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Break-in

Light is a building
material in itself—

Encouraged to decline
the prize—

He took what he could
sell— He left the poems—

Footprint beside the fire
escape— The books

know his scent, his hairs—
All his wants—

I used to write them—

The morning light lends itself
to a drab archeology—

She holds the brush like a dodo
egg— Explores for oil,

the common trilobite—
Digs through glass—
For Distortion’s Sake

Here is my front
matter. The spine cannot be
cracked.

But we are a bit bigger
than books.

The word memoir is important.
It is music.
It is an animal.
Selfish & funny.

The cymbals
and singing.
The grains of rice
against a dried skin.

And here a trail
of teeth.
Language

A discarded art
object— A real
plane—

Outside sound— Not
birds— But
the clatter of Pirahā—

A different kind
of construction— Greased
wheels— Running—
About the Author

Jenna Cardinale is the author of *Journals* (Whole Coconut Chapbook Series, 2006). Recent work can be found in *Sawbuck*, *No Tell Motel*, and *WOMB*. She lives in Upper Manhattan, where she takes a lot of photos.

**Jenna Cardinale on the Web:**

[www.coconutpoetry.org/journals.html](http://www.coconutpoetry.org/journals.html)


[notellmotel.org/poem_single.php?id=952_0_1_0](http://notellmotel.org/poem_single.php?id=952_0_1_0)

[www.wombpoetry.com/cardinale.html](http://www.wombpoetry.com/cardinale.html)

[flickr.com/photos/jennacar](http://flickr.com/photos/jennacar)