

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  
scarring marking apparatus of departure and remembrance  
a hood later mask later to learn the hands bring water bring bread  
reading about Dietrich in prison as you and Helen make your way  
scape enter into the record the death of children by violence & into that  
on paper I've not because of recent events here involving that with  
can't mask-wise put mine on I've not been able for whatever reason  
of ink-pencil sorrows though I know a mask is bought from scars and  
been delivered Eva your figure says no says *teeth of time gnawing of time*  
I've been moving in and out of the radius of doubt its built rooms  
with hands my hands to touch the hair of my children absentmindedly  
carries them the something that begins and tries to finish akin to grace

urgent thing  
the robes of our lady  
and *teeth of time* I'm  
through messy child-  
grim ongoing project  
which you're familiar  
to approach our lady  
haven't I have I as you  
*healing time* *scarring*  
bright messy and full  
the something that  
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