

# FOR EXAMPLE, ALL THINGS ARE EMPTY

*LISA SCHUMAIER*

Had wanted to fly a cantaloupe  
and keep music to the back bedrooms  
with the rest of the honest doubters,  
but I was the aunt's cousin's daughter's  
promise ring, so long out on loan  
who cares who never returned it—  
a bio on the back of a bag of noodles.  
Who wanted to know how it couldn't come to be  
that the bricklayer's hand offers five more?  
Gift you both now and without--  
on the porch I was more of an everyone  
else gone to bed. Snow on the crow!  
Snow on the tulip! Trophy me with fuck!  
Each day's un-revolving door initializing entrance  
into hallway sized rooms, a portrait's sore  
in a window's should-be.  
Had wanted to keep music its promise,  
tethered between fire and food.

# SECRETS OF THE THEATRE ORGANIST

I.

A pond drains, beginning its bored retirement  
each hour the committee of mirrors awaits my recital.

II.

In the silent drama, the theatre organ  
is superior to the orchestra. I can say *woman!*  
like a screen door slams on your eyelids.

III.

Immediately after the gatekeeper's snore, I imitate  
a rooster-crow with arrow-poison speed. Flash to the  
king of the barnyard doing his stuff.

IV.

The mirror offers its doughy applause. If the trick is to be repeated,  
avoid monotony by playing psychotically,

V.

From the toes tips, long worms pulled from infertile soil  
in a lustful hallway.

VI.

I want to do stuff with him. The Kiss: Press the bird-whistle piston,  
the swell pedal wide open. Less than womanly, not quite nun,  
godless nonetheless, the success depends largely on her arachnid eyes,  
her eyelashes play dead in a ruinous funnel of arms.

VII.

Do not attempt a long drawn out one.  
If the house is noisy,  
the kiss will not be heard.

VIII.

By the flat of the hand held lengthwise. The  
Thunderstorm:  
Call rifle language, squad after sharpshooter. Aim for  
our impossibles! Exiled stars observed from opposite orbits.  
Cat's paw, the hunter of all winged-hoppers,  
unaware of the pods where more smatters us forth.

IX.

The attack should be made with the rolling motion of hand.  
Martyr's Fate: Strike several keys in the upper register.  
Slide hand down across the keyboard in glissando fashion—.  
Ovulation of burnt cherries rummed from wood.

X.

Hoping for a hurricane would be a prayer-risk.

XI.

Visitation: Thrusting cloud-hooves on reed pipes,  
the dead is mentioned to those the dead offended  
when they were living.

XII.

Become dead to speak to the living.  
Soon, it will pall on the listeners if over done.  
This imitation is less useful than the steam whistle.

XIII.

There is no imitation for a wreath hanging.  
Nor something filled with its own shadow.

XIV.

I play for others who were a single you who thought  
I was playing for others. *Drone Bass (without cymbals)*.  
Clear the pedal organ and one manual of all stops.

XV.

Scenes in which a train is shown, scenes depicting dawn.  
In which one of the characters is a stenographer an old trick  
needs no explanation.

XVI.

Everyday I put in the mailbox a letter  
for which there is no postage. And in the evening, it returns  
under vaulted conspiracies. Abandonment: Slap all keys.

XVII.

We were born an orange living the life of misery signals  
to affect thatness! The talon of birth, the cloudberry of death.  
It was the same brother.

XVIII.

The same mind's minuteness—spared—diminishing  
us.  
From the Fresco Drops the Chandelier: This effect must be caught  
at a second's notice. A crown of candle-flicker,  
a meteor from outside the picture.

XIX.

Absence of oboe, goodness  
from being loved by the one in the tree  
who you won't rescue. The moment he fell,  
the river looked like milk.