

TRANSMISSIONS

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Elaine Cosgrove



DEDALUS PRESS

Reservoir

Some
of the
reservoir
workers
were
my people
in
New York,
building
to bring
clean
water
to
the
city.

My
people
lived
in
the
black
water's
depths,
inverted
inherited
reservoir
megalithic
tombs
dissecting
Hudson
River
plateau.

Valve
chambers
were cold
smelts
of
Gile
and
gravity
resisting
depths
in
the
Rondout.

Break
of
black
blue
water
cold
out
in
valve
chamber;
an
equation
of
a minus
heart
and
plus
city
stop.

They
work
in the
depths,
my people
the immigrants
who build
the
city,
alive
alive

I
AM
ALIVE
in
the
pits.

The
equation
abstracts
the
homes,
multiples
the
city
with
clean
water
for
each—
and—
all
to
drink
from
and
behold.

Giant's Causeway

It is the sum
of its parts

It is pools from rainfall

It is selected memories
of an impression
of a volcanic eruption

*It is the springtime
of my loving*

It is basalt
that is your hair

It is the organ
of my fingertips
touching

greys,
dark greys,
blacks, browns

*It is the summer
of my smiles*

It is the sum
of its parts

of an impression

It is domes
depressions
glittering
columns
salt crystal
hollows

It is the sum
of its patient parts
of a joyful impression

*These are the seasons
of emotion*

It is every minute
changing light

It is graceful mercy
of what is
shed upon it

It is delight
in a disorder
of symmetry

*Wonder
of devotion*

It is recognition
to its making

It is a presence
It is small details

It is the sum
of its parts

It is this hope
a causeway
that outflows

It is the *little rain*
that falls,
out to the sea.