

PIMONE TRIPLETT

Family Spirits, with Voice of One Child Miscarried

(Thailand)

Come in. Everyone does. This is the house of our name,
a tourist destination. Here, the legendary general,
father-spawn, travels forever
his flame of fluorescents
and burning incense. Also we've got the World

Bank posters for sale, servants humming
to pop tunes a-tonal, suffering the street's
traffic blather. We've got boas
below the driveway.
A blue coral in the toilet bowl.

As for the others,
the blind- and sunbeam,
the pipe- and whip-snake,
the dog-eared or dwarf—
when someone rattles at a lily's foot, we listen.

Oh but you can't be *always, you see, in residence,*
can't hide behind the fence *of your city forever.*
Why should more souls come *down, in sum, in sever,*
be whomsoever *accident makes of skin?*

Child, our sleep is your dream
danced open each morning by the girls
selling fruit and rice.

There's a spank
of hammers on tin, a clank of constant

construction,
sprouting capillary action,
heavy electrical veins.

Born into the trade, for money and motive we love
anyone long time, each of us all together.

<i>To be poured over</i>	<i>the stone, for the repose</i>
<i>of flesh and its closed</i>	<i>riddles? But not to give,</i>
<i>as if wrong, a stroke</i>	<i>of soul, joke that still lives</i>
<i>like a fugitive,</i>	<i>spirit thus being broken.</i>

Built by a man in love
with change, this house of our name.

Yesterday the seer, the one with the hole, the mole,
on his face, told us how grandfather comes
back to this place often. He sits in the gold flecked

pagoda, picking beige leaves from the money tree, eating
one apple after another. Planned the fall of a king, ruled this city
by charging for water. In this family we sigh,
if only he'd been corrupt,
we could have been really rich.

<i>Please, give more detail.</i>	<i>Things sexual come mostly</i>
<i>unclear. Who's the host,</i>	<i>what's below wet groundswell?</i>

space, name, body, the era someone oh
so subtly plots you unto, maybe it's
side winding, maybe it's serpent. The skin
comes off. Once I stood by a river watching
the skin come off. Membrane of how

we wanted you, which was not enough
to keep you from turning back.

Behind, along the path the snake had come,
dirt, combed loosely,
showing its tracks for a while.