

Journals

Collages of Contemporary Poetry

Jenna Cardinale

Survived even
childhood— The sound
of high tide shattering—
A field of broken—

The knife the ear is—

Precious little things
I hid in—

Denver Quarterly 35,4

Journals

Collages of Contemporary Poetry

The end of a road I like—
Combat now— Cigarettes
held in—

Results from an addiction— Alive
as a raisin— Light up

with tiny—

Saint Elizabeth Street 1

I have turned away
from using
heart grammar—

Bloom through
the belly— Another front
not a native—

Invention in
this— This
year is the flowering—

Insurance 2

The door or
maybe— A cushy private—

A hand hanging— Every time
you take—

A childhood of cracking—
Knives were talking
in that—

Sequins of salt—
That puddle belongs—

A good monster tries
to cry—

RHINO 2005

My chest stops
you— It's always been
the man falling—

Suffering that stays—
Arrangement of infinite—

The sun comes up
for anything— The window
and the history—

You have a single in—

1913 1

Spend all your time just
staying— It makes sense to
chain smoke— Your death

has made me
shade against the fading,
object to moving— The resentment
is shared—

The Manhattan Review 10,2

I cannot face this
puckered— The hardness
is getting— His hand
reached for my usual—

A dream repeats and becomes—

CALYX 17,1

Certain small lies
conceal the taste
of the drink— The suck
and settle— Excuses
still— Night fell
and I felt the man
felt like more—

Hanging Loose 81

City of lighted rooms—
Big orchestras shrieking—
Let wrongs cut by the dying

figus— Made in Texas, define me
as barbarian— Such good
proof— Untelevised executions—

I didn't call you

little, a ruined thing
or a white flag—
Let the law come—

Skanky Possum 8

Think of something
political— The hawks
can have a clear
shot— An oasis
if you're good—

Our connection made
me—

The Literary Review 46,1

Tingling still from that— His first
wife's walk— Hammer behind
the hammer— Buy her
a drink— Betray within
the hour—

Shapes taken— The habit
of hugging— The end
of a match— Right before
morning— My love for you
is half—

The Paris Review 112

Churches and shops flickering— War
buildings on— In the elevator
wanting—

It's always easy to spy
the emergency— Hints
wear tight clothes—

CROWD 2

In my pocket
is one— It makes me
want— The river invades

tired roundness— Clamor on
the balcony— Grayer than
the driven— A slot machine's

chance—

lyric 3

The rose sniffing— Wives
pull red— White watching—

Stabbed fingers
wrapping— It gasps
whitest— Watched
red—

My callousness a vinyl—

Beloit Poetry Journal 52,4

The photo beaming— Women,
glossy diagrams— The chest
a futile show—

A cold cheek
listening— Smiles through
too much—

Beacon Street Review 13,2

Eve, on the other
hand, stands
to straighten

the idea of two—
The offer of opening
the offering of something

false— Her origin
as a rib lies undisturbed—
Maybe he has a favorite—

Good Foot 1

The distance sleepwalking— Flickering in
that glimmery—

Lace curtains spurting— Dark
we can turn to—

The two of them already— Beautiful
as sky sauntering— See

fireworks without transforming—

Columbia: A Journal of Literature and Art 36

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For Bill Clinton



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The window examining – The sky
hesitantly opens the cloud –

Blooming as always – Tiny
fists from milk –

Be this blue – Clouds are
my next –

Chicago Review 48,2/3

A handful of
white thickening with
yellow – Bare,
yellowed white –

Myself the shovel –

Asian Journal Winter 02.03

Heat something worth preserving—
The development of natural—

Slowly little red— Less
and less in the womb— Stiff
in my brushes— Churn a ribbon
through—

What happens
next is my giving—
Next is already—

American Letters & Commentary 15

Did Don Juan want
virgins who'd been ripped—
Pockets flirting, the feet
released—

It feels good until you
feel— There's a closet
in that—

Pom² 2

A mother put her hands
inside a shame
no one uses— The taut
surface of a dark— The coat
a caress—

The moment walking
toward me— Lines taken
from the flower— Florence
is such a satisfying—

Chelsea 72

The cocktail hour
finally – Practice
for the palace –
My billfold full –
Even her lips
supply enough shock –
Open like an exit –

Columbia Poetry Review 16

The bottle still
reads “Drink Me” –
A ceiling looks
believable – Maybe
medicinal – A mouth
rearranges –

Washington Square 11

He whispered in the hospital –
A sigh taking
another sip – No response
I remember –

My mother heard in her hospital –
Her breathing drowns –
I translate into
a language I haven’t –

Tin House 1

Animate a stick—
Your teeth count &
recount— Know how to
drink his silver—

Somebody kissing
once—

Matchbook 1

JFK interrupts
this— He didn't want
to be survived— Sooner
or later ill—

A frame of
wind shifts— Never
leave home—

Salamander 7,2

Survivors don't need
short dresses with
love— A rodeo
of slow— People
applauded this—

Thirty years of subtle,
and yet he was still—
Drunk in his midnight—
It bites like Wild—
Everything's still going
to be—

The New York Quarterly 59

Wives in
a horseshoe— His body
a stitch— The “bed” has been
such an anxiety— A monument
and more—

Swallow at all
talking— He gagged
on his first—

Both 1

Lying in the middle
of the living—

Twilight on— Picture
through a glass—

The Twelfth Street Review 3,1

Walk onto my back— On the floor
pain dazzles— A girl
with salt— Ripping
through the falling—

All day under— Chewing
on thin— Dark walls
beating— A slash
of bright— Space
in a tiny part—

Make a brutal sound—

The window dismantles
the world—

Another Chicago Magazine 35

One moved to Boston
and married— The sun
bends to her in
a pleated wedding—

Rustle the cellophane—
Think of him lying— The glazing
slips— Keep a diary— A chorus
of tiny—

Great strides in
plastic— Open
the luxury— Opening
suggests a little— Swallow
a thing—

The guards have grown— He broke
down in the glowing—

Verse 19,3 / 20,1

The cold breaks
loose— Sickness
we dare not
move—

Ocean from a sneeze—
The while still
drying— It
and the collapse
of it—

Enter paradise
a little— Us
his diorama—

jubilat 6

The loveseat is silently
devouring— Decorated
with vulgar— Measure
and measure now
bottles multiplying— Walk
in on them—

Turnpike dropping
through—

Octopus Magazine 1

A man and a woman
fall— Lie like
flags—

See yourself in
all—

Diner 2,2

Late on lovely— The hospital
remembering— A continent
behind— The concrete
we tried to be—

Collision 2,2

Cheerful to this— The accidental
face— I think to avoid— Another
hour and a candy— You wear
nothing— A perfect egg
replicating— Hallelujah
is wasted—

My collection of
cut— Small flag waving— A brick
in a bag in a box— The zipper
that derails— Glass is
the absence—

How easily one empties
of good things— The knot
that is the noose— The last
time I held my breath—

Pool 1