see me.

A place my dust and bones link to
inexorably.
You are made of my ancestors and my
right rib.

I die for you, expanding -

Never still in my vortex of heat,
Rapidly cooling.
See my flash before you exist.



Comet Reflecting in the Pool of Your Eye

If we were comets, we'd never touch;
Never touching in the cold of space,

Space all around our streaking burn -
Burning ourselves, alone, not touching,

Touching like islands under the sea.
On the seafloor stretches the mountain,

The mountain is hidden from view.
A view concealed like the time of my heart.

My heart set you down
Down by the shore as the rain softly fell.

It fell and wide circles echoed each drop.
I dropped the rope and turned to find you.

I found you, there, like I had called.
Called you without words.

And without words we step aside;
Aside the path we pause and look.

I look and your eyes are two perfect mirrors.
Mirrors show only myself, sharp and clear.

Sharp and clear, I'll go into the mist.
The mist and the veil will swallow me,

Swallow me like space...
Space, where I'll streak and I'll burn,

Burning myself into the cold,
The cold cold caress of the comet's blaze.



The curve in the ring/Unknowing

I saw you -

recklessness grounded -

heard the ring in your smile, and I wanted to
dance in it.

You're exquisite;

a long movement to rhythmic chime.

I thought you were supposed to weave
webs with me. But,

I poisoned you -

in the curve of your belly,

under the sign that read LOVE, between
the snapping fingers.

I thought I knew.

Now I have no words good enough;

my unknowing stopped the spiral we started
in its circular motion.



The Poisoned Rat

Burn it all down
Drown the children
like kittens born under the house
Stamp out the garden
new sprouts and all
Light the roof aglow
with my flicking candle
Quick - before it goes out!
Black bones
Still air suddenly writhing
with ash
The cords are cut
Music left
Only boxes of bad art
and past bills never paid
Growing uneven square
by uneven square
In the shadows where phantom
spiders and lizards and mice
dart through vision, gone when I turn
Cleanse it with fire
Let grandmother's cups,
dust-powdered like the clammy face of

false youth
crack in the heat
I'll laugh in the flame
Tipping my jaw
Ass of the sinking ship
High and whining, as if mad
Stinking flesh curling away
Pages I didn't write
Let the nothing burn
Release, release, releasing
Sparks winking out
Soot on the neighbor's windshield
Please say the heart is gone
That pulsing lump of blood and hurt
Get it away
Not even a floorboard should remain
for it to hide beneath
A poisoned rat convulsing
among a nest of tangled darkness
and bent nails
Binding me even as I don't exist
Burn it all down
Cleanse it with fire.



We

an erasure poem found in Bloodlines by L. Slater;
The Sun; March 2015

Apparitions

Floating glass
Ghostly and beyond reach.

Eroded family joined at a subtle seam,
Utterly devoid of sleep.

Soft ancestors howling so that
Chaos waking is actually normal.

Sterile

Clean
A price paid.

Innocuous heart; I worry, continuing ancient past.
Biology makes light which clouds the mind.

Psychedelic lectures on the treadmill...
Six genomes inherited, ripped in half, red:

Strange

Barely there
A sunset.

Viscous liquid burbling;
Time hovered, frothy and strange, magic.

Uncoil separating strands, rattling that near-infinite "we".
I envisioned better history.

Life lines darkening

Deepening
Lush possibilities reveal seeds and revolution.



Ice died out, spit out part of me. Crumbling.
I'd know my daughter... dreaming,
Trickling through liquid shadows.
Gently, my heart ache slipped out in the morning.

Fingers burned

Eyes sunken
I built a wall with words.

Strangers of our DNA. Dreams in daylight.
Elegant handwriting harbored disease and pain,
Opaque offspring. We stitch beings into flame,
Burn deep blue.

I pulse with light

Taut to touch
I found it.

The flowers blazing, the labyrinth of string. Pain prepared
My fire; Teeth waiting for a chance to bite again.
My heart, in our estrangement, had become changed -
Came sailing down the dark river.

Tears on the threshold

My heart beat
I felt something unwind like twine.

Knot opening, circling the spot. I experienced a tingle.

Golden, new, a stream of death. Light illuminates
So you can see death...
And I moved through a world brilliantly lit.

Flamboyant decay

G l o w
This knowledge makes us more alike.

It's just death.



Life After Words

She pulled the ink from my eye.

All I thought was Let me fill your well.

I am enough. Words, creatures, the stuff of stars

Soft as fine powder. I felt

The shadows pushing, forming,

Climbing into the space the ink emptied out.

They were not glad, or zealous.

But they had instinct.

Drawn into the pupil, coiling

In the vacuum. My heart collapsed first.

She mounted my back

Sewing my mouth shut with string from

Her unraveled heart. She strummed

A chord and it fell like black

Grease tossed out over the dust.

I knew what direction to go

By the beckoning of beating waves.

It was strange to see the shore like that,

Dark and colorless, oil

Coating the smooth stones I used to skip

On clean tranquil glass.



seeking the fold

confused,
a moth

distracted - a bright light

*

...just landing in a dark fold...

*

reprise

*

stillness

*

~focus~

*

