Selected Poems, Failing Hard-Drive

Hannah Scott

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Selected Poems, Failing Hard-Drive is a collection of nine poems written between 2021 and 2022. They are, I think, quite good.

A couple of days ago my external HDD holding these poems, along with years of photographic backups, began to fail. I managed to pull them from it. I put them together into this format in the hopes of keeping them safer.

May you never lose anything.

Hannah Scott 27th September 2024

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Untitled poem, 12th December 2021

there is no end, no beginning: just constant wrenching, dislocated dreams like shitty VHS-hazed halfvisible horrors, shit we wish I'd forgotten I'm scared to go to sleep

of the silence. Childish, scared

of —

there is something there

I told you once, you said, "I can't. Not with YOU, like THAT." Kept quite since, and hid, but

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Sometimes I lie

Sometimes I lie, say "My name was - Robert - Alan some-thing that has no trace of me as if I'm saying, " - not-me - never-was Is it a white lie? It feels

murky, dark, and something best said late at night in living rooms, between wine sobs and "We should start a business

investigate a busiless chemical intimate physical dependent like when you said, "I want to die, or I've achieved all my dreams —

I saw you — grace held

I saw you — grace held out a hand — to wait. Whole-tasting me: searching bones, knowing sinew.

I came fast to you, air hot, and thick with bodies seeing more —

The weight of life, testifying cracking tendons singing images of you,

parts, the light refracting through.

I hear Your voice

I hear — Your voice saying: love them, saying: help them, as if I can know but I started, like dreaming You're breaking

me.

ю

INCH Bag

8

There's something out there in the sunrise. It sees you move. It sees the weight of everything we will be. It sees me.

The touch of light on halfformed rising beasts split out of earth warms the bones and the flesh of them. You imagine them smiling.

When the day comes that all this ends you made me promise I wouldn't be scared. You told me the plan, how you'd be prepared, and how you can't wait for the shit to go down.

Cut out every image Cut out every dream Save up until you can hold them. Watch them turn to shit. Watch them turn to shit in your hand. The image on the screen is a sick perversion created by machines. It mimics your nature. I wish I had it in me to tell you I love you.

When the day comes that the beasts rise I pray to God that they take us to Him first: I will see you for the first time, transfixed — whole —

Swallowed

& part of me wants to be eaten be shattered devouring whole — Landscape shift, blood-vision shows myself, my true self to you. Make me feel small. Make you feel safe. Dirt hole-crawl terror-love scattered instincts escape — See me! See me! Nocturnal lightvoid nothings only you.

Pines

"There's something of an evergreen in you," they say, "a certain constant," holding my face in both hands now, kissing me strawberry-tasting smile, sun-strewn hair. Field-bugs bite my shins and ankles. I'm delicious.

The fields around us feel endless. Even standing, I — a tall girl — cannot see the edge, the farm, another human soul. But I do see cows, large and chewing, and I see pines, or yews maybe.

We walk down to the water. We touch. Heat evaporation smears the border between lake and sky. Common gulls gather to peck and tear discarded crisp packaging. I don't see where we end. ю

Fantasy

A fantasy — I want to marry — church — an autumn wedding. I, white dress, and you — I don't know yet. Do you? My family sing psalms — a reading, James — and frankincense. Later I search you, and know you by the coats in the back of the wedding reception to Aerosmith -A fantasy you. Held down, you whimper, make a pleasure-sound — cry — out I want to have you screaming, share all choice, all thought, take you — somewhere I made, beautiful & lonely until now. Later you will tell me I'm A fantasy — I'm good at this. The world around Me changes, lets Me make a place for Myself are you there too? Me/us — either way — a cabin in Montana, spend O/our summers not building bombs, not writing manifestos, not tied down to what We didn't choose — A fantasy — We have everything we want, and even if the pain won't leave us,

hunger does.

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My breath comes long & slow & I can leave the house, and wear a dress: no wedding, just to wear it. I am strong. I'm strong enough for two, or three, or many, however many, joyful — even one — We get it all: the solid rocks, and shining palace too.

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Circle

There is no end, and no beginning. Just the roll of time, the weight and drag, the scar above your lip. The kiss you wish you'd kiss, and don't. Damage to your heart. Dust.

And you can try: square off the lines; do all you can to keep things as they are. Or you can dance.