



*Andrew Dieck*

*Jewelry*



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Articles Commentaries Features

if it's been a week it's been a long time  
that I've been remembering April

we don't carry light around with us  
in our heads  
as memory

and  
on crowded nights  
I still can't hold  
what's in my hands

the volume is gentle  
as always

I'm going  
paycheck to paycheck  
it's a situation that's worsening  
maybe not  
still counting  
that skirt  
that you're more than a witness  
like other things  
it was a very good year

This Is What It Is

I wasn't making a point  
I recorded that because it happened to me

Trouble is a Little Town

one thought takes up all your time

as if bad expectations  
weren't eulogy enough

think of the hundred hotels with nothing in them

the soft furniture music  
the economy of loss  
as to the gas fire

when I am older  
I know I will be sure  
of the phantom pain

approaching the island

Ms. Kids asleep on the couch  
says

'I'm tired of my curfew  
if I could just leave my body  
and keep up

affix to it your signature and carry it as an amulet'



Jenny from the Bedroom

after dinner  
I want to take your clothes off in a vague unintentional kind of way  
because I have something  
not very important to tell you

*haven't you noticed  
the seven things I've been doing wrong?*

but my wallet should be a talking point  
and damn if I haven't  
felt very  
very 'trying to keep my mouth to myself

That's What She Said

I learned a lot from putting on a blindfold  
as the girl said to the soldier  
who said it as the nun said it to the vicar and  
every morning wax again said to the  
isolation drills

*You have to stay standing  
here otherwise it won't come out right*

then our drummer drowned  
and then the other drummer drowned

regarding the lion riots the divine itch

I am your life giver

So I Heard You Have Kids

some people play dead  
others

not so much

but

I'll see your German summer and raise you  
me shaking my hair back and forth

and a long list of shit that doesn't exist  
because

I'm pro-nature

and I'm pretty sure I'm doing it right

then you can let me out in your neighbor's yard  
now I'm their problem

House Mother Normal

I matter in general

I wonder if the divorce will take  
I wish we had the technology to record this  
sympathetic gambles  
very little gorgeous

just wake me up to empty  
hooks  
little is  
lost on the equipment

*what of the resolve*  
*that curtains us into a solid trope*

you don't need the rest  
the ball of fire that sits beside him

tell me when the paint kicks in because  
I can't grab this feeling off my mind

## Stunning in Muscle Hospital

you know  
how it is when the music's over  
I spent the war dancing  
now I'm just tired  
    can't even prepare a light bulb  
    call spades  
silenced by the way things are  
    as revenge against

    without parades  
there's a space

    you fill it

it was social it was solitary it was telling a story  
it could have been a brilliant career  
but there is no going under  
the insertion

that tried  
to swarm together  
but ended  
exploding onto the bed of  
    the company that feeds us

I felt  
    stunning in muscle hospital  
I am a present for me to open up and parcel out again

## Wounded Rhymes

I can press when there needs to be  
    pressed  
I can hold hands when there needs to be  
hold hands

I can walk away

there's a new cross in the wind  
    its like a tomb      and  
a wound   and   a bomb  
    physically outside

chromatic equivalences

I cannot think of their names and  
    they're looking at my uneven  
mohair oyster dish  
    my symbolically maintained metaphysics  
of difference      a sort of large round thing  
with a hat on

prescription  
birthday  
faint silver planet in blue black sky above plane  
wounded rhymes

## Wearing Jewelry

green is the color of the  
beverage napkin of  
hope  
waiting to enter no  
self-made picture of no little hut

real has become an evanescent thing  
so I will include you  
with  
the moment's  
sibling's use of tongue on the spirit parts

it is never a good idea to imitate the world  
its skill based procedural significance

later on  
in the epilogue they find him  
with the ax over the fireplace  
with the current works in progress

*how long can these bees live trapped inside this car?*  
*how different is the situation today?*

oh my love  
listen to myself  
it does something like keeping time

## My DOMA

when I wake up you're the first  
to discover  
the oxygen tank  
behind the plant  
which sits next to the guard  
as those ideas walk in silently  
to  
the party after the neighbor is  
calmed



## No More Sorry

we're all our own best cops  
the fellaheen which are the superpower  
the word 'please' as confrontational  
wandering around the house

fact adjacent                      lettuce                      ramps  
by any means necessary

and then  
these things we think of  
as solitary

are actually all around us

new old stock particulate smell from that elevated pink box  
papier-mâché potemkin village                      sounding surprised

I tried to change my life  
we could try to go home and fuck or just  
sit here and listen to cage

animal ambitions      museum of last resort

recording  
every movement of your body  
for manuscript  
  
as naked as the day I die

we have come                      so  
we wish it never happened

small rectangular surf tissue      experimental hygiene  
there's some terrible  
action that just breathes from my hands





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