



Page Half-Full Poems:

Watermark Me Free (Part II)

a woman's life, bodies, relationships

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Why is it called?

Why is landscaping called manual labour? It is whole body aching labour. Hands are incidental ends of levers. You don't need a manual. Paper pushing is manual. Word processing is manual. Masonry, carpentry, farming, this, it is corporeal, occasionally even with a pinch of euphorical.

I dreamt we swam

I dreamt we swam into each other's arms,
 in the way that dreams make us capable.
 Liquid I slipped my arms into yours,
 not like sleeves but as
 into my own skin, our own skin,
 and slid into your torso, and you into mine, as if
 we were seas meeting on the backs of tectonic plates.
 As intertwined waves we built each other's strength,
 your thoughts and feelings known better than
 a seashore knows its seas; explicitly
 you understood all that there is to me.

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Living Together

Packing is swift and painless.
A few placeholder possessions
Mark the vacant rented space
Notable as an official address for months and
As a stage to greet visiting dignified parents from.
She could leave it all behind as a set for someone else
To take down and cart away or act upon
As her character determines.

air space

the rain shower soaks
our clothes, melting their pretense
of aloofness, making them as transparent
as sunlit water, condensed from meters thick
to millimeters of clinging color,
but still we can touch.
we do. motion washes away the breaths
left hanging between us

Two Plants

"We are like 2 plants growing in one pot.
We came from 2 separate roots.
We grew up separately.
We began to reach out and you touched my life.
We grew together. Our leaves grew around each other
and we grew closer.
We sit together in front of the window
looking out at the world together."

[1995, I recorded these verbatim words of my then boyfriend, now
husband, Brian, and later we made them a part of our wedding
program]

alone

my back reclines against your back
one leg stretches along your legs
one leg partly wrapping around yours
I sigh
experiencing the pressure
of my seat against yours
I never realized how logically
a chair is designed.

The Problem with Memories

They don't collect dust. You can't caress
one and come away with telling tip
as grey and oily as any unmaintained motor;
It may always retain the freshness
of Victorian flesh.

When

When our lips are pineapple tingling,
when my knees are pipe-cleaner bending,
when our hearts are surprise-party wakened,
when our breaths are Christmas stocking taken,
when your face is chick-down heat, nesting
on my shoulder, I know.

Long Distance Call

Operator: You can go ahead.

"

Hi! OK, and you?" Eyes close
to better hear the Love-yous

(say anything)

in the common presences of rain;

(say anything)

in husky exchanges of prices of potatoes;

(say anything)

in promises to look to the pole star

at 11 p.m. again. Dear,

dear words, milliseconds tick,

ticks trickle money,

Ears burn from pressing the phones

so hard to pull each other one crackling millimeter
nearer.

The tense pleasure of smiles

that can't have their wet cheeks caressed.

Lips are licked,

There's the chests

small fast shallowing breaths.

Time nearly over. Dial tone.

Throats cleared.

and countdown to eleven.

Touched

back of a hand with hairs raised,
palms wet with anticipation
open palms on open palms
placing fingers in fingers,
with minimum necessary force
holding and held in trust
that the other will not break
or be broken.

hair

chestnut waves to tangle in,
deep-grain wavy skein of
angoraed hair caresses where
open locks and skin meet --
the sweet curls arc behind the ear,
lace the nape and trace
fragments of halo above the face.
Even when I cover my sight
your hair clouds soft mounds
of memories onto my palms and
along my neck's hollow.

combing

long steady strokes
with a small yellow comb
scalp to ends. circling
to the crown and down
again, combing and
re-combing, knowing
sometime in this dance
the trance may break
the yellow comb traces
the golden circle shape
of devotion, sets the pace
of this bonding dance
of love's meditation - snag.