



## What I Meant to Say #2

altered  
with glances and auras of my dreams, the same

old  
to death  
older  
closer  
The I

whirl  
dimension, they  
within

this space  
ripple out

and

tone  
voice

lit  
green and growing



## Essay ~~Final~~ What I Meant to Say #4

I love a frame: it measures and contains,  
also like a gap in it, a cell  
door, exit (entrance) for the maze. I feel  
this way with people too, give everyone  
a safety net, an easy out. A frame  
work lets us dream of order, we can know.  
But there's a larger, subtle, elusive  
dimension beyond the frame, beyond chaos.  
Entropy, things fall apart. The putting  
back together, that's our pleasure and  
salvation. These new frames can tell us when  
to stop, but also to get back, to add  
the necessary, to stoke the inner  
light, to make the frame work, to give  
us a portal to walk through freely,  
and if not, reborn, at least refreshed.

## ~~What I Meant to Say~~ What Meant to Say #7

~~What I Meant to Say~~  
~~My mother's heart~~  
~~stole to my~~ ~~devils~~  
~~my beauty~~  
~~Mother~~ ~~blessed~~  
~~to death~~  
~~left~~  
~~the best~~  
~~in dust.~~

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Thomas Zimmerman's, '(What I Meant to Say),' #'s 1,2,3,4 & 7, could sway the most perceptively unpersuadable. It reads like the threads of a magic picture, a quilled, quilt-work of undis-clothed, wandering minstrel shreds and patches . . . ballads, songs and snatches. He puts a new bottle-spin on what has got to be beyond the pale. So ruggedly-frayed Persian bizarre. Modestly unique, in that budding boutique 'SHOP' genre (Self-Help-Occlusion-Poetry), fashioned by under-accessorizing. It's the new 'Pop' with less Angry Worn-holes. The man is a visionary revisionist redirecting, recycling rainbows of redactions, get your recidivist reactions here. I highly recommend reading what you can or so much as he has relented to relinquish in his rueful, room-by-room, ruin runes, "humming, [the man even allows and accounts for uncovered, arrant punctuation marks] / tingled with fear, / weird, I / embrace / my / mysteries / wade deep / keep the beat" "...stoke the inner / light / walk freely / reborn" I won't spoil if for you, he already has, it's really quite amazing. He's abstracted and extracted these tracts from pre-honed, repurposed, previously-enjoyed, used-serviceable, salvaged components from earlier poems of his own. He's our chop-shop laureate--reconditioned*

*and recondite. Who's zoomin' whom? My guess it is Tommy Zee. Just try reading between the lines, I dare ya . . .*

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I've been fiddling with blackout (erasure) poems lately. I began by using other people's writing as the sources to manipulate but have since moved on to old poems of my own.*

*I like to view my body of work in poetry (30+ years' worth) as the footnotes of a memoir I will never write. Perhaps these blackout poems are footnotes of the footnotes.*

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