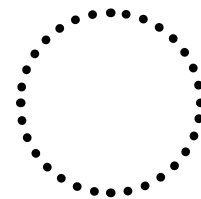


Crushed Silk

Elena Gomez



Rosa Press

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Rosa Press labours on unceded Wangal,
Gadigal, Dharug, and Gundungurra lands.
We acknowledge the unbroken sovereignty
of First Nations people and the countless
struggles against settler-colonial occupation.
We pay our respects to elders past and present.
Always was, always will be, Aboriginal land.

Typeset by Swampy Hound

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Elena Gomez

In Abbotsford: 4pm

I'm a dip in The Suburb, I go straight down
across eight lanes of traffic, I'm picking up
speed, below the underpass, If I stop it's for
another, nobody even looks, I've been told
I'm responsible. It's grim, it's past the oval
that was for footy but now for dogs off their leads,
it's like this, I'm back, here again I can believe it,
I'm plugged, in to conspiracy theories, celebrity gossip,
in my head, I'm a gazelle, there's not one limit
to the self-delusion, weeded for this undertaking,
there's a moment, at the descent that takes a breath,
but you still need to watch out for some cars, they
backed out, they think of the lovely house in
New Hampshire, I wonder if I'll live in a lovely house,
but not that kind of lovely house, I'm also friends
with people in lovely and other kinds of houses, are we
measuring incorrectly, small cloth stain is a lie,
it's a nesting arc for brides, a bromide, is the other
word, is a word, the ground for 3 metres is caked in it,
my long-dead dog loves it, where is the tab left for this,
where is the tab left behind, I am turned on when scolded
for having too many tabs left open, it's not a huge upward
drip in the garden, I never looked close enough at
what grows there, it's often the part to take over women,

pushing prams and family bike rides, it's probably the slow rise, I was making the same red lentil coconut curry, for a while I was ready to try something new, but when did that make anyone feel any better, it's a point of maybe 1.5km before the house paddock arrives, I'm too nostalgic about things, I'm told, like when I look up old family homes on real estate dot com, I fear that one day I will decide I can live in an outer suburb, I consider friends a bonus, my rehab is working (I like the exercise in the position Right Lateral Recumbent), I can feel it in the hip flexors, and surrounds, the hip flexors are destroyed in modern bodies, I was deterred to them, my body is with the rest of the purpose, do other poets obsess with excellence or are they just able to be in the world, I enjoy the large black pigs but their pens are lately empty, one of them is named Mabel or Maple, the sheep are usually pretty boring, I was reading Leopardi some mornings ago, the recluse, is it significant, is it significant I read him in the morning, the pages are thinner than a bible's, what is it he says about poetry's function as delight?: 'the great majority of useful works bring pleasure indirectly, showing how we can obtain it. Poetry brings it immediately, provides it for us' and also: 'usefulness is not the purpose of poetry although poetry is useful' and 'to give delight is the natural office of poetry', earlier I had left a note here commanding me to find the quote, there are goats in a mound today minus

four months, they rest their heads on each other's backs, I consider space and personal space and needs, I am inclined to the community, I am not a people person, I am in the community but from afar, I am mediated in some of these ways I won't list right now, one afternoon it finishes raining, there is a large cow being eyed by a toddler, I am on a science fiction bend, I used to get fatigue in my thighs, I used to be weaker in my limbs, I prefer to put in effort, and if not I enjoy being a slug, which is preferred over a snail, I hope I do not need to explain this, but if I must, you could guess how I do it, we're spreading new facts on weightbearing in lobbies, this next part is important: blobfish in its natural habitat, I saw photos of the blobfish like this, it is structurally intact, the blobfish is not mopey-faced or jelly dollop in its unaltered state, it is fish-like, its blob shape appears in the course of its removal, it is destroyed by the new levels, by the atmosphere, by lesser pressures, I'm back down the river. There is a woman throwing a ball into the water and her large hound (which is what I call dogs to sound Romantic) jumps in to play 'aquafetch', to retrieve the ball he has swum to the middle, I wonder if the woman must be attentive to the speed of the river and needs to make a calculation either of her throw reach or her dog's ability, though it's a big dog, I am swept easily by currents so I am sensitive to this problem, you never step into

the river, I'll make a new curry but it's sort of an old one,
I did this for a while with a different type of chickpea,
my mother told me about them and they're small and brown
and nutty not like the big white garbanzo beans, I often go
on the hunt for them when the whim arises, I do not often
remember to do this with intention, this is true
for most cuisines or ingredients, I decide to incorporate
it, a menu for the house, I get to the bottom of the staircase,
I run up, at the top I feel triumphant, my body survives
but is unhappy with me, it acts betrayed, when I put it
through a straining run it is compact, my body does not
accept apologies, it complies with sleep
in my loud thoughts. We are happy in the fog.

(it's like this)

I was sort of, we aren't really

Coming home. A required
Dress, a sequined hat. Hired

Mine fluffed
Grey cushions

It's 'Fish Scales' a tiny
cymbal, a king
fisher diachronic
exercises
luxe stroll thru
the emporium

I, a glamour rat,
the best one does a
spring off in due
course a cabinet of
human traits

we smoke outside the
mill. I'm a water
baby it's a joke I'm
a forest nymph it
came out of a team
building exercise

we're sleeping
outside the mill
she is not a girl
but at the rear of a
large crowd we're tying
a few knots. I would wait
at the sea

I left everyone to the
sub plot this time
it's a hatted figure it's a
lilac sequin hatted figure
do you know the one?
It's a restful sight

You read your neighbour's child
rationed activity kit
forget it there is also art
matted wet leaf path

diaphanous not the wine
flavour but the outfit you
disinherit. There's a 'real'
'sense' of 'ownership'
as a finite space
for your body to fit

(we're still on the dress I'm
afraid) I cry the words.

We sat around the floor together

A web page lists a themed

Electronic Survey

Catalogue synthetic scents

Digitised collections from French

Naturalists in 18th C Polynesia

Consider a journey, she peeled
a scab back, vertical cushions

Propped, the towers the towers,
consider a journey, the red wool

Socks, I'm washing off the bar cart,
Lee Krasner's on the table.

If this was a joke, but we aren't
leaving the room, soviet swimming

Pools shot in radiant blues, brilliant
red swimming caps.

Giotto, don't you know: voluminous
robes, figures in depth, a mound

Following the path of a needle inside the hem,
we're collecting thick green sacks, she's knelt

Before, I have no observations at this time,
the union representative must give 24 hours' notice

of entry. Wet plaster fresco vs dry plaster fresco

incomplete list of materials gathered for the towers

medicine: ibuprofen, paracetamol

fruit & veg

snacks

(esp. for children)

garlic, onion

baby wipes, nappies

masks, gloves

tinned beans, dishwashing

liquid, bread, milk

lactose-free milk, eggs

soap, deodorant

I'm a bright green

pandan bread

I spring in the

middle when

your fingers retreat

The rest is a story:

It's like this: a salacious page break
or a hilly rest stop, felt craft gloves
We've got a man with us we found
a monastery along the way. I'm not
in Europe at all but what's the luck
of a tarot reading offered & offered
as my ankle-length soft cotton blend
skirt draped over my crossed knees
She's listening to phone conversations
from the hallway. It's a nylon stocking
factory processing plant I'm pretty
sure you can light the fire at the base

Are you here in the city
I'm here in the city
In the city I'm wrecked. I'm
Dodging bikes every day, tripping
 On dog shit. Next door serves you hot chips.
 I'm in the city eating hot chips
I'm—we're in cityscapes
A false skyline lash bar
In the waiting room
 It's like this: we're eating soggy hot chips
in a seat you hold
my damp empty box

You scrub pans like inspection. Don't
We forget it: the spooning is a sign

I'm raving on the footpath

We're here in a fertile land.

The degrees
Are consequential.
Wipe down a surface
In the name of it

It's not a story: [the plug plot riots]
I figured I'd find you
I'll try to come in strangely but
I'm brave too. I love in convenience

It's called skeleton ready. As in, a body
Clearing itself. Detachable collars
'Free' us from 'labour' 'time'

Tug a collar, fist close, over fabric sleeve, heavy wheat packs
The umbrella is closed there is a nest of insect eggs inside,
Here we go here we go here we go are you ready I'm opening
A piano lid it's the joke I'm not a piano player there's a small
Nordic sensibility here I wiki facts during movies I stumble
Upon 2016-era think pieces on the legacy of Tracy Flick
You are not going to believe this. I found the slug riding on
The 2inch block heel along with me down Johnston Street
I named it Flex on account of its muscular strain

I'm sipping from an elk

And it's a lot.

a cupped palm is no substitute for
fitzy's finest ceramics, an earlobe tug,
stars here, presumes heat tacked on
end of shift. We're a deep lull, a parade.
I wrapped you in crushed silk.
We got good at lies. Tracing skulls
 across
the plains. We're tied up now. It's risky
to declare it

And it's a road clear for our readied hands
Or else my sidecar or a swipe up
Not a sour muzzle nor a bellow.
Yet here we sit, surrounded by
Discarded leggings
 boiled, and wait for
brumal winds

it's like this: we're unpacking
thermal leggings from pre-used
plastic slips & suppressing our
feelings about the William Morris
prints hanging in the dentist's foyer
purchased from an online vendor
whose name if I mentioned would
tell you too much & lock us in for
a meaning we don't desire



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