

JULIA DRESCHER

goghs again thru



WOMB, HIVES AND COVENS, VOLUME I

goghs again thru

WHEATFIELD WITH CROWS

Darkness indeed came near saying

had ever breathed
had ever dreamed
had ever been

a sad look looks ad look a

life live s both on and under ground

had ever ate
had ever betrayed
had ever another

tell who we are or

what ought to be

[a wheat field with crows]
[a mild red string of road]
[crows flight an outline an eye closed]

ain't enough

times the wheat leans on the way it to leans

held a sad look for

for no tree for a

Judas

hang on

and crow me another 'un

WITH A LARK

Something broke but break or say broken still stays

since sunup and Adam
(or at 'em) but

His no, never never

on a lark it seems

*red-grey, yellow-grey, blue-grey,
green-grey's*

common grey
Well

now

have the better light
but for only
Burn

ground past before it first
mark'd trembles or trampled
the field again

His Let
there be
Let there be theirs be out of

place as poppies
are or their reds violent t'hinting
St. Stephens' boys' rocks

down'

s it later better

crawl to nesting than What

is broken

is broken

WITH CYPRESSES

un-ing through in an untended
field, the sky above what's rolling and
not the wheat, a cypress or two point
too and stand tall with stand all unintended

heart fell low

a big brass bowl

where the belly should be

this cypress with a flutter of wings heard inside,
loud (and like breath the first time breathed) but
not seeing here don't you see or you don't hear
like a Thomas – don't pull – or do – wide's all relative to

that cypress or

what you wish you

were – The New Light Stir

on wheat fields, or born not needin' in
His image a w a l l y o u g o t t o u n d e r m i n e w h y

made you ware as as as

Two for ever a picture

No Forcing

Aloud No

Fence

WITH A VIEW OF ARLES

B/n the city & the field
b/n what one can do and what one feels
i m m o v a b l e

what the n o u s e h e a r t clicks against

what I can I'll show what can I show you you won't too forget

to

tell

God is

we is

this binding
bargain this

that can't re-
gain in

“Time
was only 6 days the same etc. — God

ain't interested in time nohow

but in salvation — No

How could he be owning them both”

saw God saw how good and then

" "
" "
" "

us let make in our image after our

He said see

let them be un-

certainly mine doubt made flesh then

also say

God said

See, I

give you every

[]

but

do

not

eat

it

someday

[]

let us feast some days on

in wheat oh needles or

the dead St. Lucy made

more wind than dirt like

to be simpl

y eyes

His hand's upon to not his passing as

seen

in

304 AD : : “Something heavy
through on
the throat” can’t —

up there
look
no ancient word
for

body

‘s bending

low beneath it low bent in
the strokestalks
glowing
1888 AD :

“the aesthetic force of sunshine”

and what of wheat on the wheat in debt if you
wrk. hrd.
in the wheat the only
either/or being

owned / owing to

what

time left
to mend

dying sleepless
Saint
Lucy hear this pray-
you still

AND ON THE 7TH DAY

saw

suns setting into all dead

em-

bedded

in

WITH A REAPER

Indeed death came saying here

had ever loved

had

ever

grieve-

d re-

membered wrong
weeping what you so

unsure of

he

whose dragon ever shrinks

here

had

n-

ever

for-

get him back together

again Uncle Cent

h i s l i g h t a l o n g

scythe for
not

what you have

but n-

shows

you are spent

WITH SHEAVES

considering after

the first was failed will

you hazard so desperate a step

.....

An' the Word

was a woman clothed with the sun

AND ON THAT DAY THE LORD

had one thing

He didn't have

before then

laid waste

in boiling or picking or searching too much for

not a saint nor the better angel of

that dim day through paint o God

heaven might be a wheatfield.....

Hang on Hang on

Talk to me *Talk*

Don't just leave leave

QUIET

Coin a phrase *Make me pray it –*

...hearin c.

1377 A.D. : : "A thorn

from his crown of thorns in

h
e
r

f
o
r
e
h
e
a
d''

of
for sake happiness

noun
happiness re ced

AND ON THAT DAY THE LORD

emptied

by fast

her sinless frame is weak

originally

desire from performance

desiring despite

And
You
For fear

[...“came down not in prayer, as
paintings suggest, but in sleep
lodged deep a thorn her pearl
& instantly scourge streaks

and they shall be abhorrent to

pain, worms grew and ate &
weighed in at about a ton of-
above her eyes, lids fluttering
to stay up & she could not tell
if awake or if...”]

THAT DAY
THE LORD

turned upside down

the world
on works *n. v.:*

“until it is done, it ain’t
done, and when it’s do-
ne, it is”

O all the dead

we hope

cannot see us

floundered & flunk & flounder

the Lord

collected

fake

wheat heaven might be

worms pulsing thru
& thru full

thinkin' on wishful
conditions such as

a place where
no man would be

king

& no man would want

to be king his
cup

overflowing

cupping all

[wheat mown]

[sheaved]

[the heart a fragile tie]

is enough for

that day a look a

life live d under or on high ground

Sadness Now

water if
it rain
s will
not sink
the wheat

shall not die

close

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