

# Photolingua

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# PHOTOLINGUA

by  
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## **a scene of outlandish**

Shovel the words off the beach.  
The bride of silence is coming,  
and she is always irate  
Below the ground my grandmother thinks I should sew.  
Below the ground my grandmother is singing.  
My hands are covered in rings  
no one gave me.  
My bones fill with snow.

## **a performance of just**

microwavable ghosts  
open-minded locks  
symphony of cubic zirconia  
eyelash collection agencies  
fluffs of hard  
torrents of insane

## **a rehearsal of shan't**

pirouette pirouette  
on pointe on guard

turn

front Ariel

leap

put the blade in  
turn it stage right

dance damn you dance

remove the blade and

please don't drop the blood.

## **a performance of is**

a menagerie impossible things bleat.  
a chorus of mutes swelling with song,  
a putrefying, pussy song.

three hellos smoking on the corner.  
yes building its nest  
smog flavoring the breakfast breathing

shadows on parade.  
ghosts sweating in the shade  
minutes making daisy chains on the lawn.

## **platitide illustration**

the plane lands  
almost  
hovers just high enough  
can't touch  
the ground  
mechanics pace in their bolts.

### **mannerisms image**

I rolled up heat  
put it in the closet.  
the walls listen  
the clothes argue with my body.  
I have planted ten thousand tulip bulbs  
in my backyard  
but only stop signs grow.

## **solidarity picture**

boo hiding in a ghostly throat.  
temples of yellow.  
heaven expunged my record.  
Fridays have never even been possible for me  
but Tuesdays are sweet, puffy  
cancerous.

## **paranoia**

It glitters and gapes  
and sees me naked through my coat.  
Paranoia is strong and wears my shoes.

It is silver,  
a leaf.  
a charm.

Sometimes,  
they are all out to get you.  
But paranoia is an unarmed newspaper reporter.  
It sees all and does nothing.

## **picture of less**

severance package in red  
the sand castle grows beneath the hurricane  
window looking out on a stillborn

## **time**

I'm not sleeping now.  
Ghosts hover over me,  
inviting me to know the night.

Somewhere graves bloom exuberant  
and offer their dead in living color.  
Beside me my glass of water is drunk,  
the meniscus lowering and lowering.

## **decide**

An angel rowing up the canal  
Slinkies enjoying a stair master  
A queen sleeping in the lost colony  
Purple fractions multiplying

An overdose of luck  
A swath of vengeful stars  
Marbles playing cops and robbers  
2 to the power of yellow

## **a tour of yes**

Liquefied lillies

Sacks of minutes

Axes mewing in the barn

Feral sweaters snuggled in a burrow

snowmen marching in the dark

my blind spot running across the lawn

a tsunami rocking a cradle

and the thirsty hands and distrustful lips

that lay swaddled within

## **generation**

Gallons of expectation

Girls made out of glitter

Goals gestating

Machines playing hopscotch

Loaned skin

Breeding clothes

Stolen voices calling uncreated mothers

LISA MCLEMORE writes with the granite landscape and haunting woods of New England in her bones. Her obsessions include color, synesthesia, and surrealism. Her next book, *Strange Windows*, is a hypertext poetry book that will come out in the spring of 2016. She is the creator of The Spectrum Project, which seeks to rename every color with a new image or line of poetry. Her first nonfiction book, a researched overview of synesthesia in historic and contemporary poetry, will be out by Fall of 2015. Find Lisa and her other writing at [lisamclemore.com](http://lisamclemore.com). You can also connect with her at [lisamariemclemore@gmail.com](mailto:lisamariemclemore@gmail.com).

