

BRENDA SERPICK

How To Make Something Out of Nothing

I.

I am significant and do not make other wishes
a slack tune never grows
a child sits at home knows her child-like room
the sewing machine upside down
a doll's crib turns into a table
 to survive a week in verity
 vulnerable as unwanted objects

II.

We are two statuettes in a cradle
a desk when she wants desk
a big upside down edges into permanence

What happens when one child never grows?
there are many words for these sorts of events

having no expletives is an honorable quest
 in a house of rejection

my question is ignored
 as all else in a house of regression

III.

There was a funny story of pushing a giraffe to its limit
having to grapple, a giraffe bleats onto your things
 do you think they could have shoved her down its neck?
 do you think a giraffe can take a bus to school?
 and bake?

What would happen if she grew to be forty years old and never sat
next to a tree?
 a thick tongue hangs out to answer

IV.

There is no answer to your repeating queries
perhaps this is why you call me
several times from the underworld
no consonants in your messages

I run through our fires
 but several morticians stand in their places

every corner of a misused past smoking in the bellows

V.

The nothing that I was
while sitting breathless in the hamper
has become a king-sized book mark
 your life's experience
bandaged in time and space

a pit without fruit
the nothing that our mother thinks

 dear hideaway, you can grow old with a shelter but no surround

VI.

People pursue vast
and raucous together
 a rope holds our necks
in the secret blustery nothing

household to household I try to make things
from the trash that exists in our hearts

like the scent of soap
 on the bedside of someone

a house may have sheets and sinks
 but returns nothing

VII.

The desire to make something
is an all absorbing interest
 Throw caution overboard!

exactly how it happened to us, frenetically
one cannot bear to throw it away

a doll's crib is a natural oddity
recalling the original nothing
 then chuckling over its transformation from a decoy to a desk

Do you have any old thunderings that are collecting dust?