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Cover art: *Chantilly Hush* by Christan Mitchell. Used with permission.

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ISBN: 978-1-62557-969-0

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Published 2017 by Black Lawrence Press.

Printed in the United States.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

I.

The sun a spasm. Delirious with too much perspective. The girl moves forward. Sweat of course. Forward subjective of course. *Engulfed: verb: state of being, state of impossibility.* She's thinking of what she misses except she can't think. One thought crosses another like a car t-boning the future. Nesting dolls omnipotent. Gravel sticks to her toes, pinpricks little as a god memory. Something nags. *Here is a body put yourself in it & stay there & stay there & stay.*

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

II.

After a while the girl turns. To herself but outwardly. At her hands. Are these runaway hands? Runaway bones? A white bird overhead, *no* she instructs *no associations to surrender*. Visualizing a network of escape routes, hollow roads. A skeleton spread across the flatlands. Can it dance? What steps? Nothing but. She sighs. Onward. Like a whistle that brings the dark.

THRASH [a study in wreckage]

III.

On the road a wildflower. Purple as poison. Remember a vase on a table. Flowers in it. Nothing cracked, no morning light poured on red-edged pieces. Shatter a taught command. What is carved is not followed. Daylight daylight daylight. Her wrists movement factories. Memory unmanufactured. No bottle matters. Brightness like a bruise. A bottle though. How typical. *Go* she does *go further*. The narrative here known. Except for its thumbprint. She holds a lighter to her fingertips. Hail Mary to the temporary. Full of pain.



Ruth Baumann is a PhD student at Florida State University & holds an MFA from the University of Memphis. She is also a co-editor of *Nightjar Review*. Her first chapbook, *I'll Love You Forever & Other Temporary Valentines*, won the Salt Hill Dead Lake Chapbook Contest in 2014. Her second chapbook, *wildcold*, won the Slash Pines Chapbook Contest in 2015. Poems are published in *Colorado Review*, *Sonora Review*, *Sycamore Review*, *The Journal*, *Third Coast* & others listed at www.ruthbaumann.com.