Given: F(A Great Love + a Missing Body)

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GIVEN:

\[ f(A \text{ great love } + A \text{ missing body}) \]
ABSTRACT

Given: \( f(A \text{ great love } + A \text{ missing body}) \) is a collection of poems in four sections that takes love and mathematics at its core. The lyric and narrative poems navigate an affair between a female narrator and her lover. The math is positioned with the verse in the way an ekphrastic poem might be positioned next to the art upon which it is based. The connection and alienation of the form fractures the poem, but it also serves as a metaphor for the competing forces of two people in love. And the goal of each is pursuit of the sublime.

Although the narrator arrives at the poems from a place of disorientation, as she considers the height and collapse of the relationship a narrative web begins to appear, and the mathematical principles upon which the poems are based begin to resonate with her understanding of love.
DEDICATION

For my father, with his tail aloof. And for my mother, for her math.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Some of these poems appeared in the chapbook *Given*, published by Dancing Girl Press. Many thanks as well to these publications, in which the following poems appeared, sometimes in slightly different form:

*BathHouse*: “Equanimity,” “What Grows”

*CutBank*: “Simplifying Expressions”

*Cricket Online Review*: “Stress Test”

*Meridian*: “Proof of Life II”

*Strange Machine*: “Triptych,” “The Rapture Within You’ Poem,” “Introduction to Light,” “Orion”

*Word For/Word*: “Line of Symmetry,” “Love Poem in Binary”

Finally, my deepest appreciation to Matthew and to Molly. You are my inspiration. I love you.
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Vita 59
“Lo! What a mariner love hath made me!”
—Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey
There Were Many Things

we told before
they happened,

like the tenderness
of a bruise before it
appears on skin.

From inside the cabin
the only tell of high tide

was us tilting
in wind.

In the wake, swans
wagged and hissed
as you fed them.

Sometimes in sleep
you reached for me.
Sometimes, not.

It was then I was alone,
which is not the same
as being apart.

This is what I know,

Always, the sea
will ebb, leaving
the mud to thirst
and split
in the boatlight.
Principia Mathematica\footnote{written by Alfred North Whitehead and Bertrand Russell, a work in which the authors develop mathematics from an abstract version of set theory, finally proving that $1+1=2$ on page 362.}

I had a teacher once who insisted
all things could be sorted into twos:

Two eyes, two hands, a magician and his rabbit.
Hero and Leander, animals on the ark.

I told this to you as we ate oranges by the bay.
The two of us on the sand, the mountains in fog.

And everything that has happened called out
to us, and to that day and the memory of you,

drawn in like your hair to my shower’s drain,
tangled in the grate every time you appeared,

stepping out from behind the curtain, my robe
around you. And like so many times before and since

I sat on the floor, drawing out what you left.
Slope, Intercept

In my inbox: *I'll admit, I invited you to the shore, not to look for ghosts, but to kiss you.*

Envision here: Sloping away from you, my dress unzips down my spine. This is not unlike the fast-moving strokes of rain across a body.

Driving out of this town at night: I marvel at its expanse, at the brunt of human strength exposed in endless miles of window-shining night lights,

and then awake to see I was wrong. What I admired were derricks, dark beasts bucking the ground.

Lesson: not even the earth’s black veins can pump indefinitely. Every year my madrones give up their skins.

After you’re gone, I remember what you said: *At a certain point, all I have to offer is apologies, and that grows tiring.*
Limits

You held the piñata straight out
from your chest. I hit : hit : hit : hit.
There was no place
in my apartment to hang it.
The surge of candy and gew gaws,
the hotwaxing of your lips onto me.

Earlier, on the Pacific, you angled
your face toward the garish and extravagant
California light and adjusted your
notions of what it means to go back.

I was pulling myself against the tide
with only my arms when you first appeared.
Your pole dragged beside you,
pushed its glistening, slender line
and hook toward the tangle of my hair.
Friday Afternoon

It was cool in the morning
and your mouth was damp
when you kissed me in the garage
of my office suite.

When you answered the phone,
hushed, I knew who it was.

I have been asked what
you did that drew me in,
like the swans who gathered
as you fed them bread.
It's an answer I do not know.

When my father was a young man
and I was a child, he knocked down a nest

of sparrows in the yard. Their mother
wouldn't return. So he unearthed worms,
crushed them in his pestle,
warmed them over the stove.

He fed them tenderly every day,
until each one fell ill and died.

When I told you about the birds
you asked me was it worth it?
And I explained. We had no choice.
Non-linear Progression

Something was hidden
in the seagrass,
like the fox
before our flashlight

whose fur, delicate
between the ears, was supple
like fruit skin;

you reminded me
in a card, said if only we
bad known. But before
the grass, before the fox,

my thumb rolled around
the blister of your ear,
the room was flushed
where we had been together,

and there were canola fields
which I never saw,
but you described to me.

---

\(^1\)A sequence of values that increase in a manner other than linear.
There was the moment
we weren't touching. Then

the moment when we were.
I remembered it later,
said your eyes glowed.

I said, we'd each
swallowed fireflies.

Remember, shaking,
just emerged from the bay.
You took a piece of my hair

and sucked it in your mouth,
drew the brine water out
from between the strands.

It was night, and you showed me,
Orion's belt hung low in the sky.

A measure of distance.

---

1which expresses the possibility certain events will occur in a fixed period of time and is sometimes applied to systems with a large number of possible events, each of which is rare.
Your hands touch women like you hold a wine glass.
Like bird wings, your ribcage lifts
at the touch of my hand.
What I feel in my throat
is a retelling of our story:
the parabolic curve
of your headlights in the field
where I reminded you,
here is that place:
your body around my body.
A felled animal.
Tree limbs scatter in our yard
as your clothing litters the floor.

As your clothing litters the floor
tree limbs scatter in our yard:
a felled animal.
Your body around my body.
Here is that place
where I reminded you
of your headlights in the field;
the parabolic curve
is a retelling of our story.
What I feel in my throat:
At the touch of my hand
your ribcage lifts, like bird wings.
and not seen:
The trick you taught me:
to fend off sleep,
tickle the roof of your mouth
with the tip of your tongue.

The first time we had sex
it was on the floor
and neither of us spoke.
My skirt, orange with black
flowers, still hung on my waist.

We slept that night in a twin-sized bed,
in a guest house I sublet
with fruit trees in the yard.
I dreamed of them all night.
Apricots, lemons, plums, nectarines.

The next day at work
I waited for your message.
It came in the morning:
thel glare of last night
is still ringed around me.
II.
The day is a wild animal
here in the desert, in this town
where people die under
the sweltering muscle of June.

The day is uncontrolled,
like when your father died
without ever acknowledging that
he had been sick, because he
felt well enough to hunt
out on the preserve.
Even until the very end.

I have seen this before.

At the grocery store, on special:
*conchas*, literally seashells, actually
scalloped pastries that were
dry and sweet. Also Mexican
slang for a woman's vagina.

Yesterday the bears came
down from the hills.
They were spotted in town
eating garbage in the streets.

My job was to find people
who had seen those beasts,
to ask them about it,
write down what they said.

Out here the wind is dry all around
us, and it changes how people talk.
It changes what they see.

Everyone panics
when water's not at hand.
Or if they get lost as they cross
the trails in the canyon.
At seven in the morning
on 17th and Eye:
we meet at a parking garage
where we have met before.

Here, where the streets
are getting safe again,
where we watch, quietly,
as the sun sweats up,
where we are getting to know
what this feels like.

In the Mexican restaurant
they serve you beer with your breakfast
and your eyes are all ringed
around and bottle-colored
when you say you can really sense
the weight of things.

If I believed in physiognomy,
I might have replied, here
are your mothermarks,
or here your eyebrows
interpret your passions.
You may feel safe
with your horchata
pale as lunar dust.

But then there was the fold,
the twist in the body.
The garnet blush of blood.

A skein of skin and skin
and lichen. You pulled it
to the shore, wiped the scarlet
clots from his eyes.

We shouldn’t have been here,
you said. Together.

First came the omens:
the gathered snakes,
the turbines on slow revolve,
the derricks gathered to genuflect.

A carton of duck eggs,
and you took one, cuffed it
on the counter’s edge.
A slick wave of membrane.

How strange it was, when I first awoke,
naked and alone, your covers pushed aside.
Secret Year

E-mailing me from the Las Vegas Airport, you wrote that I would *love it here* but never said why. I do not love Las Vegas.

That was the year of the rabbit, tender and self-indulgent, which I read on the paper placemat at Amaia’s Chinese.

The waitress made you laugh, and you touched her arm as you rubbed your foot slowly against mine.

So, too, was the rabbit your sign. Not the sign of your year, but the sign of your hour. Secret animal, is what this is called. It was always in secrets you most excelled.
II.

You pulled the dress over my head

    spelling it slowly

    “-a-n-d-o-n-e-d”

    The gods

turning your mouth

the small pile of lace

II.

The language of nectar

    the last apricots

    tearing from limbs

    of summer

falling

    more than we could gather

III.

By noon, the strain of heat

    the train ride

    the sickened sky

    a black plume

Written inside my card to you

    If I were a cat, I'd balance your eggnog between my ears

1Miller’s Law, which states that at any given time, the average number of objects an person can hold in working memory is seven, plus or minus two.
IV.

So encompassed by fog that I only knew you were there, and when I reached for you you were then

V.

I stood in the doorway slip tight around my hips in the moment between you reaching for me and me realizing you would reach for me
The Evening Ended with a Story

of you in the water, seaweed clinging
to your arms. I asked if the tide was in or out. Out, you said. See how the boats have turned their faces?
Triptych

I. When.

Your chest was bared
and smooth. There was
one magpie, and then another.

There was something
I was trying to convey.
Instead: what I remembered,

the recipe for snow cream
1 can sweetened milk,
4 cups ice.

In a video, you rode
a motorbike. The borderlands
were red all around you.

II. When a body.

Red surged in the ocean,
opened like tea blossoms,
like the milk in your tea.

When there was fear
on your face, it looked like
I don’t know you.

Seawater warmed to us,
or around us. Or
in spite of us.
This is what pain looks like:

I cannot rest when you’re close to me.
The sunfish were all openmouthed.
And writhing.

III. When a body is missing

Mouth to the
earth, I sucked
on the ground,

like the afternoon
you succored nettles
from my legs.
Spillway

That every poem might be a message to you,
a secret message you will never read. Everywhere

reservoirs are filling with rain. From your bed
once, I called in sick, but began laughing

before I hung up the phone. A lack of consequence
has followed us. Our first summer, when you were gone,

water crested the spillway, washed thousands of fossils
out to the shore. No one had ever known they were there.

On the news families canoed to town.
The river changed from dry to green.

Your sheets were blue then, and I remember wondering
if your other lover had picked them out. I had googled her;

I had discovered she was an expert in lithic technology.
I misread this as lichen. For me, lichen will always be hers.

And yours. I dreamed we all went swimming in the lake.
I dreamed that she hid for me, a letter in my bag.
What Grows Inside You like a Wasp Nest

The emphasis we place on strength. As a society.

The improbability that two people, familiars:

b) dip into the same water and

a) are left untangled.

or erupts fast, erratic, like a quail call.

When you speak, what I hear is the navigation of your humility, like an incision into you.

On your face, incarnadine flush:

Toss lemons from the deck, and deer come to graze them. A marvel.

Tell me what it means to be of that nature.

You are my canary of coming crisis.

How loving is like bleeding syrup from a maple tree.
As a tribute, your father skinned
his favorite bull,
laboring over it like drawing
a bow across a fiddle,
scraping the fat, rubbing the skin,
sallow, with kerosene.

One night, as he stroked it
he discovered the fur felt
more alive than before,
draped over his lap, hairs responding
under his hands’ manipulations.
Stress Test

In winter,
cold metal does not give itself away,
fracturing only on impact.
This is based on
low-temperature ductility.

In fact,
had the Titanic's
hull been reinforced,
ice may never have pierced
her steel shell.

But in space,
metals that brush shoulders
stick together permanently.

***

(It was stress that drew us together, as fine strands of hair cluster
at a shower's drain, until they are plucked or suckled away.)
That you did not kill the moth, drawn in by the light in the living room.
I know very little, but understand
the protective grazing
of your limbs on my torso.

And I remember the carton
of eggs you kept in the fridge.
You held one against my cheek.

There is, I know, a story to convey.
Benevolence, that when a body floated up
you pulled him to the shore,

wiped the scarlet clots from his eyes.
The connotation of strength:
I imagine you always trailing fifty feet

of netting in your wake: You catch it,
whatever comes within your grasp.
The Evening Ended with a Story

a story I couldn’t stop telling, in which rain followed our car through the Anza-Borrego, a cloud of mist we thought was a funnel. It ended with us strumming peachmuscle from its pit with our fingers. The memory of the event more sensitive than the event itself.
III.
Is it so hard to understand the nature of things, just because we cannot see the whole of them at once?

You were a man living in the most polluted city in America. Everyone else was afraid to go out in the smog. Mostly we didn’t consider this.

I was wearing earrings bought for me by a boyfriend from before, and I wasn’t sure if I should throw them away, not knowing if they’d been blighted or blessed. Under your lips.

If you hadn’t offered to walk with me home.

In science, suction doesn’t exist, it’s just pressure pushing.
In science, cold doesn’t exist, it’s just less heat.

If you hadn’t reached for me under the stuffed moose on the wall of the Reykjavik Room.
At the Alley Cat bar.
If I hadn’t forgotten my jacket at the coat check inside.

If you hadn’t warmed my hands because you noticed they were cold,

---

1In mathematics, a conditional statement often appears in the “If . . . Then” format, meaning “If A, then B” where A is a hypothesis, and B is a conclusion. This form of statement is often used in deductive reasoning problems.
your hot breath loping
across my palms.

Something I wanted to tell you:
Peonies are more expensive than
anemones are more expensive
than hydrangeas. And so on.
You can’t know that sort of thing
until someone explains it to you.

If you are unhappy
with how things are,
just close your eyes.
All of this can be re-rendered
through the soft lens of sleep.
I like to meet you there,
where I cannot guess
what you will say next.

Is it so hard
to understand,
the nature of things?

If I hadn’t told you,
this is a decision you
have to make.

If I hadn’t said then,
I can’t tell you what to do.
You were asleep, 
so I whispered 
a story: a story 
in which I was twenty, 
and I loved 
another man as he 
sorted through 
a pile of clothes 
on his bed. 
“I’d offer them to you,” 
he said, “but 
she wore a size 2.” 
The joke, of course, 
was the humiliation, 
which I unpeeled 
across the duvet 
like an apple. 
And your breath 
remained heavy.
At seven thirty in the morning we sipped Picon Punch from cracked glasses at the Basque hotel where
we’d become accustomed to meeting + where the owner offered to walk me home, through the quiet,
bedraggled sections of downtown. I remember the taste, burnt + citrus, better than anything else that
day.

We sat, with our glasses in front of us, with those dusky drinks, which we nursed.

The word we picked, for that morning + for the closeness of our bodies + for the beans and bread and
pickled tongue and fries which streamed by in the strange succession of all our dreamlike
encounters was *austere*.

You said, *even though I know I don’t get to say it*

*I want you still.* Before it all, before I walked under the vibrating, green-canvas awning, I was waiting with
the backs of my arms on the stucco façade. In every direction I looked, debris swirled through street,
magical + dust-covered.
Newton’s Laws of Motion Enacted

I.
You were headed
to the city,
but not until
you had to.

Loose cigarettes
in your shirt pocket,
and I smelled them.

II.
The smell of tobacco in your hair,
you put one hand on either side of me.

When the bird hit the window
we thought it was a ball. We thought
there was a game outside.

III.
Once, I made a list
of all our breakfasts together:
apricots, toast, Jack and gingers,
honey, butter cookies, Brie.
We ate together in bed, and then you
stepped out onto the porch.

Always,
the smoke
trailed in
behind you.
You glued my face onto a still from *Independence Day*,
knowing I liked the movie but was embarrassed to admit it.

It was a picture you found online, me in a green dress,
and you put it on my desk when you flew home for vacation.

Of all the things you could have loved
you admired most my dresses.

The afternoon before you were gone, we laced Twinkies with fireworks
then recorded their flight. They exploded across the yard.

The sound scared the pigeons, but not enough to keep
them away. They flocked and hovered over our crumbled cakes.

Then, because everything else was closed
I ate pan-fried noodles for the Fourth of July.

My fortune cookie said *do not mistake
temptation for desire*. I threw it away.

I never asked about her, but I did ask two questions
on the phone: *What were you teased about as a child?*

And *what’s the worst thing that ever happened to you?*
Heisenberg’s Uncertainty Principle

What you are and are not capable of.

You started by counting backward from a hundred

and didn’t rest until you finished.

This is not about our instruments, not a question of our methods.

This is a problem with the way we perceive.

I brought you a puppet we made from a cereal box, and you wanted to know where to hide it at home.

You had one leg splayed over Kern County’s red rock.

Your silhouette fire in the nightmoving sky, fire, and the radiant heat from the desert floor,

---

1Which states that it is impossible to know both the exact position and exact velocity of an object at the same time.
the fever of your hand on my arm.

The river skulked in the canyon below.

At some point that night, you disappeared in the direction from which you first emerged,

And I measured as you left.

Uncertainty is inherent in the nature of things.

It is true, the faster you moved, the less certain I was of where you were, exactly.
FOIL

To multiply two binomials, find the sum of the products of:
the first terms, the outer terms, the inner terms, the
last terms.

(Thistles in all directions + The sting on my fingers and in my
feet)(You ran your tongue over each burn slowly + It didn’t help, but
I asked you not to stop) =

(Thistles across the footpath)(Your tongue on me) + (Everywhere,
thistles)(and no help. I asked you not to stop) + (My fingers and my
feet, flaring)(and you ran your tongue over them) + (That aching in
my hands)(without relief, but I had asked for you)
Trust Exercise

Preparing to kiss me underwater:
I’ll hold you down, you say,
until you give the signal.
You don’t say what the signal is.
Your Lover Visits Chinatown

She hadn’t been on my mind
until I thought I saw her
inspecting a tea pot printed
with fish, swirling across
its porcelain belly.

I followed her.
By the mildewed signs,
through the gunmetal alleys.
I followed, even when I saw
it wasn’t her after all.

I have reviled and adored
every woman I meet
who resembles her
or shares her name.
I have craved
more than anything to know
her laugh. I have wanted to ask,
and I have in my sleep,

Do you know who I am?
Do you recognize my name?
A List of Inequalities

The moth of hair in your eyes. You put one hand on either side of me.

The plumskin river, gloss as we rowed across it.

A water snake pulled loose from his skin.

In the beginning, in love we drank only Mexican beers,

and there were hot dry towns where we spent the night neon lights against your collarbone.

How can a place so dry exist in such proximity to the sea? That’s what you asked.

The warmth and the hardness I always found at the pit of you.

Because you were there when I was dreaming at first, I did not ache awakening.
Plato wrote that people were once all two-faced and four-armed and four-legged. Their power was so great that Zeus cut them in half. And that is why we search for our other.

The lush of rope-and-saltwater burn across your body: an opening bud:
You, in bloom.

Then the body’s ability to swallow its own wounds, like a starfish gutted and regrowing on the ocean floor.¹

When we swam in the ocean
I saw your body split by liquid horizon,
filtered through water’s lens
and you were two discrete parts of yourself:
the breathing and the treading.

¹Plato wrote that people were once all two-faced and four-armed and four-legged.
Their power was so great that Zeus cut them in half.
And that is why we search for our other.
I do not know good lichen from bad lichen, but I know how to love it on beauty alone. Green against grey rock.

As a child, each year I sold wrapping paper, a fundraiser to benefit local schools. And when my grandmother moved into a one-story home I helped sort her things,

found one hundred and sixty rolls in the closet of her craft room.

It’s beautiful to love someone that much. It’s sickening.

_in seven years, you once said._
_in seven years, I’ve never felt this with her._

The first time you left me, I didn’t see your message,

so I sent you one myself. _Today has been long._
_And lonely._ You said, _I’m so sorry._ And I asked you why.

In my grandmother’s wrappings I found every color, every trend from 1986 on, and she wanted them all.

She said it felt like dying to let them go.
I comforted her, but she was right.

She was dying.
There was nothing I could do.

You told me once that you had to go back, because you loved her. And she deserved it.

But I have always thought you replaced me instead.

In science, to love something is to understand it.
Acceptable Loss

You weren’t here for the flood, and so you never saw: when the water began to rise all the animals knew,

fidgeting in their fields. We had seen this before in the moments before an earthquake or a tornado touching down. When the rains first came, the earthworms emerged, glistened

onto the streets, where you helped me for hours, carrying them safely to dryer ground.

But as soon as we had finished there were hundreds more, and we gave up on the task,

left them distorted and thrashing, blind to their fate on the sidewalk and the road.

An acceptable loss. You said. And you were gone, later, when the water filled the fields. You had left, and didn’t know: As farmers prepared to set their livestock free, word came from insurance that no man could claim he had lost his pigs, unless he could show their bodies had drowned.

Some of the farmers let them go anyway, loosed them into the woods for whatever they may find in the wild. Some kept them caged, watched them struggle to swim, until they couldn’t anymore, and they sank into the mud.
You calculated the distance from one place
to another using stars. What that said was:

I'm still leaving. Looking into that dark matter
meant seeing back in time,

before the burn of our skin,
before the hierophantic burst of fire.

And yes, even though it rained all week,
the hills dripped off yellow and parched as always.

In the ocean, water tessellated around us:
You said there's a storm coming. You kissed me, and I breathed in.
Simplifying Expressions

Commutative
(Having mixed two Grasshoppers) (exotic green light spilled onto your arms.)

= (On your arms that strange fluorescence) (In you hands two glasses. And you offered me one.)

Associative
(There is a comparison to be made about the sweet and bitter of all things) The weight of what we carry.

= The sweet and bitter of all things (The comparisons we have made, and the weight of what we carry.)

Substitution
Your sugar cube warped by steaming water (I feel both that you are completely mine and that I’ve never held any part of you.)

= The pressing weight of your hipbone (I feel both that you are completely mine and that I’ve never held any part of you.)

Zero
The sickening burden of hope (0) = 0 (The sickening burden of hope) = 0
Ordered Pairs

Of the many things you warmed for me, on the train
you fed me chocolate from your mouth.

Watching me change dresses
in the rain, in the car,

_I hadn’t noticed_, is what you said
as you thumbed my ribmark.

The unshaved spot on my thigh,
my milked-up skin a gesture.

Later, my arm across your pillow,
and you were sleeping, or seemed to be.

Now I speak to you in private:
IV.
Dragged

like a boat across a sandbar. That day,
a crocus burned into the mud.

I had a kipper,
picked apart by the tendrils,

and I smelled it, soaking in brine,
rinsing itself of the river.

So often, with water,
the motion toward clean,

the lessening of some thing
that was before.

I sought you:
your mouth on my neck.

One more time you stretched
my legs apart
Inverse, Converse, and Contrapositive: Example

Statement: You said you were coming, and you were bringing cherry cordials.
Converse: You had cherry cordials in your bag, and you were already underway.
Inverse: But then, No. No syrupy afternoon.
Contrapositive: The acid taste of your absence, the honeyed language of being alone.
The Evening Ended with a Story

in which seabirds bathed
and spread their wings.
You were with them, magnificent,
before you were gone.

You, the bright meteor
flaring light on my face,
light I felt but never saw because
I blinked as it passed.

You, the sundress I lost
at the beach, the flowered
dress I never replaced.
No pattern has been as lovely
as the memory of the first.

I knew a woman who wished
to be encased by you,
as with the papery wings
around a garlic clove.

I knew a woman who quivered
at the touch of your mouth
the way fish seem to shiver
beneath the surface of the sea.
Radical Equations

Let me be clear. Some things still are:
the windswept efficiency
of mornings by the bay,
the slow rock of fog.

If I don’t hear from you for weeks
and a round, black spider sashays
across the porch, I say it is
your signature.

You might have said, just tell me
and I’ll come for you,
or I counted every strand
of her hair that strayed onto
onto my pillow last night.

Even now, rockfish resist
my airward pull, twist and thrash
their poison spines —

Until they don’t.
I hope you’re the same.
I hope that you aren’t.
For Example

I filled a jar with
wild strawberries:
each was tart and pale
at its core. I cannot choose.

You were asleep,
a shirt over your eyes,
which does not matter

except it was you,
and I remember.
You brought me an ice pop

from the fridge,
and then another
after the first.

They effloresced
in your hands.
Your hands

have laid themselves
bare across my skin.
The lemons grow back, 
each year with thicker skins, 
thinning out the fruit 
season after season.

Oh yes, the ever-changing 
membrane between jealousy 
and loneliness.
Proof of Life III

I know very little, but I understand,
the potential envenomation
of every thing, When the snakes gathered,
their thick throats pulsed.

What resonates within us
before we know why:
You can tell if they're poison
by looking at their eyes.
But hope you never
get close enough to know.

Once we stole fireflies
from their thrumming cloud,
and I fed them through your lips,
and you fed them through my lips.
And our eyes glowed the whole way home.
Blood Letting

Remember how gems harden,
nursed inside the earth’s crust?

Yes, we owe our lives
to the violent forces that created us.

That unsew us.
I had a lover once. I had a lover

who was there until he was not.
I am waiting for your message.

I am still waiting for your message.
Math is a meditation on love,
a force unknown and mythical.

Once, a man blew air onto my palms:
He noticed they were cold, but I hadn’t told him.

There is a beauty in competing forces,
and in futility and prediction.

All there is, is knowing. Or wonder.
If we’re lucky we can explain why.

We have only what we are given.
So we take it, and we expand.
NOTES

p 51 “seabirds bathed / and spread their wings,” is from the Old English poem “The Seafarer.”
VITA

Emileigh Barnes grew up in Oxford, Mississippi. She graduated with honors and high distinction from the University of Iowa, where she served as editor-in-chief of *The Daily Iowan*, was a runner-up in the 2008 Hearst spot-news competition, and was named one of UWire’s “100 Most Promising Young Journalists.” As a graduate student at the University of Mississippi, she won both an honors scholarship and a dissertation fellowship. She also served as poetry editor of *the Yalobusha Review*, student coordinator for the Grisham Visiting Writers Series, and design architect of Oxford’s chapter of *100,000 Poets for Change*. She is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, and Kappa Tau Alpha.