

■
I HEAR A
NOISE

Tiana Reid
■



we keep each *arche* safe (Post-it Poem)

another spiral, coming back
around
over total nonsense

or:
IF I NEVER
BELIEVED IN YOU

or: "it"

I would regret
radicalism,
diss-organizable raids

and then
like lightning
— all the stupid grounding exercises —

like...

if she could touch
you,
therein would dissolve
half the problem


little betrayals of translucent principles
utopia,
so long away

the cart explored
and then another
and then and then
and then another

for now...

writing to come to, the
prisoners in Texas,
forgetting the
minor moon, the
bleakened chaos, the
fallout, the
tracking disaster, the
dusted signature, the
oranged doorways





– and there it is,
always more stuff,
like Sherrie’s
lost folder, slipped
into the unpolished coffin

and better me than
everyone
and everything’s
cool, I’d say
when the reality would be
The Reality –

and the
perturbation
one
intrepid soul away


I saw forever,
that no-history
of the fantasy

what she is
is what she
does – or does not

so, disband
we keep each *arche* safe

1962,
little estate breeze
making malt with
Brady

becoming light-fueled
love-fielded
opting out of
all the pull





Gift Poem

We crossed like
little, newer oceans.
One vitamin tilting on its side.

Tough
ice cubs fronting
their own fight but
we come up for
air, demonstrating a
a tussle, a
following.

Sometimes
melting into her,
water into water.

But she is icy, laconic
and only loud
on the inside.





Nature Poem

I love you. Is that trouble? I've never met you but your teeth are in my head.

I mean, literally I wake up, around, and set fire to something, and then I'm under the covers.

I make use of what has been given to me by my family—syncretisms, scraps, blackness, homophobia, prayer, a “covid-friendly” nine-night. On whatever day of the year, usually a Sunday (sorry), the word “ancestors” gives me the creeps. This is another way to say I freak myself out.

Outside the trees are surrounded by gas stations.

I stand alone in the middle of a state park with my broken phone, which turns off by itself every three minutes or so. I think I'm still in Vermont.

I hear a noise (I really am afraid of bears) and realize that if I had to call 911, my phone might turn off before I get a chance to speak to the operator. Well, that should take less than three minutes, I would

hope. The last time I called 911, I was three years old so I don't really remember what the experience was like. Speaking of spiritual experiences: whatever God I forced myself to come up with is here with me in the park.

