M. K. BRAKE

M. K. Brake is a poet enamored with the plane of the page and the screaming silence of white space. She has most recently published in *Arsenic Lobster* and was a semi-finalist for Coconut Books’ 2014 prize for first books. She currently is Nonfiction Editor for *New Delta Review*. 
POWER OUTAGE

Garden under gas lamp flicker leaves crunch sienna under
burnt orange my feet tracking cobbles

Antiquity kneads the skin of my
 skin-dough
lye the earth and taste
salt
congealed horizon

find you sephia stamp whisper
not-quite-forgotten

Hum-wires trill telephones ache
{inside eardrum} keen

I just callus

Debutantes fluoresce — can garbage gleam—
under styrofoam ghoul
I store their

child
locked in wall

wall locked up in my arm
Farm me       Farm

the eggs spreading
freely

long ago in sun wake
only severed-arm in green gleam

your old lover crude
crowded with

dark brown phlegm propositions:

my mud life my

Mary sticks and prison

Everyone’s you
girl with red lips
sweats oleander
says

Mausoleum now
forgives
shaded eggplant blood

Way it toughens is bitter
somehow reflected in the color

thick rash of
my ring finger question
gropes for doorbells in the dark—
I built a house for you to live in with me
you won’t come see it or come near me

this pall house

— the light not you but bright

chandeliers’
queer here a
christening
call a
burning less-noel
dial tone home...
dial tone home...

the ever-reachless
emulsified inside
the glow you groan
empty tone cannot

stop dying/
phoning home:

will you bear me
poetry

my house a house a house the house

unlit
LOST EMBALMER

cranes sing weaving blanket of wet ellipses unfinished goodbye crag jut into
night profile nose crook and hollow stowed shallow breaths come blink into being
mother’s blue posies in vase- shaped shriveled limb your parts all over this wake
viscera church god purpling swollen hymns like rotting flower babies left in the trunk smell
grasps my numerous cry membranes wracking cheese and cream and things you
cannot eat allergic but mainly because dead butter crackers dead but
dead letters send my organs heavy gut like swallow emptiness lump in throat cracked
glass lightbulb lump get past shred my name red strips of yours

father father love son brother mate father boy love baby pet weed love love and avalanche
memory size of gravestone palm to wear crib daisysong forgotten ringing yellow
echo in sepulchre our baby an anklet outlast nothing phantasm gold
frankincense

and myrrh