

# AROMA TRUCE

POEMS

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Black  
Lawrence  
Press

# CONTENTS

1	How I Came Here
2	Astray Coach
4	A Dusty Portrait
6	Woman Peels Water
8	Or, Trellis
10	A Gift (Two Pictures)
11	Xanthic Branches
12	Viduity from a Rooftop
14	Segue Gauze
15	Frost Fire
17	A Vivid Sculptured Heart
18	A Soft Dark Edge
19	Body Fiction
20	Dragged Stars
21	Red Hawk's Nest
22	Interpretation of Itinerancy
23	Meadow Dead Center
24	The Body's Voice
25	The Demands
26	Door
28	Detox Socks
29	Wrinkled Respite
31	Ode to a Lemon Landscape
32	Brooding Gap
33	Interstitial Hush
34	Autopsy
35	Turtleneck
37	Wooden Orchards
38	Burnished Trace
39	Hide & Seek a Citrus Boat
40	Limn

41	Province Elevated
42	Nightmornings
44	The Pulse Post Pause
46	Drift Season
47	Scythe
48	Devoured if a Thing
49	Night Curses
50	Digital Sleeves
52	Visits
53	Dix Chapel
55	A Plethora of Future Artifacts
57	The Smell (Is Not) Forgotten
58	Watershed
59	Gills
61	Cartoon Disaster
62	Transcendent Cadaver
64	Invisible Vignette
65	The Blaze
66	The Printmaker
67	Embers
68	Territory
69	Intervals
70	The Book Closes the Book

# HOW I CAME HERE

Grab shade, shed & mend how I  
broke open into real things,  
leather & woodlace. I brushed  
hardwire music away from my life,  
towards woods to burn  
throughout half-painted winters.  
I picked the dark glass from my head.  
I didn't enter for politics  
or to persuade—how I came here  
was the same way as weather,  
a bemused breath stain, but liberation  
let the bathrooms be clear.  
Unfocused wolf-shaped lightning  
over the beach air is the sauce.  
Turn your head—freshness.  
All night walk. Four or five hours  
from a bus stop to bedtime  
& that feathery pink smell of a KJV's  
barely touched, crisp pages.  
I drive my feet dreary. I'll walk  
the round staircase, spin the knob if not  
knock the door down.  
Obsession bursts, my name naps  
raining splinters or else,  
what am I doing in super-blue  
with these cottony glands?

# ASTRAY COACH

I was taught to ask before walking  
on any shade of grass, on words  
& numbers or borrowed symbols.

Youngest brothers, grown—you are ghosts.  
If pressed, I'd say  
I'm not a fraud in my moments  
of doubt. *This odor of reflection,*  
inflated spirit, devoid of several  
selves. Straighten my shadow  
without me. Use the edge of this tree.

I'm done, weeks ahead of calculations  
half-forgotten, far from familiar nature.

Plagues paralleled the uncertainty  
of bluer centuries—innovations  
in true dark ages. Tonight, a necklace  
of leaves covers an early moon.  
A presence comes out from  
the shrubbery as it should, & I point  
to a place that I once resisted.

By blood or bread, family is a circle  
of others. I get distracted into focus.  
Never again could I deny  
historical flames, or how close we are  
to being dangerous—elephants in  
homes of origin.

Clearing hills: beige sunlit mounds,  
high & hairy. I might long to be infinite  
length of light within soft dark water,  
just a swipe superimposed over land.

Trunks of memories I've never had  
force their embrace, & a ramp  
of sweet whistling music is a passage  
through loose frustration.  
The music's stranger. This is where I am.

# A DUSTY PORTRAIT

Lavender dress &  
an appealing approach to life,  
a color peeled.

In a Roman prison  
a prophet sews his wings.  
I don't know his name.

Bright snow  
& barely red brick,

while one face traced  
to memory might  
mean something more

than a den with modest light,  
or minor heart palpitations.

He's lost in aberration,  
trapped on bright snow

& a red brick building.  
But we are here now.

We go inside through the doors  
of libraries & bars—lonely  
by choice because we're choosy,

living young & making room  
on our plates for sweet complaints.  
Today someone

steps down from the remoteness  
of remote control  
& they hear the preferred sound

of personal treasure. Cypresses  
hang shaped like ears & wings.

## WOMAN PEELS WATER

From the rose field, you smell of wine.  
Blood grapes soak your sight.  
On these outskirts there is no sprawl.  
*Dear, what kind of people*  
*are we? You never need to lie.* This  
reminds me (miniature memory)  
of some home long ago. The crumbs  
I'll call my worst were left  
west on Earth spinning to a full  
side of sun, laying a forward  
order. We take up topics we cannot  
comprehend; strange things  
about untreated weather. We tie twine  
tightly, when that has become  
much of what we have. Bridgeless  
decades when the curious  
grow sadder, stronger & hypnotically  
content with each of our bedside  
lamps. The whole room is wounded  
wood, our casual feet fit  
into a future where the hard-handed  
smoke & leather laughter  
undress in an otherwise modest home.  
There are four plates made  
of thick paste & the evaporated  
absence of water. My mind sits  
in an old black bowl teasing with soft  
blueberries. It seems silly,  
my nose my ears my eyes can feel  
the enchantment of creation  
translated by these senses. So I stuff

a lemon blossom into your  
tough tangled beard, & then it falls  
onto your sticky skin.

Beyond here, the shaken signature  
that is the sun leaps across the river.

# OR, TRELIS

What is the musical weight  
of your shadow's ashes?  
Picture bodiless words levitated  
if the place did not fit.  
I know the need for leaping  
through decades, a dash  
of bucolic life & the generous  
ventriloquist moon.

Threadbare attic calamity:  
*Theotokos* (or ever after)  
leaning into cities.  
Will you marry a hermit  
with his *miktam* music,  
his true happiness away from?

Strings of moist winding smoke  
unfold. Some creatures  
are merely sound, or a beard of vines  
in the eyes. Pink thorny leaves rival fire,  
as indecipherable as bells  
in the 6th century northern hemisphere.

Place hands on a postexilic cross,  
where eyes are south of sight  
circling blue apocryphal air.  
May you miss the chaotic spirit  
of five camouflaged springs  
& the freshly orphaned facts.

It is *something* to be clear  
after investigation.  
What is the essence  
of your movement,  
& the essence of the text?

## A GIFT (TWO PICTURES)

City snow, I said it.  
Tiny white beads animate  
on the dewed eyelids  
of a peculiar woman.  
You want her. Badly.  
I know the twirling vices  
darkly alive,  
pleasures of process  
& infatuations: mailbox roses,  
light massages,  
even biblical pillars.  
The ego is agenda  
disbelieving in altitude.  
Show me the art  
of your eyes opening muscle.  
I receive the gift  
aggressively, arms buried  
in the abyss. City soil.  
Unlock your garden.  
You don't look  
like you in the picture,  
romancing on a rocky beach.  
The lover is a portrait  
wearing opulent masks,  
taking us briefly to 1991.  
Turn off the golden paper light.  
For whom are you dying?  
The blue window  
is not see-through. Stay here  
undetected, & don't sow  
discontentment.

# XANTHIC BRANCHES

I think we are going to die.  
I was wondering if you would find me,  
if there'd be wind shaking fire,  
graphite, cartilage, an idealist's eye  
enduring moments of discipline.  
Before that, you bake  
in your country castle & I hear  
creatures' voices scratching  
the insides of midnight—robes, alarms,  
candles & stars. Earth is a speaker.  
Manners are inclined to alter  
from region to region.  
When your eyes float away  
what's in your mind? Your job  
is a deadening arrangement  
without the wonder of orange  
on a bird's flank.  
Original dreams lacked  
our sly minimizations,  
we snake a way into wild power,  
& I forgo the poison  
to the brim, the narrow place,  
a water-field without water.  
The physics of choice.

# VIDUITY FROM A ROOFTOP

New beasts in the blue  
full-lipped morning.

Ground flower, star-glass  
& a seemingly rocking pasture.

Did she sleep?

Slant brown hills. Covered bridge.  
Colors feather village houses,

an instrumental passage  
of scarlet weeks gone by quickly.

But the strange slowness of days  
cradle an image of her frowning.

These doors of passion  
are impractical,

a filmic fire, robes stained  
with flesh oil

& bubbling smoke  
from a falling building's dust.

The future is the speck of a bird  
barely seen from the peripheral,

a world of broken pictures  
fluidly level.

Wake lost, walk,  
always to wonder

if the young widow slept  
with murder all around her.

## SEGUE GAUZE

You might fly above  
brick & glass buildings forever,  
or disappear like teadust  
& never sink under  
thinking *what does this*  
*have to do with me?*  
If a comet falls from the sky  
onto earthly fortune  
coldly rendered.  
If action is confession.  
These are just bare images  
I tossed out.  
Reading about distant eternity,  
I saw ice light up a concept,  
much color of work,  
museums of melody, teeth  
adhering to time.  
Make a little space  
because death's a parade.  
Don't hate the way it loves you.