



THOU

Aisha Sasha John

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BookThug · 2014

FIRST EDITION

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The production of this book was made possible through the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council.



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50 YEARS OF ONTARIO GOVERNMENT SUPPORT OF THE ARTS
50 ANS DE SOUTIEN DU GOUVERNEMENT DE L'ONTARIO AUX ARTS

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

John, Aisha Sasha, author

Thou / Aisha Sasha John.

Poems.

Issued in print and electronic formats.

ISBN 978-1-77166-033-4 (PBK.).—ISBN 978-1-77166-040-2 (PDF)

I. Title.

PS8619.0444T46 2014 C811'.6 C2013-908727-3
C2013-908728-1

PRINTED IN CANADA

Full moon.

I could see everything at the pool.
I wasn't alone.
I wasn't physical.
I went upstairs and I was physical upstairs.
Then across the low cushion
my torso is a freshly-ironed
physical blouse.

A fountain before me flashes its wetness.
I lifted my shirt and doused my horns in it.
The water was physical in my intention.
You have to give the garden growth
there to balance out the sky
where light is blackness.

The intimacy between my index finger and the atmosphere
is physical.

“COME UP AND GET ME!”

**Can't believe I'm saying this but
I gave too much of my left body to the sun.**

And now the shadow of my injury is with me like a chill.

Is that you running up the stairs?

It's after lunch on Saturday.

I went to your office and I found your office
unharmmed by your presence.

It was so boring I just left.

Months and days.

The afternoon and the night.

I am telling you I ate a lot of produce at lunch on a Saturday.

I can't tell it's Saturday

so I'm uneasy physically.

I'm not sure if I tried to say something sisterly and failed or if I
put a cut in the air
to keep our wound alive.

I misestimated your recovery

on a Saturday
which feels so unlike itself
I don't want to do anything for a few hours
but focus on getting
a Saturday feeling.
It hurts. I have to say –
it hurts.

I could watch a movie. I just don't feel Saturday enough to keep going.

I gave myself a gift by getting my feet black this morning at the bequest
of the sun this morning on the hammock in my insistence.

Do you have insistence?
I have 14 reasons in the night.
And 7 seriously right now fly familiars. Crawling with their
complicated colour.
A fly was physically on my thigh.
I get fed
because I like time
enough to disciple in it.
There are 7 flies walking upon The Book of Questions.
These flies show very good taste
but they need me only because
I put food all over anything I carry.
The flies know all about me.
They're always
rubbing together their hands.
It's compulsive.
Oh my —

a fly just tried to
hump
its brother
on my pillow.

Everybody has so many minutes and
what do they do with all of them?

Food takes up a lot of people's minutes.

That's okay : food's okay.

It's hateful

to think of the people as losing

because I'm sorry the people

the people win.

What I mean is you can't take the juice out of the life of

everybody even if he is sick

with the blanket which

covered the final days of Ivan Ilyich.

That's not nice and this isn't getting any Saturdayer.

All these flies like tiny, stupid

OCD lions.

One is moving along the floor like a snake.

The limpness of a bird's legs in flight.

The place, the question, the question.

The place, the interest, the question.

There is the place.

There is what you do in the place.

There is your belief.

There is the faith in a knowing.

There is your instruction

by the gods.

There is your instruction as you are told.

There is your relief.

There is your disquiet.

There is your encounter.

That was it there.

Your encounter in the night.

Or before a flippant and loud

late afternoon sky.

A giant stone toe at the site of an ancient oracle.

There is the place.

What do you turn your face to in the name of instruction?

When you follow what the bells arrange

for the afternoon air

when you keep going

you're laying on your path surprise

because the dress you are wearing is destiny

and you can like that or you can not like that.

I am talking about

will.

Everything matters and is nothing.

Ringlets carved in stone. Very physical.

Colophon

Manufactured as the first edition of *THOU* in the spring of 2014 by BookThug.

Distributed in Canada by the Literary Press Group www.lpg.ca.

Distributed in the USA by Small Press Distribution www.spdbooks.org.

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Type + design by Jay MillAr
Copy edited by Ruth Zuchter