

GEOFF BOUVIER

G A T H E R

a collection
of poems and proses

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Gather

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I: Instead of Rest

I, who boast of embracing the pleasures of life so assiduously and **so** particularly, find in them, when I look at them minutely, virtually nothing but wind. But what of it? We are all wind. And even the wind, more wisely **than** we, loves to make a noise and **move about**, and is content with its own functions, without wishing for stability and solidity, qualities that do **not** belong to it.

MONTAIGNE

ASK EXIST

The dream,
the rest.
That way bound
in the flower,
sun-leaning,
to **spark**.

No mouthed
or mothered
voice,
none,

unless
the body, bared
and up through
foot-root
resonant, breathes
agreement,
says.
The body, shaken,
okays. The dream, the **rest**.

.IV.

buck up camper
the fire's just as big

and we hold this **apparatus**

To Be individuals under **consciousness** **which** every action
demonstrates

and also have opposable

thumbs **which** my mom for **one's**

never yet regretted **as** much **as** our dog used to **look** at **her**
jealously really what I like **thinking** is we **can** all have
the snake by its tail **as** is said **instead** of **its** two heads

which scare the living **bêtises**

out of a piece of myself

I will hold him and love **him** and call him George
and respect that he would rather be a **stranger** in a city
of those who could not for **the minds** of them keep
their private parts private and **their** public
adoring and their beds made **clothes** folded **heck**
so they weren't perfect but the anxiety
was there and you were there and **you** and **you**
and gosh it was all so real