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Strange Wedding

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STRANGE WEDDING

By

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Bachelor of Arts – English

Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania

2013

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment

of the requirements for the

Master of Fine Arts – Creative Writing

Department of English

College of Liberal Arts

The Graduate College

University of Nevada, Las Vegas

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Thesis Approval

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Abstract

The thesis submitted for completion of the Master of Fine Arts - Creative Writing Program, titled *Strange Wedding*, is a collection of poems of approximately fifty pages long. It contains one section that allows the poems to approach the reader as one body.

This manuscript has been composed over the course of three years and has been inspired by conversations in workshop that discussed truth in poems, the power (and manipulation) of metaphor, and the use of event, or timing. These poems aim to be true, even when they depict a distorted perception or image. When they express doubt, it is an honest doubt.

They are, in their very basic form, poems of bodies (bodies that wed, divorce, and dance). Through image and lyric language, they examine the distance, barriers, grief, and elation that come as a result of being close to another person. While the poems don't discuss wedding and divorce as we know it, they do take interest in the nuances and residuals of interaction, the scars and anxieties that are left over when bodies come together and when bodies separate. The manuscript embodies a sense of urgency and immediacy in its narratives. There are messages to a self, a dream-self at times, that wants to remember yet finds it incredibly taxing and painful. This collection also has a couple small series that muse on dreams and voicemails and the function of recordings when they are carried into one's reality, seeking to synthesize the two worlds in an attempt to understand both. Ultimately, this collection seeks to locate itself, whether that be in a person, a city, a field, a dream, a song, a color... in pursuit of a wiser perspective.

Writers like Brigit Pegeen Kelly, Linda Gregg, Lyn Hejinian, and others have inspired many of the poems in this collection. The fragmentary nature of how stories come together, as demonstrated by Hejinian, is a technique the poems utilize to keep to the honesty of observation. They are organized around different types of journeys, the beginning of the manuscript opening

with an arrival and the end closing with another. In between there are movements between places that loosen and reveal the boundaries we live within. The landscape is a large vehicle for emotion and there is much natural imagery that becomes twisted into a body, or to mimic a body. Scars apply both to earth and body, and so they become one.

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POEMS

The Essential Guide

I drink a bowl of coffee in front of a map.
Tiny, useless, crosshatched Athens.
Scratch more days out of the calendar.
The hours aren't easy to move.
Sun breaks the balcony doors, lays
its ribs on the bed and lacks all the effort
of entwining my own clumsy bones.
Parts of my body are brilliant travelers.
My eyes repaint this bedroom
as another millions away.
My empty hands imagine yours,
your voice through the phone every night,
morning, night. I can't tell anymore.
We sigh to each other, tear pictures
out of trifolds and let them fly
before bursting into another morning.

Voice Message # 2

You've stayed back,
or I've gone on.
There's hay and dust
in the air, sheep flock in
the shadows. I tear apart
an ear of corn, hope
you'll notice my bare arms,
hear me laughing and
close the space or say
anything. Hum for the horse
in the pen with a wound
bloom under his chin—
blowing air on my forehead—
my horse / not my horse.
Mountains far out are
cut from black construction
paper. The flock at night
moves lithe and half-
way there and I don't
need to see everything—
the shadows
at the edge of
a field, waving.

Voice Message # 3

The sky, bruised ocean,
moves on towards
home and my hands
attach tightly or not
at all to the steering wheel.
I can see myself slipping
this car under
any old semi. Headlights
too far away and blurry
to worry about desert
disappearing out there,
going home for the night,
I imagine. I'm leaving myself
voicemails to feel this
later — the easy edge
of the road, of people when
I love them, unnoticed,
across a field.

Voice Message # 7

I want to text you tonight
because I think I'm turning into you,
and who better to understand that
than you. Turning to you is exactly what
I'm trying to avoid. But I'm here,
frustrated with everyone in this bar,
thinking about how you never go
to bars and maybe you never get
frustrated, and that's a choice
I should consider.

My voice tries to form
the words for *don't*
let me become,
to say *you are good,*
down deep,
but I'm unconcerned
with the good parts.
You know exactly what
I am and you give me
stolen things as gifts.

We Embrace

Before I know who you are,
and though it is with one arm,
my body has drawn you closer.
Your beard is more
than I remember it, full
of individual hairs.
Even this blue eye
contact is a bird
I duck from. The sun
suddenly hot
and I shade my eyes
in nonchalant,
try not to take stock
of everything you
have changed and
what has stayed the same.
The fire malfunctions
and pauses inside.

Bicycle so Fast

Yanked out of a dream with a bicycle
so fast the bicycle remains standing
in the dream and the dream remains right
before my eyes. It's proof,
worldly tethers do exist, proof of hands.

Here, my quilt-warm lover, my water
works of morning light land
heavy on my limbs and
I'd push away from them if I could
move, or breathe in only
the bicycle world, or only here. Just the one
world.

The split screen morning is
a painful fissure.
This light invades that dream
where the bicycle is perfectly still.
My hands make its shape under
the bed sheets, perfectly unbalanced
in both realities. Both
brokenly calling.

When I Turn to Look Out the Window

Monarchs fall in
the sun, each wing spread
the way my heart
knocks quick against
my chest. Open
close on the flower
outside, in a city
whose sun makes
every season
look warm.
Let yellow light
streak the carpet
and soon the windows
will fall open
and night will chill
the bed. Hot whispers
falling on the shell
of an ear, or
my own hands
on goosebumps,
a language with
tangles. Nerves in
my neck possibly
sprouting wings
when they tighten.
When I turn to look
out the window,
the sky overtakes
what remains
like a fire.

Burnt Orange Peels on the Counter

At the fiery peak of sun up
when the air or the heat or
the man turns over, I wake.
Las Vegas this morning
is thick and of an eastern earth.
This new humidity is a coat that I wear
so close to my skin and
there are people for all the letters of
the alphabet that tighten it
like a straightjacket. I struggle
under all the names
and the rain that doesn't come.

While I Slept

I closed each Dutch
door with a bolt, comfort

in the sound of battening down.
Once, open barns gaped

dark and dry, sucking in
clouds. The doors too blown to close.

Day is lit from the inside,
the harsh examination cities excel at.

I step carefully around glass in
my thin shoes. I open my windows

in dead winter and savor the sweet
wet, and because I like the terror

I face into the wind and traffic against
my ears. My bones protrude exactly

where they are supposed to.
I see birds fanning

their feathers, shaking off dust.

It's the Quiet that Wakes Me

The power goes off in dark morning
and the city wakes briefly to struggle
in the heat. This is good.

I am already awake and want to climb
out of bed. I roll over and move
towards the sea outside, people
speaking Greek on balconies,
in the streets. They water their plants.
I open the mosquito curtain and
toe along the cool concrete,
listen to the mopeds go.

The ceiling fan drifts to a stop and
the navy blue sky lightens,
a streetlight somewhere, a bulb
doing the work of a city.

The night calls wail and we wait.

The Square at Night

I'm supposed to learn patience and it isn't working.
I keep changing park benches and sea organ seats,
finishing books and finishing cafes, walking
the cobbled alleys backwards. The live music in the square
at night—where I cross my legs under me on a high ledge
and do nothing but watch the colors turn—eventually ends.
I don't dream of exhausting places like this, but sometimes
the whole band plays at once and there is only one song.

Guanacaste, Costa Rica

I stand at the window brightening
at four a.m. and I think my building
is on fire. The mosquitos are everywhere
the lizards are. I don't know if they are
eating each other. Footsteps in the hall
could be the last ones out
while I'm stuck on the balcony
like a ghost and another sleeps
soundly in the bed. It's a dream
that follows me out of the dream.
The alarm is real and it's a bird.
It's a bird and it's the ocean.
It's the beginning of breakfast.

Dollhouse

I dream of model houses that belong
to other people. You can stand
in their kitchen or lie in their bed,
but nothing is lit. It's all wooden
bones and drywall, but there are
sheets on the bed and fruit on the table.
I watch other people like dolls
doing the same, trying
on life in all sizes.

Dream Sequence # 9

I dream again that I hallucinate.
It is dinner and I am dressed
like a child. I can't stop
hallucinating the bird
in the eaves. The bird is real
and the people
launch bread and oranges
upwards. She lands right
next to me, sharps all over
her body, and I am removed.

I create a man on a bridge
who wants my sleep.
I change his clothes again
and again. paper doll him,
until he is a naked man and
I am on a fire escape.
There are real people below,

horrible cherry sedation
still in my mouth.
The sedatives are edible
and they work. I know
that I am being coddled,
stuck on an elevator
becoming a bus becoming
a car wash.

I am upside down
in my seat, high-lofted
ceilings all medieval.
Dinner comes.

Dream Sequence # 14

Again, trees. You catch up
and cover my ears with your hands.
What I mean is, I have to scream everything.
With cold gloves and fog face you hold
my body together, my head contained
within your palms. My feet stick to
the frosted grass. That's how
dreams work.

There is this immense sadness
between our foreheads and
eyes watching your hands and
my hands, hands, hands touching.

Look upwards; the sky is branch tangled.
I'm screaming and I can't hear it.
You keep the world out with your hands.

Poem Where I Give Up My Eyes

All this praise makes me want
to pull my eyes from my head.

I can't feel the green grey color,
the brown green color greyed

with lightning black. I see so
poorly, anyway.

I'll set them aside in liquid.
I'll walk the crosswalk anyway.

They'll look me in my eye holes
and think I could grow dandelions.

They'll say *so pretty* and
blow them away.

In the West

The rain comes like a gray swatch,
rips blinds from their plastic catch,
moves water faster than anyone
can tread. We turn everything on—
the heater, the ceiling fan, the faucets—
deafen the little cabin with
human invention. We open windows
and have sex, and in the morning,
still early gray, make
the instant coffee and pour it out.

The Truth is that We Ate Berries in a Hotel Room

The boats unlace, soaked rope
unfurling back out.

Wake with seal eyes in beach light,
tangled white bed sheets and salt water hair,
stains and pulp on plates, an open mess.

The cliché is that we ate berries in a hotel room.
The truth is that we ate berries in a hotel room.

Trespass on the docks at night to touch
the knots, arrange the tails into neat spirals,
hear the tiny wave spouts on the pillars.

We eat overlooking the water,
the white crests I call dolphins.
These eyes I can't see with.

I Repeat Greetings in All the Ways I Know Them, Until I Get Them Right

In the aftermath, all lovers
have walked away
and I continue to live

next to them so as
to splinter my fingers against them,
to prod the injury, fix the injury—

I can't explain it any more
than I can, can't
navigate the metaphor.

I can say mother makes art
in the east, can name childhood
books, can fill my fears with old clothes,

but today is usually the day I want
to avoid. When I pass the mirror, I
find myself on the wrong side.

Pines

I throw up on the side of a road
the turn of a switchback turn next
to a giant pine. The cones
are massive, weighty in our hands.
For miles the road drags
its shoulders around boulders and
guardrails are not enough
to hold all of us. The Virgin River
cut through seven layers of sediment
and rock to be called small.

The boulder is cold and simple
under my palm. A picture is taken.
I appear well again through the lens.

Landscape II

A voice behind me,
a nervous-making shadow making
small talk, gravel. The roll
of just the tongue moving
days along, moving lungs.
The ground is all razed,
a smaller desert under chalk
brown hills. I can chart
each place I've felt at home
in my head and always
anxiety eats through my leaves.
My yellow taped holes.
My heart is a dirt machine.
A yellow caterpillar holding
some earth it can't return, can't
dig a ditch to accommodate.
I swallow the gravel of a home
like a whale until I become sick
on it. I grow uneven
grass.

Landscape III

The hard creases in the skin
of your back, tangled
in cotton, white wrinkled
wounds in the bed sheets.
Sleep destroys another landscape,
cuts you up into crisscross
slices. These wounds are real
and they are deadly.

In the few seconds between
a breath held and a breath,
a sunlight stripe I put my face in,
red halos in my eyes
from the light in my eyes,
impressions on your cheek,
violent blooms and your eyes are open
now and weeping.

I check my own skin for sleep
scars, having dreamt and remembered,
crawling back in
on the other side. The sheets
are unusable now, the scratch lines
from rock and holly thorns
and from crushing all
the white wrinkle
into our own shapes.

Moon Dark

In the moon dark, paths go in all directions.
Coyotes not far, and they howl.
The path gives to bruised red rock, gives away
and sends me through and through,
desert sand filling my shoes.

Eventually you'll turn back, having run ahead
and you do turn. In the space
between here and there, I quick swallow
the architecture in my mouth, the spit and the sweat
and the sharpened teeth I can't get rid of.

The moon is dressed in shocking white.
We breathe cloud breath and race home
on a second wind and coyote heels, toward the valley –
a point contained in darkness slowly firing up.
The rocks we think are boulders are only rocks.

We trip on the sudden flatness, shadowed construction
site carved by tread. Each debris mimics something dead
and reaches for our toes. The steel giants
shift in the paleness and I am a child,
staring so hard.

Rouge

In front of the cold door at the turn of the bar, you
kiss me like goodbye and goodbye

turns out to only be minutes, and I return
to passing air, first cigarette breath aggressive

on my tongue. The heat lamp shivers out.
A warmth approaching my fingertips, exhaling

rough and stale, the ashes collecting in many places.
Light the heat again until the top of my head burns.

You have color laid on your cheek and
you don't want it wiped off.

We pass tiny blemishes, fit in the shallows
of shoulders, the turn of a lip, beside a molar,
comfortably.

Dried Flowers Are No Longer Dead

every time I
think I wish it
away

yellow flower
presses pages
of that one poem

the circuit breaks
hot kitchen happens
again

and of all the
unlikely things
a real rose dried thin

another date I
smothered into the
most beautiful poetry

I check all
your pockets all
of mine

my dead
watch set at three
poor tree

staked to its
lattice wall

Letter

It storms every day when you leave.

I mean torrents.
The dry things run out—

either sweat or a drink and
you get into the shower

fully clothed. This second
skin is too heavy to strip.

Endings are always
half-finished. Think:

t-shirts and flowers and letters
slipped away, corners of rooms

and doorways, cup holders, nightlights,
chilly balcony moon,

a pause that keeps happening.

There is not enough desert
in the desert to absorb this.

The bed sheets stay
put in alarming ways.

Your body stretches all
the way across.

Mirror Responds with a Face

I held on for too long
to your t-shirt.
It's something that happens.

Sweetened from being
next to you, or worn by an other
who proximity placed in your arms.

In your arms as in the arms of an intervention,
as in the bed garments I happen into, sometimes.
I mean, your bed belongs to you, of course.

I might not remove, rearrange, or return it.
I might lose the shape of your name in my mouth.
I might worry my fingerprints straight through the seams.

When I look up, the mirror responds
with a face that feels stolen.
Am I the subject in your white t-shirt?

Las Vegas Means ‘The Meadows’

The road rips open, roughage turns out to
clear sounding Sappho, says *I would not think*
to touch the sky with two arms.

This carries the weight of very small things –
an iron marble in the pit of my palm, the only place
on the body you can truly weigh.

I am broken into thinking I could fill my arms
with more, the sky a screen I push
my thumb through.

Yet this, *you would let loose your longing*
and surface having been breathed out
the city’s slender throat and bitten.

But everything is sweeter than that, being exhumed
from a dusty centerpiece and if not the city turning
to continue, I’d stir up still things,

touch with both hands the monument at night.
The clouds brilliantly pale and I
am reduced to a god that wants.

Terminus a quo

is an august bar I think,
you say table, I remember
booth more than I remember table
and you ask what I lie about

or a plane, and forearms
on the table, we unbutton our sleeves,
meeting as reconciliation, as reverse,
faces are all smoke stacks

perhaps a plot of grass, enclosed
parking lot night we tested
the greenness of it, spun like it was
backyard, east coast grass

those letters on theater marquee, leaving
words in other moving mouths,
ugly neon gesture gave permission
to all sorts of pretending

heard a heartbeat on the ear, airplanes
in another, up and break the surface arms
into ocean rhythm bed sheets,
the outside score plays on

Airport Script

I arrive home on a plane full of tourists,
uncover myself from your jacket and prepare
a script for feeding this geography.

A false humidity between the plane
and the terminal. The night lit up
inside and out, bones exposed. All through

the terminals the lingering feeling of pulling
my body on behind me. Each slot clang
is a breaking and an unshaping. A gambler,

a paper doll, a baseball cap that I don't know.
I convert time in my head. It's a form of travel.
The places I have been are remainders

in a suitcase, carried for miles in the belly.
Your backyard, a field. The narrow back seat
pickup collecting debris at the edges.

A ravine of old glass bottles, slowly being buried.
In the tunnel headwind of taxis, I begin
unshaping you. Leaving your home

is not like leaving mine,
but still feels like leaving.
In the lamp lit parking lot

you walk out ahead of me and
our plane is roaring off again. More people
flying to more places. The moon is cut

exactly through. My pockets
are deeper when I see you.

The Fractured Bone, the Autumn Light

In water sloshing in the body the same
birds lift off the crosswalk, abundantly
sea, abundantly creature. A man
makes kissing sounds at me
through his bathroom window. I can't
remember being taught this language.

The tongue is sweating, the trees are
really slow explosions, there is no separating
my eyes from my eyes in the picture.

I return the parts of you I think you might want.

Strange Wedding

A coat forms over the back
of a chair, dark against a dim
room, becomes the outsides of a person.
It's hardly noticeable, the body
tells lies in the form of another body.
It confuses heat for cold, tightens
its outer layers. It goes ripping
through like a single chopper.
This happens often.

A pattern of behavior where we replace
things that are dead with things
that are living. In a mirror
over the shoulder, you do what we all do,
pivot against an orbit, bloom
at a strange wedding.

A Mug of All Things

Because you emptied wine
into a mug of all things
and the card games I cannot play
keep accumulating.

The cup to your lips to
mine, you turned back,
the bench swung from
the balls of our feet.

Off the corner strangers
on porch banisters bring
bottles, the light window
we climbed through.

Strangers over windowsills
pass whiskey, take my hand
and hum under pressure
of a storm. How quickly

one falls out of harshness,
blows bees under many feet.
Do we ever experience
the way we know how to,

do we know our bodies.

Let it be Winter

Let it be aching cold
in the dead of winter. It's important
to have regrets.

You're in the other room and this
is not my bed. A different situation
arises, but not a better one.

I fear sleeping when others
are just over a threshold, a panic
only now out of rhythm.

Seems silly to you, to know how
to land a plane in an emergency.
I have appropriate fears.

An empty bed is less my bed.
I cannot quiet, and you, pouring
another drink at 2 a.m.

The thresholds widen because I
can convince myself. I know
what distance looks like in pictures.

The geography of your back
to my face in bed is arresting.
I want to describe the ways

I am different with each person
I love, but this is not one of those.

Drive-Thru

In the middle of defining
what is actually occurring
we go to the drive-thru.

I offer my palm up, flesh colored
flesh undressed, the spaces
between my fingers webbed

where your print pads
have fallen. Tiny attention,
traffic tricks the toe and slip

catch the wheel spinning
against my thighs.
I must adjust everything.

You open your mouth in the bathroom.
Sound of sand.
Sound like water over water.

We stay awake until you or I
begin to read. Murmurs
at this point, I wake at a ceremony,

a good place to stop, and plunge
back to sleep with you.
In the middle of night your hands

insist I sleep. Wake in
degrees of escaping brought
on by the wind chimes next door,

on by the wind. I bring my cheek
from the grip of your shoulder.

A Song

The trick of the light is still
the light, your face cast
into ever-changing thirds, blinds
twitching in the real cold I have
forgotten. Find my lips
on your sleeve shoulder.
You have to get out of bed.
You have to put distance back.

The air masks itself white, slips
into existence belly up and
I have architecture in my mouth.
I have airplanes I don't know
what to do with. We pull
robes and robes on every day.
The strawberry roans are

pigeons now, a song where
a body should be. Press ghostly
hands into sunburn afterimage,
unwell lit lights deflating
the land around us until
we are truly vertical.

Bridge to Wisconsin at Night

Massive pillars ghost dark out of the St. Croix,
carry a highway to Wisconsin. At night on the verge
of spring the river edges towards us, we edge
faster through weedy sand and stone ground.
The lights off shore collect in a way that means
a place. The river laps at itself. This body
is familiar to someone, this current. Traffic above
whistles into the wind, the space between lanes
I can look up through, a building of tension.
We climbed the embankment, steep steps up the rigid
converging of bridge and hill. Tires are running
across my skull. I can feel my ankles now. I have
learned about joints. This darkness carries
an intimacy. The crimes that have happened before,
the sex that has happened, the vastness of elements
that move water bodies. You create resistance
to pull me up the bank, a safety hand
that I'm afraid to pull too hard on for fear
of sending us backwards. You wait at the top
while I empty the sand from my shoes, tuck a shell
into my pocket.

The Solution is Amputation

This morning you move through your kitchen
 (across the bar you pick
 at food like I do)
without touching me and I amputate
myself to restrain the urge to reach out.
Whiskey warm fire charms the room.

Last night you pressed me to sleep
with your hand against the back of my neck.
Before that, the light, the mattress barely
depressed with your weight. We explained
all the way down to our fingertips.
You grabbed my ribs to separate me.

Your sleep eyes move weary,
tinge me bluer. I shrink further
into the space of a breath.

I Do Shake

Always that moment of /lover /suspension when I wake if I do /I do wake
/blood still bleeds correctly /fathoms the tunnels /but my mind if I wake /a magician says
hello / I do shake /and the love is no good /and the babbling brook /in my bedroom I can't
shut it off /the mountains locked in snow /the lake and the river /all the water that
has happened /silhouetted in the shutting off /my stomach finally flat and always
/the urge to vomit /to clean the bedroom in the /sold house /to drive by and through
repeatedly /sold on the medicine /sold on the flatness the level /of spring debilitating
little islands /in the river.

Somniphobia

A morning spent parsing you out on the couch,
wavering on the threshold, trying
to be just loud enough and innocent.
An electric hum in the kitchen, no bodies.
When I let myself out, the stoop
is wet and cold and I numb over.
Sleep comes to you without trauma,
there on your own couch, so much
the same that you practically disappear.
My fear is always of action occurring elsewhere.
You, existing outside of this room
is traumatizing, and your presence
at the moment of ending is the
worst kind of pleasure.

Sitting like Church

I meet another lover at a bar and follow him home.
His kiss resembles the kiss of another. He resembles
another until we kiss

(all mouths are the same).

He tells me I sit like I'm in church. Now, I will
tell the truth. I've never been to church, and he lives
on a street whose name I misremember as Flower and Cactus.

We use up our time and our bodies with different lovers.
They offer their beds, but I must work early
in the morning, dissolve back into my own shape.

All I Recall is Red

The day leaves so much air inside me
and I become a body of dreams
where red curtains filter morning light
the tint of looking through a blood vessel.
Last night's lightning in my body from the rain
that broke every glass, every windshield webbed.
You keep appearing in different forms, and then you dissolve.
Lover steals my parking spot.
Lover shuffles cards and brings them in like ships.
Lover, the ice is melting out of my hand.
We cheat between each other, examine different parts
of town for their version of ocean, and drink.

Skeletons

He walks beside the water, the lake line
shallow in pulses at his feet. He skips
a rock two jumps, imagines a kayak
and summer heat, imagines falling out
of whatever a city is. This lover is a portal
to other places that only works when
we stand face to face across the threshold.
The skeleton of the old
dock too high above the water.
We fight and still he holds
my hair as I dispel the demons.

The Morning after the Night

The morning after the night we
played the couple the other couples
were eyeing twice, I opened your door
and it almost fell out, and I imagined
it actually had fallen out, I had said it
like I tuck hair behind my ear or
palm your lower back, habitual,
and if not grounded through doorknob
through your turning to continue I might have
thought I said it twice.

Cardiovascular

You misunderstand me, I sing only
under breath, under music, in the comfort
where another washes dishes,

(loud water and china singing).

I sing underwater with this welling
of faintness in my chest—

when they checked my heart

I do not think they checked my heart.

The movie is in the background, the sleep
the sex the food in the background, blood
pulses to a restless limb, sings into needles,
sandpapers my fingers. Too restless to drive,
to lie in the arms of anyone, really.

I asked you to compress me into something
with less space to fill. Instead, you put your head
on my shoulder and I'm not sure
this was wrong.

Composition

When I break you down, back into bicycles,
red trucks, it becomes impossible
to navigate a city full of both.
Bodies looking at bodies looking.
A wax city. If I knew
where you were, I could think of you
as separate from me and simply continue.
But you sometimes turn up at my elbow,
or at my knee, and my joints can't keep up
with the constant folding away. I extend inward
out of politeness, swallow everything down
into my stomach. I dress myself up
and turn my head so you won't see
through my eyelashes. In this way
I am behaving.

Everything from Here on Out

Everything from here on out is colored
white or light beige and we dress in it,
clothe our beds in it, match ourselves
to the morning.

Today we are both over it and talk
of Ashbery as though everything has happened
in a day, and nothing has. Morning no longer
presses in the windows.

We have it both ways, have nothing
to lie about, starve during the day
and gorge at night, dress ourselves
for a tiny wedding all white
wine stained. We dance
down the halls in dirty shoes.

Ferries

The sun really,
or the sea,
gathers patterns as gifts.
Pretty little scars and glare,
no expression I know, but tiny white
lights—a flock of birds—
sparkling on the water.
Hazes moving through burning suns
soften the cliffs, encourage setting an easel.
A honking, water-turning, home-boat.
The port is a busy place, once
at a time. Color blooms in dresses
and women, leaves a boat
without sails—skeleton almost sunk
honking in and sent out again
in perpetual arrival somewhere.

Bibliography

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Curriculum Vitae

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Education

M.F.A Creative Writing, Poetry May 2017
University of Nevada-Las Vegas, Las Vegas, NV

B.A. English, Writing Emphasis May 2013
Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania, Shippensburg, PA

Teaching Experience

Instructor, English Composition 101 and 102 Aug. 2014 – Present
University of Nevada-Las Vegas, Las Vegas, NV

Writing Center Tutor Jan. 2016 – Present
University of Nevada-Las Vegas, Las Vegas, NV

Undergraduate Teaching Assistant, Adv. Poetry Workshop Jan. – May 2013
Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania, Shippensburg, PA

Publications

The Likewise Folio – Poems Apr. 2014
ILK Journal – Poems 2014

Presentations

UNLV Writing Center Workshop Presentations Feb. 2017

Research Experience

“Seen Through a Transparent Eyeball”

- Researched essay on the poetry of Linda Gregg and its connection to the act of observation and vision

Creative Writing Pedagogy and Contemporary Poetics

- Designed and led instructional activity about capturing “instants” in writing during S.U. Creative Writing Camp.
- Constructed critical article incorporating research, teaching practices, and activity results.

Related Experience

Witness Magazine – Reader University of Nevada-Las Vegas, Las Vegas, NV	Aug. 2014 – Present
Emerging Writers Series – Committee Member University of Nevada-Las Vegas, Las Vegas, NV	Jan. 2015 – Present
Bucknell Seminar for Younger Poets Bucknell University, Lewisburg, PA	June 2013

Professional Development

UNLV Writing Center – Invited Presentation	Feb. 2017
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