

An Autumn for Kora Mao
A Small Book
By Greg Bem

Written Autumn 2017

Compiled November 2017

Edited December 2017

Licensed CC-BY-NC 4.0

The poems in this book are selections from a larger collection *An Autumn for Kora Mao*.

All poems were written in a daybook sized 3" by 4".

These selections are rooted in Seattle, Washington.

Visit gregbem.com for more books.

This book is dedicated to anyone I have traveled with. Some of these poems were written alongside Eric Chuk and Amy Billharz.

An Autumn for Kora Mao

A Small Book

September 2, 2017

Vita, Seward Park, Seattle, Washington

They come with a calm
a peacetime rainbow
cause of saturation
confronts to segments

I wear the ballcap as though
it took and takes no effort.

The memory of a splash
of water of love
hits me with memory.
It's the first time.

Be forgiven says the land.
And then decades of doom.
Light here spreads across
little pools of knowing.

Gelatinous goes the light.
It's a womb sometimes.

September 5, 2017

Starbucks, Columbia City, Seattle, Washington

What does this sun have to do with it?

What is it asking, red as boiling clay,

and all I think of are clay hearts

growing brittle in the heat

shattering against a Ponderosa.

Whose hand led it there?

What claws have become of our digits?

The light reflects this red.

This arousal of hate.

I stare at the hate with

a third of reinauguration.

Can we make it all whole again?

What hasn't yet been our performance?

September 7, 2017

Zeitgeist, Pioneer Square, Seattle, Washington

When dreams come alive like
the stop and go of traffic,
trafficking has everyone
down into filth.

Hurricane bleakly too.

Fires leaving us heavy
on the exhale.

Onward toward exercise
or is this the realm,
the realm of hearts?

We white men wait
get lost

and don't figure it out.

And leave.

Buddy Rich's dream says
to me: "Wouldn't you
leave too? If you could?"

As so I ask, deceived.

September 11, 2017

Brighton, Seattle, Washington

Bright. And there's nothing

bright, on, off, dark.

So many moons.

Le Luna shows face

and it's daylight.

Creeping urge of being back.

The face is pockmarked.

Calamity is long-lasting.

I blow it all up.

It is all disproportioned.

As is space. And time.

The fallow (follow? hollow?)

flight of the airplane.

Sunset is the latest grab.

I dream before I fallow sleep.

In words left unsaid. Unsung.

We reign in severe disappointments.

As I said: sunsets do cry

and you can see the steady drip.

September 30, 2017

Café Red, Brighton/New Holly, Seattle, Washington

When it wakes within you and sends,
sends seeds of the ecstatic,
and the body, as ex as static,
unfolds like a smeary magazine.

I sit and hinge to my seat
dreaming otherwise like spinning
calms, strings of coagulation,
could I just hold the clot
into the sky like happened potential?

Cryptic is the way this action
meets others in gentle smash,
as if we are all burdened, balmy
with the subtext of the extreme.

Ex is the face I don, at dawn,
nod like a creep in the forest.

Life is otherwise cheapened.

Glances are otherwise out
hanged in control and enflamed.

The void is a startling captor.

September 30, 2017

Starbucks, Wallingford, Seattle, Washington

The line “let it fall” by the men
and I could shazam but would it?

How much do we actually care
about the world that fuses to us?

Blanket stare meets blankets
and a desire to be settled.

Like the murky stream silted
I am aroused, jaunted, stilted,
ruinous like some pictures of statues.

The flakes of the porous pours.

The Café AF feeling collages
like a sequence partially agreeable.

Impartially I agree again to own.

Ownership of quirky experiences.

It really is awkward the way the day shapes
and how we get stuck blubbering.

Or is it “too blab” the kind way?

Or is it an outrageous world of dreams?

I ask Mary A. Hood, stoically.

October 28, 2017

Sea Wolf, Wallingford, Seattle, Washington

I am the scrape of paint
beneath the nail's lid, and
with gloss and chap, I speak.

There is a saying unremembered.

The blue and orange owl
approaches the childhood Jack Russell.

Peck, whimper, and a flood of heart.

What's further in the darkness?

What is the true haunted feeling?

November 4, 2017

Doubletree, Tukwila, Washington

In the moment of the organelle

carpet invoking the latent,

I swallow blue cheese chunks

and feel a pressure to Be.

To be implies not in our language,

and to be not implies escapism.

Investigating language again

to escape using my own.

My language is a balancing act.

My uptick in feeling is madness.

My caffeine provides me with

meadows of red postures.

For they are all aflame

and they all make the most.

We sit at tables as mountains

and bark like thunderclap.

The world is still spinning

along the cusp of faux geography.

Or foe in the case of my American mouth.

November 8, 2017

Third Place Books, Seward Park, Seattle, Washington

Mind your ribbons of life scattered across
the packaging of a wit greatest to none.

We are, are not, could be, couldn't masters.

Lamps hang overhead emitting spectral teeth.

All the prerogatives and their beautiful games
cross mind's worth of orchestrating and fog.

I dip into a trance of elasticity.

The clothing ochre in emotional clinging.

Sip and flip the bountiful hunger.

These words written between liver of books.

A nightish mare grins in no dream.

Perpendicularism is the intrusive guise.

We are and are always responsive.

But in what suite of dream is this?

And as what longing is responsibility?

The dream of the more is one of authors
and readership glancing in infusion.

Dots and dashes the triumph
of conversations amidst warm, rosy skin.

November 19, 2017

Café Ladro, Queen Anne, Seattle, Washington

A sacred monetization befalls
offering precipitation of knowing.
Blast of Malawi grinds like axe.
I put my bet on the window gaze,
shake hands with a drying ink,
and consult with a preglow buzz.
The world consists of Pink Floyd and
now it's moved on to Elton John.
Pain in my legs the color of pills.
Taste in my throat a blood color.
Taps live the keys of a piano
or a sewer cover craggily opening.
MY death sighs like the planet.
My life, incognito, doomed.
Or at least still breathing.
Healthy and encrystal.
A perpendicular posh greets me
but I remember the death happened.
And now we're stuck sticking, wet.

