

## [Measures of Grace](#) [1]

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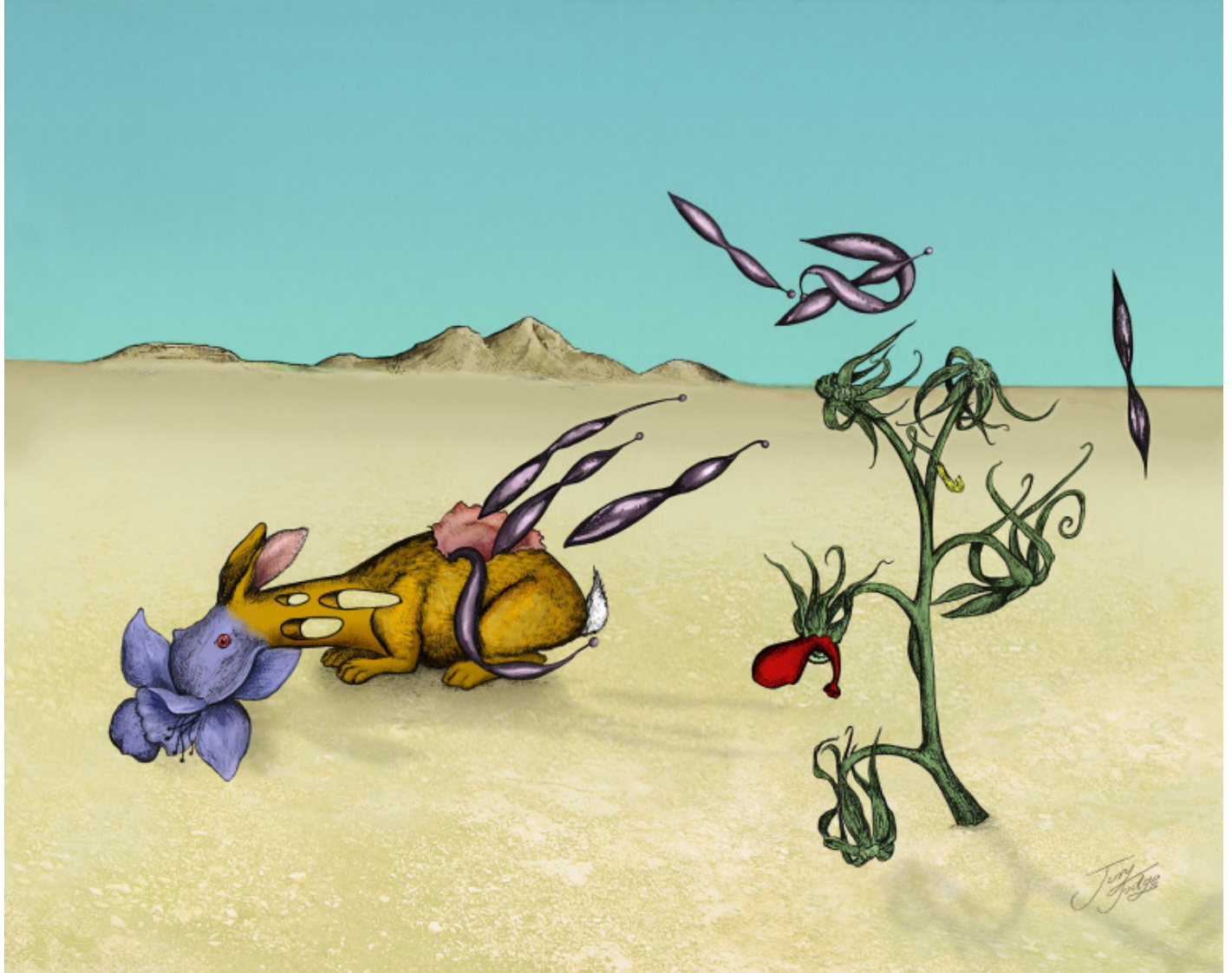
### Three Poems by Iris Jamahl Dunkle



#### Free to Rise

About the sky, I have some opinions;  
pin-pricked utterances that sharpen in  
to night sky. Had I freedom to rise, I  
would hot-balloon out of this far-off field.  
What wonders would I see as I rose? Barn,  
field, cursive of trees, roads that shoot out like  
gray meteors. Then a map that's hedged by  
serpentine of river, hunger of sea.  
And me, rising in my crazy orbiting.

Had I not swallowed stones as ballast or  
worn the leaden moonboots of grief, my myth  
may have been found: stitched from the distance  
and time that always pulls between stars.



## Altered State

The first days after you died sunk like stones.  
Sky too cornflower blue to stand under.

I sat, a dormant weed in a dry field,  
waiting for the warm wind to rattle me.

I followed orders. Sit. Breathe. Stand. Breathe. Sign  
here. Decided which parts of your body

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Published on Talking Writing (<https://talkingwriting.com>)

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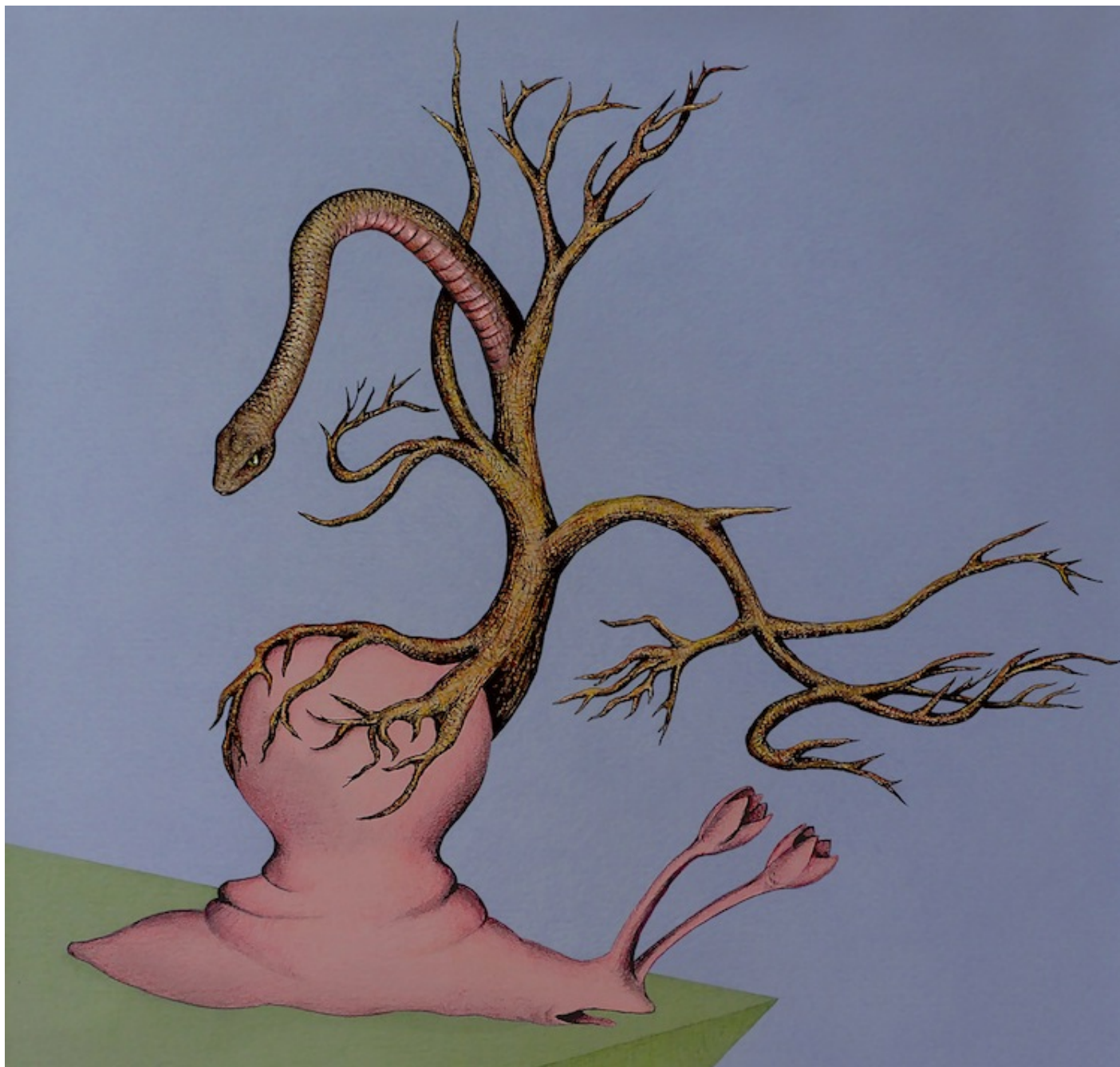
you wanted to give away (eyes, skin, heart).  
What you would wear into the roar and fury

of that last fire that would consume you.  
What color of glass box you would want to

encase your ashes underground (something  
the color of the deep sea). While the days

lumbered forward like giant dogs and the world  
hummed too loudly. An apocalypse of bees.





## Measures of Grace

I count my breath in shifts of eight: in and  
out and in and out. Breath held and expelled  
like raw sea blooms of ghostly jellyfish  
propelling underwater. In one angle,  
I am looking for God: blue sky pressing  
down like a terrible sea I am under.  
Don't rise too fast, or you'll get the bends. In  
the other angle, I am looking for  
the direction of grace without compass.  
How to fold the two together without  
losing the propulsion of now? What strange

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blooms will spin out, and spark fur of fire,  
before I face myself in the mirror?

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### Art Information

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Iris Jamahl Dunkle was the 2017-2018 Poet Laureate of Sonoma County, California. Her poetry collections include *Interrupted Geographies* (Trio House Press, 2017), *Gold Passage* (Trio House Press, 2013), and *There's a Ghost in this Machine of Air* (Word Tech, 2015). Her work has been published in *Tin House*, *San Francisco Examiner*, *Fence*, *Calyx*, *Catamaran*, *Poet's Market*, *Women's Studies*, *Chicago Quarterly Review*, and *Talking Writing*.

Dunkle teaches at Napa Valley College and is the Poetry Director of the Napa Valley Writers' Conference.

For more information, visit [Iris Jamahl Dunkle's website](http://www.irisjamahldunkle.com/) [4] or follow her [@irjohnso](https://twitter.com/irjohnso) [5] on Twitter.

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