

CAROL ANN DAVIS

Eva Hesse #1 (Blank as Faces)

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

CAROL ANN DAVIS

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

CAROL ANN DAVIS

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

CAROL ANN DAVIS

Dietrich in prison at Eastertide *yes* *I carried you* with hands to table
I bring bread and water I bring ancients who whisper tell me someone told you
so I've come robe-dark and pencil-thin to learn the trick of talking to children about death
it's the house doubt built what could I bring all the way through any childhood
to restore its first-built bricks harbor without doubt full-sail the sleep of dreams
twin of the wrestling you do with your pencil I with mine and fever-blent brought
from there to a new place *did you carry me here* *yes* *I carried you* *you were sleeping* the kind
of grace a father offers a mother more rarely or not at all and Dietrich before the rope
offers to others *because I am already dead* simply *draw a line* what to bring with hands
to such a table pencil-dark apparatus of cathedral that visits you finds you rare