ABSTRACT

GO OUT AND MAKE EVERY NOISE

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This collection follows three “story lines,” that of the “blacksoaked” mother cow and her hunters, op/ec, the cowboy turtle and his turtle followers, and of myself, positioned as narrator and reality-commentator.
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to myself
without the patience, insight, and enthusiasm of cathy wagner and t alcott starr this manuscript would be a very different playing field. my many sincere thanks to both of you for being my editors and cheerleaders.
go out and make every noise
we’ve been capsized.

somewhere between our morning coffees and our mid-morning cigarette breaks, we were told to pull up our ankle trousers before our engines he-haw off our piggly wiggly's. we said, “this is greed,” they said, “this is not here.”

we said, “prove i have a toe,”
    they said, “first, believe you have a toe.”

in our waiting rooms, our streets and homes, our cowboy measures quadrilateral isosceles triangles with a pear-snapper psycho-symposium and looks at us fairly wide like a half a dozen laced-up girls who bleed, and naming, takes this cloak and lies:
it all started in mesopotamia

no. that's a strict ear-eye lie,
but it is not lying when you re-name it.
dog-blacked and cooked behind; they asked,
please leave
with a cork and a thumb in your mouths, be fed
x'd to the caesars
and to the czars
whose meats are salted, packed on ice
absorbed, eaten
and donated.

this failed vision deserves a mt.
vernon climb
    and a second helping of a broken language.
    aye aye and my my ergo:
act one
on this side lives a mother cow.
she is plump with milk maintained in two
breasts
which feed a village without asking.
her face and lashes shine when she weeps,
she is and gives
illumination
when her oil-tears are collected and burned.

eventually, all sin is knifed,
and quick the milk will run down her curves.
let her whose boots are snapped see over lord
patrol the fields and oil run down her chin.
mother cow is a space not incomplete
a ripening of fruit
  for biting
  and ripping
: to tear with teeth

orange in disposition
to taste, to eye

and i, extinguished in areas of faith
of cup
and body:

i can tell you this: my name is rachel,
a smith,
  and i was born to two parents.
waves pleat against these ribs,
they are a rhythmic pulse.

she cries slick oil
that blossoms and shines her faith.
she will pack red clay on her feet
and pace her impurities.
i am of an animated flesh.

to fuel your compassion, mother, your heart is beating,
pumping blood into your four stomachs.
   all the wheat and peas
   honeys and fish
   milks and hot wines
   cud and pool in you.
she is wine sapphire'd on indigo beaches,
she is a white rise, opaque like sand, eclipsing
blue and green.

when her baited cloves drop in
her tears will be burning,
and she will be perforated.

in this world where one can drink her
there is a holocaust of mind:
without speaking, she knows which
traumas will die;
she has seen them lined up in their
waiting.
their mouths are hallow,
and drinking makes them whole.
harmless monarch trapped in this direction
blacksoaked woman/
blacksoaked cow:

will i ever be blameless?

the flat direction of sod keeps a sprout to the ground.

pace
pace
pace

hymn.

this is the direction of a cattle car,
a tragedy of certain concerns.
oral milk
moral ills
texas leathered
kyrgyzstan
kurd can stand
thorax turkmenistan
oven scarred uzbeks
proletariat fazed tajikistan
infect me by
horsefly at the ukie lake
nationalists and their thumbs
jadidism
socialist sympathizers
waqf
galiev
central:
  eehza peytryarch
easia petreark
eazah yoke me
eazuh choke
when the vinegar is poured, hand and hot
the buttermilk curdles
and separates the cream.
it is the cheesecloth that catches and
maintains,
the cheesecloth that suppresses.

she and she who opened her eyes,
ruddy and blue,
and saw that

i am made witness and bearer of creation.

it is light.

the hot vinegar curdles in her womb
and births to spoils
for the hand and the cloth.

open-palmed this cup collects the oil of her
-tears
and is nuanced by a name
of a woman.
scientists refer to
    of the cowboy
    as the
from the time the black
to the time
off the coast
it is unknown exactly
    and what they're
what is known,
    is that
on limu, jellyfish,
    young sea

the first four years
turtle's life
lost years.
leathered hatchlings enter the water
they lay shells in the sand
of corpus christi,
where the turtles go
feeding upon.
however,
they feed omnivorously
and other
creatures.
turtles kick up and drop in the convolvulus bulbs holes.
i and i go waltzing.
i and i have time for skies so pale
i and i cannot see blue from white.

stretched thin over teeth,
i and i run tongues
across sky-film: taste jet fuel and carbon
feathered, undo smoke and eyes.
act two
their oil fish is dying.
her eyes are cracked,
the film peeled off her black beads
by the palms of op and ec.

    these two blackened fellows,
    they are risen from the

theology of wall street
    and the bubbled veins of solid terra.

she is mouth-beaked, frozen, gulped,
and digested by black bile.

when the last of meat, scales, and bone is
raked apart
op and ec are on a search.
they must not feed themselves with their own
hands,
or it is firmly expected that they will die.
once, a turtle saw
and a
of a black hole
that made a hole caked
planes and satellites
of drying mud.

statue fall out
in the sky.
op/ec omentum is expanding
  in their search for a new oil machine.
squeezing degrees of cents they
stamp, mail this omentum to congress
  packed with after-dinner mints
and ask them how they'd like their goose
  cooked,
  orange or burnt.
  while mimi coughs away
and rofolo mails his transcript to bohemia

of which i'm 13%.
you must ask for “red mouth”
and the things, places, and rivers will suffer.

drop grains of rice into a cup of water
and blossoms will grow.
the population spurs and declines b/c op eats
the women of the village first.

eeč squeezes milk from the men,
and finds the direction of mother cow.

pieces of constellations
are shot
propertymonious and now, very far away.

like chandeliers their eyelids are
mouthing off
and there is dark and famine
left in their quake.
the cowboy turtle rubbed
on
when i asked him, “why sunscreen?,”
“because uv rays
minted sunscreen
his shells.
he replied:
from the sun cause skin damage.”

and i couldn't argue with his logic.
panic.
antigen shifts like h5n1,
orange,
black mold and water
    send us back
    to a quart of wheat for a day's
wages.
a hiving drone of hearted armor,
    laundered and razed until we break
    break
broke
    into an ornamental
submission.
but they fuel this fire.
how did f.e.m.a. smooth the levees?
maybe they peeled julia robert's gums off
    and used them to dam
the
french quarter;
    i hear she has a killer smile.
or maybe they used reagan ketchup-logic
to prove there was no problem
to begin with.
the pace of the wine that has so drastically changed our words
is no longer a question of a factual
honeysuckle -

the

honeysuckle has always had the yellow with the white

and the green.

when you see me as a series, your
view is complete.

i am told i wear my ethnicity on my face -
my bones keep few secrets; they say,
“you can't blame me, i am not american.”
a land turtle
give me your iron tooth.
dip a child's tooth in milk,

negotiates with the cowboy:
i will give you my bone tooth.
boil with rye flour,
    and leave to dry in the sun.
blue crab lymph nodes
crawling, fanning
up her armpit
to her tear ducts:

op and ec signaled back that it was all
avocado,
her situation was ants,
feeling, biting
a yellow peach.

this is my rib cage
this is my rib cage
this is my rib cage expanding when the
mission bells start ringing.
there are blinds where you cannot know.
this is the deal,
and you have unagreeably agreed
to its submission.

it is your social
your fingerprint
your key:
it is a mother inspiration pear.

p

l ea se.

why is that constant fuzz so appealing? why
is it so lush when rough?

pre-constraints have made her blade dull,
and she is kept.

mother superior mother superior
jump and bleed.
thousands of buried make thousands of
cowboy turtle shells in the sand land turtles
dance.
i sneezed ‘ahm-mi-gabu-gabu-raid’ all over
and in between
the eighth amendment
over the ‘idk’ ending
and the hilarity
of 2,021 metadays of benocide taken
for turban infestations,
which hallow out yer gut
reactions
and, after swabbing with io, zeus
dined on a coral hee-haw
and stuffed his intestines
with 20 pounds and
more.

bag him a father this time around
because mothers wear their births
on their faces
and exponentially
the numbers grow.
it's turtles
they wiggle their toes
they eat
and scratch their toenails
and it's turtle
for miles into
turtles on stars,
on
turtles clogging up
turtles starting
all the

all the way down.
and the universe flutters.
hotdogs
on other turtles' shells.
on turtle
millennia.
on suns,
planets.
black holes
starting tomorrow and
yesterday
way down.
act three
there are some things i'd like you to know:

mainly, that the khawadja is always assumed to be a doctor,
so people rush to them with children with bullets in their lungs,
but khawadja is almost always a photographer.

and that in the mornings,
families have to choose rape of their women,
or castration and murder of their men.
so they send their wives out of the idp's to collect firewood and water,
knowing the janjaweed are waiting.

and that if you go south toward colerain on 27 in ohio,
you can buy cherry juice and turnip mustard on the side of the road.
the man who sells it is a farmer, and i saw him there yesterday.
blind turtles
still
the petals
the red fish
and the
and turtles wearing glasses
see
falling,
swimming,
shells.
a personal name will not be spoken,
it is not permanent.
it is a seductive habit,
and the common word for “pig” and “to die.”
light is waxing a roman cure.
op and ec with pipes in their mouths and
bottles of wine
snap their connexion with the sun:

she is ra at noon, she is tomb at eve and
moos:
   “turn not your face away
   from your servant,
   for i am in distress.”

the oil fish was killed near an empty pot of
wine:
this dried fish forms mother cow's diet,
and hot water touches wine and wets the fish
again
   (rose and lily, the mistletoe
   they cannot fall to the ground, they
   shrivel to vine).

ec lays op's straw in the mother's nest,
and she can no longer carry away her oil and
milk.
this is how she dies:
cooking fish on the floor,
tossing bones in garbage heaps
that rot like a crown of willow leaves on a
vietnamese girl
who washes her hands in hot water
with a bar of pig fat.
i heard two leathered turtles clacking on linoleum,
and i offered them nail files,
but they kindly declined
and left to sip tea in the garden.
op and ec decide that it is time.

the fate of the mother cow is a beef-stop,
a decision that no moments will reverse.

how do we spell “oil?”

_ _ _ _ _

“god shed his grace on thee” of the old testament
before sealing up for the new,

but we are still an eye for an eye
of tongue.

ralph fiennes flashes in and out
of my brain:

“i pardon you, i pardon you.”
that poor cow, she's dragging
her stubby, legless body along the path
and op and ec, who're dragging her along,
have considered leaving her behind.

    there's no patience for smallness
    anymore;
    no contrived, polite compassion or
    kindling bits,
    so their pursuit is pulled out from
    under her,
    exposing her udders to fire.

    treason is a way to live.
    forgiveness is a way to live.
    no doubts remain but those that empty
    concrete veins,
    all your blood strained through a
    sieve.

without congratulation
this marks her journey's end.
kindly filet her steaks and determine that, yes,
she's a cloud,
blown out onto the sky
through bullets and a straw.
snow rush filets
salted, packed on ice;
ire on scathing,
she is spinally-lurid,
eaten, absorbed,
donated.

what is the obscene?
a continuous fresh death is a rot
on us;
a rogue responsibility that will grow roots
in our dna.
woman-cow skin tacked taunt told natives
that thick is cunning and can’t be fact or fat
this is possible this is happening this is
limited to corpses crowning and kicking up
dirt half calendar dates on time for white lilies
or jaundiced expressions tentacles with
suction cups that suction like the absence of
all color in dried up flowers and black crude
patterned on pol pot's canoe fill this coffee
cup with tea and water drops kicking sea
turtles kick up sand and blue and green
afghani cotton blossoms this is possible this is
happening is this not a conscious bite for
mark ups and cut ups and kiln fires and of
course this is possible this and this is not the
color yellow in mammoth grade mem her
ease haven't got a coroner and tighter teeth
and this is either possible or not and bullets
doused in steak sauce taste hot and dead like
meat and skin:

tell me what you eat,
and i'll tell you what you are.
i eat flipper muscle,
torn and ripped from
delicate
appendages of cowboys.
bodies that float on saffron'd water
next to flakes of shells.
beef juice moxie,
underlying cattle scars
heal like spayings,
greasing pounds op and ec deliver more flesh,
more bucks kin and black.
i saw an earth turtle
and a sign on the cage read:
    hundred
and there was a clock that counted down
    i watched it
at the zoo,
this land turtle will live to be one
    years old,
the land turtle's time.
die.
i know how you sleep.

you sleep on your side, nested with a body pillow against your chest and between your knees.

you will not sleep like this in iraq.

logistically, this is probably because your bunk will be twin, and there isn't the room you've become accustomed to in your queen bed.

your issued pillow will probably be one, and you'll want that for your head, not your knees.

i wonder if you'll sleep with your mouth open like you do now.
it's dry there.
it will dry out.
some turtles and stain golden
eat pink morning glories, their beaks orange.
crimson assumption
pickled beneath
pome gold
and blued gowns:

salted apples foaming
memories eternal.
i find some kind of resolution
in the valley of rubies,
where flocks of pigeons flapping wings
shitting on clandestine'd streets paid for by
pigeons' blood,
are gutted from the valley.
but still, their red wrapped breasts wrap
tighter,
and squeeze a will hard as diamonds.
act four
in desperation i'm nearer to the boarder now, where the coast's foaming waters and floating fish are up in my nose.
but on today's cold morning, like on others, i sip my coffee.
i love the pale sunlight
and pale clouds.

if terra was a woman in hungary
she would have her hair cut
and sprinkled in the purple flowers for her digressions,
and it would be known that she is a whore.
but the birds will nest in her curls
and never know.

she is an ash on these flowers
and flashflashflashflashflash

like the cow, terra aches when the oil-suckers come;
she becomes a blessing that will be taxed
and manipulated.

i will drink a dark beer in her lament,
but even when her eyebrows are shaved, angel still goes for her eyes: they shine,
and he collects and coos, “you are beautiful.”
be plump and thick like milk
and carry flowers in your hair.
fleece by white amber,
point to a resolution.

up on the north coast
a turquoise moon is rising
above a sour cherry orchard.
i am a pillar of female flesh:
   i carry the weight of creation
   milk
   rest and comfort.
i possess a power that exists half in our eyes,
   and half in absence:
   maintenance.

and time again the circuit swells to a sweating
inertia.