The Sound of Making It Flow

Marisa Viele
St. John Fisher College

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/23 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
The Sound of Making It Flow

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: October 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/23
The Sound of Making It Flow

two thousand miles above sea level
within the tropic of cancer
i am gulping space
under covers heavy as small oceans
i am dreaming like a fish
one eye open
thought patterns leaving divots trailed
like ships rumbling along the still world
anchored for now into this collective sea
all of our sweet bodies giving way to sand and grit
but cradling remains of each other's rapid breathing
folding it into coins a trunk of sinking dispensable truths
no longer strapped upon our two new ankles
but leaving our maps beds seven seas of salt teeth

i am thinking with one wide eye
one pink lung up
holding two thousand miles of open maps returns
welcomed arms of roads reading "exit"

i am planning
i am planning with one eye open
under this body of heavy maps
nine continents on my shoulder
on my one pink lung

i am sinking into ink blue routes that run me off
this bed this land this man made exit sign saying south
i am holding so many miles under my ribs stuffing treasures
into my dress and folding them into coins and trailing down this salty salty road one eye open watching tasting treasure in my mouth

--Marisa Viele
The Sound of Making It Flow

two thousand miles above sea level
within the tropic of cancer
i am gulping space
under covers heavy as small oceans
i am dreaming like a fish
one eye open
thought patterns leaving
divots trailed
like ships rumbling
along the still world
anchored for now
into this collective sea
all of our sweet bodies giving way to
sand and grit
but cradling remains of each other's rapid breathing
folding it into coins
a trunk of sinking dispensable truths
no longer strapped upon our two new ankles
but leaving our maps beds
seven seas of salt teeth

i am thinking with one wide eye
one pink lung up
holding two thousand miles of open maps returns
welcomed arms of roads reading "exit"

i am planning
i am planning with one eye open
under this body of heavy maps
nine continents on my shoulder
on my one pink lung

i am sinking into ink blue routes
that run me off
this bed this land this man made exit
sign saying south
i am holding so many miles under my ribs
stuffing treasures into my dress
and folding them into coins
and trailing down this salty salty road
one eye open
watching tasting
treasure in my mouth

--Marisa Viele

http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/23