LOST ORIGINALS
DAVID B. GOLDFEINSTEIN
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FIRST SOUNＤING

- Poured tent under tutelage, invisible angle
- The infant disinherit the region of the sun
- In all his woods in all his mangy
- Retrove ambrosia and the nectar Verlaine
- He games in the wind, causes the nuance
- Environed singing the chimney of St. Croix
- And the spirit in a suit, dank in the age of skin
- The rain of seeing like a wooden bird

SECOND SOUNＤING

- Test expert under control of invisible age
- Child enters sun
- Relative to the whole scabious forest
- Poesie Verlaine
- Gradate jowls wind, causes except him
- The edge surrounds the ticket in the chimney in the way
- Stretch owing to the age of the shovel
- Rain as Wood Bird

POSTSCRIPT

- What is Poetry?

NOTES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
OBJECT PERMANENCE
LEGLESS DOLL

Wearing my legs
I trenchered and wretch’d.
The cramped staircases
could not rivet me,
nor the library confide in me.

Now behold my nubbin!
Gaze on my cracked cotillion,
the starburst of my collarbone,
the gashes of my ears!
Gaze and bow
before your
thumbless God.
BURNING DOLL

Bernardo Soares returned from work
down the street of goldsmiths.
When I raise my hands, it rains.
When I dodge leaves, it burns.

Lenita Gentil took me up to the balcony
to procure me a husband.
She told me one may clean a fish
with dull scissors and a mallet.

The dog hoarses himself by barking.
The hill wearies itself by climbing.
You hear me as I am, little mad one,
for I am ready to paint your portrait.
HANDLESS DOLL

Sometimes a single word
   can grant me the will to live.
Do you know how old I am?
Do you find my legs beautiful?
Come, touch the clustered pale grapes
   of my hair.

On the day my midnight blood
   breaks the skin
the whole world will become blue.
BIG-HANDED DOLL

Each of you must decide how I will hurt you.

I am about to burn through my joints and will rejoin the fixed column of truth.

My eyes are already fixed: my eyebrows were plucked before I could speak.

Soon you too will be opened by the unmouthed key of my voice.
HANDLESS AND LEGLESS DOLL

I must return.
The fight will be severe,
iron-blue.

Watch out behind you:
the flowers
are spare-time poets.