



# OCEANS AND AVALANCHES

**ELIANNA LEV**

## Scholars

What can you say  
when you speak  
of their character?

*Does good work sure  
of them self  
serving such ugly  
approach  
then leaves  
you to choke  
on the fumes  
of their ugliest parts*

You sure know their ugliest parts

You know sure but  
you don't know  
why you do  
what you do  
with them on their lunch breaks  
while their wives are pregnant  
which they fail to mention

then join them  
to shower you off  
they go back to  
living full lives  
coddled and lauded  
as scholars

So you spend too much time  
thinking of what you'd say  
when you speak of their character  
when really  
you should be  
thinking of yours

## Dryspell Spin

Clearing my psyche  
Someone did a doozy

Loves them hard  
Leaves them easy

Hardly loved  
Easily left

Cool tool  
Cock fast

Fuck this  
You got this

## Caller Id

The caller ID says Id  
Id is calling  
You decide to pick up  
To hear what Id has to say  
After all  
Id is in you

## Psychic Pull vs. Coincidence

Every time I think of you, I think My God!  
Friend or foe? Faux friend?  
How big is your landfill?  
How high does it go?

*Languid through the day...*  
*Bounce through life...*  
*Languid through life...*  
*Bounce through the day...*

You were happy.  
You met me.  
Were you happy  
you met me?

# The Storm Will Fall Into The Ocean

*Go ahead I'm listening*  
says my phone  
at some point every day

Why am I so  
ill-prepared  
for the privilege of living

Sidepiece  
Centrepiece  
Masterpiece

I woke from a dream  
Bitten by bitter  
Craving cat energy

Hanging on to anger  
versus  
processing the pain

It takes guts to get out of a rut  
Long term fast action  
A vital forceful forward facing libido

I belong to myself deeply  
A powerful power over me  
All I got is me and I care who gets it

## Concentric Circle Conundrum

I'm not busy  
I'm not hungry  
I'm not off the market  
I'm not in an office  
I'm not a success  
I'm not with others  
I'm not making bank  
I'm not getting off  
I'm not having fun  
I'm not full of joy  
I'm not feeling myself  
I'm not aspirational  
I'm not clear  
I'm not satisfied  
I'm not dead

## Head By The Sea

Kneel on the beach  
Blow off plans  
Survey the land  
Hold hands with the sand



## When's The Land Expected To Flight

My heart opened up  
out came a galaxy  
in a gallery

Yearning  
Discerning  
Disheartened

Hysterical historical  
Eternal auntie  
Terminally single no more

I live by the seasons  
I long for good reason  
I laugh at the cheating

We connect in the parts  
but not in the hearts  
It's all in the art of the hard out

They come and go  
but mostly ghost  
Go host  
Go

Slippery as a lemon seed  
Hardy as a banana  
I'm dreaming in cartoon  
Into eternity

## Nowhere Norway No Way

You're going to a party  
full of people who are rude to you  
for never remembering  
their names

Complex characters  
keep you compelled  
You have strength to make it  
through a day without plans

Hyper ripe  
smells like pussy and pomelo  
a pleasant pot to piss in  
liver spots on gravy drippings

No matter how  
you feel you are  
happy to be alive  
alone here today

You're not  
that hard up  
on the up and up  
and up and up

You have a sense of the show  
and know how to make  
wait the public  
You make the public wait

## Acknowledgments

Thank you to Arlo Phillipson for the title of the poem, *The Storm Will Fall Into The Ocean*.

Thank you to the writer Margaret Hollingsworth for the line, *Friend or foe? Faux friend?* in *Psychic Pull vs. Coincidence*.

Thank you to the artist and designer Katie Lapi, for all your help and support with this project and all my others.

