

## FRANCES KRUK

### Four poems from PIN

because I work I am  
nobody I am  
absence I have  
come here to unlearn what

am Here to work I fear  
the floors, my shoes, the table  
wooden Flash  
The Wood the Trees the Mud I have

come here to unlearn what  
I cannot Disbelieve  
no Darkness Blacker than Bright Light  
no blacker light  
no blacker light

or because I don't  
work I am  
every thing I am

every where I can't  
be seen, diatomaceous mist and all  
particulates that eat  
the lungs

there is no choice:  
You breathe you  
die you breathe you  
die

## haunting

it is not The Spectre we imagine  
not tall and raw-boned  
bloodless wired reflection  
of human form no It is  
a writhing glyph of  
disembodied hands sucking  
in and out of itself mud  
sprawl fingers and fists melting mashing  
cracking It brings  
no hope it is  
not kind We know  
it by its traces for  
they fear it, hide it, fear it, hide it.  
The hands the heads the chairs.  
The legs the jaws the webs.  
the hands we do not see the hands we do not see

(The hands that make the heads  
the heads propped up on chairs.  
The chairs are made by scalps  
the scalps creep cross the floor.  
The floor is made of moisture,  
moisture wets the soul,  
the soul dies of water,  
water's a night-howler.  
night-howlers empty nothingness,  
nothingness contains it all –  
all the night, all thick night.  
here a bloody head comes up,  
there a phantom goes,  
and there some more night like  
what's in every single eye