

CA CONRAD

On All Fours I Am a Seat for the Wind

most of my family's
international travel is
being sent to war if
we judge love we
can kill off anything
dragged by our hair
across the days until
they make their way
inside our dreams where we get to evict them I
want to thank the one who invented knocking on the door
but no one remembers their name to tattoo across my knuckles
I asked an archeologist about the first time she stuck a shovel in the
ground her answer had same restorative powers as the gravedigger's
when we die we can no longer wipe the muck off just
lie there becoming shit of the world
eat a chip of your own dried blood
join me in the cannibal sunshine
fully persuaded by the
world through song
each morning a blue
jay screams at the
edge
of the clear-cut forest
I scream with her at
the bleeding stumps
scream inside something
borrowed like ocean like skin
I want to see before I die a
mink wearing a human scarf
skin from a handsome
hairy leg
MEOW

CA Conrad is the author of nine books of poetry and essays. The latest is titled *While Standing in Line for Death* (Wave Books, 2017). A recipient of a Pew Fellowship in the Arts for Literature, they also received The Believer Magazine Book Award and The Gil Ott Book Award. CA is currently working on a (Soma)tic poetry ritual titled "Resurrect Extinct Vibration," which investigates effects the vibrational absence of recently extinct species have on the body of the poet and the poems. They teach regularly at the Sandberg Art Institute in Amsterdam.

ROBYNN SMITH

Rising, 2014
Mixed media on wood, 48 x 48 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST