

CAROL ANN DAVIS

Eva Hesse #7 (No Title, 1960/61) (I name it our lady of sorrows and apologize for my absence as violence from present life intrudes & Dietrich Bonhoeffer begins talking to both of us)

That which drifts the arm leftward pulled by some force by some	urgent thing
scarring marking apparatus of departure and remembrance	the robes of our lady
a hood later mask later to learn the hands bring water bring bread	and <i>teeth of time</i> I'm
reading about Dietrich in prison as you and Helen make your way	through messy child-
scape enter into the record the death of children by violence & into that	grim ongoing project
on paper I've not because of recent events here involving that with	which you're familiar
can't mask-wise put mine on I've not been able for whatever reason	to approach our lady
of ink-pencil sorrows though I know a mask is bought from scars and	haven't I have I as you
been delivered Eva your figure says no says <i>teeth of time gnawing of time</i>	<i>healing time</i> <i>scarring</i>
I've been moving in and out of the radius of doubt its built rooms	bright messy and full
with hands my hands to touch the hair of my children absentmindedly	the something that
carries them the something that begins and tries to finish akin to grace	my father said

Dietrich in prison at Eastertide *yes* *I carried you* with hands to table
I bring bread and water I bring ancients who whisper tell me someone told you
so I've come robe-dark and pencil-thin to learn the trick of talking to children about death
it's the house doubt built what could I bring all the way through any childhood
to restore its first-built bricks harbor without doubt full-sail the sleep of dreams
twin of the wrestling you do with your pencil I with mine and fever-blent brought
from there to a new place *did you carry me here* *yes* *I carried you* *you were sleeping* the kind
of grace a father offers a mother more rarely or not at all and Dietrich before the rope
offers to others *because I am already dead* simply *draw a line* what to bring with hands
to such a table pencil-dark apparatus of cathedral that visits you finds you rare