

Use Your WORD

*In writing this, I read to you the book of If Not, Winter, fragment 3*

to make smaller of wounds with  
 their dilators that train, loose  
 enough [train

large  
 muscles  
 like] candle wicks trimmed to glow like

the WORD

in the day  
 [hot  
 fear: inadequacy] yawns-  
 there is no me to

set the  
 wick.  
 pry it [O

there is-  
 please, let us in to]  
 it is open & yet still there  
 is no me  
 trimmed  
 wick for

a forehead flame. Open wide &  
 you know  
 how to use

the  
 WORD to let us into your  
 particulate &

smallest-  
 O  
 wick of it-  
 a there,  
 there & you can not  
 use the WORD.

O,

*In writing this, I read to you the book of If Not, Winter, fragment 2  
& "And Then the Horse Rips You Open" from Heather Napualani-Hodges*

O I want inside to this smallest earbone  
slicked & like steel hold  
a bone which owes you longings. Can't you  
now hear? A form.

It's delicate length enough to call tender  
eyes or maybe it is more of a tongue tip  
that teaches the difference: lobe & crevice fold  
never open—

//

& yet it is you still you are loping to shoe  
the horse. Can't you now see it?  
to punctuate walking—

[I &—;&&& —/ & ]

In the WORD are small submissions. You  
could throat back saddled sound but  
O you're keeping with the smallest cleft  
pressed.

Even Emily Dickinson had a Master  
letters to him as small  
submissions:

[Dearest Master  
mine &—]

//

then Lucie Brock-Broido interrupts WORD as  
hewing clothing & a skein for the salt skin  
is dripping like red from curtains femurs leak  
wrists try splitting

to open like want    organs are leaning to weep  
a long low    you are loosening  
to holy    the WORD as—

## My Widowed Self

*In writing this, I read to you The Book of Ezekiel Chapter 24 vs. 15-27*

I hate you & hyperbolic as the sun  
I mean what language could groan

you to *swallow* & my esophagus still heaves say  
how it sings of the leg & the shoulder &

failing to soften bones still you  
*tend* to him his lefter side they lift & still you *find* *ezekiel*—

the dream does pause &

where could you *write it*? That may be when slipping on  
stone you birthed the water prophecy & prayed & sat—

O fire did you see him dust-skinned tears  
low-eyed sockets *display* them mourners

can swallow the city but you swallowed the WORD  
heard him cry *prophecy* fed no mourners

to low just word upon word upon lord:  
In the beginning, at least he had words or, well

*admit it: you dreamt* him deader than organs well  
out of tune & singing still loosed new

like your tongue, like your name—

O

O,

*In writing this, I read to you the book of If Not, Winter, fragment 1*

& if I want life & O to want  
to end (the WORD refused ends & gave) desiring  
is to no end. Love basks in its re-  
lay like a ship my

stream as her branch bending lists things  
not to be: a glass wind  
that can bend with her wake the WORD  
branched me gaining

## My Gradiva

*In writing this, I read to you a poem by Heather Napualani Hodges, "And then the horse rips you open." &, again  
The Book of Ezekiel, Chapter 24 vs. 15-27*

Tears are more curtain folds & splitting into sun  
mourners meaning language clothes the night with a groan

Swords tipped with moon juice & other nonsense we say  
mourners warbling at the foot of the salt water &

yourselves like three pine on a hill to  
LORD is to imagine the curtain can be ripped like the grief of ezeziel.

Well, why did you always believe the curtain red?  
didn't he say it is *finished*?

News becomes feet silenced by water plaster some paint on  
LORD as a word we utter & I tell you truly that sound sat

tore into bodies long dead from tears  
mourners willing him to say it is *birthed in the mourning*

swords swallowed by the WORD  
mourners verily & I say unto you LORD

you know that ripped curtain could not have been red well  
what? You don't believe me? You know well

news can whiten the dead like salt until they are new  
as fish nets a plaster bust even some wood can split

your obsessions into her: a here, & here, & here, & here, &

just stop making her walk already a reddening  
I know you want

to be with the mourners but verily I say unto you:

O

O,

*In writing this, I read to you the book of If Not, Winter, fragment 1*

Wanting O the begging of relation  
ship is shaped desire: half my face how  
it is standing long wall  
is dripping against

effaced rock. O one who has want  
your pine & water carve  
my asking for you inside my  
smallest ear bone slicked

over by steel. The WORD knew every  
small mole particular arched bone—  
even a snake grows a cheek  
to lisp air—

please my finger fumbles. Press crow  
feet to a closing eye  
and show me (face to face) how to turn there's a page  
(face to face) & you call for me—

the WORD becomes page upon page upon page upon—

& what I want to want: my own small mouth  
but it's yours whole swallows murmur shame (face to face)  
the mouth has folds along its sides snake jaws  
hinge on this wanting O

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