

Leah Harmon

Build Your City Round

When your breaking the
 stale bread
into the broth
 build your city round

When your suitcases are
 left on the side of
the road
 build your city round

When the hurricane winds
 tear at your corners
build your city round

When the vertical gardens
 and the red flowers
bloom
 build your city round

When the bridges are floating
 build your city round

When the bridges between mountains
 are made out of glass
build your city round

When you drop
 your grandmothers diamonds
and they show up
 in your daughter's light

build your city round
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The hills were burning

The hills were burning in Valparaiso
not the port, just the top hills
huts and elevated houses
turning tin to melt
wood turning cold.

I walked a burned house in Boston,
everything charred except the back room
charred or melted, smoky with white and gray flake
fire cut short at the door
behind it the walls painted yellow
from soot and ash and coal
we walked into sunshine

In an Acworth fireplace by morning
if I was the first to arrive downstairs
I could pick out a selection of charcoal.
from the cold fireplace
drawing with it on birch bark
I swifted off a forest tree
walking with it down the trail
delicately in my possession
The next year I arrived with my aqua suit case
stuffed full of giant newsprint
drawing the birch bark line and knots all the peelings on that

People kept sending her off with a kiss
and a pair of blue earrings
Logan, LaGuardia, Arturo Benitez, terminal de busus de valpo
And we send off our loves as if into a blaze
With what ever we think will keep them safe
as if to jingle a hue of blues
back to the sky
into view of the burning
to clink as she rolled her suitcase
over the street and up the slant
filled with chocolates she bought in America
the best Chilean chocolates
that had been imported
to her hometown in the states
back she lugged them to Valpo to eat

this strange migration of feathered birds
of free thought and chocolate bought
the dangling
spilled out upon the bed along with lace and oil, juniper seeds

The retouching of the losses, (variation 1)

She comes down from the mountain
gathering the radishes from the root hills
knocking the dirt like tin-pans
down towards Valparaiso
and the square of broken glass

On its head
the stones that root
sitting up ended
like pits of avocado
with beansproutish, shoots

Walking a beeline
you drag a bag of moonshine dredges
bags of empty wine bottle
clang, and ring
to the big rubber vessel

Shoot a wine bottle in
Through the big round hole
And another
And another
And another
And another
And an empty bottle of Vodka
with three different labels,
that you got at the corner store
the one with the hidden library
where you change books as they change labels
making whiskey out of wind and vodka out of time

Across the square comes the radish bundles
all the edibles
Walking
Walking
and so now you
exchange your sun filled hands,
for the basket of all the edibles
tied with ribbon cut from baby dresses

And at midnight
you wake to what they think is a coming storm
someone drags the rubber vessel
across the square and at first

it keeps you awake
the scrape on the ground feigns the sound of mighty wind
but you have harbored fugitives
so you fall back to sleep

But each pull each step all to the oceans edge
bottle after bottle is wrenched from the vessel
smashed on the rocks
on the edge of the median
smashed on the rooted ground
and the bleeding hands cut and trembling
gather the shards and bits
shining like moon rods
tossing them into the sea
little pieces of glass
as small as little shells small as
pennies cut and scattered. Soon to be cloudy morsels
sanded by rocks and sea
searched out and pocketed
like the waiting
of sea to spin itself until it is picked upon like blueberries.

Leah Meryl Harmon is a singer/songwriter, poet. Most recent performances have been at the Burren lunch time series, the Lizzard Lounge Feature poet, 2015/2014 Salem poetry festival, and many open mikes and soirées around the Boston area. Her album, Bound to Nothing is available on I- tunes, spotify and cd baby. Her website is leahmerylharmon.com. She has two self published poetry titles available on request through email. Lmharmon77@gmail.com. Her poetry/art infused instagram can be found at mondaymorninpoetry as well as on twitter with the same name.