



Recent Work

Maureen Owen

Some of these works have appeared in: The Denver Quarterly, Hanging Loose 107, Litscapes: Collected US Writings 2015, Further Other Book Works broadside, Bombay Gin and Le Petit Press.

For Patricia Spears Jones

juggling and put them he
went on metamorphic a man in pearls

it is the nature of the afternoon to speak to us in parables

deep-seated definite that poignant that
reveals our cafecito one's last affair with the throes of torpor
salt-breeze suffused of salt pans

& always city oddly angled elevated
stuffed into a powdery yellow stillness unspoiled by
hardly enough at first glance an equation

friable

elliptical questions simply no way to tidy
silence would involve withdrawal
making would at one end be slim would be keeps

as the grooves of smooth variance
that draw on diverse

unbearably slow the Vortex aviates their arrival

that's just one of the reasons filming birds is frustrating

When you leave someone you said
to yourself in the elevator going down
the folds and creases of a shirt the threads and buttons rushing past
the instant making such economic noise
a tipping solace awkward if you're on your own

when you leave someone
you said so yourself in the elevator going down
here's what you should do
borrowings chipped in haste adumbrating a plum ferocity
Was that for being too chic too steep for angling
Perched on a painted result of things

at some point you will know artifact how we are the result of
what we do to our nature But it being summer when you came down
in the elevator the grass was sizzling

Don't ever hang yourself in the barn

I ask myself every day
And it really is my life

Alone on the boardwalk
Why do I have useless donkeys?
Why do I have 9 dogs?

Liquitex my darling Fatty acid bloom my love
white haze newsprint and wax paper saying it still does

Or
except various tho she headed

Must we die Mesopotamia
clocks set right but the time is wrong

You can help me tie your shoe for you
A little crystal blister found in a grain field

My mother dreamt of the wind the ponies
Drifting up into the thick dust draft of it

Tiny rectangular forms with legs rushing
about in an ocher glaze

rolls of crepe twisting in manes & tails
wild eyed for oxygen & water

We bring our own territory with us
terra cotta louche and long it's dawn now taken

we pose clad uniquely

fungible
 the window behind us

Popped

Or

A cat so black it had only eyes

A patch of high grass at the edge of our confidence

on the floor of the brain the hippocampus reclines an odalisque with raised arms
clothes not bothering (fragrances) spicy amber Somehow inhale it now bergamot
our night catapults way up & under her vision a mirror

metropolis eyes sleeping in a dish the only ones not looking at the camera

and this all about how she meant to stay a maquette without being done or having not been
done eliciting how many and just as much by the next subtraction

did looks got in her way? holding the breaths that
flat reveals lined in rubber without closure the Balm wasn't seamless

she had scrambled her directions and now she was rambling

in an aura of replicas she circled herself

like private moonlight on a beach just passing through

there was nothing

**where I haven't been since I hadn't gone
for such a long time**

or everybody wants to buy your car

swollen braided breathing
seascapes landscapes bedroom paintings

did I come away edgy on the way back
might those even so not just need

some fabric never noticed
all the while this uniquely insisting

what you'd guess but don't expect
we know the names of the mistakes now

tiny fields of view seem to squeeze the moon
in a snow like bundles of sheets rolled in cotton
where dancers move their arms through heavy satin

**the loose
into which pillowed
wood, cornhusk, paint, feathers, and string
so tightly woven it held water**

Or he wore a dickie to the dance

With its own lack of excuse
a narrow ice-filled pot-holed alley threads these rough stucco walls
doubts braided with a moody nocturne yelling at one another
the only thing I take with me at the lip of a whorl
is what happens Is the angle of the voice like
that favorite necklace one buys all ones clothes to match
a swarm of chunks of cumulus tethered right overhead

it was just their nods to curlicues de facto
veering toward its share at which expanding
catawampus iron and oxygen hugging

I try to listen to my cells I try

“It’s the same rain,” Kyran said but no one
has the same gossip

standing on the pedals keeps you nimble

from the very top of envy

half of the people burn

ultraviolet

or

where did May Kasahara's letters go?

... had he received them... it seemed he had...

what ocean reaches to us
uneasily where a sundry carried gathers
accumulation all around
which is more stubborn than the other would
be turned out into be on your own
in all but the black seaweed
that look green gives us from
its hillside that grimace of the sky that river
winds by shakes its head that earth burps under our footsteps
we jump up and down on it we jump up and down up
& down we are jumping on it jumping up & down dark
waves of seagrass
hot pink roses voodoo voodoo
voodoo roses

I won't kid you — I'm not formlessness

Profound isn't a mere reply shifting
streams of turbulent penance

getting there in one piece I felt forgotten
on the heels of how she put it

Rouge the whole mess
low barge huffing and puffing caresses

the soles of our feet the
palms of our hands a

fear of the desert even ours
a bear traveling in the sky

a single orb holding
all whether

for Jim

I'm keeping my eyes clothes

**vastly the body as if the
fallen yellow petal in different positions**

**to the left of the path
yellow plastic hats of the school children**

his remains went undecided

Scribbled flora

a pilgrim has smashed his nose on the back of the Cardinal's hand
radiating the last late style again in meanwhile

she'd thought to top the pine struck by lightning but others carried
synthesis and tension multifold it was autumn leaves burst yellow halos
performing the ritual balanced confident always colourous always a
costume stow-away scalloped from a meadow formed of a shape of form

Scribbled flora tooled in leather flush in gangly borders his remains
In tulip pale yellow cresting as so carried pleated sequence
orchestrating through the throng of branches two women mourning together
their voices softly crisp we wrap his ashes in a green silk scarf
our fingers on the stone are giant

Apollo had accused then cursed Cassandra

Or that sculpture looks heavy

Nor ever fancied night so
deep brushy thick
glossy rich black dripping darkness

why are we the public?

the likelihood
that we will be able to keep up this pace indefinitely
unlikely

we are we shadows on stairways
followed stopped ground up / grouped and out of current
quasi-comic we bend backwards to be us

Let's speak all the things too close to fit to punish
rectangular flat chimney brick painted white
strips peeling away curled ballet to faded rouge

I had these agéd windows 14 windows with wooden frames
7 tops and 7 bottoms in my garage
were they portals or were they space

Was I kind enough?

It's the deal of the dream of us powdering

in that snow Russian leopards

everything turns on a delicate measure

**was it the same night they were to meet
or had that night already passed**

**how fragile was the night they were to meet
never mentioned again**

the eye for lack of direction will settle
beneath the shallows or in the grove of restless trees

unclear hand in hand if you're game
not more than that or then a sense or wanting to be left alone
against a pair of floral pillows

there is only the pedestrian saddled
by a passion

and the tracks of the ginger snap

weak faith that you were

*American poet **Maureen Owen** was born in Minnesota in 1943 and grew up on the racetrack circuit in California where her parents were horse trainers. The author of almost a dozen poetry selections, including *Erosion's Pull* (2006), and the most recent *Edges of Water* (2013) from Chax Press, she was the recipient of the *Before Columbus American Book Award* (1985) and the *2011 Fund For Poetry Award* among a handful of other honors and recognitions for her poetry. Maureen currently makes her home in Denver, Colorado. The work in this selection are from a manuscript in progress tentatively titled *Everything Turns On A Delicate Measure*.*