

Small

at Storm in Living History

Collection

of

poems

By

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Precarity/
Erosion/
The Greatest Storm in Living History

What is in the water,
If snow is alive?
Microbiology of the gut, guess what?
billions of little sexual adults.

A wind changes direction
Changes my direction.
What was standing still now
is moving into the holes, up your nose
A billion-billion particles of dust
Skin, ash, seed
And out via the tongue

I was slipping downward in loose soil.
So I changed up the procedure,
now I am planting clovers and radishes-
soft and spicy.

Easy relationships contain hidden presumptions.
I love you too much,
How loving you makes me feel.

keeping a secret makes me feel weird.
You ever feel weird?
Like I'm the gorge you are the bird.

Prayer to throw away romantic agony:
Gather in the light to your heart with a motion of
flickering fingertip.

There is lead and arsenic in the
Soil outside in the backyard.
Where I planted the peas
Where I gathered the violets for tea.

Most plants don't absorb what they don't need,
but if they don't have enough nutrients they could
have trouble growing.

Being dragged around by someone/ following
something because it has more of anything
What kinds of decisions can be made in that
precarity?

"Should we be eating this?"
Asked, taking a polite sip. Shit.
What if I get her sick?

the fire says
'Don't get too close or I'll
Burn you'
I am air and I say
Ok.. "yes" do it!
You need me to exist
Ignite my ghostly body!
Excite my formless self!
Give me a boundary and a
Heart devastating-blue- so
I can't even touch my Self.
I don't get burnt,
I get hot

Earth and how its changing
and how the change comes in and out of our bodies
and our breath is linked to how we love each other
and how we love each other is linked
to the poison we spit in each other's eyes.
Unintentional mechanisms of the body, civilisation is
living together

Clover and weeds are growing tall and soft
And all kinds of baby ducks are running around our
feet,

When you come back I hope you kiss me.
The pain you inflict on yourself is more real
than anything imaginary behind you.

pull out the microorganisms in my
arm with a knife and watch
as I tattoo the pattern
onto my chest, step back and say
Woah, it kinda looks like your soul.

So it's about me then? What am I learning?
Don't do anything for a man, ever.
But to feel the spirit of my own love rushing
across the earth to fill you with light,
I can be inspired by this.

My dream was that we were laying in a bed,
your arm wrapped around my waist,
night birds chirping through the window,
darkest green and deepest dark.
Arm around lips on neck

Dreamed about getting a dinner party ready, as a
surprise.

Dreamed about attitude, behavior and choice

The wind and I have spoken and,
This time I am not going to forgive you.
I don't know my friend, the time keeps blowing
cold ice down my neck.
I am agitated, I am jittering, sweat and shivers, I am
feverish.
Low pressure, positively charged ions wreaking havoc
with my serotonin levels

Ok,
I can't forgive you this time, it is who I am during a
storm.

Try to interact with the wind, try to spit poison in her
eye,
try to slice open her belly, try to lean on her.
You can't. but maybe when I've calmed,
when my eye is dead center,
If you learn my ways and how to read me--
Position yourself in my path,
I will catch your sails with my shouts
to push you toward heaven.

I'm walking fast through the forest
to get to where you are afraid
Being pulled by the light flowing through
and the spiral of time on this path
It's like this for me—

For you it's something else
An unknown landscape
Wild with snakes and poisonous plants

Movement of the wind makes the shadows dance
The wind in your face makes you wise.

I'd like to know more about god
I'd like to keep my feet on earth
My mind on the clouds
My heart in the water
My loving on fire.