

making *sense* in
a world gone

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1. when i was a little girl, i lived in realms of potential.
infinite possibilities were far more worth my time than a single reality.
8: possibilities ruled by universes where magic filled me up to my dimpled
chin and let me fly on the backs of pelicans.
14: possibilities where i wasn't everything everyone was saying i was.
aged 17: possibilities ruled by fantastic sweating love affairs.
as the world grew I watched them all turn from cotton candy to coal.
the universe where the plane i'm on crashes.
and the one where he's pretending to love me.
that vision where i've built everything taller and brighter –
found transcendence, joy, abundance & freedom . . .
& it all crumbles to bone crushed dust sifting through my fingers.
can't hold on to that.
when the dreams grew teeth, staying in my padded room
safe as the underground man, anxious hermetic soul
just waiting for a gilded hammer to break down the crumbling dry wall.



2. it all blows to oblivion.
another stub burning fingertips - no place to
sleep? that ephemeral night relief finds and
escapes a vision growing old with haze
during these hours spent so surfaced,
gasping for breath
 moving through shadows and
 corridors of the living

a disinterest in security
secure in the senses
secure in the confusion navigating the map
of veins spiraling underneath skin

do you know you are a
 system of highways too?

every part travels along. the dots of body
connect a map of what keeps breathe
moving
inhale smoke
exhale fear –

i forget me so easily

i tell lies, i tell pain. i sing praises and how
they left long ago and i feel safe
sequestering myself with words.
just like saying

 “yes me! but never me. it’s fine!”
crack a smile when the frustration in the
suppression is all too much

when anger is too ugly, tears too tender,
and any wisdom we had knots up inside
bowels of mystery

when things hurt so much i find i can’t stop
laughing!! why not!
maybe you won’t be complicit
turn off
what's your brain saying?
sometimes ghosts escape my cramping
limbs //

it would be easier for you to jump in this
skin. tell me where my sore spots are
because i'm so used to their dull ache i've
forgotten who put them where.



3. hazy nights (*crouching on the frozen pavement*)
blend one to the next.
ears ringing (*if i walked on, you wouldn't miss me*)
the sounds of the night
shoulders bruised and brushed (*and i won't think about you twice*)
on the sidelines
(*all that snow*)
the spheres turn
"here i am and here i breathe"
when it all
blends
head submerged again but it's not the same
and that shame,
it's a familiar blame (*when you touch something, do you leave it fertile?*)

melodies you don't know but
pretend come from your heart anyway.

(*what do you give it with your touch?*)

i still think you shine bright under these neon lights.

(*touch, and leave it better than it was before*)

4. things pass
and life hits hard
missed the signals
and pissed in someone's food

maybe it's just spit

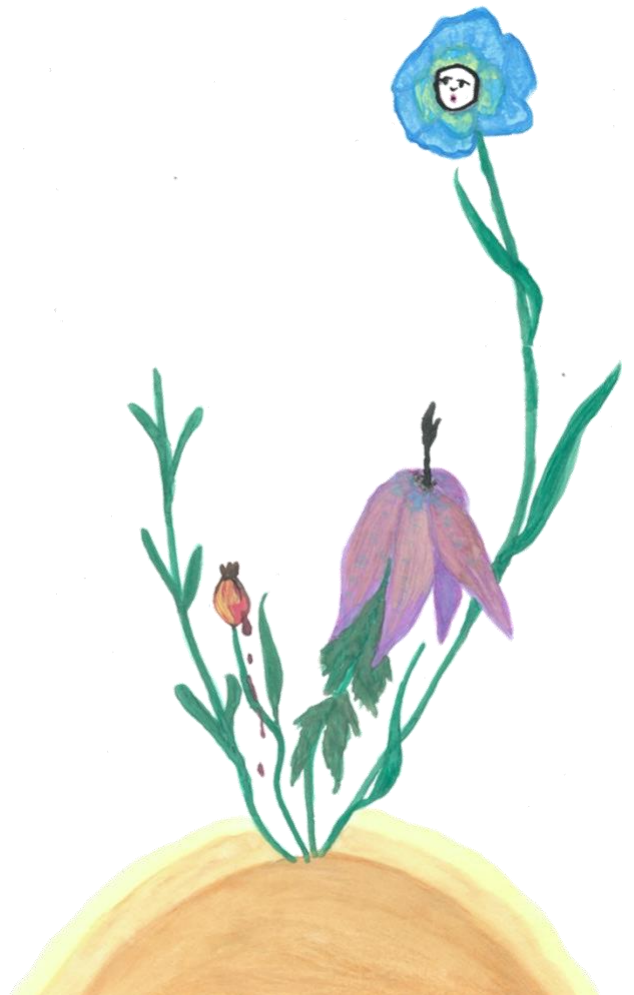
either way, spoiled the pit and what was
pure and good is
soiled -
you just had to have it all.

what me?
what tense?
don't i mean me?
then
now
later
this will be
waiting for a quick stab to wake up
once or twice
inside a head, the place where you and
you lie – catch up with yourself
and all the signals missed //

start again.

getting realigned
feels like bone dislocated
snapping back into place
the bone is the you and the snap is the salt
crusted armor
only one way through it
too soft too hard
not quite right or enough

nothing worth anything now is easy money.



5. grey matter

all a mess (*thoughts from another land*)

been told how to feel (*if you don't like what you hear pretend it was never said*)
a whole life

and when it hits (*that all-consuming "it"*)
you had never learned how to call it off

because it's been crowded (*too much of self, self all the time*)

been busy & loud,

been smoke screens assaulting eyes wide open

'till tears run down hot pink cheeks (*you cried constantly, even in your family's arms*)

been crowds tearing at you

bruising shoulder to shoulder

planting a black n blue landscape (*clenching fists, flesh under nail*)

try to find some footing that's not

treading air (*i dare you*)

something forbidden you got in on

you spat out the

pills and clawed off the numbing cream (*the pain was worth it*)

the one, only night.

(now is the perfect time to caress possibility at your fingertips)



6. speak softly
can't hear over the roar

if you whisper some will know

“nothing
was more poisonous
than living another's truth”

“nothing
was more destructive
than when we forgot each other”

true word & deed.
everywhere everything is sick //
yearns and sweats in the long night,
fever dreams of fever memories

words of meaning
and nonsense
might spill out of you again

when you accept it means

very little.

if not nothing at all.

7. i remember forbidden words
words we were told we couldn't say

remember that time when we were children
and we let them
phantom float
between our ears

and our sensitive
brains became the court
on the judgment day

words
of rage
loneliness
the deep dark sadness
fucking
desire

i was taught
what was dirty –

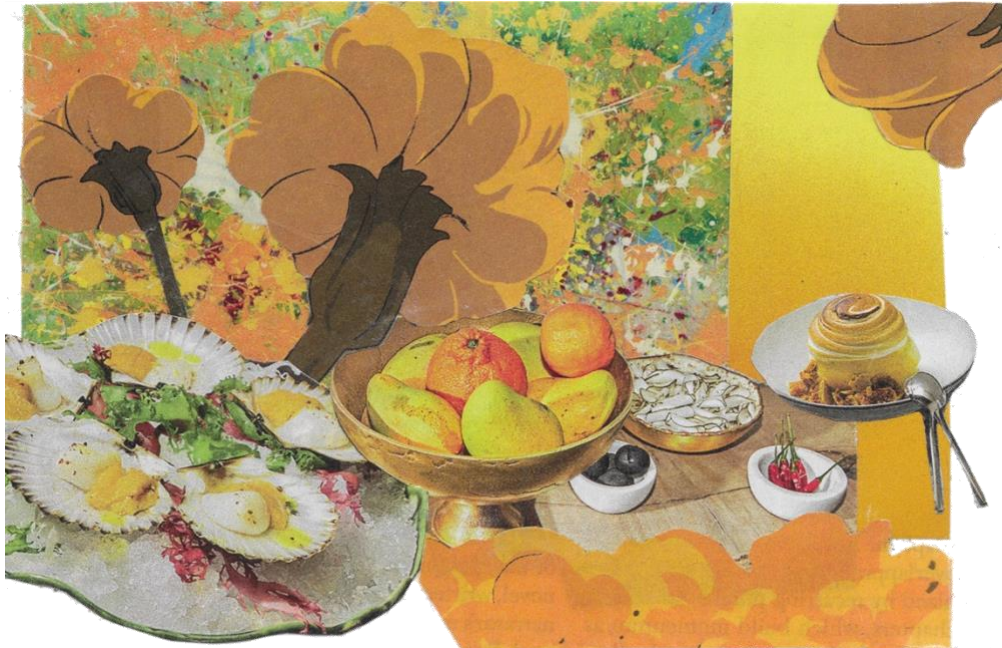
jesus doesn't love a sinning girl
jesus loves the pure of mind
look how Lilith was banished
torn from the city on the hill
suffering

to the wild scent
of a musky garden
untouched by Man

we want to go there one day
that realization
not just the self anymore

welcome in the secret

and we give ourselves permission
speak and feel
both
light and dark.



8. still processing. a scarred heart is still a heart molded from the clay of roots infused by the nutrients of place, pale shadow of the seed you had planted before.

burrow deep into what is easier and known -
suddenly uprooted.

the difference between choosing what happens next or letting someone else drag the corpse, claiming for weeks and years and futures because "this isn't happening" until the imagined futures / look.

how sad.

they're all covered with mold.

sky turned gray, even darker than before, and only a few faces reflected back the love we sang //

there must be someone gently protecting us

the truest test -

ripped from the cradle to see how we might bend with the wind

here i am.

there you are.

you, me,

and the bed we make together.



9. today
feel the wind
on the soft flesh of your throat
close your eyes
the world is speaking to you
that beat happens every time all day
unrelenting rhythm
that hits
explodes
folds
but forgetting that it's there
that's the danger
they warned us in those spoken stories
only heard once and a while when somebody wants to listen
maybe around a fire
or on the top of a peak
maybe that's why we can't stop killing her
maybe that's why she screams and rages
because i figure that
that's what i would do to
and all i can do is pound back on her
screaming why
and looking around
over my shoulder
between my lashes
to everyone because you did it
we did it together
we poached
and the blood dripping from our fingers
in the wake of the end
stains
more than just your shirt.



10. trying to commune with something
greater //

thinking about when we were younger
and didn't think about a hunger
starving for things we wanted to taste

the dirt we'll lay in //
bury me nude
so my skin finally embraces
the soil

been sadder
than when my only care
was being a good daughter //
been fuller too

swaying heads to the beat
because that's all that
makes sense now

in the world gone mad //
innocence leaking in the streets

seems like "guilt"
doesn't quite play out anymore
a man – his hands are stained with his guilt
but dodges our voices railing against
the lives he takes,
the machine he feeds with greed //

tones to soothe

anyone who might listen
born & raised
to watch this empire fall.
a hood up to block out anything
that isn't this song
laws need not apply in a new age of
the lawless

the pain of our histories
is still in our cells
&

i can't help but mourn
the wounds
i'm giving my children //
my own blood

but i can't spend all this time
scarring myself
for living under tyranny

spend my days dead tired //
been dodging all these attacks

we'll be tender, we'll use our rage //
at the end of this fight
i hope to rest in a bed of peace.

11. i thought i heard a gun shot
fire into a sky ablaze.

such a beautiful sky.
such silence blinded.

violence for falling in love with suffering –
did you see that sky?

did you see it before it was too late?

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