

Collected Verse

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Madison Scott-Clary

*Arctic fox's den
adorned with flowers and snow
garden in winter*

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Poems from Missives

I wrote a silly short story a while back. It was meant to be a joke; a pseudo-victorian epistolary romance. It didn't really go anywhere, even though I submitted it to at least one publication. That's fine, though. I got a kick out of it, and the person who inspired it did too.

The end result was silly, but did include some poetry snippets. I didn't really think anything of them for a while, but one of them, the last here, kept coming back to me. on a whim, I completed all of the snippets into poems in their own right. They're presented in the order in which they appeared in *Missives* itself.

**1.1 Though the flow'r may bloom ere long — February,
2017**

Though the flow'r may bloom ere long
 and night recede unto the dawn,
so yet may love's embrace grow fond
 and still be spoilt upon the wan.
Brave are you and wield your smile:
 A cudgel, tool, a keen-edged blade.
You are not wan, love is not spoilt;
 thus I be slain and love not fade.
Have I any need for flow'rs?
 For nights, for dawns, for words or breath?
With so keen and fond a blade,
 There's naught to fear in life or death.
 So slay, then slay! For now, I care not how,
 I need for naught but that which love allow.

1.2 Delay, then, the morn — February, 2017

Though every climax approach a denouement
And every dawn a night,
Every moment worth sharing
May be worth stealing.
 Were it with you,
 Delay, then, the morn.

When every touch lingers as if forever
And yet seems to pass too soon,
Hearts reach out to hearts,
To seek, to aim, to keep.
 Were it with you,
 Delay, then, the morn.

Surely it's cruelty that need begets need begets need,
And yet need may bring pleasure.
Pleasure may hurt, ache, burn,
May steal hours of night.
 Were it with you,
 Delay, then, the morn.

1.3 Thy gift — February, 2017

I reach for the ewer of water,
I hope to quench the heat.
I beg for yet another serving,
I hope to fill my need.

The water — cool — cools not
Without thy merry presence.
The food fills, passes, is gone —
Yet leaves me empty, yearning.

Though the heart may quicken --
Though the tongue may lap --
I shall sup no greater meal
Than thy gift entrancing.

1.4 You find me at a disadvantage — February, 2017

On reading letters late received,
I felt within: the fox —
Yelping, yowling now, crying needfully —
Myself, a craving beast.

You find me at a disadvantage —
Panting and aswish —
Would that distance be traversed as easily
As hearts t'wards yearning hearts!

1.5 A rose, single, now blooming — February, 2017

A rose, single, now blooming
 may indeed bless the stem,
yet are not roses clipp'd and shown?
 Undoubted 'tis a blessing to them
who receive such a gift!
 Yet now unmade is the flow'r
which adorns thy mantle with its grace
 and withers, however slowly, by the hour,
 until 'tis faded to nothing and dust,
 though some scent remain forever amidst the must.

A rose, single, now blooming
 is perhaps best left on the stem,
its beauty to be admired amidst the growth.
 Surely 'tis better to long for that gem,
than witness beauty wilt and dry!
 Yet now one must long indeed, must burn,
Must yearn forever for that grace.
 To watch that growth, to explore stem's turn,
 day by day would destroy, weakening one by the hour,
 A rose, single, now blooming, forever holds all pow'r.

2

*Unimportant verse about important
people*

Love poems, of a sort.

Ones I never sent.

2.1 — February, 2017

I see your past in cross-processed film,
in blown-out colors and over-saturation.

 You told me all about it, told me grand stories:
 you were going to go back in time and save the world.

I see your past in yellows and browns,
in umber and sienna and amber, in a younger sun.

 You sat and told me how — and you were always sitting —
 you thought past-you dreamt of a future less complicated than today.

I see your past through film-grain and vignette,
with a thick white border, space on the bottom to write.

 You told me how you learned so many imperfect things,
 in so many less than ideal ways, always at inopportune times.

I see your past in architectural drawings of unrealized buildings,
in paperback covers reaching towards heaven, in trillions of words.

 You figured past you dreamt of, not perfection,
 but a world unconstrained by so many failures.

I see your past with no me in it,
and wonder if past-you dreamt of us.

2.2 — February, 2017

Resuscitating ancient coins in class, we learned,
takes a toothbrush and olive oil.

Slow, steady strokes across, around...

soft bristles dislodging soil

one speck at a time.

But no one that day was nearly as blessed,

seeing a coin shine through

at the end, full relief brightly expressed,

as I was to see you smile.

2.3 — February, 2017

When you arrive,
the whole world gets slow.
Sluggish, amber-colored air
mellows lively conversations.
Everyone stops, marvels,
turns eagerly toward you;
and there are no complaints
about warming our faces in the sun.

2.4 — *February, 2017*

We fit together in the strangest ways
and seem to seek new seams to savor.
Such joins are hardly perfect,
thread tugging fabric unevenly
unless it's reinforced over and over again.
We seem to seek new seams to savor,
and, weak though they are,
revel in the imperfect unevenness of joining.

2.5 — February, 2017

“Comrade” would I call you,
and “brave,” and “fierce” and “true”.
“Lovely” have I called you,
and hope but to live up to
the example which you set for me.

So, comrade, onward, ever onward.
I know I cannot hope to offer
much but word on cloying word,
dull rhymes I strain to proffer:
small flowers, small gifts, camaraderie.

2.6 — *February, 2017*

Complementary, clashing anxieties.
Dull clamor of intersecting feelings.
Need, desire, craving, jealousy.
Worry, fear, care, prayerful fretting.
Love, lust, friendship, a need to share.
Emotions on emotions on emotions,
and, often, comfortable silence.

2.7 — February, 2017

I chose your name.
To defend, it means. To help.
I admit, having chosen it,
that I chose it to defend you.
When I picked you up by the scruff,
Dragged you off to that place
I hoped we could call ours,
I expected that we'd
simply find a way to survive.
I never expected love,
and rejoice every day in that surprise.

I chose to collar you.
I admit it was an experiment,
I submit to most, but not my partners;
until then I'd never owned, claimed.
It felt vulgar, at first,
greedy, jealous, possessive.
Through you I learned the joy of possession,
the love and trust and exactness of terms.
Owner, partner, love,
and pup, partner, love.
My beautiful, my own.

I'll hand you off some day.
I'm a less than ideal owner
in so many terrible ways:
I owe you more than you owe me.
I'll gather your leash up,
I'll let you keep your tag,
I'll bow, I'll kiss you one last time,
and I'll bless you and your new keeper.
And I'll never stop loving you.
And I'll never stop loving you.
And I'll never stop loving you.

2.8 — March, 2017

You, for whom a heart means all feeling —
You, for whom yeah is an expletive —
You, for whom even computers sing —
You, for whom every tangle invites disentangling —
You, for whom even I will rub feet —
You, for whom shop always follows flop —
You, for whom words form a squall-line —
You, for whom I guess I —
You, for whom —
You, for whom even —
You, for whom I reach —
You, for whom my shit day leads straight to lets talk —
You, for whom I curate my week's feelings —
You, for whom I wait by the month —
You, for whom I structure my year —
You, for whom understanding of me seems always in grasp —
You, for whom my struggles provide no obstacle —
You and I, from whom us.

2.9 — May, 2017

Tightly wound springs
Of very carefully
Not touching.

 Secret words
 To be said
 With confidence.

Rules.

Prohibitions.

Limits.

 Discussions planned,
 Side-channels arranged,
 Whiskey purchased.

And now anxiety

Over what it means

And how to work it.

 Is it worth it for
 Long-standing questions
 To be answered?

To invite disaster

For sake of knowledge

And further dreams?

 Maybe the answer
 Is that tired refrain:

 Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

And now we're

Awaiting weeks

Of careful touches.

3

Mental Health

Poems on mental health.

Maybe I'll write a better intro at some point when I'm feeling better.

I dunno.

3.1 There is too much fire in me — June, 2016

There is too much fire in me to be described by the soldering iron's tip.

If I were to draw that across my flesh,
it would all spill out at once.
I'd melt, eaten whole by flames,
and flow into a pool of molten silver.
I would be borne up through the clouds,
and grow lighter by the second.
Sublimation would claim me then,
atoms would scatter, diffuse.
All that energy poured to the air around me,
an imperceptible increase in temperature.
Particle would excite particle
until I'm felt only as warmth on your face.

But even that would not be enough.

3.2 Cycle — *February, 2017*

Up cycle

Down cycle

Round and round

Push cycle

Pull cycle

Round and round and round

Here cycle

There cycle

Round and round

Bounce cycle

Slide cycle

Round and round and round

Free cycle

Wild cycle

Round and round

Unstoppable cycle

Uncontrollable cycle

Round and round and

Slam cycle

Crash cycle

And round and

Cut cycle

Burn cycle

And and round and

Collected verse

Crush cycle

Destroy cycle

And

Plan cycle

Note cycle

Rou-

Shower cycle

Wash cycle

.

Up cycle

Down cycle

Round and round

3.3 Heligoland — February, 2017

Too many wine-dark seas need daily traversal,
And here the shipping forecast calls for rain.

The shipping forecast! What a load of bollocks.
You can listen from start to finish
And not hear a single word about how a day will feel.

Or maybe it's a pale, tired, steganography:
Moderate, becoming poor, violent storm 11.

Burning up, drowning, torn by wind, and all I can manage
is to tell you southwest gale 8 to storm 10.

I can point at the moon, exhausted, bored, decaying,
And hope you don't stare blankly at my finger.

Thanks to P.R.

4

Miscellany

Poems without a category.

4.1 The dogs assure me — March, 2015

The dogs assure me:
There are volumes of meaning —
Life and death —
And time;
Past, present, future —
In the scent of a rotting fish left after the flood,
Or a trace of scat,
Or the coyote, long passed,
But not everyone reads poetry.

I'm not so lucky, all told:
The rich scent of meaning —
Heady, intoxicating —
Rises only from words
And the way you rest your hands on the table.

Published in Civilized Beasts, 2016 Edition.

4.2 Being transgender — October, 2015

You get to explain gender to all of your friends —
And all of your family —
And maybe once more to be sure —
And random strangers —
And maybe, like, doctors and nurses who should probably know better;

You get to explain to your partner that nothing has changed —
And that you were always this way —
And that really, honestly, nothing has changed —
And that this has no effect on your love for them —
And I promise;

You will get to come out again —
And explain that it wasn't that being gay wasn't enough —
And explain that it has nothing to do with who you like —
And explain that that shouldn't matter —
And - oh right, this means you might be straight after all;

You get to go through that awkward period of growing your hair out —
And learning how to ask for a more feminine haircut —
And trying a curling iron for the first time —
And figuring out how to eat noodles without also eating your hair —
And the worries that you're just trying to be rebellious;

You get to worry whether you're maybe just trying to be rebellious —
And whether or not you might just be faking it —
And whether you're really Trans Enough or not —
And whether you're maybe just appropriating femininity —
And whether or not passing really matters to you anyway;

You get to dress up in your best clothes —
And your best makeup —
And worry that your shoes are too masculine —
And have your hair game on point —
And convince the doc that you deserve those patches and pills;

You get to go through puberty again —
And it will be weirder this time around —
And your skin will grow soft —
And you'll get more sensitive to temperature changes —
And – YEOWCH! That's a new sensation;

You will cry a lot —
And bite your tongue often —
And lower your gaze —
And learn to take up less space —
And talk softer;

And your dogs will still love you.

4.3 When I fall, I will remain whole — November, 2016

I keep hoping that, one day,
I'll spring palladial from the bole of a tree.
Fully formed, asexual,
Conceived without desire or intent.

My body will be virgin and clean,
My mind fresh, my soul at ease.
The tree, behind me, will stand crooked,
Bole seeping until time and air dry sap.

I will be a flat expanse of green, made up of new cells.
Everything will work together, a machine running smoothly.

I keep hoping to, one day,
Function with unity, unflagging.
Organized and purposeful,
Intent only on fulfillment.

My vision will be clear and unclouded,
My will affirming, strong, and sure.
And when I fall, I will remain whole,
Confident that I lived well and unapologetic.

4.4 Meaning & Self — February, 2017

There's some duality between sources of meaning,
 Between the types of stories we use to back identity.
It's not quite good & bad or light & dark,
 Though I'm not yet sure just how to define it.

Dad used to punish the dogs
 by locking them in the basement.
If he was really mad,
 he'd toss them down there by the scruff.

Mom moved me & her dogs to a new house —
 moved us three days early during the divorce.
Her dog punched my ex stepdad in the crotch the night before,
 the nut-shot to end all nut-shots, & our time there.

Few things make me feel as deeply about life as parenthood,
 even if it's just me caring for my dogs.
Some reminders of that are intense enough to be raw, painful,
 salt in the wounds of mortality, maybe, or the ache of maternal love.

The meaning behind the story of me & my dogs
 comes with a story of its own, or maybe several.
It's bound up in stories to come,
 & these stories nest infinitely deep.

Remembering that & shaping that,
 It's a part of making the meaning in my life.
This isn't better against worse,
 it's not mom against dad.

It's not a dichotomy at all, really,
now that I think about it.

It's something subtler, comfortably complex, a topic of its own.
I guess it's just meaning & self.