



AGATA



LAURA
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IMP

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Thanks for nothing

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IMP

Everywhere these
little diamonds
bag of peanuts
just agree
with me. The way
plants growing out
of walls feel.
There are several
possible circumstances
under which I could
have become a nun.
If I lived in much
of the rest of history,
if that episode of
The Facts of Life
had a more lasting
impression. The traffic
of eternal life. Not quite
clouded, but surely
strange. A blue night
sky is the best
night sky.

Mysterious benevolence. I woke up on a plane
and watched someone watching Harry Potter
a few rows ahead of me. And you mix with the flecks
in the window, the height of peace, and you love
to talk about music. Shelter in the mountains. Moon
over everything. Parchment-y.

I think the first time my relentless vulnerability to powers and influences wholly and permanently outside of my control became apparent to me was as a child reading an abridged Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Not the whole two natures, one evil and one less so part, but the adulterated salt Jekyll uses in his experiment, and then can never replace, because he didn't even know how or in what manner the salt had been modified by the manufacturer. Worse even than death or final transformation, this impossible vulnerability unsettled me.

No public drunkenness, no big doors
or small doors, no church lights,
no theme parties, no roses.

In a truth mouth carpet sweat
or just a name in another
city. And so beautiful, like plastic
light rays. Dome or tower, either
way an elbow unbends

offers a forever penny. To be great or
forgotten, you know how in some places
your hair is different? Whatever, I guess
carnations. Just counting the rosary. Never
too much. And shame on
the bad ones, but a light
burns there too. Pizza for breakfast
and cold fingers on the train.

Align all the chimneys,
gather your coven,
watch over the neighborhood.

Under my tent serious
sound different while
I'm writing you a letter.
"Hopeless" it says,
Sustained Quiet. No accident,
half frown, the sky
lowers with a humming
sound, like a buzzing
humming sound. People
once lived here. In your
eyes for a second.

I'll believe in anything,
signs and portents, I think
as the light moves strange
in the room where Keats died.
There are twenty-eight books
in the world known to have
belonged to Keats. Extra special
books. But it's not like it's
his fault, is it? Or does being
an artist imply on some
level that you think your
library is special? I don't expect
to appear on any timelines, right?
Looking up at the ceiling Keats
would have stared at while he died.
He would have noticed every
difference between each painted
golden flower cornice, lungs
disappearing into blood.

I heard your heart didn't burn
on the beach. Spirit in a gray mantle,
turning on the lights in an October dusk,
a time that filled me with vague dread
as a kid. A wild and dreary childhood,
a yellow and gray morning even for
wraiths leaving the church empty
as if struck by a secret thought
pulling back your hair, the whole atmosphere
enclosing, like with a storm, when
you're inside sweeping, but still
mournful. Press your hip to the counter,
be a dead romantic.

Holds a scythe that cuts down life like grass in a field.

And all the decorative embellishments
around the doorframes look like artichokes.

And I write just, what's my name. A silly hat.

I assumed a Judas Tree must be where
he hanged himself, but then when I see one
the branches seem too thin. A voice,
deep and beautiful, calls my name
from the lake. It's a Lake Poet!

Finally it worked! We can live
by the Spanish Steps, cook dinner
over the fireplace, play "Wild Horses"
on a rented piano. When I did a lot
of drugs, I listened to heavy synthy music.
Now I listen mostly to pop. I think about
pop every day, and carve beautiful sculptures,
roll them down a hill.

Life continues in eternity, a reality opened by Sister
Death.

So many love songs contain some
request to hear the speaker's name
from the beloved. Say my name
when no one is around you. Maybe
it has to do with how easy it is
to forget yourself when no one will
remember you, when scholars won't
catalogue your library years after your death.

Strange winter night powers
under the money light
of stars and buildings,
casting vibes on the nights
of all the people. I'll be around
but like a burning sun from before
a forgotten band was forgotten.
Last night of camp, still time
to fall in love. Sunlight in a
basement, name writ in water.

I'll be spitting in an ice cube tray,
numbering the days, drawing
a circle with my toe around
where it isn't happening,
stringy canopy, everything
tears us apart.

There's the movement of our guide
down the dark passage.
Maybe a garden, maybe less than
midnight, the decision in
my trembling hands. You are
like a turtle in the wilderness,
Perfectly Relaxed. Stretched
out in front of the haunted
vanity, thumbing a cello,
whatever. Or consumed by moss.

Circle up,
be fine,
thank you.

I want to be determined
by things other than dominance,
need for money. I want to want

what I want and not what others think I
original tiles, bathroom girls, tears of joy.

It could be lost, so this life is better,
you stay noisy, I'll be town historian,
I'll be better weather, you stained windows.

A sort of infinite friendship night conversation.
I take care of myself, but so does John.
Lonely gloves, classic garden, stomach trouble.

But for me, soon I will
have been dead for a
long time. You're my last
hope. Everyone knows that
one, my secret visions.

All night long I was thinking of fights
I've had with friends, a habit I maintain
to make sure I don't forgive anyone
too completely. By morning I was asleep
and vengeful, a proud swinging
lightbulb. John went for a walk
and came back with breakfast and
flowers from the Campo de Fiori.
At first I thought that meant Field of Fire,
but actually it only means Field of Flowers.
There's a statue in the square of the
fifteenth century heretic Bruno
who was hanged on the spot
where they now set up tables
and sell food. I'm never mad
at John, just everyone else. Spring
is coming, then summer, and we'll go
see the Cyclones at the beach, like a room
to age in. Every morning I wake up,
and it's another day to take care of my body.
Pack a lunch for it, wash and dress it, worry
about gaining weight, feel ashamed about it.
You can never take a vacation from it, but
you can from work, so that's good. Tonight
we'll go down the steps to the Tiber,
walk along, and then slide in quietly.
We'll swim to the bottom, transformed
into Bernini dolphins. There will be many
rocks and jewels, and to our great surprise,
weird flowers. We'll come to a Field of Fire,
all the fury of mammals will flow away, we'll
be immortalized as fountains in a river.

To never work, not even play
covers right, I wonder how
many sinking ships can I repose
on at once? My personality, my art,
my city, the world. That chest collapse
feeling of beauty. People talk about the
immortal life of artists, but I want to know,
first who gets it, and second, what the fuck
good does it do? Devil horns on the beach.
I'll live in a child building, take the stairs,
smell like the laundromat.

Leave socks at the port, hands on the doorknobs,
liars in the garden, walking on the flower detritus,
rotten lilies, water daisies, gazebo love.
“What is done is death’s empire”

With my mind for business
and airborne goldleaf on a Florida
afternoon. Truly, anything
is possible, now awaiting
when unwanted.

Your veins turn
knock on the window
and run run
or walk walk,
a little smile,
a wrestling mouse.

A man on a bridge plays
an acoustic cover of
“Where Is The Love?”
This is it. Carved in stone,
nothing can’t get worse, or
I’ll be overlooking
from a cypress top. Vines
cover everything I touched
on earth. The bells I tolled
the waves I watched in
boredom and awe,
claustrophobic summers.
I would be a bride in a
square, a groove in a record,
and still typically mortal.
Burning heart, stretch it
out. Jump scares work too
brings an LED tear to my eye
little bird, all adults are obstacles.

Bathroom disco at the
Long Night Cafe. Sometimes,
on the street, I say Laura,
how do we all maintain
these elaborate machines.

Then in thinking of bodies
as machines, I know I've lost,
my anxious stomach and
distant god, pop songs
in the rain, in the woods. Brought
our flowers to the statue. Boney city,
little one, flushed face, a flip and
a kick, a Merry Christmas. Cake
on the beach, fingernail clippers,
no desert parties for me.
Wearing just the sleeves
of your sweatshirt, cool girl, Jennifer.
I imagine us together
at a very happy dinner.
Family is forever,
summer is for suckers.

