

# Reap Eat by Carly Christiansen

## An Ink Publications Broadside

### A beard with a bag

A beard with a bag  
shuffles to hold  
bus drunk.

Sparkling smarts  
smuggling smokes  
and coins worn  
jeans thin tassels  
down watching  
lights dim.

Shifts to stolen  
car spar  
foaming beer steer  
the wheel on  
concrete tins

spin  
over  
jabbering drunks win.

### red stained

red stained  
glass broke  
grinding  
dust bursts  
the room  
echoed owed  
apologies hauling  
heat captured  
by movement  
textures drowning  
down  
in  
sound

### Black lambs

Black lambs  
wool pool  
sheer mass  
stacking glass

Behave  
bee have  
hive shacks  
slacking swirl

Spider webs  
winding wear  
nipping naked  
neck nape

Stacking  
ten tins  
tents in  
snake skins

A man  
amen  
humming hmm....  
his hymns

Llack bams  
pool wool  
mheer sass  
glacked in stass

### Breaking Stones

It's very crosslegged crawling  
miles into exile-  
mangled treating impacts with cold concrete.

Ages of success threw me out unabashed.  
Eight different attempts now-  
with the digestive tract.

Under the pergola hell broke loose  
I felt unhappy-  
prepared with imagination.

Succession clenched the street  
and the happy bride-  
glancing over hurried people  
whose real names left her ill-disposed.

Nobody wants to be surprised with  
gifts or liver cancer –  
when broken be concerned with  
neon gold lights and  
scraps of paper in the grass.

### On the second day she thought ABORT-

On the second day she thought ABORT-  
she smiled fast, he walked painful.

Like dreaded sun baths  
in the prosperous North Sea she thought-  
of disgorged couples contorting with anger.

Back and forth all night.

Her wounded femininity maneuvered-  
heated mingling painted bright blue-  
walls unleashed public inspection.

In memory I sympathize she could drop it.

### Gas lamps

Gas lamps  
conclude part  
of the weakness  
I resolved

Thousands brought  
injured things  
many of them to  
student grottos

Other unacknowledged  
sovereigns made me  
feel sure my  
task was fixed

I climbed halfway  
up a cable ladder  
for a fixed fortune

While resisting  
comical hands  
sourcing change -  
An informal but  
unexpendable  
tension bit  
suggested we both  
bicycle toward the  
inhospitable strait.

### Author Bio

Carly Christiansen received her Bachelor's degree in English at the University at Buffalo in the Fall of 2007, focusing on Poetry. She co-edited the 2008 Undergraduate Poetry Journal *Name*. Inspiration for her work comes from her Undergraduate poetry professor Myung Mi Kim and the entire city of Buffalo.

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