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ROADBLOCK/SIGHTLINES

Appletree

Erika Howsare and Kate Schapira (© 2010)

ROADBLOCK/SIGHTLINES

ROADBLOCK

1a (1+2)

All those interiors falling into surgery on a screen, a pencil idea as grey and tame as a phoebe in a frame. Your mother's basement, her phone her ears, her eyes on stalks. A hand on a dry thigh. This prosthetic thumb ticking through lists, sets, rows of round lights that spell snippets. Protrusion isn't flaw. Measure, slice 'em all and sort 'em out, now that we've seen which way the wind is blowing and what the wind will do.

Permanent take-out

stuck in plastic pocket and left on the museum floor. Harsh home style, are you ready to go? Hard discipline of tile and paper, is your lid tight? Luxury of figuring out which convince, which suture, later: get in line, bunch your skirt, no way home and all this can be colored cracker round and cherry red, \$1.99. Mine was rented: one springy strand held the weight off the bathroom carpet, doors swung open over and over.

The city goes

to the telephone; the town gets married. We waited and waited and waited for some civilized strand to match intention, waiting for years to see her. The image definition is inverted and real. Before it was delivered we stopped being that way. Five foot three, et cetera, she went in her bedroom and closed the poster door.

2a (2+3)

The town gets married, wanting someday to harvest shoes full of skins or fruit. Which way? Up the eight-lane to the source he found online for organic potting mix, the image (on a screen) is inverted and real.

While they talk, the wind is blowing. Harsh home style waits and waits and waits, her phone her ears, for self-definition to match intention. Extrusion is the law, the inescapable like gases: prosthetic thumb ticking through lists, her earrings or extra holes for sound, googly mistake-glasses, blades honed in smooth motion and in order.

Permanent take-out: clamp it, weighted and bagged \$5 on trestles of piles. Outdated cup lids. Protrusion. Flaw. Eyes on stalks measure, slice 'em all and sort 'em out, clean up a state-maintained line of argument. Surgery not to need the city. Now that we've seen what the wind will do to stop permanently, to hit the brake at the mountain gate, each station wagon accepts its floe of print. Green and cloth and silver make a new look: after your clippings, yourself.

3a (3+4)

Loam and organic potting mix appear to push out — fill in your fear: The Truth, The Past, new plantings, corrosive harvest. Earrings, crowns or extra holes for sound hit the brake. They must have come right by here, stepping as if arcane, the law inescapable, state-maintained, processional. Roadblock. Mountain

gate. Straighten from the hose hook-up on either doorstep to each station wagon. Clamp your clippings, your floe of spit. Cup tight eight-lane black heads, little necks, white school bows, assaults, the source.

Time passes. Extrusion from mandated to outdated to online. By this time, weighted, bagged, ironed and lidded, you'd think it would've died back permanently but gases, hisses hang in the air like a leak. Trestles of piles of little symbols, little trumpets. Serious queens fill green cloth dresses wanting someday to stop here. Hauling in those new plantings as if the hush were ritual, not proud. Line of argument full of skins or fruit. Adjust your face. Print: *Silver Shoes \$5*.

4a (4+5)

Should I be worried about her legs this time of year, spit-filled necks wrenching on either doorstep? School in a book: they're processional and his are just on time. This business of carrying breasts around—little symbols, little trumpets—passes like kisses, like tassels hung in the air just right.

Extrusion is the law, the inescapable corrosive gases. Whether it would have split the right wrinkle, spring hauling in, keep your face away. The hose hisses, beet seeds germinate — flashes of dark pink in soil — and little queens go and go and go to the bathroom, stepping as if arcane. Ironed dresses, hats tossed, planned princess revival right by here. New plantings? New plantings. The Past:

it's easy to know a baby. The Truth: fill in your fear. Their ritual all through the morning, my attention between effective sounds and attractive mouths. Their hush. Assault. Afraid. Serious time passes; loam appears to push out white bows. Adjust your face to roadblock. Not proud, mandated. You — not like a leak.

5a (5+6)

What the real book might look like: the story of glitz, the dark pink color of a warning. Should I be worried about every inch of girl, pierced nail? Too small for predators?

Marigolds spike. Eyelashes bristle, stiffen. Woodland outside the town offers curious pictures, found desperation, all through the morning. Visions germinate. The road outside the road. The soil exposed. Beet seeds in a coma. Revival, hats tossed: new jobs he calls a crime, just the right wrinkle in the planned penal code, just on time.

In this business offers unite your face away, keep girls in the bathroom. Attention split the book they throw at you, that they're in, afraid. Outside the prison, no slowing or stopping: go and go and go. My princess? His? It's easy to know the color of a baby and where you'll end up. Speed bump outside the road. The culvert gave birth to a dark, yet open, secret.

6a (6+7)

Ad for new jobs (the pizza parlor; corrections; a cave outside the town).

Salt-mouthed inch of glitz spikes visions so afraid that the 19th century, poised over dark hair, stiffens. The book, a story, curious pictures, pierced bonnet so eyelet-delicate outside the prison road. No, no, the real crime, spilling secret milk. Predator dogs bristle through valley woodland. Smells of sex and bleach snowdrift, so lovely, but the taste of metal from the plow, the fancy arch.

Light and dark purple nails, marigold bathtub, someone drains the sink. The 20th century gave birth in a coma; the 21st, where you'll end up, he calls his penal code. Acres of nature throw the dark yet open book at you. Crime warning, color of a speed bump, offers examples. Century just on time. Remember walking past the prison sign, slowing, stopping where we lied.

7a (7+8)

21st-century nature: it's a cave, a sink, a house, a parlor effect. Violent illumination: dark purple drains to light. The beauty queen dreams of sex and the bathtub, her lips milk color in that ad, pure gold along the joints.

19th-century fungus lands, sets in 20th-century molecules, the world's skin arches between the eyes / in the 21st century / between cause and latch. In the valley, the cat sniffs the dog, warning poised over dark hair. So like a furrow, not delicate, severe.

Rumor; corrections; accident always, explicitly true. Someone to suit. Smells shrink this house. Salt-mouthed pizza the taste of metal eyelet, the color and texture of gum, exhaustively horrible. Our only house flowers fancy rather than leaves, hammer falls where we lied, blow it up or bleach it down.

8a (8+9)

The national road sniffs exhaustively along memory. Every house that faces it with a porch railing of seasons is only, explicitly possible, not always true. Accident rather than calculation dries between the eyes like pollen. Painting the woodwork

the metal is so lovely. Loads carried, cut terrain like a furrow, molecules latch and beauty the color and texture of a rainbow sets, like dye. Harvesting flowers, trees; the way people talk toward any number of accidents always lands on the world's skin. His friend called, plied conflict in a careful ship. In the 21st century one queen steps, falls. There is a cat; not one, but this cat; there is fungus, asparagus, gum, the one leaf before that.

Mop between cause and effect, three blocks apart. If there were a perfect way to blow up or shrink down the pure gold moment, combining violent illumination with the transport of food, you could run home.

9a (9+10)

Before the invasion, lovers mop, stumble woodwork and walls, insulate with private notice. Because of TV, like pollen, conflict falls between the eyes. Consistent asparagus is possible if every food faces the national road, the transport of accidents.

A wall along three porky blocks. Tender like TV; careful like termites. A chill clings to walls. Organize painting, wood or stone, the perfect hammer, combining boundaries, stealing from neighbors, visitors, your friend. Anything you organize with any number of steps, loads carried in and out of the nest, lines up to conflict or forestall. Harvesting encounters, looking for exercise. Builders' season. You could run. Where I built. It's really hard for importance to seem other than local. Clay road, road of feathers, local terrain, white faces.

Called, you show up on the porch railing, ship the news. The rainbow just passing through his memory, the way ants live, like the way people talk. The road home marked with the shock of work.

10a (10+11)

We build with walls and weather. You flow in and out of the shade. We bring a regularity of observance. You don't know what the normal creek level is. Invasion shows up as if just passing through the dust, lines up along the rhododendron road, observing a mother who insulates as though importance still clings to a chill. Invests in low walls, dead phrases — the way people talk — intending to get sacrificed. Termites, ants' eggs, like visitors; the cat consistent, stealing; white feathers, all that's left, collect.

Fluid reposes where you stumbled. Intending to mow blooms marked, lined up, for vases, shock tours the news, shaves importance, works. Neighbors bank on identical TV, stone boundaries, feet repeating faster, as though PRIVATE could forestall the flow. When talking to excess, lovers encounter accidents. TV does not notice anything.

The moon in four local faces: porky, thin... That table collects what is left of you with every rain: a tender drip in clay.

11a (11+12)

What's left? Blooms and ants sacrificed to your path are left. The next steps, of return, are slower.

The cat reposes in the rhododendron shade. Reasons for intending / changing / surprising feather vases, invest in four dead eggs. Vases of excess fluid get sacrificed; what the normal weather level is, we don't define. Tweaking your movement to mow or shave, parking thoughtfully, as though talking to the moon. We're 'most identical: we tender comments with regularity, repeating tomorrow's trash and likely crumbs of music. We'll bring superheated phrases to the table; you'll compose yourself to minimize an odd shape.

What's left? Preoccupied transactions, almost coincidental, moving as you do. Every rain lines up to mother you, drips burst, chaining, glazing you, framing you darkly. The wing and foot bones move.

12a (12+1)

Tomorrow's discipline of trash and paper falling into line / rows of round lights tweaking preoccupied weight sets framing you chaining your cherry / hand in a dry bedroom

not a likely idea your lid tight before you stopped being that way / snippets of rented ears waiting for years for almost coincidental transactions / thigh on a screen / doors swung open over tile while we talked over the next steps tame and civilized / interiors darkly

your mother's basement carpet her rented bathroom floor / she's glazing her grey poster idea / ants in your skirt a red bunch a burst colored hard / one springy strand plastic feather phoebe phone telephone are your bones ready to go / five three \$1.99 crumbs left in your pocket / pencil your way home / return delivered

SIGHTLINES

1b (1+2)

Reading bedlam, yellow leaves reading you lectures on the brimming eyes of nature, drawn out one at a time all the way down the hill. Walk even-toed like a Holstein queen in copses and pages turned and changed. It's worth crying pointedly for spring, likes and dislikes. Cracked heels all over the county stuffing mailboxes: dead sticks, late frost and redbud blossoms. Twenty-one buzzards are recorded in a single tree. If reading woodsmoke or observation between fence and fence, then they land in a wider circle. Bedlam is matter out of place, loose, a corona strewn. When it all comes up and out it's chaos to fight in. A gin to get anyone happening or roads cracking in the heat. You'll half-smother records to prove it rained that day, reading lectures on the force of nature every year since the last time an ice age was grown up in. Load-bearer, code-breaker, behind you frozen mud trigger, somebody's boot offset of yours and bent back like hocks — your own weight giving you away — thinking, how can I solve this, it inks your hands.

2b (2+3)

On the brimming eyes it all comes up and out of nature, budburst — green pollen, bugs in the rain — it's all the way seasoned to fight in. Down the hill they make it feel like stealing. Pages changed, armor's what you turned into something, what you visit, covet. It's worth crying condemned for a while, for spring, not all eternity. All over the county, just for a little decoration, they're stuffing mailboxes with redbud blossoms destroyed by equipment. Late frost creaks, blends with the rip of foil backing. Twenty-one bites of medicine are recorded in a single tree. How weary and beautiful defenses — stamping for groundhogs, tipped reddened points — land in a wider circle under a microscope. When it all comes up and out for a while to fight, naturally. You're the nexus, it's chaos, I hear the place where pollen drifts to a stop, roads cracking in heat. Use the season of rumor to prove it: every year, husky stirrup cup, ice age, frozen mud, strapping rim of somebody's boot, streaming from nose and eyes. Naturally you grow up offset by a couple-three degrees.

3b (3+4)

When the second half all comes up and out of the dream at budburst — trying to tell green pollen and remember bugs in the rain — then it's the first half. Seasoned to fight, the sister in the first half's star, in the morning. They make holding it feel like missing. She said armor's even a view of nature, what you visit can help a child, covet *things done*. Condemned, they keep encouraging me for a while, not all eternity, cut some down just for a little decoration, for the sake of sightlines. Equipment creaks, but there's such a rip of foil backing, blends between "There were eyes under the overpass" and bite of "There were medicine voices." How beautiful condemned defenses — tipped reddened points, teeth for a semicircular bite, do-it-yourself spikes —can make a sting a hopeful injection, under the microscope. For a while that was Sunday. The habit of agreeing naturally runs deep: You're the nexus. The place when a question is falling down the well. Soils are freeze and thaw where pollen drifts or swell to a stop and shrink. Season of rumor and vertical force breaks a stirrup cup; you'd pencil a block, its husky edges. Remove the cover and dive. It's been absolutely strapping silent. Naturally you drift to a stop to fit the bed. And it dies there, streaming from nose and eyes, holding hands.

4b (4+5)

How does the second half of your garden? The dream was trying to grow yourself about the first half. To the world of the sister, star and the morning, popping out the silver. Holding it, its lining, and missing. Lid on the view of nature, she said, can help a platitude get things done. They keep encouraging me to cut some jar for fuzz. Sightlines all up in undergrowth, but there's such a wincing difference — "There were eyes under the voice," and April's scattergraph impacts. Droplets condemned for dust, pimples, semicircular teeth, what goes making a sting in the skin, a deeper, hopeful injection. That was flashes. Back Sunday, the habit of agreeing down the well they corner singly, waiting to pull and freeze or swell and hector. Keep threatening vertical force—some edges train away from a skylight. Fit me to cut some down. It dies for the sake of sightlines there.

5b (5+6)

All up in your undergrowth, chewing under fronds, yourself. The world 30 percent damage. Popping out the plant as a whole, actually the silver lining I put the binocs on, through the lid on the platitude jar: its three-part call filtered, fuzzy. All up in the bikes, recycling and screens, busting out from another direction. Pushed-down undergrowth. To sift April showers seemed as fresh as scattergraph, brash as tenth-graders — threw a thin chest. This florid dust, droplets, pimples, noon's chilled breeze, meant for what goes on in the skin. Brief contact meaning, in some species, coworking. Medal flashes back heavy on the neck. They corner singly the concrete wall, a site of their waiting courtship, to pull and hector a hole not to look in. The gym has no twigs threatening me nor leaves to cut, and the yard has no crotch. I estimate down for the sake of sightlines. Nine weeks till summer.

6b (6+7)

All spring: one prologue. The entire junior high broke up with itself. Torn undergrowth, littered notes under fronds, like 30 wrong seasons. Assuming you know your minds may actually help the plant as a whole, I put the binocs on where your minds are bedded. Through the bathroom window your search becomes a three-part call, a smudge in landscape and in spite. Filtered heavily through screens, bikes and recycling, lean on disruption from an unseen direction. The heroine pushed down to sift it as a reward for the hero. Whoever thought up the system of brash classification seemed as fresh as a tenth-grader, and stuck with it — red on the thin chest, on the nape or on the breast, red in the florid name. Passive lace growth. Noon's grass roots. Deep tracks meant for brief contact track the deed, in some species, back to the driver. Medals flinch you heavy. The neck a one-way transformation: the concrete wall, the hole in the wall, their courtship a whole.

No one gathers not to look in. In the renovated barn, the gym, the transplanted church, no one celebrates. No twigs or leaves. The yard has only the nine-week wrangle for the eyepiece: Summer quickens, and gleams, with household oil.

7b (7+8)

We prologue: One spring, junior found out butterflies broke. Sometimes, high up with itself, torn notes eat the walk, littered broccoli leaves, wrong season. Assuming you know this sentence descends, you know your minds and where your minds are bedded (from the paulownia tree (check spelling)). Your search becomes a call I think of as a dinner bell. A smudge in spite of landscape. A rink of clangs, because it leans heavily on disruption, seems to echo unseen off itself. It's loud but the speaker (heroine) won't be spotted as a reward for hero. Whoever thought up the house was the biggest system of classification we've ever seen. First the rosemary, a population red on the nape, fast-growing poisons (passive growth), all along passive resistance on the broken creek bank. Five or six grass roots. Footprints landed deep tracks right next to softness (the deed); none on the driver or harming young chard and spinach. You'd think all this was a hobby until I got mad — you flinched at the soak in the driveway. A one-way indifference. Hole in the wall leaks news toward washing. No one gathers in the necessity of the renovated barn, the unneeded transplant (the Church of No One celebrates pushing). Only the torn notes wrangle the walk, the eyepiece; the system (the household) gleams with oil. The wrong recriminations became a question of living and recycling and screens.

8b (8+9)

We found out it's loud. Because the speaker sometimes eats broccoli leaves, she won't be shaken nor the rabble roused. Young tines scratching this sentence eagerly. Among the soft parts, paulownia tree halts at poor drainage, and then a dinner bell. Pull a rink of clangs. Shamed face seems to echo off itself. It's loud but the speaker won't be spotted. The broken branch house, the rosemary trails, the biggest overwhelming urge we've ever seen — outsource blame along the fast population. She, he, five, six failed to hold back, footprints landed, the Neighborhood Watch that dandles its young. Chard and spinach grim green judgments. Looks like one of us is all this. The indifference toward a leper: the soak in the driveway: the necessity of scale. Unneeded washing looks like so much pushing. More than one's responding to the wrong system pressure — by sending down a shower of droplets, they become a question of living.

9 (9+10)

He climbs in, it's loud, and out because of his orange shirt. The speaker won't be shaken or pounds feet across undesignated rabble. Young tines scratching paths — this shakes eager leaves, a limb among the soft parts may have cracked before we halt. A full 48 hours noticed poor drainage. Pull her shamed faces. A new way of putting the cart in, the handicapped broken branch, trails little rows off each one before it. We hand off overwhelming tubs: the urge to outsource. Blame much-improved plants. She, he, in the doorway they just mopped, grim to hold back. The neighborhood looks like one of its green judgments. One of us is a leper. More than one has scale insects. More than one's involved in responding to pressure, sending down a shower. And gives a round mouth to the sight of the tipped-over bakery box.

10b (10+11)

He climbs in and out of organizational effort; his orange shirt feels like failure. Each of us pounds feet alone in the shed. Across undesignated paths, the node that this shakes can't travel, leaves, flowers, vice versa. Facing the sickly limb. A monument of tasks may have cracked each day a full 48 hours before we noticed it. Her new way brings a hunger: putting the cart in the spot. The young plants like hairs, each handicapped row a little off, caught in the skin. A game green coil refuses to inch further from the one before it. We hand off tubs of each other, shelving much-improved plants since we just mopped. In the doorway, threats or promises look like "will the weather hold long enough" or "more than one's involved" or "fill in the blank." To rotate and freshen the sight, controlled by climate or otherwise patterned on events in another spot, each round mouth she gives, each tipped-over prediction, each a little off.

11b (11+12)

The organizational failure feels like birds. Effort found in wood siding, on maps, each of us on the wrap-up. Alone, it's so mine — the shed, and the lovely node that flowers can't travel, and vice versa. Seeing and facing the renovation of a phoebe nest; the sickly monuments of tasks against haze. Each day, blooming "paradise" brings hunger, local name for recognizable progress. A pest called tree of heaven in the book, the young plants caught in the skin. She didn't know how to proceed like hairs. As though she were no hunter, a game green smell refused to inch further. She went to coil the area later, shelving threats or promises after the white-throated blacksnake was distracted. Will the pitched weather hold long enough to fill in the blank? The plan to rotate is success but contemplation's controlled by climate. Events on another spot flail patterns down the hill. Each prediction rolls a little off; I sit for a while, whispering uncertainties through the screen.

12b (12+1)

And if reading could be like birds, a bedlam found in wood siding, yellow leaves on maps. Drawn out one at a time on the wrap-up. And if just anyone is so mine. Lovely could walk even-toed like a Holstein queen, seeing in copses. Not real woods: the renovation. A phoebe likes and dislikes haze and blooming, stepping pointedly, "paradise" a local name for cracked heels. Tree of heaven's dead sticks reveal presence in the books. If reading coincided with how to proceed between fence and fence, as though she were matter out of place, loose, a corona strewn. No hunter's a gin to get anyone smelling the area later, half-smothered in yellow. They'll read you lectures on the force of nature after the white-throated snake has gotten happened by. Load-bearer's distracted, code-breaker's pitched. The trigger's the plan. Success behind you. Contemplation bent back like hocks — rolls your own weight, giving you away — flails, thinking, down the hill. I sit for a while, whispering How can I solve this. Through the screen, it inks your hands.