

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
rachel cualedare

[untitled]

It was the saddest movie I've seen in my life.

I broke and cried when she did.

In my dream in the same place came forth my nastiness.

Then with my father I pointed north, and south,
to the copper skeleton of the exposition dome,
to the grandiose glass hall.

But I was mistaken
through the manicured trees.

So many men.

So many many men
of countenance.

Today in an airplane my love
of my life as it was
flies over, my city.

I waked and still I was there.

The girl in the movie

a woman sobbing, and her father silent

looking at her, his cigarette held in his fingertips so lightly,

he lifted it and smoked

looking at his daughter grown.

Tonight I look what will I do, gold rosy falling light

falling in.

Too the young young boy

whose wrist I held with fierceness.

Too the stranger with the smile.

Through the woods

come with me and live.

I saw you there.

Now I took his arm.

Four, in February

1.

That it be a memory

For to leave him finally

Now the building's up

and the garden's filled with snow

Past one year

one full year

Only if

the sun

in a stripe

across the ice

I would marry you

2.

In the end it's my brother

The cream and sugar in me

Tens of paces, millions

across this town

around the circular world

I long to rest

to see the sun

profoundly

Simple logic of a rhythm of the earth

I would cry

to know the old green lawn

the old green fence

Afternoon that is a lifetime

terrible

I need sustain myself

Nine hundred years

The deer, sleeping there at night

But for ice across the land

expanse one month, or two, alone

would know me

3.

Some blue sky

Men yelling

epithets

affectionate

Spray of dried hydrangea

paper coins

Flag snapped

in the wind

unreally sharp, sheer

Now's when I feel desperate

Past melted

snow

now a shell

Now the sun

over the park and me

4.

Sometimes you can see the history

Shadow of a glass bus on the brick wall

I like the winter plants

I like the iambs

World without smoke

March

The decoration of my person

Safe house

What if I refuse to elaborate

Hard heels on the same old stony walk
silver in the morning

It came in through my window
and a fly, it spring
bespeaks

I listened to the birds

Why are you looking at me

I'm about to collapse

and where is the sun

Mars

One at a time

I marry the days

There is no transitive
ness but in language

A man back when said
longing, in his notebook

I fear I am real

Forbid himself the future

Notion of a city square
and one's youth rejoice

There is no context anywhere existent

No help
but to rave upon the raving light

Alatinate

I took one block in conversation with a little boy

Frightening, the buds on the trees

He rose and drew the shade

Wrinkles like stars at the corners of his eyes

Like pushing you off a bridge

Ha, yeah

False start he said to me as though he didn't know what that meant

but at the same time he was wiser than a man the way he looked at me

It is like the ocean

That's what the thinker said

he said

tentative his hands in his narrow lap

I am nothing, balanced on the pedals of my bike

Bam, pow

and he ran

Astir

I'm surprised by my voice

Among the shining grass

And the tree tulips' petals loose, translucent

He's like a child

Slept beside me

When I was a rabbit, I taught the other rabbits

I was king of the horses, white as an aster, living on the seashore

In the dormer

The day is so slow to begin

I cry, weak, moved and alone

at the beauty of it

Buds *malvas* on the branches

I told him desperate

When he becomes a man he'll be the same

Poor Lord

shot by the farmer, out by the sycamore

When I was a prince, I gave up my eyes

Lucky lucky boy

He was sick of sleeping

ready for the sun

Then it was green, and

My friend, the world is so... brilliant!

I was alone in the garden

Exhausted, living

I waked once again into an hour partly dark

I was a good man