

CAROL ANN DAVIS

Eva Hesse #1 (Blank as Faces)

Where smoke comes out of chimneys where girls walk holding
such places still exist but not like that not like they did in Hamburg
where innocent smoke comes out of chimneys innocent and it's
but coats are routinely mended one's mother mends them
the story goes even in Washington Heights she made gloves
and Eva her charcoal *from an early age* as if by drawing to *return remake*
what remains out of reach *it was a sad farewell*
in Altona where the girls walk sans *opa!* sans *oma!* note the elevated train
the neighborhood passes quickly the way the world changes
Euch fast by your window the trees thicken fast by your sister's side
the both of you on it without parents one house its chimney going
or are those windows out— *they're gone from here*
their fathers' hands
along the Isestrasse
unseasonably cool
was good with her hands
he with his camera
as a child makes real
at the railway station
note well-to-do
though not yet three
how strange a train
the next is it lived in
the landscape shifting

yet to be crossed waters reunions wended through with word of
the quick learning of relative terms Mother mending stockings until—
the difficult patches to onlookers the stuff of
the *after* telling what has to do with *before* a layering of paint
a smattering of the beautiful over what stays cloaked
it's all right if no god explains or a limited understanding elides
sensory inherent invisible as a child inside
vulgarity and violence a threat of wings left center right
blank as faces children warn they point or cower

drowned & saved
and these are the rough
preamble but that's
polymer resin ropes
stays mysterious
knowledge spatial
a train slides away
children know it
and are right to do so

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Eva Hesse #6 (if you go hungry if you go tired & Kettwig 1964 entries left flush)

too washed out and watered down idea

what loves
what loves

Tom knocked someone unconscious

too filthy for a place like this too roomy
for attic top room fake as the room

tried to work: going badly but what can I expect

after so long a period of doing nothing

went to Hermine's got the Shit treatment. . . .

sculpture came. damaged

which knows how
as if the earth were moving now acts like it knows
plastic

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at every edge on wood,

the textile factory ethical the ugly of the true
with the hungry ghosts

at yellow traverse's plastic all cracked.

another “child” drawing numbers,

in priestly robes if you go without a nap are you tired
yarn & wire god-head of wire

and “adult drawing” like child’s. . . .

what with the materials
if from a high place you fall of discipleship without end

walked with Tom thru city,

don't ask polymer so many questions don't ask
hungry tired fallen don't ask as all are assembled

bought boots high black flat ones.

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Eva Hesse #7 (No Title, 1960/61) (I name it our lady of sorrows and apologize for my absence as violence from present life intrudes & Dietrich Bonhoeffer begins talking to both of us)

That which drifts the arm leftward pulled by some force by some
scarring marking apparatus of departure and remembrance
a hood later mask later to learn the hands bring water bring bread
reading about Dietrich in prison as you and Helen make your way
scape enter into the record the death of children by violence & into that
on paper I've not because of recent events here involving that with
can't mask-wise put mine on I've not been able for whatever reason
of ink-pencil sorrows though I know a mask is bought from scars and
been delivered Eva your figure says no says *teeth of time gnawing of time*
I've been moving in and out of the radius of doubt its built rooms
with hands my hands to touch the hair of my children absentmindedly
carries them the something that begins and tries to finish akin to grace
urgent thing
the robes of our lady
and *teeth of time* I'm
through messy child-
grim ongoing project
which you're familiar
to approach our lady
haven't I have I as you
healing time scarring
bright messy and full
the something that
my father said

Dietrich in prison at Eastertide yes *I carried you*

I bring bread and water I bring ancients who whisper tell me
so I've come robe-dark and pencil-thin to learn the trick of talking
it's the house doubt built what could I bring all the way
to restore its first-built bricks harbor without doubt full-sail
twin of the wrestling you do with your pencil I with mine
from there to a new place *did you carry me here* yes *I carried you*

of grace a father offers a mother more rarely or not at all and
offers to others *because I am already dead* simply draw a line what to bring
to such a table pencil-dark apparatus of cathedral that visits you

with hands to table
someone told you
to children about death
through any childhood
the sleep of dreams
and fever-blent brought
you were sleeping the kind
Dietrich before the rope
with hands
finds you rare