

A  
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SUM  
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OF  
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OUR  
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POETIC  
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PARTS

2  
VOLUME  
K  
WEBER

**A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS**

**\*\*\* VOLUME 2 \*\*\***

## INTRO

Welcome, welcome!

\*\*\*

A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 2, picks up just after the first volume was released in June 2022! The poems in this collection were created between June 2022 and March 2023.

\*\*\*

All of the donated words poems that emerged during this timeframe are on display here! Out of the 13 collaborative poems in this edition, you can find a few unique poems-with-a-twist in addition to the classic donated words poems! Two poems (“So long” and “The rat’s chase...”) include words donated by people who had not contributed previously! One poem (“Peering at the Veer”) is an ekphrastic poem using donated words and a donated color photo for inspiration! The last four poems in ASOOPP2 are Exquisite Corpse pieces and more detail about those poems can be located in their featured section!

\*\*\*

These donated words poems are always extra-special to me! Whether it is brainstorming, organizing, writing, communing, communicating, or constructing... the process of building poems that incorporate many facets that are presented to me by others is such a distinctive challenge.

In April 2023, I will be celebrating 5 years of taking part in collaborative poetry largely based on fashioning writing together with the help of others! An exciting project is already underway to commemorate this milestone!

Until then, join me in saluting the poems that have been created in the past 9 months and are available here in a most fitting home!

Heaps of thanks to all who take part and/or support these wonderfully unique efforts and explorations in poetry!

*K Weber*  
March 2023

A dissenter's decent descent

In my mind's **wingspan**: I hastily **undulate**  
and overthink. A gust of worry soars me above  
my own sharp **palisades**; the boldest bounds  
I built at my least **magnetic** but solidly at my

most **defiant**. I've been as **quixotic** as a free-  
fall with **adventure** in my gut and always *YES!*  
but I gathered up **impudence** to keenly eyeball,  
discerningly, all my uncertainty. Today I move

slower but my brain swiftly dives like the hunt  
of a **peregrine** as it easily intercepts the song-  
bird. A **cerulean** day quietly applauds my base  
and natural instincts. I take my past and turn

all my **swithering** over boys and men, **home**  
versus **domicile**, and learn as I lean far, forward  
into a softer landing. I halt in morning's green  
**fescue** while **sweat** goes **steaming** off the dew.

**Ankh Spice** - wingspan  
**Kiana McCrackin** - undulate  
**Connie Bacchus** - palisades  
LV - magnetic  
**Preston Smith** - defiant  
**Jenna Mia** - quixotic  
**Ashley Elizabeth** - adventure  
**Nate Southard** - impudence  
**Tom Snarsky** - peregrine  
**Elodie Rose Barnes** - cerulean  
**Scott Cumming** - swithering  
**Lindsey Heatherly** - home  
**David L O'Nan** - domicile  
**Jason Melvin** - fescue  
**Leah Callen** - sweat  
**Ryan Norman** - steaming

This is a parable

of **pollen**. A sneeze  
summons **samara**:  
the head so safe near  
the halo of a pillow-  
nuzzled **feline**. An  
**affirmation**  
dressed in yellow  
dusts the outside  
of a porch  
swing

of a nose  
of a tree

and leaves the eyes  
to water like tears.  
It's not always  
distress but stresses  
the blessed  
moment intersecting  
histamine and heart-  
skip. This is the itch  
of **quintessence**;  
a little thing  
bringing

release  
but eating away

at you.

**Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad** - pollen  
**Michael Metivier** - samara  
**Merril Smith** - feline  
**Kim Mannix** - affirmation  
**Marisa Silva-Dunbar** - quintessence

## Arrangements

I long for **vacation** or a **cigar-**  
lit **birthday**. I will blow out

my eardrums with the engines  
of **motocross**. When I skid

and then fast-track myself  
into spiral, I hope it makes sense

like the **phyllotaxis** patterning  
of pointed leaves. They've hung

around and clung in their clump,  
supported. No surprises. I wish

for that sturdy life; a main vein. I  
need a party without **prestidigitation**

that I didn't plan myself or offer  
**caravan** to escort everyone here

who didn't want to be. Make it  
really something and make it

look too easy, not **gordian**, not  
yawning: no whodunnits or Houdini.

**Melinda Farrar** - vacation

**Aimee Nicole** - cigar

**Jennifer Patino** - birthday

**Aleah Dye** - motocross

**Marie Marchand** - phyllotaxis

**Kelli Russell Agodon** - prestidigitation

**Erik Fuhrer** - caravan

**Cory Funk** - gordian

The **varlet**  
seethes between  
teeth. It's a hiss  
with no whistle.

The air he sucks  
gets as loud  
as a **crunch**  
despite his propensity

for deceit.

**Clint Ladd** - varlet

**Kyla Houbolt** - crunch

underneath

just before the **avalanche**  
everything seems to calm down,  
**crystal**; only shimmies light.  
the packed white becomes so  
tight everywhere as a **tourniquet**.  
winter's wounds are taut. then depth  
spills like **molten** snow from a confused,  
cold-bloodied volcano.

same, too, is my sweat's bewilderment  
when electricity hums my home. i want  
to live safe, unaware. no problem-  
solving as i twist this fixture, infinite.  
i sync with the source. the finish will  
flourish. all is calm before bright.  
no hiss at the hint of my fingertips. i flip  
the fuse and click the switch

and  
hot  
glass,  
filament,  
panic  
pour into the sink.

**Kellie Scott-Reed** - avalanche

**Karen Steiger** - crystal

**Megha Sood** - tourniquet

**Folk Heart Press** - molten

## Onlooking

Eye contact makes me  
fold up, **fetal**. I blink  
situations, relationships

away. I go: people-  
watching out of all my  
corners and the curtains

of my hair. Will they  
find **redemption**, or at  
least its **analogue**? They

don't seem to **reciprocate**  
and recoil as I do; accept  
the **equidistance** between

the pit of a distressed  
stomach's persistent  
purgatory and a grid-

locked, **consumptive**  
heaven or a strikingly  
bright, beautiful hell.

**Letitia Jiju** - fetal  
**Douglas Menagh** - redemption  
**Aggie B. Lemm** - analogue  
**Josh Olsen** - reciprocate  
**Sage Ravenwood** - equidistance  
**Mark Antony Owen** - consumptive



## So long

I waited so long, so **demure**.  
I waited so long, so wine-lipped  
and bitten. I waited so long  
I developed a **patina: suffused**  
with grey in my hair, my skin  
unblushed, anemic with a need  
that never stultified me. I've been  
red with itch; etched dry with your  
scratch and your lack. I marked time.

Is it accident or **accismus** that you  
kept me wondering, unwanted until  
you'd draw me into your window;  
your largely uninterested days tinged  
with tease? I was there for a **scintilla**  
of your yearn. There was no worry.  
For you. I was a thing willing to  
**transform** from friend to mess  
for you; patient for your **trespass**.

Thank you to the following word donors!  
This is the first time they have participated!

**@cherrybombanarchy on IG** - demure  
**Arden Hunter** - patina  
**Glenn Barker** - suffused  
**Margot Stillings** - accismus  
**Elizabeth Fletcher** - scintilla  
**Melissa Nunez** - transform  
**Will Davis** - trespass

## **The rat's chase of the rat race was in a maze of cubicle days without cheese or ease**

The words come quickly though they are forced; **ornery** as a mentor who subscribes to tough love and no **mercy** but overtime always. Just drink

a Slim-Fast shake because there is no break but the back-break of the mind. A drawled yawn of meetings and documentation **boggle** bogged-down days; lose

and gobble up marriage. The **fractal** coolly unfurling on a Windows screensaver propagates until the company logo splashes with no lifesaver in subtle propaganda. Await

the turn to take the lead but also be a leader (louder) even in sleep's temptation. That is where paper and digital files release themselves from folders and fly away; beg

the waking stressed to follow. Roll eyes in chance like dice toward **flabbergasted** colleagues touting the importance of clutching day planners biblically. Jump

over the front desks and run fast through the too-clean lobby

doors, **guarded** by insecurity. Become the unheard yell of a spiny branch that **pinpricks** day with softest menace. Climb

this cry and then keep going.

Thank you to the following word donors!  
This is the first time they have participated!

**Jeremy Ware** - ornery

**Ivor Daniel** - mercy

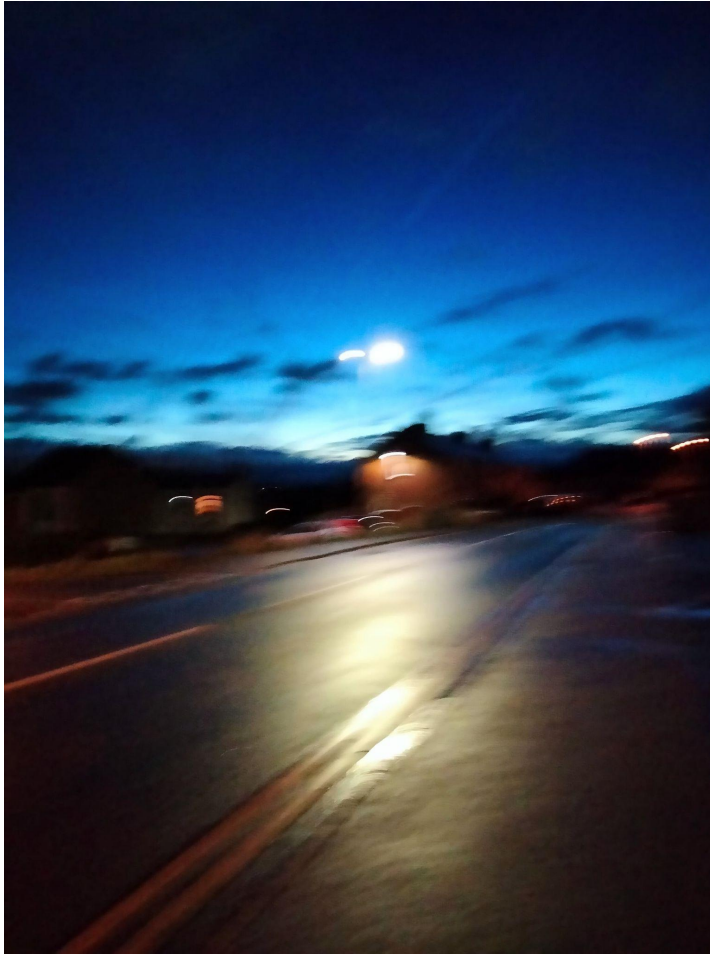
**cc bovarisme** - boggle

**François Bereaud** - fractal

**Julie Marie Hoey** - flabbergasted

**Melissa Flores Anderson** - guarded

**Ankit Raj Ojha** - pinpricks



**David Duggins** - paranoid  
**Glenn Barker** - languid  
**Barlow Adams** - ampersand  
**Cheryl Paquay** - poignant  
**Patrick Dorsey** - fortuity  
**Jen Bockrath** - dance card  
**Norb Aikin** - bluster

inspiration photograph by:  
**Paul Brookes**

## Peering at the Veer

The streets are slick  
with wet in the **paranoiac**  
quiet. There are no undry  
routes but sundry

streaks slip us up. The sky  
is hungry as it wakes  
or sleeps. Such a novel  
thing to let **languid** lights

into an oily dark: earth  
swerves and we create  
misshapes like a half-  
**ampersand** or a kinked

infinity symbol with our  
hips. All is bitter-  
sweet as a **poignant**  
novelette about sun

peeking or drowsing. Colors  
spin in **fortuity** while  
the floor welcomes skirts  
and twirls and her **dance**

**card** is full. Blur on this  
ride's horizon is so rough,  
it's rowdy. It's **bluster**  
in a bar where the music

becomes background  
and the words are unheard.



## EXQUISITE CORPSE POEMS

Over September and October 2022, I wanted to try writing an Exquisite Corpse poem with others. This meant one person (in this case, me) wrote a line and the second person added to it. The third person and everyone thereafter could only see the one line before theirs, not all of the lines. Originally I just wanted to write one poem and then... many others were interested in participating! Four poems were written! I was not only impressed with how these poems turned out but with the way in which we all smoothly completed the process itself! There was a lot of coordination as 4 poems were being created at once by 45 people!!!

These final versions are word-for-word in the order each line and poem was created. I added line breaks and additional punctuation only for better overall flow. I also show the exact lines as they were originally sent.

I had written a few Exquisite Corpse poems when I was younger. I thought this would be fun to attempt again. But it also was inspired by a quote from a good friend in poetry, Kari Flickinger, regarding the donated words poetry projects I had hosted since 2018. This also appears in the dedication I wrote for A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 1:

*This is an innovative project that is reminiscent of the surrealist 'Exquisite Corpse.' It encourages cooperative participation from an exciting spectrum of creatives that leads to surprising results.*

**KARI FLICKINGER**, author of Ceiling Fan (2022, Rare Swan Press) & The Gull and the Bell Tower (2020, Femme Salvé Books)

Kari passed away in May of 2022. She is profoundly missed but has left a beautiful impression of support, poetry, kindness, and camaraderie. Her influence here is enormous!

## A STURDINESS STUDY

The house, tilted in the windstorm, remains  
a stoic stranding of stillborn dreams. And so,  
dreamless, I turn my back on hope. Porch light  
flickers twice on, once off; black-bathed in muted

moonglow. A moon once full, faded to a sliver,  
like my fortitude each time you shave a bit away.  
But, still I am here & I remember the deception  
of mirrors, the life in glass; derisive illusions, always

backward: silvery, cold. My own mimetic delusions—  
exclusive to me in their exclusions—it's an excursion.  
My mind is led by compulsion, and I think how often  
the dawn seems darkest, right before reason has

sufficient light to see.

### Original lines contributed in order:

#### **K WEBER**

The house tilted in the windstorm, remains  
\*\*\**also chose title after poem completed*

#### **MELISSA NUNEZ**

a stoic stranding of stillborn dreams.

#### **KYLA HOUBOLT**

and so, dreamless, I turn my back on hope

#### **TIFFANY M STORRS**

porch light flickers, twice on, once off, black bathed in muted  
moon glow.

#### **MELISSA FLORES ANDERSON**

A moon once full, faded to a sliver, like my fortitude each  
time you shave a bit away

#### **TIFFANY SCIACCA**

But, still I am here.

#### **PRESTON SMITH**

& I remember the deception of mirrors, the life in glass.

#### **SAMANTHA LAMPH/LEN**

derisive illusions, always backward: silvery, cold, my own  
mimetic delusions

#### **NORB AIKIN**

Exclusive to me in their exclusions, it's an excursion my  
mind is led by compulsion.

#### **MARK ANTONY OWEN**

And I think how often the dawn seems darkest, right before  
reason has sufficient light to see

## **INVERSE THEORY**

I am at the fault line. No fault  
of mine can hide. Trembling,

I am not ready, but there is no  
cult of my body; no temple

entrance. What gongs inside  
this mountain? It beats itself

unsacred inside a sealed cave.  
And what of the wingbeat in you

chorusing in me? What is it

about journeying together seeming  
good on paper but not in real life?

Is it that life lifts the proportionality  
sign off love's equation only

to burden lovers with pestering  
constraints? Or can there be equality

of power between us in the subtle  
dance that divides love and loathing?

### Original lines contributed in order:

#### **K WEBER**

I am at the fault line. No fault of mine  
*\*\*\*also chose title after poem completed*

#### **SIERRA RITTUE**

can hide. trembling—i am not ready. But

#### **WILL DAVIS**

There is no cult of my body  
No temple entrance

#### **ANKH SPICE**

What gongs inside this mountain—it beats itself unsacred  
inside a sealed cave.

#### **LETITIA JIJU**

And what of the wingbeat in you  
chorusing in me —

#### **ROANNA FERNANDES**

What is it about journeying together seeming good on paper  
but not in real life?

#### **ANKIT RAJ OJHA**

Is it that life lifts the proportionality sign off love's equation  
only to burden lovers with pestering constraints?

#### **GLENN BARKER**

Or can there be equality of power between us in the subtle  
dance that divides love and loathing

## ECLIPSING

Orange and yellows burst into oblivion, until the moon overtakes her brother and basks in the light that he lent her. In the umbra, we'll make our stand: looking up, eyes unshielded briefly. In the path of totality, shadows can-

not penetrate our gaze or our cover, your warm bed gone cold with clouds. Floating on, dancing on, putting on airs, from the line that does not end; footing fears in step to carry on and on and on: fearless across an unbridled ocean

or unadorned prairie. Cocooned in the silver sliver of waning moonlight, wings twitch, enrobed by breath which things ignoble doth protest of death. We devour sharp edges and wear the dead light of stars like costume jewelry:

vibrant, sparkling the river with specks of joy. Sun over boulders. Now a straight line. Now an arc, the undulating notes, a metronomic pulse. Tell me the symphonies heard at this hour: the vibrations pluck at your tendons. As

the frequencies of that melody pulse through tissue, fibers connecting you with the universal-subatomic structures-orbiting, repelling, locked into the rhythm of existence even though it may appear as chaos to the slack-jawed onlookers.

## Original lines contributed in order:

### **K WEBER**

Orange and yellows burst into  
*\*\*\*also chose title after poem completed*

### **KELLIE SCOTT-REED**

oblivion, until the moon overtakes her brother and basks in the light that he lent her,

### **MELINDA FARRAR**

In the umbra we'll make our stand  
Looking up,  
Eyes unshielded briefly  
in the path of totality,

### **FOLK HEART PRESS**

shadows cannot penetrate our gaze

### **TOM SNARSKY**

or our cover, your warm bed gone cold with clouds.

### **HANNAH HUDSON**

floating on, dancing on, putting on airs, from the line that does not end;

### **KILEY LEE**

footing fears in step to carry on and on and on

### **KIM MANNIX**

fearless across an unbridled ocean  
or unadorned prairie

### **SHIKSHA DHEDA**

cocooned in the silver sliver of waning moonlight

### **SARA MATSON**

wings twitch enrobed by breath

### **cc bovarisme**

which things ignoble doth protest of death

### **CECILIA SAVALA**

We devour sharp edges and wear the dead

### **WILLIAM TAYLOR Jr.**

light of stars like costume jewelry

### **MERRIL SMITH**

vibrant, sparkling the river with specks of joy

### **ROBERT FREDE KENTER**

Sun over boulders, now a straight line, now an arc, the undulating notes, a metronomic pulse

### **MARISA SILVA-DUNBAR**

Tell me the symphonies heard at this hour—how the vibrations pluck at your tendons.

### **JOHN HOMAN**

As the frequencies of that melody pulse through tissue, fibers connecting you with  
The universal-subatomic structures-orbiting, repelling, locked into the rhythm of  
existence  
even though it may appear as chaos to the slack-jawed onlookers.

## **NIGHT, WITH FEATHERS**

The timid sky's hush awaits  
the rush of wings, perfectly  
choreographed for millennia.

And state! State what you've  
been thinking during each  
of them—

    all of them—  
now bathing in sea water.  
Those sun-basking shells  
    salt-  
        crowned, barnacled  
        with Hope.

(A modest offering to that which  
think itself  
a god, even though white-  
        knuckled  
prayers  
go unanswered.)

I pilgrimage [and sit negotiating  
    with the wide-  
                        brimmed  
ineluctable].

I offer up  
my supine past [in sacrifice  
to our carnivorous  
    future]; devour  
    my demons, mourn  
        the last tear  
        shed over the summer's  
crystal basin.

Smoldering, your hot gypsum dust  
exhale: transient as trails  
of shooting stars.

## Original lines contributed in order:

### **K WEBER**

The timid sky's hush awaits the rush of

### **RACHEL TANNER**

wings, perfectly choreographed for millennia

### **JEREMY WARE**

And state, state what you've been thinking during each of them

### **ANKUR JYOTI SAIKIA**

All of them, now bathing in sea water, those sun-basking shells

### **IVOR DANIEL**

salt-crowned, barnacled with Hope

### **TZYNYA PINCHBACK**

a modest offering to that which think itself a god

### **ANNE WALTERS**

even though white-knuckled prayers go unanswered

### **V. B. BORJEN**

I pilgrimage [and sit negotiating with the wide-brimmed  
ineluctable]

### **LEAH CALLEN**

I offer up my supine past [in sacrifice to our carnivorous future]

### **JAMES ROACH**

Devour my demons

### **AGGIE LEMME**

mourn the last tear

### **ANDRÉ HABET**

shed over the summer's crystal basin

### **LOLO ELLERI**

smoldering, your hot gypsum dust exhale

### **MELISSA NUNEZ**

Transient as trails of shooting stars



## THANK YOU

Big thanks to all who participated in these donated words poems and the Exquisite Corpse pieces from June 2022 to March 2023!

Many thanks also to those who have contributed to my donated words poetry projects and collaborations over the years. This includes 100s of people and I am ever-grateful to you for giving my wild imagination a chance to continue trying new things and creating together!

So much of my inspiration comes from seeing others collaborate and experiment and follow their unique paths in writing. Fun to see people posting prompts, too! I have been lucky to try my hand at some of these writing opportunities. Wonderful to see writing take on various, new, inventive shapes!

Thank you for reading A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 2! Always grateful to have so many participants and readers and your interest!

AND... as I said in THIS ASSEMBLY and TEAMWORDK and A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 1:

*It never gets old when people say they can't wait to see how I crafted a poem containing their word selection. One word can change a day, a mood, the world.*

THANK YOU SO MUCH AGAIN!

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



K Weber is an Ohio poet. A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 2 is her 8th online, free, self-published poetry project.

K's poetry has been given a soft landing by *Roi Fainéant*, *Fevers of the Mind*, *the minison project*, *Writer's Digest*, *Bullshit Lit* & more! Her photography has appeared in literary magazines such as *Barren Magazine* and *Nightingale & Sparrow*. Her book reviews have appeared in *Empty Mirror*.

K received her BA in Creative Writing/Poetry from Miami University in 1999. She also earned minors in French and Computer Information Systems.

More of her publishing credits and access to all of her online book projects can be found at:  
<http://kweberandherwords.com>

## SPECIAL NOTES

### *AUDIOBOOK VERSION*

There is no audiobook being released concurrently as a companion to ASOOPP2. I do hope to accomplish this before the end of 2023! Follow me on social media or look for an update at <http://kweberandherwords.com> when that is made available. My 7 previously-published projects (including 3 donated words compilations) have audio versions accessible any time if you'd like to listen! Thank you for your patience!

### *GENERAL NOTES*

There were 2 donated words poems written in the past year not included in ASOOPP2. These will appear when I put together the SCREAMWORDK poems. Hopefully sooner rather than later this time! Autumn 2023 is the expected release of these collected poems.

### *CONTACT DETAILS*

Want to connect online? That would be nice!

My social media information is as follows:

- Instagram: <http://instagram.com/midwesternskirt>
- Twitter: <http://twitter.com/midwesternskirt>

You can send me a message through the form on my website:

<https://kweberandherwords.com/contact>

### *PRAISE FOR DONATED WORDS POEM PROJECTS*

A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOLUME 2 is one of several writing projects I have put together since 2018 that involves collaboration with many others! Hundreds of words have been gifted to me by hundreds of people to include in so many poems. When I was working on TEAMWORDK in 2021, I asked if anyone would like to put together feedback in the form of a short quote or blurb about their participation in and readership of donated words poems. I received an abundance of responses! You can read all of these generous quotes in this supplementary document:

<https://tinyurl.com/donatedquotes>

This will remain a “living document” to which I will continue to add write-ups about our collaborative poetry projects! If you would like to share your experiences and thoughts on these poetry projects, you can connect with me through email and social media under CONTACT DETAILS! So much gratitude to all who have provided me with lovely words and perspective!

Looking for an interesting interview subject?

I would love the opportunity to discuss the donated words poetry projects with you!

There is so much to dive into when it comes to these vast and longstanding poetry collaborations in which I work together with a plethora of people and such a blissful array of carefully-furnished words!

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Want to write a review of any of my donated words projects (THIS ASSEMBLY, TEAMWORDK, A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 1 and/or A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 2)?

This would be such a welcome addition to the ways in which the donated words poem projects impact others.

If you need someone to fill an open slot at your online poetry event (or in-person if you are local), I wouldn't mind being asked! It's been awhile! You can always contact me if you would like to send along a word or other suggestion for future collaborative poems! Follow me on Instagram and/or Twitter (username: midwesternskirt) for future calls for word contributions or DM me! I am excited to continue a tradition of partnering with others in poetry!

\*\*\*\*\*

Thank you so much for engaging with  
A SUM OF OUR POETIC PARTS: VOL. 2!!!