



SILENT FEET  
ON  
BOARDED FOUNTAINS

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SILENT FEET ON BOARDED FOUNTAINS

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BIRDS ARE PULLING THE SKY

birds are pulling the sky  
my clock has ninty years yet  
a bicycle rattles to the snakes  
birds clock snakes all hold  
my feet while we are treading weeds

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today i'm wearing a rainbow's skin

under the table top  
sits an old rooster  
ask him where you went

behind the chimney pane  
is a red tulip  
gathering flowers  
with money

my kettled heart is running out of water

i am the lake  
hidden under your eyelid  
hold a pencil in my hair  
and you shall be a dancer

swallow the silence  
it's struggling to turn pink

when the sun sank in the orchid's palm  
my breath broke the mirror

## WHO ALONE

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why are we  
children  
with bright mushrooms  
behind our eyes  
who alone  
see the swallow  
cloudbreak  
even by the constant light  
of pine chambers  
when others  
drive briefcases  
under their  
fingernails

## WE ARE WARNED NOT TO TEAR OUR HANDS ON POEMS

my sidewalk's eyes are arranged  
into a kite  
by the mad cry of squirrels  
and dragged  
by a promise of a black-crested leaf

trees are red with split traffic lights  
the blackbird alone can survive her song



## THE WEIGHT OF SHADOWS

the weight of shadows  
is not carried on clipboards  
but by those  
who do not survive  
the leaf's song  
who partly hide the moon  
in their tongues  
and carry rocks  
with their eyelashes

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## FOR THE OWNER OF DANDELION

poets  
pick bird tracks  
from your wrist

snakes know  
the stick you carry  
is not a net

your hermit fingers  
rescued the moon from charts  
and buried him  
in the ocean's  
invisible circles

the heron is heavy  
with your eyes  
that weave  
the camelion's skin  
and wait for  
the silent coming  
of nests

your voice  
doesn't go unbroken  
when categorizers  
chain your ferns

## THE VOICE IN MY SHOULDER

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the voice in my shoulder  
has arrows and clay  
i often confuse them  
looking for your lips  
full of bluejays

i have crawled into a river  
to know my mouth  
touched the cry of seagulls and  
found a shell which was  
almost purple before i looked

## SILENT FEET ON BOARDED FOUNTAINS

men are carrying the ibis to the arms of the women  
whose feet have grown big

seashells are scattered near the salt  
on the sun's wrist

wind has broken from the sand

we can not begin until fish  
release the river  
that is the knife made of songs

we are awaiting the blood of the ibis  
to shine in their hair



POET

his laugh is the policeman's legs  
running in waist-high water  
his eyes bear teethmarks  
stuffed with leaves  
each night he finds dead cats  
crawling from his palms  
the light in the room comes from glass  
in his throat  
his visions can not pass  
the one-eyed heron lingering  
on his lips  
sleep awaits him like a river  
twisting in oil  
his boarded dreams  
carry voices of smashed fenders  
to his unknown loves

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MOUTH WITH BROWN BAG CLUTCHING HAIRY INSECT LEGS

boy could not move  
a match behind each artificial eye for sleep  
denied hands stretched pigeon wings  
spikes turned inward  
found a feather found  
fledglings with red salted throats  
dried wind on sand in shells  
stuck with seeds for books  
found a child's foot sprouting caterpillars  
caterpillars sprouting worms  
teeth-marked sleeves on river ledges  
unlike picasso arms boarding up houses  
found rain standing in cat's eye socket



## AFTER THE CITY

after the city  
the grass  
peels  
breeding sirens  
from her pores

a groan  
soaks  
the soft-handed wheat

she offers her breath  
quietly  
to a kneeling cloud

and  
the clover  
rises  
in her eyes

## CRICKET IN MOUTH OF DEAD HELPS BRING RESURRECTION

red-breasted eyes are torn from every grass blade  
darkness was dug from the conch shell  
the moon has vacated voices in caves between fingers

death's calm leaves are extended by white hair  
feeding squirrels



## WHEN WE LISTEN

not with an evening's toleration  
but with crossed hands  
we can remember a nightjar  
who built his nest  
in the freshly cracked plaster on rivers  
froze among fingers  
moist with sirens  
now his wings  
are tied to tea-cups  
and his pulse is painted  
on lips

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## POET

a child can no longer bounce  
the parking lot's chant  
against walls crowded with  
rat's feet and feathers

his mother's arms are  
hung with the heron's suicide

the marriage veil is found caressing  
the sea's spanish moss limbs

covered with songs that fold his hair  
the yellow night is scraped from bee wings  
and stuffed into the moon  
forbidden to splash in the eyes  
of dark children

his father was a purple moth  
who wove fire from broken leaves  
and poured the morning's veins  
into the otherwise grassy sun

my purple and green ears float in warmer lakes



## DAILY RAINBOWS

to wear the day off  
leaves drag wind

rainbows  
hang  
from the sides of purses

a robin's breast  
is found  
in a thumbtack

"HOSPITALS WINK TO THE DUST"  
-- DUANE LOCKE

a nurse  
scratches graphs white  
on her eyes

bald night tables reach  
for a smile  
thankful for any stain

twin tulips  
burn  
the city's blueprint  
from the back  
of a sacred  
ibis

## MY WEAVING EYES

my weaving eyes drew a rainbow  
on my mother's grave  
her breath forgot to hold my hand

back to back in acquainted shadows  
caged in a child's building blocks

my purple and green oars float in warmer lakes



## THE SPILLING SUN

the spilling sun  
melts  
at a cardinal's feet  
is buried  
in the mauve shell foam  
reels sagas  
on the sand crests  
so far from kitchens  
with their childless scripture

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## THE SUN IS TURNING BACK

the light is out  
so the air can come in

the sun has had enough  
of closed silent burning

let the weatherman say what he wants  
the sun is turning back  
folding itself into a well  
with the secret cooling rain  
so the air can come in  
and open hollows  
by lifting  
the crisply frozen nakedness  
sewed into a day  
and reveal a throbbing dream  
twitching with sleep  
that leaves fish  
eating parts of the moon



## A TRANSFORMATION

i stepped into your side  
wearing poisoned fish in each eye  
my fingernails slid backwards  
through my arms to the skull  
step by step bringing secrets  
to the burnt light

your side opened  
and my eyes grew leaves  
the brittle lake untied mud  
darkness bends the orchid  
dripping from our bones

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## THE WIND IS NOT

the wind is not the temples'  
not the grass spotted streets'  
not the closed eyes' of painted windows  
not of shame locked in a  
thousand written stones  
it belongs to  
hands stretched across  
lasting murmurs of invisibles  
heard in the sea's  
owl leaves  
when births move

## GRADUATION

there is a yellow newspaper in my chest  
you can recognize your coffee in my eyes  
i wait for a spider to turn in my voice  
or for blackbirds before rain  
for seaweed  
the ocean's throat  
to uncurl dark flowers in my spine  
but the shell in my hand is silent  
there are no more white flames on the water  
only tongues streaked with the city's  
steel tracks



## NIGHT

night growing out of a rainbow  
floating rocks holding on to a river

rain lighting stars

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clouds kneeling before flames  
chimneys scratching the storm  
appled earth enfolding sleep

wind  
drowning  
quicker  
than

grass

## FINDING THE STARS

finding the stars unlit  
she seeks shelter  
by a neon sign

footsteps have showed her  
parched orioles  
that squirrels use

the white blood is waiting

in the brick morning  
clouds were not heard  
carrying off the moth  
only she couldn't wear  
the building  
that day

she wished for white blood  
yet doubtful of a  
caterpillar death



## LOVER

charred bones  
hung with sea gulls

sockets are ground  
into the ocean's lice

his hand is bursting  
with eyes

fish strain to hide  
from his flower caves  
on the cry of the sand

## IT WILL COME

it will come again  
when the sea blooms in the lizard's skin  
and breaks fingerprints on text books  
when the concrete is back in the mountain  
a pencil will jerk in my spine  
that will wake  
the waxbill's inflamed breath and  
take him to the air of leaves  
where the wheat mates