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Timber

This is no time to spare work the names
express misgivings of the parties, the maritime
scentable to overfull downriver
you had best wish the spare man
to have the more timber.

Why put me through several times?
I have half come out, and some
just about square
with subscribers and followers
of routine livelihood diary.

What you may underperceive
is the rigor of this. Promised
number of rewards never comes
promised tannic acorn meats
and flesh wound remedy but no
good promise, it festers. One
came up the river for the explosion
of back-and-forth vehicles already
wretched with my poor designing of them.
So, at least, relief.

What I made in you is less
and much bounded by foresight.
Too readily I anguished on the bank
drawing down upon your presence
in dim corners of night encampment
Bible prayers I made without meaning.

Lookouts

The brownness of trees in their sky clarity
when they come of age to ask the old
puzzler 'am I real' I can only shrug
that is what it is.

During dangerous seasons I look endlessly
into the dry brush for the originating spark.

They are impossible to reason with in fertile riot
in the sweat of ordinary days,
when they ask 'am I real' I can only say there is
a strong possibility.

"The First Burning Period"

For I found very lying the heavy insight work of your portrait sailing.
I am sorry for the decline in Sunday, you lie. For I fail
very lying he drowns, heavy foresight worry, your foretaste
drowning, our sorrow of his decline. For I fail very likely.
In secondary I fail of being thought-works in your hand portrait.
Flattering yoke for these I fail. Likely the browsing
sun for the delight of being worried. Works of your poor selling
delay very slyly, works which mercenary prove for I falter.

Reforestation

Until under my efforts are
Providence, the strain becomes
a daughter, my business presses even
to the jail-yard, where no evidence was furnished.
He, bailed upriver, with the lumber
on Patapsco, writes with thumb and
forthfinger, revealing

a pattern of injury
illegible.

But please don't turn the sheet
don't turn it in the air
the contractual nullification.

A new deal may be
with longing proximal
near to, please understand,
not a betrayal
or how to be betrayed.

The insecurities which she oblivious
can I think of her, as soon
as that I was rushing
and was not with you
or by the side of her
but by Patapsco
where my thoughts floundered
and have remained.

Forage

Much as I know the burdock watchword
I planned to miss her forever

this seemed expedient.
Crane came to look at crooked timber
which, why the looking?
Adrift on government dime
I have fictionalized
a boarding-house mantle
where old relations wither.
I was compensated fairly
for damages. Mostly with sprawling vacant
internal states. Crane:
*you know the smell of fire
up the river; how long is it away?*
Me: *never here, we are
protected by my fortunate
estate of things that are no use to burn
crooked timber and choke-weed.*

Wild Cats

I know you think blunt and useless
about you where old folds gather
particles of former skin
former things, like teachers
and logicians, and mice. Once
jovial and well-liked. Graduate
of twenty-three hexagonal glories
all wife to you.

Offer a real fight
if that's what shape you mean
to die in, wife to you.
Wife-to-you, how bitterness
seeps in, and nothing
cries on behalf of well-liked
it is not the season
for the bobcat's mating scream
ever a wife to you.

Your Forests

Only when you come
heed that call
when the irresistible
when you are beyond your
capacity
remember there are certain
things in which you have a stake
only please be careful with
fire.