

the people side of change

Proud Boys—black masked along Cleveland airport fence—raise swastika flags
the joke begins—a narcissist and a sensitive walk into a room
state-signed Act protect bigots from less than 100 trans women athletes
funding freeze closes HIV clinics no medicine for thousands
come now, baby birds, be strong and create the home for you that your mother and government did not
Native Americans declared not citizens
proposal to resettle Palestinians to develop Riviera of the Middle East
Is anybody unhappy? he asks the Cabinet—the room applauds in response—*I think everyone's not only happy, they're thrilled.*
lean into the learning of those who could not wait for safety secured by governance
a government aims to disappear children—*In my heart and in my brain I'm a girl*
in the Texas Ob-Gyn Exodus Vanessa miscarries alone

is not

is not the older man beating me senseless

(“bet it feels good to beat up a woman,” I say)

wear your tongue

earn the right to keep its weight

like a world off your neck

is not a long jumper’s last reach

orange throat, this animal body

not a baby bird screaming for you to come home

we stand at the opposite edges of the Rio Grande—

separated not severed

newborn baby (frontier face)

sick dogs alone on the ridge

air the smell of neglect

not a diary-placed scarf around the throat

pull glimmer from pyrite

hang from hair

iridescent feathers everywhere

Untitled, sixth

the word for the study of sounds and signals in animal communication

sounds like Zeus semiotics

oil companies dress themselves as mythical kingdoms—unregulated bewildered—Niger delta's no electricity

nightmare in a hotel room with a history of murder

18 days without distributing non-radioactive iodine—

thyroid cancer's sonorous Ukrainian diary

he hesitates, seeing my expression—“world capital of fucked lungs”

the dignity of saying no

when the internet helps put down a coup she heard

one shoved the other off the iceberg—a misunderstanding

Untitled, Seventh

violence regards my whiteness as shield

Garner, Gray, Brown—black tectonics

two midnights in a jug storm beyond the great plains or any other container

ice bath in front of fan

when she walked in the heat of it, she walked beyond posture

she occupied a future of tag and bone

displacement stranded—

bottomless, metal bucket just hanging from trail's tree

it's as if empathy is unpatriotic

flagging the apocalypse pageantry

la gente—such a pleasing word

bodies rise above echo chamber, and protest ignites the wrong

Desolation, second

2.

A Palestinian searches for Palestine on Maps—

only coordinates. No town. No peak. No country.

Syria. Syria. Syria.

3.

The lexicology of *landscape*

machbad

landscape as much as scene.

Figures perform roles.

Mouchabid, spectator, derived from the verb *chabada*—

to be a witness of something.

Spectacle as natural environment

suggests there is a witness.

In English the painter's language—

that distance between image and land.

Bio:

Deborah Poe is the author of several books of poetry including *keep*, *Elements*, and *Our Parenthetical Ontology*, as well as a novella in verse, *Hélène*. Her visual works—video poems and handmade book objects—have been exhibited throughout the US. Deborah lives on stolen Coast Salish land, specifically the ancestral land of the Duwamish, Suquamish, Stillaguamish, and Muckleshoot People.