

POPPY DE GARMO

Slowcoast One, 2015
Archival Print, 24 x 36 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

IRIS JAMAHL DUNKLE

Hands in your Pockets

*Charmain London, wife of Jack London,
kept a diary while sailing around Cape Horn
on a schooner called the Dirigo in 1912*

Iris Jamahl Dunkle's poetry collection, *Gold Passage*, won the Trio Award and was published by Trio House Press in 2013. Her chapbooks *Inheritance* and *The Flying Trolley* were published by Finishing Line Press. "Tending the Sedge" is from her latest book of poetry *There's a Ghost in this Machine of Air*, about the untold history of Sonoma County, California.

*History sings in our faces
a tiny little nightmare
under moderate, but baffling, winds
before squalls and rain.*

*You get your first deep-sea color now.
History keeps singing in our faces.
Indigo, milky frothed waves
tossed in moderate, but baffling, winds.*

Your first deep-sea color.
What you call, *Carmel-blue*
under the white froth of rocking waves
sailing through a circular storm.

Do not feel equal, yet.
Even on waves smooth as *Carmel-blue*
work itches in your fingertips
like a circular storm.

Wretched night of hive of mind.
Do not feel equal, yet.
Stand with your hands in your pockets
work itching your fingertips

Even when we are all going to the bottom.
That wretched night. Mind like a hive.
Rain like a Russian song
catching in the pockets.

At the bottom, a tiny nightmare,
like a man falling from the rig
like a dog safely tethered to the deck by a string.
Before the squalls and rain

weave into needlework, more than a thread
because history will sing into our faces.
Like a tiny little nightmare
until our *machinery of life, shot with love*, resumes.