

Fetish

for Detroit

1.

The |people| are not explicit. I know them only by their fruit:

dressed stone, brick patterned: intricate; lovely remains
fallen aside like petticoats, my eyeful of private

stairs collapsed. Warped floorboards. A glamorous wreck

has turned my head again; the height of the fall proved in ruin.

Teach me again that I do not own this body

though I'm the one clicking, the one who insists

on image: blue chicory holds the walls deep finger-like;
root death: release |reseed| collapse.

2.

Former factory, former church, former

train shed or hospital, form follows
the function of absence, no |erasure|.

I crave the safety of a sterile field. Surely the patient was numb

when the granite steps were pried away. Was still under
while I shooed away the pigeons. Remains

unaware. Remaindered |rendered| beauty

I want to pin to my wall, a fractal of rust
and lichen, growth patterns flattened.

Teach me again. I do not own this body.

3.

Leaves and paint peels blown into the corner, an open window

overexposed: a box of white light to say, what? Salvation lies
beyond a walk through ruin? I touch it without touching. Untouched

I ask again: teach me I do not own these /bodies/.

Sheer curtain rotted and risen on the breeze. Animated.

Handprints on the doorjamb, lock drilled. Something ruined

and not ruined, not beautiful |beautiful| as a carved handrail arced
above missing balusters. The sheen buffed by long gone hands.

(repeated line in italics from Roger Reeves' poem
"Maggot Therapy")