

Before we left the room

The wires fell from the sky you said. You said I need more time to remember all the names. The early mornings scare me and I know the first day won't return to me my own little present I wrap in paper covered in blue birds. I heard the geese somewhere the blue the cloudless sky the perfect I couldn't see them but the noise travels to me like a hand waving hello. See these are the pieces I brought just miniature daffodils filling the corners. That's right I did say yes but you don't need to stand there squinting at me like that. Can I take it back? I slept all night my hands open like two unblinking eyes or white empty saucers.

Carrie Bennett 2009

Recovering the animals

The sky is dim and I wake to find turquoise feathers in my mouth. *It was as if nothing happened.* I took a drink of water and will the long rest happen tonight? *We'll be fine* until we aren't or the letters will stop. I found a butterfly wing under my pillow large enough to cover my face. I'm trying to find *someplace at the base of the brain I think I will find my childhood* there. It was as if they died or did we pretend we never even knew them? Was it you who said *I wish I had made that cake?* We've decided on an arrangement and sometimes I forget where my hands go.

T h e w o r d s b e c o m e p h o t o g r a p h s

Then we remember sledding the iced over hills the snow blowing in our faces *I wouldn't take that away from her even if I wanted to. What doesn't become complicated?* I read Chekov plays in the middle of the night *there are many people I will never know* but that doesn't stop me from looking into their faces. I liked the way she played the clocks like an instrument how the miniature train ran right through her body *there was never a question that it would happen* and then one day the grandmother was already gone.

Carrie Bennett 2010

A n o t h e r m o v i n g s k y w i t h c l o u d s

In the corner the boxes wait. I leave them there all afternoon I watch the sun make its way around the walls. How many days will the little body refuse to eat to drink to move until it dies and any recovery will look like a small opening to believe there is something beautiful. Inside the body there is a door and through the door there is darkness. What will be exposed after the shades are drawn? It isn't enough to be warm to have a place to sleep at night I cover objects I sit quietly and wait. I didn't want to look at the faces walking past me and you said a home means there is something hidden.

Carrie Bennett 2011

Exit plan with small animal

I learn that trees can be like people but I don't believe it *when I hear we should prepare for an emergency* I turn off the T.V. and crawl into bed. *Go into the room and watch how the white and peach finch becomes nervous when it looks in the mirror.* Tell me something I don't want to hear she says *I need to keep an eye on you* and everyone recommends something else. This isn't the first time I've missed the message but *there's no point in saving the money just give it to the person who needs it most.* You move the plant to the window you write me an email you want me to meet your friend you say *I've never seen you act like this before* you stand beside me as I order a pastry you talk to me in the cold you tell me *I'll buy milk on the way home* you wait for me at the bus stop you buy me cookies and leave them outside my door. *Does it get easier* maybe after many lifetimes *will I know when to stop* keep looking at how my finger points at you *how will we stay warm* not every part of the body needs to be warm.