

HOW TO HAVE A FUTURE MEMORY

Gillian Conoley

I will desalinate in cinema if I look long enough and far
from the screen, to the side
to accept all that is
forwarded by mail to me in sun I will
not get ready to die I shall be a know-not
in dialect and coverlet

I will turn my mattress over
on this voyage
leave my guidebook behind

I will kiss in extended swaths of pathogen I will have will, pact, capture
A quince-colored half lie, the heart seeks lift
the ear loves conch dislikes suture

The starlings who mate in space
spray-painted data charts of death rates
climb the underside of the overpass

Beneath blood clot in sun

the corpse burned newborn buckled, strolled a breeze is made

but can we

trust it

as in if ever you were my lover if you betrayed me

I hated you hated you hated you called recalled you

then heard

a finitude of gladsong

Metal to the skyfull

the plane arrives waits

and down drop empty stairs a white pebble on the tarmac Where

Have All The People Gone, I will think

and grant that I may see you that you may see me

that I am you and we do that

chloroplasts and flagella dust

our metatarsal-knitted feet

a tapering process

point arch misstep
into two-step the vanishing

folkdance

recalled by deities who collaborate

under clouds

Washed to shore could we

step out of our winding cloths

sit in folding chairs where we have made

a place to stay awhile and watch

our immortalists—our cameras, our cinema—

the long pleasing ocean shot of sunset that keeps pulling at our bodies

hotel sheers over the window that billow into body—

over we who do

time in the body—who climb,

and fall and fall and fall