ALISHA DIETZMAN

Recommended for You Because You

Yet the fortified city will be desolate,
The habitation forsaken and left like
a wilderness

Watched: war in Ukraine documentary on Patsy Cline
the largest alligator in the world Amy Winehouse
at some point says These are hard to sing.
The sad lily of her body, small.
She lifts her leg, lightly. Lamb in heels. Body appearing
almost wasp stung. I was told our restlessness
is only. God. God, like apricots, a thick
sweet light like screens, like eyelids.
eBay informs me only 13 hours left
to buy ______. I get drunk most Tuesdays.
Like my sister—drunk most Tuesdays and
dating a dead girl’s brother, saying everything
he does he does because
it hurts. Every time he hurts me, he
doesn’t. He hurts. He
loves. To which I say,
She told me in the missile-proof room: he, and—
I said no. Which was almost
funny. And then we talked in a missile-proof room
about the ducks on a pond in Arkansas.
The ducks on the pond in our almost
hometown, __________, which
continues to decline despite
those warm floods swelling
the sides of highways. Turning the ground
a sudden green. Cartoon-poison, that green.
The soybeans, a dollhouse jungle we walk through.
Fearing feral dogs, we carry sticks. We go back
mostly for funerals. We tread water to the car in our black skirts,
watch the TV lady say Worry about the coffins. Will they
float. Rain thickens. We’re left swallowing the bugs on our tongues—
they taste like I imagine moon grit, and killing
spiders with juice glasses,
wine glasses, whatever will. Slowly,
the watermelons lose their seeds.
But still, we are heirs to this earth you gave us, this earth.
When its boughs are withered, they
will be broken off;
The women come and set them on fire.

She says take away
any identifying features. I linger over
certain events. I think I want to chew
the ground. My sister opens bottles
with her teeth. I have daydreams
where I choke on their caps.
Folded into the couch we eat apricots.
The juice finds the hollows in us.
On EURONEWS No Comment
a man in a tracksuit says My son died here
and sometimes I look for him. Background shot of shoe
and jaw edge, in dirt. Digging
for bottles we found a bayonet
in an orchard, wasted time
determining what war had made it like coral.
For it is a people of no understanding;  
Therefore, He who made them will not  
have mercy on them

I thought for sure it was white, the color  
of those walls. I couldn’t look. Like the last look  
given that last time, always like.  
We’ve scattered ourselves.  
Six thousand miles. Settled with God, we are  
the betting kind. Listless fans shake, silver,  
or lead paint, cracking. Like the end  
of a videotape, which we watched  
before these videos now,  
with no clear end.  
Recently I realized my thoughts  
are image clips, like I’m living all this  
breathless, well lit.
And He who formed them will show them no favor.

Browse now plenty of beautiful Ukrainian brides; Russian cupid.com; Alena-marriage-agency. Related searches include. So much sublime in wife-profiles. I shop for deals like I’m serious. Smart,gorgeous,landscapes, the girl is looking. Keeping smiling, I like to know. It is difficult to prompts myself. Those with perfect English are less desirable. I pass them over, biblically, as if their doors were smeared with blood. HOTSTYLE: I am clever, kind, was a more stripped down. Has filed a tender offer statement. _sweetlady_: a woman must always remember that she is a woman regardless of. little_lily asks, did you see me in your dreams? I am very tender. I can be a good person. To talk to. Many-sided people. I like to meet new. And—we are unlikely to have problems in finding common. Ky33 is I AM. Femininity is the word which often describes me. I am not very religious but. I could teach you. Open your. If, I believe we could.
And it shall come to pass in that day
That the Lord will thresh

I was told our restlessness is only God
And God is only. Seeking.
Desperate after. Us, running,
on cut feet and bread alone.
Through our dark, God. Through
our cold. Our closed
mouths, God. And what I want from God
is possibly a bad thing to ask. To ask
often is. He is sometimes quiet,
a choke. And hold. An early night,
stark as vinegar. And what I want to say is
give me your hands, if even
they are thistle. Give me your hands.

Note: The sections of this poem take their epigraphs from Isaiah 27: 10-12.