

On the second day she thought ABORT-

On the second day she thought ABORT-
she smiled fast, he walked painful.

Like dreaded sun baths
in the prosperous North Sea she thought-
of disgorged couples contorting with anger.

Back and forth all night.

Her wounded femininity maneuvered-
heated mingling painted bright blue-
walls unleashed public inspection.

In memory I sympathize she could drop it.

Gas lamps

Gas lamps
conclude part
of the weakness
I resolved

Thousands brought
injured things
many of them to
student grottos

Other unacknowledged
sovereigns made me
feel sure my
task was fixed

I climbed halfway
up a cable ladder
for a fixed fortune
While resisting
comical hands
sourcing change -

An informal but
unexpendable
tension bit
suggested we both
bicycle toward the
inhospitable strait.

Author Bio

Carly Christiansen received her Bachelor's degree in English at the University at Buffalo in the Fall of 2007, focusing on Poetry. She co-edited the 2008 Undergraduate Poetry Journal *Name*. In Fall 2008 Carly will be going back to UB for her Masters in Early Childhood Education. Inspiration for her work comes from her Undergraduate poetry professor Myung Mi Kim and the entire city of Buffalo. Carly Christiansen lives in the Elmwood Village and works at Spot Coffee downtown, she spends her free time playing with her cats, riding her bike, and discovering and rediscovering the city of Buffalo.

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R E A P E A T b y C A R L Y C H R I S T I E N S E N
A n I n k P u b l i c a t i o n s B r o a d s i d e

A beard with a bag

A beard with a bag
shuffles to hold
bus drunk.

Sparking smarts
smuggling smokes
and coins worn
jeans thin tassels
down watching
lights dim.

Shifts to stolen
car spar
foaming beer steer
the wheel on
concrete tins
spin
over
jabbering drunks win.

red stained

red stained
glass broke
grinding
dust bursts
the room
echoed owed
apologies hauling
heat captured
by movement
textures drowning
down
in
sound

Black lambs

Black lambs
wool pool
sheer mass
stacking glass

Behave
bee have
hive shacks
slacking swirl

Spider webs
winding wear
nipping naked
neck nape

Stacking
ten tins
tents in
snake skins

A man
amen
humming hmm....
his hymns

Llack bams
pool wool
mheer sass
glacked in stass

Breaking Stones

It's very crosslegged crawling
miles into exile-
mangled treating impacts with cold concrete.

Ages of success threw me out unabashed.
Eight different attempts now-
with the digestive tract.

Under the pergola hell broke loose
I felt unhappy-
prepared with imagination.

Succession clenched the street
and the happy bride-
glancing over hurried people
whose real names left her ill-disposed.

Nobody wants to be surprised with
gifts or liver cancer –
when broken be concerned with
neon gold lights and
scraps of paper in the grass.