



CARBON SHAPES

AND
DARK MATTER

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TITUS BOOKS

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Hung r

struggle pamphletamine
Don't be dull. You took off with the edge
of your senses, you trashed them
and now I can't affect you deep enough
to teach you how it feels to love me.
original skin a holding position

My attention gets more intense, till each detail
resonates in the rich high chamber.
Immaculately conceived modern language
inside the head the birds

There's safety in numbness. She has his limits.
hole punch mouth so bluntd
In a digitised world, nothing develops.
supermarket safari monstrosity
You make war sound fun.

It's spring, and I'm filled with a drunk's optimism.
The nothing is living now under our bed.
We give it sweet names, but it still terrifies me.
Anything left on the floor disappears

Crossing the Park

Some kids laugh at anything
it doesn't matter what, so long
as they feel themselves laughing.
Crack a joke with them
if you're quick. Later they might
tell the others you're all right.

Some kids ask question after question
whatever they come up with.
It isn't curiosity. They're searching
your answers for something.

Some kids look you over
to check what colour you're wearing.
You have to be careful.
Don't wear the wrong colour.

Some, the ice already set
over their faces. You look at their eyes
but you can't see in. These kids
don't care any more about anything
not even their own suffering.

These are the ones
it's wise to be scared of.

Nix

Nine times out of ten, facts are melted
to fit and fix in the usual place.

i don't care if you love me in this heat
i need you to go with me
to find water and somewhere to sleep

People are the problem.
We're in this up to our necks.
The ancestors head home
leaving me in the car park
with only money, and stories
that deteriorate with each use.

I wish it's going to be all right
like it looks. I wish we could carry on
being in love, living week to week,
going grey, heaping up the moments,
our faces wearing handsome experience,
our hands with simple golden rings.

That's what the language expects.
Like Victorian architecture in Kaitiaia
we refuse to adapt when it seems
in our interest. The cars scar the air
a delicate effect the cul-de-sac
ignores at its own risk

The sense we make is years of work.
There's nothing. It's all through
these structures organisms choose
I know you touch this
and call it death, low self-esteem, Jesus,
entropy, the sea's surface. It comes in quick
and blends cities into soup.

Our drive for something keeps us breathing.
Along the way, we burn and eat,
we litter space with metal, we chop down
olive trees as punishment. Nothing.

We crave to create life. We produce pleasure.
Our drugs grow more accurate daily
and teenagers manufacture them
in houses that wait to explode.

all those having trouble managing their anger
they're here too
in the snap winter after the Gulf Stream stops

the incoming loss
pages sliced out of every book,
a failing internet, parasites, the food crisis,
glazed husks all down the main street
wildness sweeps in
and in its wake we move, foraging.

How did the future become this?
Sadness sits down on my chest.
I see it breaking up
before the fifty years the researchers
assume in their ethnographic sketches.

My mind is out of its debt.
Hope's a feeling of progress
towards an empire and a safe bed.
My irrational terror is really reasonable
when you look at the big picture.

Humans often lie
and set one choice to one side
and say they had no choice.
I wish to build my ability to be brave.
Let us be the intelligent life
that we're looking for.
This time is the heaven
we crack open with each step.