

New Piles

Anna Sysling

April 7, 2025

We stacked books
About history and anthologies
Of pioneer women
And communist poets
Took the piles from one room
And put them in another
Now there are new piles.
Our piles?
And We arrange them
around the record player
A sonic machine
releasing ribbons of melody
swirling around Our dancing bodies
We are paintbrushes
for an album
of Appalachian folk guitar
Surrendering limbs in the shape of an arc
Or was it a question mark
As in “can we please do this forever?”
Floating on moments weightless
Soon becoming memory
As new hours and days sprout up
Taking us away from
this holy seedling
this new love dancing
punctuated by my feet
stepping on yours
and the whisper of mistaken
lyrics in my ear
We are learning,
beginners in the language
of Each other.
Last night You gave me a key
to your building
a silver jagged portal
with edges sharp and new.
It will soften with repeated entry.
Each time I open the front door
of this place
where we stack books,
tongue-tied and naked,
moving the piles from one room
into another.
Imagining what might grow
in the spaces We create.