

2016

Abscissa

Edward Owen Byrne
Bard College

Recommended Citation

Byrne, Edward Owen, "Abscissa" (2016). *Senior Projects Spring 2016*. Paper 221.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2016/221

This Open Access is brought to you for free and open access by the Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Senior Projects Spring 2016 by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Abscissa

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature
of Bard College

by
Edward Byrne

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May 2016

*In here
it is pleasant, but when I open
my mouth to speak, I too
am soundless.*

– Denise Levertov, “Where Is the Angel?”

Abscissa

apogee and perigee of
the t-grain negative

moons shift of auto
pen and harp

Hermes hand
the x-ing sprout

of which one second
guesses none

*

once in a dream
you said to me *you know*
the I of the poem waits
in a snowglobe
for Rilke the glass dome
“like they put
round a split tree circles
my heart”

like venous rain
on the window I take things
for echoes
as banks, changing whiteward
temper

shores of Main Street and Union
the arrow of treetops
on Pinnacle Hill
eroding

what once faced the vertex
is cloudy hexagonal bokeh

D.L.

confirms it

an x falls flatly
 on the grain, finished by chemical bath
 sealed, written backwards and upside
 down if it were
 seen there, in-chamber, the rear-facing
 arc of the eye

and the pines
 chaff the oaks
 imagining all
 that is left
 of the life said to lead

the moon soft of category
 near axis lit "But now
 there is hardly a world around them
 and they are forced back
 on themselves" as
 an author's ghost
 at the peak of the field

M.O.

of memory solely the field
 remains

slowly decaying
 pendulous domain

of that which remembers:
 silver itself binds
 to nitrate, enough of them
 trace the photon
 that fall there, to them
 have fallen lost
 in a moment forever
 in memory

degrading, affixed
 to plastics, celluloid now
 that the landscapes
 are fading

summing the whole
 the said I "I" and meant
 by that, me

by that dream, frozen stars

in a moment a
pattern absorbed by the
feet facing rear wall of themselves
of the eye
as at
athens' school

that is to say the image
appears turned, routed

rotated to pi
this its raw state but what the dream
of the frozen star could see falls

helpless
through the trail of prisms

the prisms trail, the braid
of angles

chain, then
of bright points
through red 29

those which, said often the earliest face
of the moon and half dome
Adams imprisoned in the celluloid infinity

singularity cell four
inches by five

mark the reddening of loss

so too they followed the path cut
through the brush in the year of year

of your birth, mirage of the senses
now somnolent, the shape of the shell
an instrument
blown unconsciously
played on

ipseity

wound out
from

the holes and
ends of the equation, asleep

are two charged plates firing in

a vacuum
the nomansland

of the fermata
abyssal
tablets no longer able
to be carved

silence, then
to say golden sun phasing redwise
now black now yellow's pair black's apogee
old Django aphelion

gypt jazz, sommoner quoted still
Ur of adams Tetons
in electronic sea

thick deep of orthochromatic
lumens' river repeats
that the snake
seals the loop
of all things
in frame most often
it's this
I come back to *thy hair*
as branches bend west
by the winnowing
wind where sun was
an epoch ago
sound asleep

*

locked groove
the hour, his most recent birth

her walls lost
so high in the haze

J.K.

sun alone could see
 thru, would soon see
 cyclamen inserted in the clay
le fáinne geal
an lee there's the memory
 yet to be
 a head in her lap
 just as the F
 the diminished rising homophone, the B,
 the E as the diminished
 rising homophone for the temple of the soul, mirror
 stage of sound
 lost trail of incandescence coalesces
 Thom Yorke's warbling yell of where we once were
 disintegrating centum of 20 and 00
 in its place wound up to over-cranked to synced speed
 spool a retracting madeness of the there I think to still
 retreating once the source
 is empty

*

on the heel of the wave
 breaking south
 as the wind does at Genesee's
 mouth or out there at points
 where the salt sits
 the lighthouse behind
 rocks the lone shore
 one could walk to it's there
 a parable forms
 where we cheer reciprocity
 words would fall back
 on themselves
 redouble, an echoplexity rebounding
 into the black round
 under the moon wailing resonant
 further back in the mouth as lips close
 to muted O and grace notes
 start to seep into the once so pure signal

it is her cadenza, there
 that trembles

would remain principle in the garden
 become usury further out

diffraction at the front element and aberration at the rear

chromatical she
 sleeps in floating glass
 densely in tessellate sand
 you'd jury rigged that iris
 smooth or aperture analog

sans id, index markings, could be how one can see points
 of space, of the score, known to have existed and how
 the scribe does mean to affix warp to page

ipseity's pendulum bends
 off course

more traverse, identical time
 and does echo ever stranger

and ipsilateral does always return to
 the position of the seed

the equation about to be born
 in galileo's head
 and its remainder

a shallow pool of water that reflects with fidelity the sky above
 and its redward bloom
 photographed with matte box holding
 filter of circular polarity
 so the lens can see what lies beneath

ipse dixit some kind of strange
 vocabulary formerly
 some kind of new vocabulary

a reference instead to a french film hardly any
 recognize and fewer still will one day see if the 13 trillion year
 progression of time, somehow linear in the gathering cloud
 of logarithms holds
 its current bearing past our momentary pause
 for breath

*

so Fiach will do what fiach will dare

and how high (how soft, sulfur)
 should he climb knowing as he does only that in some places
 the mountain exists and others
 it or he does not
 nor does he know some years from now, then, point of departure
 a member of the Queen's guard will make his home in carlow
 in perpetuity

and there in the grail
 the gauntlet
 the bulb
 the webbed root
 in the wood splinters

scattered and in each morning breeze
 scattering through the crumbling
 childhood home of eternity
 in them Fiach
 and the Englishman have been
 painted as a mural on each wall
 which laid end to
 end would not appear tessellate nor
 would from its
 collaboration
 a mosaic arise
 nor from any realm of paint
 would path, pattern appear to
 to define Follow in
 terms a child could
 remember 20 years past
 its own splintered
 apocalypse

end times

no indeed
 the sum only loosely commands its parts
 and linearity absconds with pluperfect
 Whorf riders to
 a tunnel of fabric
 momentarily devoid of tungsten
 and both bellows of
 light and air
 preserve some red
 expense of carbon
 as house, ash pine and

half dome of Yosemite

and peaks just above the grasping hand of someone
 who fucked someone
 that left name & blood
 behind
 far too far from his flautists' ayre

sing it though nonetheless, redcoat
 "follow me up to carlow"

*

seated I
 bust of the follower
 stands upright
 in the sand
 indeed only there through its own
 desire to be
 what heard from echo
 off whatever
 of whatever

the other resides
 plays rope to pendulum
 head sunk one hand down to two of the gulf of traverse
 tangents' radii concentric
 below, running through the sands
 are veins of the echo
 impact tremors
 of the passing motion trace

a form of death that dissipates at galloping speeds

through the long rolling dark
 of the desert "of the reel"
 where footprints revert
 immediately (momentarily)
 to dust revert to flat radiuses
 of the dune
 and one vein
 whose arc breaks free
 of the blind and permanent
 night
 free now at the edge of lone-dying swing
 cycles and burns through

pure atmosphere
 now falling *axial flower*
of steel caught in
 gravity's rainbow and to *r*
 and back to the skull
 to say
 the middle east was once
 the fertile crescent
 and said you:
 jungle of the sahara

W.A.

the spark of creation
 of hammer on burning blade
 you cast out from
 the sand radian to
 see the sun momentarily
 return in a night
 absent the guiding
 light of the stars

anything went supernova
 while point rested lowest
 in the sands
 haloing filter & no
 depth though never
 lacking in perception
 it was the map of sand's dissolving
 it was and what would have happened there at the end
 of the harmonic series

Euphues: the autopsy of wit

and I turn from it
 that hailing wave
 that cyclone
 cyclamen shower cyclamen sphere

Wo ist der Engel für mich, zu wringen?
 Kein rauer Schnee in der Glasluftblase
 sondern ruhiger September

frosted petals of the early winter line
 the trace of trail

some Eufu no longer
 atomic

some time, Euphues,
 someday someone
 will
 it will one day be
 that one thinks you
 must be sophist
 must be uncovered
 as the last lost philosophe
 in the salon so called
 for the way in which
 it whistled
 so strung so guitar, ostrich-wise
 could ring on the one
 and Lou on the 3
 and does anyone remember
 damn
 does anyone remember the violin player
 from Velvet Underground

now *asses of angels brush*
his lips
 long as you live
 platitudes have
 a tendency to
 flatten

N.M. I

this will roughly
 be what one would
 remember were
 it time for end
 time and stop time

just even time for
 hint of a trumpet solo
 run
 leitmotif someday
 run of course
 out of
 earshot out of
 tune
 unjoint to be
 doing such as
 such nondone

really and quite
 quietly too much

love

if two stars fly
 or is it travel
 continue more precisely
 point to point they
 remain unmet
 all at once a kind of
 I don't know
 collision of elements
 a sense of diving backwards
 lift from
 luft
 to lower bound
 of foreseeability

what's visible of
 the graph
 it is their disorder

ICHTHOU exists I mean let's really say it
 for their own sake

presumed sleeping
 from head so calmly resting
 on shaking
 window glass
 someone expectedly overhears
 a conversation ostensibly about them
 and ostensibly thought to be
 the kind not to be
 overheard,
 n'est-ce pas?

It is a Eufu
 devoutly to be wished
 n'est-ce pas?

Careful now
 wouldn't want to speak so impeachably long
 on what is and what is not yet owned
 really something that
 the city just keeps going
 like Hesse's river
 always flowing never
 the same, never not

there at that
 one point of the universe
 swing

*

room of stuff
 divvied up today
 some apparently sold
 to make room
 for childbirth originally
 later a dentist chair
 that month of
 learning to be
 a painter
 birds of summer
 hunting rifle
 apparent signs of creation

washed out on night
 of too much bleach

inner of the antechamber
 from above the symbol
 for heaven
 from side
 otherwise

indeed you keep your glance
 half slanted to the side

just left of the equinox
 just past the blue umbrellas

of the purgatory hotel
 where an old man drips urine

into a slowly forming stalagmite
 irgendwo the salt air sits there will be

there but grace go, etc.

in a life there are many such moments
 interspersed

somehow referencing some

degree of linearity

for
a fractured world

if not a sine wave
blown out to sea

of stars
and sand

and salt
reflecting hightop

to trough
lifted just off the cap of the sea foam's toss

to float piecemeal into the realm of constellation
parts, disturbance of harmonic senses
in the domain of the Ion

into the all encompassing dark
of elsewhere than Earth

to the south
breakers begin to crack

these the walls of the desert oasis
of the last
and deadly island
of Desdemona

after all some day the sand of the cove
in New York
of Delaware, Rehobeth

had landed on Cyprus shores
lay for an epoch
undisturbed in the dunes
then lightning and
cataclysm

and end of science abstraction
or shard of a broken bottle
well worn in the ocean
its orbital turn

another old man
no longer practicing attentive excretion
or animal innocence
in nethers of ice cream shack

*Who is the third who walks always beside you?
 When I count, there are only you and I together
 But when I look ahead up the white road
 There is always another one walking beside you*

T.S.E. I

calm day, and air still
 from that temperamental frost

we'd find in some
 phase of the moon

not unlike your claim
 of progeny in pages

or rather should be lines
 excerpts of Aeneas

and the world of ice
 he and all

are said to inhabit
 find so highly there

prothalamions once heard
 feet in grass, sand below

mostly among posies there
 collage to be frank

of many flowers whose
 meaning can scarcely be

symbols of a time
 when delos remained

a location one could fly to
 patterns in the grass
 resemble the painting
 of Van Gogh progeny

that hung for a time
 under the faint light

simply no one
but her could be here
sand absent lake absent

ocean absent sense of
dictation of being the hand

at the typewriter and voice
of the lake

or was it Lamarck
and the outpour of properties

of the sand no
sense of the lake

remains no
memory then

of the ridge
through the ocean

and the birth of grain as rock
as greater grain

as solution or is it
suspension and traverse

von ocean bis river
or bedrock bis mountain

to stone in the stream
at the moment of fracture

the fall and the rest
to lie on the shore

absorbed more than blood
in hours become days become

twilight of yew
maple, old trees of the field

brushstroke is hammerstroke
is a clock striking 12 3 and 4

a pocketwatch covered just lightly in dust
so called for their physics the artists

covered lightly in dust
paint the inside of pockets with sand

becomes sand of some
other lake

other days other footprints
makes way to the clutches

of reservoirs filled
to the brim for lack of their
needing water
meanwhile Centralia
burns in perpetuity

has burned through the solo
ostinato some say
of what's red
in a monochrome frame

where blue is what's key
of an orthograph's limit

is an earlier passage
starts to fold towards
the unseen null

burned it from the page
siphoned away piecemeal
extensions

into eternity
as it turns over, marches toward twelve
no water flows
from the rear-side end of the arrow

from the sweet tasting pigment
wound in a spiral

at the end of the brush
reserved for detail

such as this

red raised from the ashes of snails

not those
from the fracture of cinnabar

black yet made with pure
carbon

white the stage, the frill
of river's throw
the stones lie crumbling in

*

to what one stands on
sees a switchback to the north

and mountains in sunlit
time of year where green
bristles

disappear with millennial tree
into the flood, stream's bow

flood's portion
as integral cosine inhales

where to stand as seeing goes
so gorge reduces down
to zoetrope
what could resemble carousel

setting changes, script
supervisor off book

actors entombed in perpetual
montage wheel perpetual motion

said as thru drum
of paper
was whispered as when

child-me played in museum yard
stand here she there and speak
no louder than raindrops fall

radar dish or something heard for
farther than with can-phone, heard

something limb related heard
spine

from head penetralia heard
song from them

wasn't in the dome but
head ringing all the same

song from them Neutral
Milk and place as well

rang again brought back
but only piecemeal

memories of someone
not sure who someday

someone said the spine
or was it Spinne terrified

as though sailing through the eye
as though lost somewhere in part of

place where further memory
wouldn't be thought

wouldn't think so far that half of me
could whisper halfway down the museum

pitch the distance of eponymous mound
at 12 seemed twice that

sound of half other half
in bell curve whisper

waves rebound redouble
construct, make more

and aimed not by brain but
bell and they say one with
crack is one to see I thought
and what I thought was me was

still whispering though not
the Neut. song I thought was

playing it's in the rigid
albeit not frozen air between

the not yet close the two
thought to be knowing one another

by now
And what of Alice

and age that she's become
or was then no closer

to 1865 than now
history's split
what of the crying child
or line one matches to
by flakes faintly falling
to marshal with
the tidal bell

the earth is passing through
its own floating wake

knowing now that Pluto and its moon
circle the sky in a loop
having folded their lot in the Lethe
so folded they run the line as two
barycentre of which one can hold, nearly grasp
yet remains ambage *it begins*
with sticks marking time
on a drum's head
as does muthos
of whens
I can stretch to
in a waking dream

N.M. 2

before that corner
that intersection
became so
underwater
subtended Atwoodwise
revealed itself

M.A.

as something
not worth remembering

*

It's train yards where some parts will surface
a pattern unfold from long

in the life of accent just nearly there
inside wall of the subway not quite soiled

temperament equal from car to car
muted gray to pale yellow

brighter red, face of the onlooker
begins with a fresh spike

in track more often colored rust
than when train was once in irons

second reflection appears
trailing lights that once called to cause
the circular
the enigmatic scale once

harbinger not of Mephistopheles
but of Damocles his sword to hang

not over nor inside the land of Black Milk
but rest in palm in perpetuity

coda of the flying buttress
the phantom limb
first is a stone which lies dormant
cold in palm

first is stone on wall
aim or its corollary perfected

first is stone in the air
unbent by the spiral winds

blast up from the cracks in bedrock
burst bulbs lie black in the sand

not few but a village

horsehair brush scrapes the exposed shale
 the much too soundless, empty mouths
 of which there are no actors

how lost we wouldn't be
 if we lost Metropolis cut to the 80's rag

town whose words
 set scholars
 on a trip to the moon
 Scorsese's tin man sitting idly by

*

car to car waterwheel
 rate of its turn not of importance

slot one a gallon of water passes by
 fire ants serving as sparks

necrotically rise from depths
 always belonging to them unseen

could be water could be poison
 could be the rivers have been dammed

absent Charon as Styx would be
 were it no longer needed

that Greek stretch from reason to passion
 needing station between

Death was it named
 being not known, reluctant

hired a guide his main being there
 being property of not being alone

another there, a known quantity
 would that the name that sat on him be Company

were that the tuning be tempered for sound
 anyways

next notch passed
 next name next car

same gallon of sound
heading north

to the pole
but also elsewhere

also soon to be southbound
is why he turned back

conductor that is
turned his head

heading east past his wife
her hand in his hand

or at least the train
gripping the hand of the guide

or was it from bellows
that up quark warmth came

in a cool breeze her hand
runs over blue tips of grass

still ablaze indigo light
her hand still in flames

and it's really quite something
she could raise such a tempo

to drown in the ringing and rattle
of the wide spheroid turn

and the evening train going by
Eurydice was it called

and the march of the rail but the march of a crab
the roll, the burning wheel above

of death and the fatal promise
not by lyre, by poet
unwound

mythner
and many among visible stars

bluer world not yet ready
for song

so indeed I lie
her hand in mine

knowing not where to look
yet being burnt all the same

by the stiff of the grass
and sun windows' bisection

indigo light
so late in the day

*

Bear Statue 2nd Attempt

statue of bear
whose pigments were
no doubt applied shotgunwise

some trace of author yet lingers

but not in the mind

where some bear must
originate and is not the rapid
explosion

but the last death of entropy
a whimper like Eliot wanted
but does not belong
stays only to say someday it had stayed

and is no more metal or bearlike
than the restaurant
it advertises

Bear Statue 4th Attempt

I wouldn't have seen you
had I gone another way

coast now scrubbed clear

of crude oil

now calls
is an island
yet not a rock

That one shade of orange in Kodachrome slide
it colors my memory of
this place

waiting for tram in a different city

for air below temperature
where atmosphere ignites

strange how pockets of simply more
air seems to cleanse the world
around

but not too far it is last
the stele
reads you more than it
and the world in which it
would have liked to have lived

will be found on the rear
sunfacing side
if ever

*

is why he turned his head

conductor that is
turned back
whistled as he did

had seen singularity
indigo orb of which
hovered

or so he saw
wasn't grass yet withered
coal by which years piled upon it

that practice abandoned

with whither yet young
had soon hover

said Einstein
seen some sense of stillness
said anyone near

never moved though they moved
orbiting nothing he'd seen so far
stretched out his hand as he passed

no longer way-sure
no longer in irons
or on as the case may be

have been

although now all the light
of the station
has ceased

he held out his hand
anyways on so many rails
stalks of green still standing
among them sprawl

reached back
had heard of it somewhere
she'd said it was Orpheus

walled off train-wise
conductor that is
who had held out his hand
had been eyeing aleph irgendwo
as it had fluxed
now fully in sand

*

it is so amazingly quiet here
echo of world left unsaid
as late of Blakey's beat sense
wrinkling walkway
of walking spacetime
walked by with bass
hanging out

*

see how they stand
at water's edge
walking had ceased
with start of their
stare

weather's raid had left it
lake
reft what river was once gorge
took over

sages say someone among
them
should be no less than two
are identity functions
them that sun had drifted among

this is the garden
surely one would receive and then
expend
with some sense of symmetry
across
entropy set aside for now

give it a number
and the rest around bends
in a moment
propagation it was that
brought them there

what it was the whittled world around
said who would walk
make it snow
make it hail

so it's quiet
made simpler

apoplexy of which one could fly to

calm again, but cold
clear wind, the dissolving day

at Kettle's Yard this time
its vessel home to bright drops of sun

despite itself overcast closure
of movements, directories
violet braid not from eyes
but pages wasn't whole but

half step off, flat down
for F's sake halcyon

in Camus' but not
Algeria's Algeria

get at the heart of what a gesture
drawing is gesture at
feint towards move so
the slightest sense appears

as a primitive dance we'd seen articulated
in the projector eye

nature photographer waits
on "his own dissolving

C.O. 1

bones" under heat death
under temp of which his

sun goes recalcitrant
beside itself, etc

I'm letting the dam break
heute, aujourd'hui wouldn't do

have done have wandered
far enough from apple
bauble and holding
what's held there

archival we of all other
strings couldn't be

have been silent
stretching long in the low

the orbital nadir of borobudur
Spinoza of the circle nesting doll

your grandmother's beads
white all saint's day

closer to green
red under temper
of time five
bits of series
Zeno's arc away matter
unfastens for anyone
anywhere all the same

somewhere among them
the we aforementioned are brittle

somehow froze as cloud and its
parable intim apparent some

future we'd found agreed
upon interval where we'd

make tea to or mach t
nach Hause zurürck bleiben
saying we'd stayed

*

ever the anvil too bißchen
for use a sense of
drag impression and smooth curve
of lumens LUT's of
last century films we'd never have heard of
in Flanders fields

couldn't see one another
although intim apparent

I close my hand on the last
drop of rain you

close my hand as you wait cloud
doesn't empty although

wrinkled somewhere among

a gathering sense of where

someone could find you find some
sense of certain to be checked somewhere

down the line although Einstein
remains skeptical to his death

somewhere down, etc
wouldn't have thought you'd
been so far afield

though echo of F makes it
D minor vi nonetheless

couldn't have been so
anywhere only here where

I can't keep it going
just can't keep unfolding

the same scrap of something so
solid smoke gathers the same

tell it to someone "all motion
is that of a crab" moon

C.O. 2

isn't somewhere worth naming
tell it to someone

and let the piece loose
to its last known address

*

see the sun on that sand
at rest saying permafrost

fends in violet fields though
not saying off see

the sand saying anyone left
of the blast would hereby
be nested

of vivaldi sans
 vio sands still of
 the summer in salt's throws
 in NY sans still apparent

still underfoot still up till
 the tow of that ferry you

still say was faster sine qua
 non not hearing you said

“speak of me as
 I am” and not about wise

said all of these the
 things one would know from

the beads of
 the past or un-

polished necklace of
 which half is Daedalus and his
 still hawking fletch needle
 the end of a noun head of

bearing addle of isometry
 in which points of during

dwindle an x falls upon never
 so titled as
 alto's detente
 of the lens, stopping down to
 see yet the moment
 with sun on uponness

an act of uncrossing
 what one figment, one lost

page said “I know” although
 not so much sunset so much

one would watch, see it
 still burning detritus

a oneness left unaspired to though
 some more than none

swell of broken bottle
 glass hewn soft edge no

longer tactile no longer
 adze wake awake all the same

unearthed après ça after all
 wake flutters by whittles as it does

as it did when whetted ice
 would always follow strip

shale from south surface
 fracture as it did

in Phidias' fields
 gold grass

where statues fall, come to
 rest among posies, or rather
 poppies blown from sands'

tangent natric rouge sodic
 bloom lips and petal apparent

although ever in clay silt
 of age dales of absentia

ever in fog frozen there
 as they fell no

an ever employed
 rhetorical turn said
 to signal for history's
 beacon now all's
 cobalt streaks
 but wind
 catches it ever left

of green on a lark placenames
 rewritten stone bridge

of yesterday glazed so
 with sulfur acid apparent

though Alice's search could
so end at a solvent

being what wilt had been I
find myself on worldlines I

knew nothing about I
finding them headless

absent quanta as I
already am among

vielleicht zwischen den
nicht Kreuzen aber du

willst zu kreuzen
not clear whether

I'd seen it soon
enough so Alice's age

still had some weight
pale dawn indeed
ever the willows hang
down

bead and echo
still left of your gaze

having yet been unread at point
and time winding down

binding shroud over all
being left in the day

so euphemistically calm here
though said of it any

can freeze in such winds
when light meets the station

Eufu I never aspired to
said she of the not-so-
bent-sophos though logos
an E all its own

gentle wind of which
last to be seen

take an ant
on a rock

make it black
make it night

keep the tenor
transposed

take the Coda
for instance

ritardando indeed
top of a log

thought to be spun
but actually slid

so any atop sufficiently small
see horizon yet farther along

infinity waltz
although stillness abides

hewed hue-from
an orange vibration when

last space was seen
twixt two ten times their *d*

see the ritual daily
flash two three sink two

three pulsars imagined one
day in the dark of your deafness after

dawn after all of that work
back to beating out Euclid's

relations of which there are
none in dark dawn of *d*

circles that is turned in
force precess on a dime's

worth of Tu
Fu and though sure he

held all the Tang worth
our time at the time our

imaging eyes or vestibule bleats
couldn't have helped in

back of your dream
no indeed you're too classy

to be taken there
though Eufu said you dabbled

so always haram is
and figure that predated

pen gesture sense of
the richter the *ln* of

cheekbone an *e* of your
lips seldom and salted
indeed seldom Interpol's ilk
if followed to its inverse

pulsar named PSR B1919+21

a remainder, that which you
never quite fit and so out

so left off so ouroboros
could spin down as endlessly
an *e* of which failed
twitched its neck turned

only back for a glimpse of
one glyph over idols
one scarcely remembers

The more general fate of the soma is that the whole soma dies. If this death is premature, before the germ line has had time to be successfully transmitted to the next generation, we say that that organism was either unfit (an insect incapable of flight) or unlucky (an insect eaten by a bird).

U.G.

had I ever seen it
sun in that sea

sparks unbound by basics
of accent and fountain

of meter for which
Bach worked so late

in the day where you're
falling so far from where

I'd still say I knew you

and from where I
couldn't but sit

staring as I was from
the window, for sake

of seeing you stand
back facing

east dust not still
but settling in frame
so details run infinite
and colors remain
 flowing
soft as the steam
starts to furl

had I seen it
perhaps the way Merlin saw

logarithm that is
turned upside down

so the last light of you
never ceased

I would have said
whispers of seafoam

the overturned glass
smoothed to tritone

never quite touching
the waves loop aphelion

immer halfway between
would have said in that shroud

salt and sand would have
wanted to stay behind

disembark there where
dew drops still bend
us under damn
was it yew was it
willow wasn't always
the same saying there's

saying a , ancient tongue
mark of omega d never

touching two points at
once spectral sand I'd

have been to were only
ice heat, aleph, would have

said something indigo
though not so Aeolian

would have said
something for sure in

the key of C simple
enough it's the first

thing that's taught
though not without

nuance not
without

odic cadenza

Irish mañana
one key too low

although not what I'd
call an ivory ayre

lifted vowel unbound
by float beneath

banjo's fundamental
pitch of which predates

sacrament ring wouldn't
hear but would love all

the while diacritical tones
upon wood under skin bodhrán

often some sort of
middle among all the

carbon though not free
of rust ruby of which

burns naught
but an edge of

the page which now
plays on as triplet above

hilltop to high tide
to top sheer of lake bed
now no longer walled

rather dammed where
the three sisters meet and
bathe the above in dark dust

of Atlantis long passed into
lava bed was whispers over
this fractured world

as new days ring to
let us return to the sisters
their naked isosceles

hands held at once
knotted twice third as

one having sex in the surf
start of swell squall

of notes from that
Bach you can guess

knowing puns and its
ilk knowing what pants

one would wear expecting what's
soon to unfold knowing

what string always broke
from your father's tuning

he lays his head in her lap
yes an I

it is morning
I lay my head in her lap

others pass in rust tones
some peter in arriving

the station of moments
of calm eyes closed now

likely dreaming black
star on the rise an

inlet made only
by sand will do

feet in pool sun
behind axis lit
though form
still has edges
replay the dub in

the cycle reproduction
 of shadows, corners
 of the face dissolve spool
 scraps projector

the clouds through the windows
 in suspension resemble

the pattern of trees you had seen
 then in camp under shadow of gorge head

whittled bone of tree
 was tent stake and mallet
 was more pattern than would be
 called symbol of love

once one long dissolved
 in that songbird's dew
 in your voice as keys
 change and train

leaves "in the ocean
 washing off my name

R.P.

from your throat" now that clouds
 are two dozen birds of the field

and the dreamers sink inches
 into their chairs, tufts will rise

off the top of the treeline
 before it, the train underway

*

Excerpts of Anatos or
 the experts of thanatos

thanatical trick knead of
 hand appearing in balls palm

moons head of knobs
 anchor moons of which shred

of Hanhs litan y islam
 y drunk in swirls socket

girls proem nymphs painted all
with variable flowers

Pluto says
you've been here
ten thousand years so far
so far as you've come not ever

a cloud or fold, a blanket crease
never halts you though once
you'd lofted so long into night
what once could have been empty
the door frame post-shock rendered hollow
for Hermes

hand of which
strum of which impacts the once so
teleos tortoise-hide only to enter

an aileron turn luft above
lost at sea or a square

pattern sunken by wood rot
beneath where the salt air resides

under cover of night
wind and wash of ink

laid out so you lie well
of waves end your resting head

sister's sidereal print left to wander
and bleed while the glass orbs stare

from the altar web wise
nebulous offal of morning wrack

wrack's chemical bath dips
in the cycle of starving

frosted clock leaps to six
then the indigo hour

uncovered by one breath of arctic
air hagiographs glow under frost

in fall's phantom harvest your
sister the dek el do tuned

to an orbital A
to green's arc der Frühling
vergessen third was instead

what one wanted to hear
sixth only half of her possible

braids, no the sharper geschnitten
pulse beats above fundamental

their arabesque arcs filters
be damned, hear the whole

thing, the other thing wail with
the music of mu, ma distended

in seeing that braid saw of
sequence the *i* to no end no

uncomplex end they are there
known or not field them bed them

fly them to the system of $x y$ or other
map a to worldlines b to whatever

watch fabric unfold
unfold with c

staying c all the while

*

synesthete pair tasting blue
knows the ocean is near river

seems to say, ever the bridesmaid
perhaps Spencer'd thought had been

he'd been hearing such listerine words
wanted silence some say in which

one can tell the ocean is near
gold dust faintly falling at dawn

a river's particular trace
of air's capture in a bottle

if you could put it there bottle
this air you'd make million bucks

or indeed, you're sitting outside
a cafe in Prenzlauer Berg till orbs

of light's dust fall
from the evening sky

and I on the shore drawn
of seagull's eye

my feet, yes, are soaked
but my cuffs are bone dry

augury's end mist of tones
struck so to obscure

the obscure mode in use sign
of sleep lines the clouds

quanta's arc nearing *e*
in early evening's descent

still sitting there saying something
too orphaned into street's soft lit air

silent streetlamps then glow
having seen all worth standing
for having seen every scrap

of that paper's dissolve
and how many creased lines

were fold quanta embark
on the breeze finding coffee too

broad certain strands of which
were your wealth of day's knowledge

reciting the lake's depths
that won't be separated

some say that blue is
the orphan of sound

waits in what makes
me to lie down

in green pastures intercessor's
sforzando of what's heard antecedent

another word
belonging to *a*

belonging to $a + bi$
and fields that would alter

fields cut from negatives not
from Pleiades' bones

but an orthochromatic well
from which blue is drawn

*

lilies all around him
seeing them there

had made those lilies
irises made them which

one says in the image
of the impossible
insect wing
 there
where the gathered
bees around the daisies
planted by your dad

and pointed toward
the sun "that blasts

the roots of trees" are
ending autumn in

their curveless loop

D.T.

was winter borne of lifted

wind bent north
as particles as they

encounter arcs of Jonah's
soft demise and from

your lips the favorite
escapes "I wouldn't pick them
for a bouquet but
I've always loved forget-me-nots"

and gathered there
are bees from back you

still had some yellow
braids to climb from

with them I'm sitting
with them the bees

all gathered fairy-wise
a ring, you told me once

where mushrooms grow
unseen below the dirt

and at their edge
one finds an empty pool

and at their edge a
reservoir run dry

from fungus' ensconce
and grass will die there

die and then the fairy ring
and one of them is here

*

Being aft of center
towards the sonic

rear that is the latest
 melodies and in them
 later trails of *e* in *b* ascending
 parabolic ark set out
 from Cyprus' shores at dusk in which
 no two are quite alike

long as you live peaks
 above the worldline tend
 to flatten

ship of the line of Lizzie's
 port, the clef of shoals

in Rigel's slipstream
 blue its barycentre tipped
 toward one gross
 brighter than the sun
 was counterpoint to Fiach McHugh
 O'Byrne and vi of Isabel's Ionia

that Philip's ii
 was Lizzie's iv, that *e* that

renders *a* non-algebraic
 drum from there nonzero

there where Peleus' son
 bakes bread to knead

the English cadence neap
 of song in sky plays

dust to eve was
 key in which the chord

could calmly play
 from finger tapping
 every side
 every thin and
 errant arc
 of bell

subtended on the glass
 in that cafe that I never

knew I'd been to
there you're drumming

Sunday morning seeding
clouds of cream the milky

way your cup becomes
the roots of Godard's pod

bearing sugars to
his lungs for film

sans breath
or rather gasping

at a trough the last
of murmurs

it's somewhere there
from two to three

that is in gnos
and not in Schule

where tragedy
long antearistotle
was, was noon
when slow death's
rivulet oxbowed all
with variable flowers

exiled there the chansons
des roses we'd have sung

were you your sisters' end
or an ebb of raft you led with

off the shoal of greening
dust in days of *d* where you

still can count
an edge and

the shattered cloud
of oort it is said

to inhabit
binding lash

of hay was too soon
gorged on water's salt

flew too high
at *b* over *a*
demarcated as lower bound
of next step

the tumbling blackbirds
presage their ending

over *a*
high above the wall
when I count there are only
you and I
to sit on the stage
in cosmonauts wake

laughing like
you'd think to

knowing none had known
It Happened One Night

has an end
you could say

they slept on a bier
lit only by thirds

wandering through red
and violet forms of leaf

on by is sage and white
shoes of winter from

before we met
and in white shoes

the nymph goes down
and riverless the ions ashore
alighten

saying there's saying old
 enter after
 coda now
 to draw down
 from cadence
 where irises bloom,
 aandblom opens
 old then enters freefall
 down to Sagittarius' center

though no longer needing
 port to pull from

what Ibn Arabi and *ith*
 wouldn't ail of wailing

under widdershins wake five
 of five hadn't sounded

so good so he
 made it by 4

and made it in time
 for a Lion's game

and west-winded field goal
 on thanksgiving day

don't read me quickly
 was Euclid's reminder

though sure Po Chu-i knew
 what Ibn Arabi had *ithed*

no huying soter gnew
 and willed the waning bloom
 be made beautiful

*

the question is
 how seeing through a veil

which is itself a folded plane
 demarcates a Möbius from any

other life's acrostic
and I'm walking through

a conifer row, the evergreens
where at the end are oak

and maple fields
and syllables of red

float down animus of which
I hadn't felt so far

what was that song I couldn't
sing the lowest of or

was it more that walking
wasn't fast enough

to find its one and three
its only rain and refuse

running down just draining
when the table's crystal starts
to falter bits to start and grains
chipped off then sudden rivers meeting

needless to say how
"whither thou" is nither
either that or
wander hadn't withered yet

or played a hand of hearts
cold dawn and waning dew it was

it's autumn still but barely
when I'm writing, always
when I'm writing it's
winter on the hill where

cold has clouded sights
of pine

just clouded milk it was, was
smoke and nebulae of Malick's
lacrimosa and Der Baum des Lebens
more than Dybek's spiral

sweetmilk Hinterwelt but yet
the memories

of metal-lidded milk meant
only for some other forms

came back but likely not
from holding it myself
standing as I do I'm

only thinking elsewhere
thinking you
can't see hardly any

trace of our town out
this far here where
north of fifty miles
stand out in front of you
knowing less
of arc than Galileo

just more than curve
of coulombs

no instead that lake-effected
Abendsland was zenith's

thirteen quarter wake
where reaching up was reaching

out and looking out
was starlit miles beyond

the city's purse, a letterbox
of plasmas there where quasars

stamp their mark on inner
crest of eye

not five minutes pass
since clouds of leaves swam

down from poplar's overwinter
gliding soft from variable air

invisible though guiding winds

for miles around the marble orb

it's funny how the brain
decides what needs we sense

and what, despite its thumb upon
our heads, will only be

the floating world
we're folded into glimpsing

nur die Sachatten ab und
zu, wenn Mensch und

Kunstler Einheit war
it's contrast there our

eyes were wanting, throat
on lips, leaf on stone, and

scattered photons entering
the skull, its lea

imagining the atmosphere
composed of looser principals

and red behind the trees
in every canvas Bob and Bill

had painted
under PBS's auspice
cobalt yields

to snails and crawling
not in streaks but strokes

just as the turning leaves
have made descending branch
to lower bound

the raining pigments slanting
sunward trace the omen to

its end: our time
is closing long before

Andromeda's approach
and long before a Theos

flag goes white on winds
of Sol it's Ra's temple house

of flame that Oppenheimer read
from reads an iamb into

the lake of stones
among which leaves
have landed here
the haze is strongest
and all the photographs

go blue at any lens' length
yet saying so is saying someone

had to see it first of all
and bending backwards

light of you is redder
than the bolt and bench

it's holding
a bit of dying bark
broke loose by bucks

who lost their horns
too soon laid on

the table where
a list of things

I'd done remains:
cleaned the paint

I ended up adrift on
blunted nail I cut

my thumb on
slitted

*

absent record's lead

leaves rising nonetheless
 pause through window glass
 its mudded frame in a pause

the ayre they bade of
 never one you'd meet
 or think to watching someone
 sleep on subway rail the shoulder
 rested on though resting
 there had needed

out the topping notes bell
 chimes ringing then above

to say "another life awaits
 you there" though truncated

they neither knell in never's
 dome nor send to know

what backing down to one
 from also tolling middle eights

had harkened back to
 stretching as it cooled

but only melting slowly
 cadence or pause that is, since

sulfur only falls on higher
 order primes not needed out

for natural numbers' sake nor
 spiral's center sail and all

the ochre unity the falling leaf
 can fly to with the folio unbound

as the metro flickers by
 the light of pillars' zoetrope

seals off a month's
 rejectamenta: wrack not

of moving through
 the floating wake absconding

moonwise rather more sic semper
soil, witness refuse “washed

ashore” its now
or top of moments'

pile set in between
the ancient ties while

railroad goes on anyways
not rolling but embedded

in the burning wheel
regardless, waiting on

the washed ashore sounds
of single coil stratocaster I'd have heard

before, vacuum tubes, electron plate
I played before remembered how

to sound so playing didn't seem
so hard it wasn't spiel

a ranting old anuncia's flute
at least it didn't feel that

way soaked in other moments'
oil

or rag
spent softening the fingerboard
about to burst
into other's flames

at sparking then
you still remain

the singer of the room
behind a fire exit noting

Delphi's E appearing
in an Olson easel where

a diving bird when
the attentions change

is the you, Erkenntnis thee who said
seeing A was seeing

Rorschach blots around
the outside of a perfect cube

containing space for works
of landscape artistry

space enough to maneuver
in room for

an art to utter irreducible
ambage that iron heart

upon which concrete box
is built

*

ending up on the bridge
the east of Königsberg

first, must be, calling attention to
how many planks of wood

or cubes you've passed till then
saying "yes I stand

on circumstance" Euler
repeats that the walk

between just hardly
matters steps on the last

of points that one
can stand on if

the bridge were made
Möbius-wise

turns inward next
there where "an ant"

can always wander forward
if always ahead of itself

around to the point
where it started from

but how one can
walk it remains
to be seen

you'd say the ant is
imaginary, is an I
and its going round the loop

resembles the circle
absent its *d* as one

might say filing away one
there is Euler

another added on
equals zero

a loop then all its own

Euclid lay it bare
the song of lack

Phrygian cap tops his head
no longer slave to the tonic

neither crown sent
by stars and diffractions
I remember wrongly
nor from his sisterland
bestowed the Pont de Rennes
encompasses it, you'd say,

the abscinded monad
walks the crossing first of all

the ant who's aiming
past the old-town cobblestones

tumbling down the western
shoulder of the Genesee

to which the Rennes-walk
closes, above the blue isosceles

that makes an I to look ahead
when young enough

afraid enough of heights
one looks for just a single

glance and sees where
the name is bowing from

the Anglo tongue only homophonic of
what scene and its shades Senecas saw there

not what I'd seen before
but what I'd see another time

still holding hands but not
from needing warmth

this time, the bridge's stone
an older name

and nothing green
around the sides

the valley Letchworth loved
and saved and then I'm thrown

I'm back at 12
temp farther north of 5500

blue the only number
I'd have known of then

as inner ear rotates sans yield
a gorge not where

a child afraid of heights should be
no matter what the river's name

would taste of later
down the line the Genesee

still falling had I thrown it?
glancing left a cave
appears a point

a frame of reference
and a frame to later
photograph for scaling sake

I know it to be near to five
meters wide so that the whole

wanders north of awe
at least of then

the later: pair of synesthetes
taste blue and know

“I want to be this vertex”
here, the tripartite

der Weg of alle Möglichkeiten
the way before one graphs it

there I'd say is still arriving
still the Liberté a song

derived from c
that always starts at e

*Parallel lines do not meet
And the compass does not spin, this is the interval*

*In which they do not, and events
Emerge on the bow like an island, mussels*

Clinging to its rocks from which kelp

Grows

G.O.

aluminum hail neath the shade
of the nut, where the string breaks

where the frets end, shreds
of the drawing pinned

to the face of things soak
in the thoughts
of the Fluss, plied from
the crests marking speed

of the wind, from the stream
it started as, unseen as yet

at the split the hailstones
gather, guitar calls back

from miles ahead
in modes belonging

to the arrows of the hall
where points bend slowly

inward, out where the stones
end and the soil softens

is fragile, brittle, starts
to shatter when the flood comes

when the sketch fades and
thoughts ebb, splashing

to specify: nothing
comes back, it's where

the ferns grow cocked
west, where the flashbulbs

landed and the months passed
hand frozen on the fifth

line where the dream ends
and the bend cycles

I spent another brush stroke there
towards the mirror and the imago
symmetry where

the parabolic clears
and months pass

but then again
you're waiting for a train

weren't anchored at
the platform, months passed

as you painted, found
a canvas on the swaddling cloth

before departure, like the stones had
rolled along the bottom never

losing the horizon
pitched rather downward

newly shiplike set about
to draining something left of starlight

of the Dioskouri, something faster
closing to the endline

radial, the arc
to where the null waits

down below the surface
deeper than a ship

or train depart from
(was it back to where

the sisters are where it was
they picked up dust

to form the halos from
crafted all around themselves

the cloudlike seeding of opaques
millennial smolder called

the nursery of stars
down to pigment

then music, holding whispers
in the infrared, below the plane

its heard on: that's it, must be
there) among the nettles

are chrysanthemums, the lilacs:
posies, in one decade Bouguereau

finds uncovered in the floating
wake of indigo the lost Pleiad

and Feininger, whose sails
I'm staring into, leaves for

Germany though what
we put into nakedness

what we ask it
anyone can guess

its flight transposes
to a system

hemispheres away
from those its pair

would fall to
guitar that is

echoes back

another palm
towards the mid of things

where the eyes are
is facing dustward

knows the wind
but slantways

subtitled after whomever
painter's sightlines borne back
askew neither
powder
neither salt neither
leaden nor mercurial
reports it legs
to stand on "came up
and died
like they do every
year upon the rocks"

R.D.

warm as the palm is
never losing quite
enough all of a sudden
movement all of
a sudden kept
on our side of entropy
in the sunlight
on the rocks

*

warm to this if
ever any solute takes

when, under cover of
the widdershins clock

grinding low in the heart
of the sands where

it's warm still and
the chance of creation
is lowest

that the algorithm spikes
to infinity does not climb
or descend as our lines do
scaling with the axis

rather, the Higgs field
bypassed, seeing you
is frozen and yours
the mark I'll return to
past the close of aushalten

though fermatas
a downhill covered

in ice start to set
into the terrain

and the question is
 where among reeds is
the simplest form
 behind the lecture hall
 in the southern marshlands
soil drained so long of hydrogen
protons misshapen, otherwise heard

that I put down all that you
pick up
 a photograph glows
in the spaces between
niches of silicon crosses
out all other accounts
of the reedbed and crosses
the vacuum
above which strokes
of the pen start to tumble
rotating are dismembered
but soon
something left of the limbs
will connote
lines newly sectioned
will mean what the rest
only hints at

many among them
springing up from the riverbed

mere echoes
 mere ripples in
 a drainage pond
 required in lands stripped bare
 by the glaciers
 many among them
 "went on to be" sharp
 to the touch
 and sometimes to be
 simpliciter

baryonic by way
 of trading
 embryonic
 in the infrared
 ghost of the west
 and the jungles of no nation

watch the windvane
 the sequence of changes I
 also wrote, cataloged
 loci complied before dawn
 with the x of Orion
 lengthwise bisected
 eleven hours left
 of Andromeda's approach

waiting lengthwise
 the doves der Nordlichter
 de l'aurore schweigen
 et l'oiseau aperçoit

comforting then
 that the ground opens up
 very soon somehow the muni
 isn't warm cry
 stays below boil
 below melting of wax

no longer boy but
 no longer high enough in the clouds
 for the song
 to still carry *you*
wear two lavender orchids
one in your hair and one
on your hip but you reach

T.W.

back and pluck
 clovers in the grass and,
 your hand on my shoulder
 your weight
 on my chest,
 dictate the notes
 raining down
 as magnetic flowers in
 the ionosphere

*

I come to blinking
 at the point of Cepheus

below him a bloom of mists
 gathered from Ontario

melts the sands nearby
 glistens only when
 the sun peaks when atoms
 of the air
 have something to
 diffract where
 the breath is I
 pause or
 prepare
 and say
 hare or
 rabbit or
 duck or
 nothing "red" at all, I
 believe enough in sand
 where black bends down
 regardless of the sun to
 specify: nothing
 comes back, here
 is where the ferns grew and
 the flashbulbs landed
 and the months passed

and although
 his daughter
 should be burnt
 surrounded as she is
 by plasma, the king

holds the quasar
 is where the satellite
 looks to

for a sight of something
 ancient sights
 of Ethiopia
 what it means
 to be the burnt one
 among the stars a node
 from Anatolia
 encompasses it "it is
 a pity to reach
 the sea
 and be satisfied
 by only a cupful
 of water" of all
 the aperçu
 the *u* is most appealing
 the cypresses the taller than

J.R.

fictions of what
 and that which is
 neither
 not surfacing
 you learn a lot
 if you only turn
 your head
 towards the tops of things

what they are not
 is sheltered there
 where frame ends
 and portrait blurs
 then to the cafe
 low angle, camera of
 the voyeur rattles on

a frame behind
 die Lichten der
 Vergangenheit
 routines all around
 one wouldn't expect locks
 to last so long guarding
 something worth taking from
 the table where

a pause within your words
 submerses it while quantas
 of routine distend
 dimensionally not unlike
 a problem from first
 days of learning the math
 of the curve “find volume
 of so many stones after so
 many seconds” knowing nothing
 of how many stones are shapes
 of the moon
 or music of
 the spheres

or rather the stairs
 heading north
 one can say
 if south marks the foot
 of the hill
 atop which the angel awaits
 bearing hammer and anvil
 and any minute tools you'd need
 on the ladder to elsewhere

tools of the kind you can make
 with only the first of the cycles
 behind you an earlier try
 left too many out

moments worth recording
 this substance in which
 photons return
 to which one fixes symbols
 whether F is one of them
 4 will always be the one
 green is being buried in
 spring and all
 the lilac groves still
 frozen by the rain
 are pictures on the marquee
 at winding now

but what of that?
 no one knows
 if she is last before
 the frost

or if
 her pod had never separated
 overwintered since
 it's milkweed's first act
 of rebirth to shed the feathers
 of the turning earth

the dance of one
 who twirls in part
 in ways too variable to know of
 while in sum we know
 the farthest point her swirl
 had thrown to

one could say loci yes
 impetus no but it's
 bigger than all that
 greater than the stars
 visible to the naked eye
 somewhere in Indus' realm
 in nascent days of earth
 the void explodes
 a name arrives
 GRB060614
 white hole for short

*

It's train yards
 where some parts will surface
 set the field
 to that of forms
 and rings of gravel start
 to murmur

masked
 as though under the sign
 of creation
 that of the t-grain
 or charcoal sketch
 hides the redder

as the sound does
 whispers of east
 is behind calling
 in older tones

unsicher, sanft und ohne
Ungeduld
tracing the call of the rear
as the walk
bends and pitch
shifts the forms
matter

not Plato
but Euclid reminds

it's train yards
and coal floods
of iron sapping
the last gasps of fusion
turn inward

where stones lay
and rings blur
by virtue of being
the ground against figures
of elsewhere

patterns emerge
are lost as the light is
dark at the core
where the limbs
rebound outward

of all above analogies
nova is the first

of cycles
is the form
center of the star
goes black
and months pass

I read from the seventh
of signals

of ships drawn by Johnson
in black fields of charges
Orpheus draws his hand
from the ocean
and as it dissolves

holds a shell to the ear
of the pair *tasting blue*
and hands
matching names
up above
hold the glass
of the wrack
and recycle the rest

all the stones
and the nails
and the lines
of sunrise
and somewhere
I scarcely remember
espouse it
the earth goes through
its floating wake

a melody zigzags above
in the Ion
the poets' domain
and the northern
and flickering
lights

set to the field of gesagt
to the half-done
the image of white
through to black
and no red between

I speak from the orthograph
from inveterate distance
and halide not sensing the reds
where the gravel
starts to murmur

*

as far as the tide comes
penumbras behind
and the ictus
dissolves in the orb's
well of curves
a sentence remains

imagine the sightlines
of Sedna's aphelion

or rather le baptême
de la solitude where the dark
never sets

I say sons of Saturn
ground down to dust
settles it

in the nadir
of the shepherd's crook
which, striking drum
does cycle
as the strand does
turning
slowly rising
never treading
on the same approximation
of a riverbed
or point of one
never stopping
called a barber pole
pastorally

pastoralis of the fourth
kind past the Spielberg and
Swillburg and
Atariland of quaintness

but it starts again
a sequencing of 2's
in eight decisions
in which *scis* is pointed

though eighth is but declarative
of an endpoint
saying this is where the salts lie
and gestalt goes
and so the seventh
holds the value

calls attention to itself

as does the toothpoint of uroboros
 sounds last before dal segno
 phases through
 the stream of charges
 is bitter and
 the same

is Galileo's latest heartbeat
 and is violet
 first of all

*

if you had seen it
 dome arcing east
 to the roof of the hospital

feeling *and*
 a feeling *which*
 and under
 silhouetted as
 a mouth is
 pressed
 to mouth
 of vase
 surrounds
 it, north of
 shoulder
 mouths *your temple*
 I's
 the breaker *floods*
 askew saying
 somnambulant
 blobs of ink
 sweet as honey
 the grass grows
 as reds rain, longer
 than they dry

tasting blue
 nights I spent there
 embedded in patches
 of wildflowers, curated
 as the lilacs are
we take things however we
want for the lines

between one and another
 are drawn afterward
 sigh other vowels
 past the clearing, the top
 of the hill

staring east
 in the twilight
 looking higher
 where the arc is
 near enough that indigo haze
 never intercedes
 near enough to hear
 the thoughts of others
 floating up the hills
 near enough to pass unseen
 through the grass
 being so colored
 for the eighth
 is null we
 turn from top
 of the scale in
 anticipation
 of the softer shades
 of blue this stage
 is tuned to

but another
 lately transmigrated
 orthogonal to
 the fourth and fifth position
 comes lately forth
 another dead pixel
 bends light around the sides
 wouldn't mean so much
 but for the galaxies
 behind it corona
 the magnet's order
 of which spools
 will burn, preceding
 my call back, the haloing light
 swallows it *circles*
my heart how, after all
 does a note, wanting
 company
 reach back

D.L.

to the one
 that preceded it
 if bound to gaps
 in the glass voices
 in bed past the point
 of night where there's
 still someone there too
 explaining in terms
 of finding the tree
 as a stump once again
 but only once all the grass
 grows but there doesn't stand
 but above, the symbol for heaven
 the side, the trembling film
 coils below made from copper
 film, shaking lengthwise
 responds with electrons
 and whispers what's blue
 after all, sky and the lake
 just barely transparent
 only one sound
 recycles it namely,
 the dither, artifacts
 spinning record's soft
 projection
 and the crackling
 that nearby clouds
 of mercury
 spin to

*

lines drawn by else-calling oscillation
 cut down to wind and lee
 circling the point
 where the glass
 widens and point
 lessens vertex that is
 grinds to node
 else-from forever abscinded coded
 to null there the lines
 drawn by cosine
 go secant turn logwise
 to nadir of sight unseen
 referenced as spin worth recording
 reciprocal lines turn

the pair rotate to pi
 and the bend
 under c under light's call
 backpedal blue burning holes
 absent sound on the page
 no longer combusting
 while the flares
 spreading n -wise
 shattered trees in their wake
 but not from the clouds
 from above the tropopause
 cut path to ground
 bent to aluminum clang
 and its oxide a stronger
 impenetrable outer world
 bent to that waveform
 shades of a passage
 already played
 start to murmur
 and other I's eardrum
 quiver *limp leaves waited*
for rain but underneath
 electrons abundant
 buried where the vessels were
 in last days of last cycle's drought
 gathering charge underneath
 the bend under c
 sets it mark
 on the radius
 gone inward spins
 doesn't matter so much there
 nor does mercury's
 farthest march path
 once measured in steps
 now units beyond
 what one mind can think to
 x fuses on wind's side of iron
 where it's always fated
 to turn spin down
 collapse from innermost
 as the sun does
 on c 's time
 will always have done
 so leaves
 on blue star's limbs wait
 for rain

T.S.E. 1

for ferrical showers
for the toothpoint
wait for the middle
of canticles
of the white bird
whose wing eclipses the cypresses
and as the outer arms
tumble back towards center
limp leaves
wait for a hand to grasp them
crush them to grain
of the orthochromatic
graph tacking to the point
a circle's equidistant from
limp leaves tasting
of blue waited
for rain
in
the ionosphere

Borrowings

- D.L. Denise Levertov, "Where Is the Angel?"
- M.O. Michael Ondaatje, from *The English Patient*
- J.K. Keats, "To Autumn"
- W.A. Will Alexander, from *Lightning*, Part II "Ball Lightning"
- N.M. 1 Nathaniel Mackey, "Ghede Poem"
- T.S.E. 1 Eliot, *The Waste Land*
- T.S.E. 2 Eliot, "Sweeney among the Nightingales"
- N.M. 2 Nathaniel Mackey, from his preface to *Splay Anthem*
- M.A. Margaret Atwood, from "Happy Endings" section C
- C.O. 1 Charles Olson, "In Cold Hell, in Thicket"
- C.O. 2 Charles Olson, "The Moon Is the Number 18"
- U.G. Ursula Goodenough, from *The Sacred Depths of Nature*, XI
- R.P. Robin Pecknold, "The Shrine/An Argument"
- D.T. Dylan Thomas, "The force that through the green fuse"
- G.O. George Oppen, "A Narrative," from *This in Which*
- R.D. Robert Duncan, "Poetry, A Natural Thing"
- T.W. Tom Waits, "Watch Her Disappear"
- J.R. Rumi, from *Signs of the Unseen*, Discourse Two, translated by W. M. Thackston Jr.
- R.M.R. Rilke, "Orpheus, Eurydike, Hermes"