

from NEIGHBOR
Coda: *Under the Sun*

Rachel Levitsky

Catastrophe, Utopia

City built in frames framed by these
lines that signal generally good stingy
feeling irony dense and strong as stench,
friendly sewage stairway news awaits.

Born can't despite ourselves stay up late
intoxicated but deep reason regret ourselves
days we miss under bleeding sun a shroud.
The princely house faces *its* other side.

030509.05

muscular shoulder/lift in the window/lit/yellow light

030509.06

Our hours differ.

030509.07

Action of light//
Action of waking

It is too easy
to write.

Rites

*The poem
is complex and the place made
in our lives
for the poem.1*

Neighbor and I got
bombed/got
the oil refinery/four
workers/fallen spears.

No one seems to mind much//
for the sake of empire
cruelty/doesn't require/
consideration/thought.

Father holds forth. I allow him, I look to him as the father.
Return home to wander these walls and open my window as my
world you

Neighbor,
the rite to this war
these/mean stupid greedy/
running things.

Looking outside my window
for the news/it doesn't come.

These low heavy clouds,
shady, apocalyptic and kind.

We'll get it/
its oil/burn more.

I am no lover of religion.

The church across the street makes me feel safer//and keeps the rents low.

Win/Win.

Not talking about religion.

Besides//the point.

030509.09

Across the street/food pantry/so//
it's important to imagine/living in the suburbs.

To consider living subjects. Of the difficulty/
in the secular//the banal/desire/for a house.

An apartment can only absorb/so much.

030509.10

Sidewalk/curb/window that faces another/fire escape//
War difficult//the city//quickly forgotten//
School library city hall park//Laundromat bodega station

shaft/doorstep/sidewalk/entranceway

Objects

To Lonely,/in the morning
(Despite) the bad singing/

Across the shaft she
Hasn't got a pretty voice.

New windows closed
Each of them.

He has dropped off a newspaper.
Sweet, so I forgive him.

(But why must the box in the hallway
bother so much?)

Last night I saw him on the street before the cathedral.
Recognized and took him and lovher2

Upstairs/my apartment, bare so
We speak of closets/design, the shelving

Never offering them seating nor
water.

Regretting this/in my room
Bare too, though the bed

Muttering on space/divisions/simultaneity/
Multiple space (bedroom, study, hallway, shaft).

Pathetic//to think that we share mere
Exercise in this misplacement/epidemic

Projection. Approximately neither/object nor lust
On entering the bed.

psychotic glow

We don't attack him once we know, we wait for the prison to arrange it. Generally the prison does a good job and we feel somehow what's done is done then go onto the television with our story. The story about being the victim of a heinous crime, then surviving.

A reason not to tell/the story.

030509.13

To confess, one needs a confessor.
And a clear sense of shame.

030509.14

We count on our goodness/don't want
to experiment.

(Footnotes)

1 anon, could be me or another, found on a scrap of paper.

2 see Nicole Brossard's book translated as LOVHER