

MK Chavez responding to Elizabeth
Treadwell's Posy, Penny

from Posy + from Penny + from Shimmer + Tilt
Elizabeth Treadwell

charm
atlas
stars

Larentalia

our
bright
glories soothe us all

Star

each dress with her apple;
written with invisible ink
into their hands

Alva

sorceress and singers
happiness comes
dark blue life size
abundant
back from the holy city
the summit the institute
shelves of books
above

light

Disappear Like Dying Stars

She-wolf,
You know what next.

Ready
to shine
I know
dead stars
that make me
weep.

Smallest star
supernova
causer of collapse.

Dead stars
come
and
go.

Dead
stars
counting
stars
dead stars
burning
marshmallows
in
the
woods.
Burnt
sweet
things.

Dead stars
that
write
poetry.

of stone & city, their ink-filled
eyes & songs, their darks
& earthling limbs, rootings
& dwellings & dreams

for Juliette Guilbert

Passerine

what are these tropes for in our humble lives
ruby-throated

what does this longing mean?
which endures
as I wait for leaves
with my daughter

of the meadow where they are,
and the ruling, love
even the birds get
drunk on the berries

in this apple-light

which echoes so bare as
these stark melodies
shape the stones give the trees
their names

ruby-throated
what does this longing mean?
which endures
as I wait for leaves
with my daughter

what are these tropes for
these stark melodies

The Last Time I was in Love

The type
of bird
that
hums.

Meaning
rapid flutter
flutter
so much so
that your feet
meet
atrophy.

This kind
of tenderness
eventually
splits.
Makes
more
trees.

from Penny Marvel & the book of the city of selfys

Wood
[draft Narnia selfy no. 46]

aqua, c...drab
northern **trees** our living
works & ...ations

we champion each other

we couldn't sleep

their small foldy wings, the children

all the human thing **paths** objects
our palms/our palm

Leda

even as the moon
carried our earthly griefs

Aphrodite, **selfy** the sound of Venus

informed by same light
the crystalline
remembrances & mem...
all the pretty selfys of t

seas

selfy the duchess of normcore

Splinter

Taking a self-portrait
looking like a
Ponderosa pine

A gregarious
tree

Lightning hit
my mother
broke her open

We are children
of a beautiful
forest.

When I Am a Swan I Love Myself

Take selfys because I am tired of indifferent
beaks. Selfy in tears, salty selfy of my selfy, of
my parts. Selfy of my inner lining. I'm
reformatting, I'm dodge and shade, I'm
technicolor, I'm parallax. When gazing at
myself I lose my objectivity.