when the situation does not decompose you are making me know

Kirsten Ihns
WHEN THE SITUATION DOES NOT DECOMPOSE YOU ARE MAKING ME KNOW

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the heat sees no thing, just knows
how to rise
    supremely a filling action
    and
...it is steep to be young

give me just the instant! i will make it out of view:

there are things i am glad
that nobody counts
the number of times
i do

if the good you are circumspect
if the flawless in it circummortal

though i go out like a flash
i go out like a flash flash
i go out like a flash flash & diamond
i go out like a ice

if the animus moves to venture its disposal
you should listen
with your good ear. you should
crack cap polypore. you should cling
to the tree
like you might
fall off
you should get real
convinced about something

allow me to reprise the preliminary causes:
i’m a bad hat
in my real clothes
    i am one of those things i do for free

a woman watches a slideshow of her own life
    in the big gym
        on the recliner bike

if life gets treadless as a lollipop
    then i’m bouncing on its slow machine

these are only the rules
but to follow them is a real

    likelihood:

    the world is a thin case and dimly, the what
you can see through it, hot
not doubt

bound up in the verity of its great clear walls
    the fabulate act of their rising

    they do no such thing but the fact of it
        in a style so tender and suitable

o the heat is totally upwards. the heat is arriving balloon

    ok
    dear god i am making a true act
        very corner
    i am turning bleakly around it

is this
    a verifiable practice
    am i being the right way to ask this

am i
delirious: to have jumped the furrow, joyed

    i’m a wayward

    anunciating

instrument

    (the furrow instrument-joyed!)

passing to another density

whose ancestor occupies the floor

grooved like terrestrial paradise

goal:

    i want to be so real

so complete you can know

all my predicates

    i want you
to know all my predicates

    through the completed trajectory of their arriving

    o you see it is comprising

/doing it constantly

let’s be pleased by the scent of the yoke

coming on:

    i swear it is so good it will delight you

someone needs to be brave enough
to go up and comfort the miracle

say soothing things like

    that the nation unit observe this day

    that the fountain water taste like a strawberry

    that there is no flaw in your particular lightness

habit:

    i want to be changed just by being how not

    are you laughing at my synonym

    are you a habit take me out of the things i am

    you can’t
tell the value of a thing

in terms of itself
example: the day passes by
    recording its numerals

example: is there a thought
    you could put in your mind
that would make it two

habit
    you have to trust your body
to know what to do

    big animal down in its history rut
scoring it out
    coming to settle
my flesh on its sharp angles

love it

    bitter wires as a tricked winter mooring
saying what it means like a lazy orbit
pouring up the rainstorm like an hour
    lays its waste on the ground enormous sounds
and what remains

    i love myself most a moment ago
i love myself in the shapes i know
    how to use:

habit, garment, vestment, clothes
woodchip super fortress
paradise
    & full of veins
take it nude and shoeless
    in the spruces
bare as species
bear as silty clay that means
tested to the depth
of what do you accept

/teach me how to be a person
the moment i say
you see, you do what i want
to want
to make me that shape

what is it
made you instrument

what is it made you
start to use them
habit,
tell me  i don’t usually do this

it isn’t my house
traversing its zenith
the creature feeling traversed my south

o i know so much at the edge of my reach
it barks at me over the fence

KIRSTEN IHNS is a graduate of the Iowa Writers’ Workshop, and is currently a Ph.D. student and Neubauer Presidential Fellow at the University of Chicago, where she co-curates the emerging writer/artist interdisciplinary series Plexiglas, and reads poetry for Chicago Review. Her first book, sundaey, is forthcoming from Propeller Books in 2020, and her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Hyperallergic, Black Warrior Review, DREGINALD, Bennington Review, Yalobusha Review, TAGVVERK, The Iowa Review, New Delta Review, Prelude, and elsewhere. She is from Atlanta, GA.