

Cuyahoga County Public Library

By Lindsay Turner

PLANNING

Why doesn't anyone in these poems speak for her
own life

Once I couldn't wait a moment longer in Virginia
Once the sun rose red outside a hotel room in the cold New
England dawn
I couldn't imagine any other way to sleep I hadn't tried
Cocooned inside one form or another

Once there was an image of a garden projected on
a screen
Once there were orderly hedges and white gravel
paths
The garden wasn't planned for getting lost in but that's what
people did there
It was just the garden's outlines but you could still trace the paths
It's not at all like how the straight line of history (now we
know)

Runs out in the depopulated suburbs where the wires run
aboveground
Runs out in stripmalls, parking lots of trailers selling pills and armchairs
Runs out in a wealth of places of supplies for everything mechanical or animal

Once I wasn't thinking about the running out
Once I wasn't thinking about anyone else's life or mine as such
I imagined my arm extending outside the window in the cold red
morning

Held there in the cold red like a steeple while the day rushed
past

Is this when the poem appears like a crime scene
Like a white outline of smoke or breath in a red New England dawn
It's not an allegory in the strictest sense because the made-up part of it is true

Why doesn't anyone here speak for their own life
Once in South Carolina there was a flood behind the
storage units
Once it was believed relief from was a thing in store
In my life the major errors accumulate behind me
as I go
Soon you will be able to read them like a poem