

CHRISTINE DEAVEL

In Your Care

I'm not going to open my mouth to drink
because I want my contiguous warmth.

Where I was is an incision of park,
a bite of creek, a little aneurysm
where the dog can wade.
A slice of place.

I won't open my mouth to talk
because I like my unbroken warmth.

"Officer," I promise I will say,
"I found this credit card
in Thornton Creek. What does it mean?"

For awhile I'm not opening my mouth
at all.

Something was caught on the rocks.
Her name punched in it, and her number,
a privileged member.

I'm a warm rock, I'm a,
I'm a pulse, not a purse (they can be opened).
I'm a loop, also a pool. Not a pocket. A pillow.

This Is A Reclaimed Stream:
Thornton Creek Watershed In Your Care.
In my care, Elizabeth Cline,
your JC Penney card home with me.

Officer (I am planning to speak clearly),
I found Elizabeth Cline's Penney's card
in Thornton Creek, which is in my care.

Tonight I'm nil by mouth

I'm nil from mouth,
I'm nil for a mouth.

Ms. Cline's card is muddy,
perhaps from upstream by the mall,
perhaps brought down
in last night's beater rain,
brought down to where
the Thornton Creek Watershed is in my care.

Elizabeth Cline, what happened up there?

I have your credit card, Elizabeth,
and I haven't called the police or department store yet.
Your card is with me, and I'm not opening my mouth.
I want my contiguous warmth,
my unbroken pulse, my pool.
I want no creek, no watershed, no slipping
over rocks, no up or down stream,

no loop
but me, just me.