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ITERATION NETS

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C O N T E N T S

MOVEMENT ONE: *Sonic Packet Enclosures*

MOVEMENT TWO: *Riven Arc Explosions*

MOVEMENT THREE: *Fragile Ladder Barques*

AuthorsSampled

A N O T E O N P R O C E S S

Each movement of this book of sonnets arises out of a particular compositional method. “Sonic Packet Enclosures” turns the translation-based lineage of the English-language sonnet—born of Wyatt and Surrey’s sixteenth-century rendering of Petrarch’s Italian into English—into process. In these nineteen poems, traditional rhyme-scheme patterns become maps for homophonic translations of entire lines sampled from outside texts. The original A, B, C, D, E (etc.) lines of each of my sonnets comes from an outside work. Each subsequent A, B, C, D, and E rhymed line in the sonnet is a loose homophonic translation of the original line, thus creating tight little rooms of sonically driven language. The compositional method of “Riven Arc Explosions” takes these little rooms and explodes them out into the form of the prose poem. Each sonnet in the first section is blown apart in the second section; threads of narrative, philosophy, landscape, and lyricism weave the original fragments into nineteen long passages. Finally, erasure creates “Fragile Ladder Barques,” the third movement of the book. I strip each exploded sonnet down to lyrical fragments and delete the spaces between individual poems, streaming the resulting chain of utterance and space.

MOVEMENT ONE:

Sonnet Packet Enclosures

And suddenly we were in it and it was snow—
flesh in liquid, skin in shreds.
Lush's been wicked—sinned—when dreads
end lovingly demure limits: sand lit wars know
lands thundering. He, heard. Whims met. Handed love slows
less insipid linen beds.
Death and quickness limit, wed
unendingly. Reword. Win it candid below
folding, unfolding, end slaking to drown near the rocks.
Land burns. I find, then compensate missed revolution:
there had been a little town
scolding, cajoling, and shaking around in its box.
Stand firm, my mind, and concentrate with resolution:
bare sad hymns. A brittle down.

Sad small songs. The landscape's messed,
my bent tree swaying. Fate's less kind hell swoops
mad, falls 'long a sand cape blessed,
silently waiting. Latest time fell, whoops
thirstily, "Dead stars stink inane
upon a bank of stone/to bask the centuries away."
Worse: see, we dread dark, link our names
of song's bray thanks atoned,/alas, a venturing to stay
wholly a blaze worked out./Everything candled.
Holy. The fazed world doubts,/never sings. Handled,
you there are master, do your own desire,
no crossed talk, wry lean thrust. Do the fight, day
blues, bares far, faster. Move more. Hone the fire
o crosswalk: high-beam us to the highway.

I've walked the mark, landed in a byway
sound. The crystal tube/ ploughs up thoughtful
rounds: a mistral ruse./ Now, cup-bought lull
and I have been a long time in this story of
land sigh, half bends, a song-crime when history love
found. The list tales soothe/ blown up towns full
around missile flues—/ douse us, fraught world.
Live shocked my dark handed din, the high, wanes,
snaps, then: di/morphic marble we sit.
But oh, if it must be burnt; alas the fire
zaps and dies./ Orphic cargo—see it
shut, no, misfit us, bees turned a lost desire:
galaxies and blood/ fingerprint whorls./ Breath and sound
think of me. Land floods,/ lingers in words/ bereft. Found.

Left in the ground it, rooted, grows
so that the roses glow forth in a higher red
cleft. Tin of sound, excluded, goes.
Go at a Moses flow, mirth tins and tires, says
stand in the desert near them. On the sand
the interval/ between moments that are more/ than thinking
and wind we weather here. And gone the land
we entered, called/ obscene torments at our shore./ Then thanking,
the water began to fall quite quietly,
substance. The spending (loss) and accumulation of force,
the matter at hand, recalled might riot the
hub's dance, the pending toss, sand's illumination of course
gone down of a Morning Land.
Songs found shove, raise warning. Span.

The warring span of song, road map illimitable,
folding, unfolding, end slaking a wry lean thrust.
A morning spawn done wrong. Modes lap ill, limits table
old things, a scolding rend aching away green trust
still asleep in its bunny./ The world arrives, lyre,
will, complete limits running/ a whorled demise. Pyres
are asleep, vast orange libraries of dreams.
Marred we weep, cast mourned liberties, blood seems
an undecided formula whose negation isn't provable:
acacia, burnt myrrh, velvet, prickly stings.
A case of a learned cur, pelvic licky rings
and unrequited form. You, love, choose relations driven moveable
where the white hemlock with white umbel flowers.
There: delight hammocks twist. Light, humble, showers.

The light goes out—it exudes
 plasma stabilized in vast quarries of marigold, turnip, flock and gull.
 Miasma cradled I dim, cast worries, shove air and hold. Urns tip. Walks
 unfold
 delight grown stout—wit deludes
 the plight, owns doubt. Hit, obtrude,
 blast a stabled cry when last wearied love marries fold. Tune up, mock
 the lull
 as day's fatal eyes tin, crash wary. Of manifold tunes, quipped talk bends
 full:
 we fight, groan loud—mist intrudes
 a way of thinking amidst our hemispheric faults.
 The day went and I gleamed open. Reservoir
 eyes. Dreams, lips, and the night goes
 away, love shrinking and pissed, hours hemmed. And fears default
 the play. Rent. And, eye-reamed, a pen preserves our
 tried glean. Missed. And then I throw.

I threw away abstraction. Mind-tried focus,
the world and me,/ suspended in inquiring while I,
a purled en'my,/ upended din requiring trial sighs.
My true allay—distraction—finds my locus
tried. Blued a stray attraction I find protest
(the word handy)/ appended wind. Aspiring wild-eyed
a whorled land sees/ distended din, retiring smiles, lies,
my thorough-way retraction. Why cry for trust,
an undecided formula aching away green lust
following every vector toward the promise of the overdeveloped world?
A pause, a rose, something on paper—
an undivided storm you love, walking away, keen trust
hollowing heavy specters for a harnessed love, a hover-repellent word.
Applause arose, thinking gone vapor
and was crouched on the floor—from fear I suppose—
land wars couched, wrongs ignored. Some near my repose
ran buzzed—roused to implore numb seers, eyes exposed.
You do not get a second life,
do you? Fraught, set a reckoned sight.

The mission in relinquishing the weave of this life, skin
and chill mists greet woods,/ ice, flowers, their soul's return.
Land wills this feat, hoods/ vice, powers—the whole discerns
permission's been a vanquishing of need on this night, hinged.
The wishing lens reels quenchingly, reprieve of kiss-light. In
fans reel lists, fleet words,/ sparse hours—fair gold reburns
sand's stillness. Heat floods/ prince cowards—air fools. To learn
remission men unthinkingly take leave of this fight, lens,
eyes, dreams, lips, and the night goes.
The leaves have passed their limit. Appointed
follow the plow/ very close/ and when gentles stir
sighs gleam, dip, and our sight bows—
reprieves that last mere minutes. Disjointed,
hollow this brow/ so morose./ Then sin bent, deterred.

Sin bent, eyes retracted to the ground, I
 melting and thinned as from a dark blue wave,
 dim. Sent, I subtracted truth to found eyes
 welted, sand-wind. A sum. A lark rued day.
 Pelting fanned skin past some brayed marks you say
 the tympanum is worn thin./ The iris is become transparent:
 wellspring, sand. Sin-clad, run a stark hued slave,
 a tin can sun kissed warm skin./ We eye risk. Tryst be done trans-errant,
 the thing I am is born sinned./ See, tiredness we run—lands, air spent,
 and peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Land's feast re-famed: all is love, lend-less days,
 the rimmed land done. 'Tis formed. Kin,/ the eyes risked bliss undone.
 Bands are rent.
 A thing I sought with wail can drown precious friends:
 strayed. Sing my thought. Whipped sail-spans found restless ends.

My span, my sail-whipped round sings ends,
the stalking fragments/ here pastured. Wild horses
tie land, cry pale lipped clouds, fling, send
a mocking sad bent/ where bastard mild forces
on top/ arise./ A pedestal of volcanic rock
won't stop./ Your eyes/ day metals, still love's iconic shock:
we bent to drink from it, and the fountain was dry.
See, rent through brink summits, sent a mountain trussed cry
or something merely old and turning alone. No face.
I can't forget about the object of my desire,
mind bent to it. To rout a subject dove I conspire,
oar wellsprings barely told, land burning a zone: no trace.
The tender will of those within the tender
intends her shrill love woes to win a lender.

But won't. Or, willed, we wanted to tender—
and yet the need for distortion
upon a bank of stone./ Link our names
(the vote forced), drill me vaunted through weather's
end. Bet a deed: more missed torsion,
a long stay, thanks. Atone./ Think: hours blame—
we are naturalists of the inessential,
a bet we seed toward horizon,
a dawn, a tank unknown./ Brink-hour fame
beware: actualists love me in a sexual
while. Bergson asserts: *the mind is a thing that endures.*

Mind enduring. Rotation of worlds enduring.
 I am on his shoulders and he is to me a machine,
 time's end during location of words interring
 iamb songs, this smoldered land. Flee this tomb. Be. Say I'm seen,
 this sometime/ quiet threaded/ into a/ walking thing.
 A gun is a golden ringlet. And he said
 risk gun crimes,/ try it dreaded./ Tin tombs day,/ mocking sings
 day's son, 'tis day's folded thing. Let sand be bed,
 my burst tomb, my rain of red locusts. For
 eyes, hands floating a bright, bright angel,
 cry's worst boon. Find pain, love's fed focus pours
 by. Damned moating. A fight-spiked aim. Well,
 I will become death's own. With a few roses and coal
 eyes still. Be calm: breath's home. Sift: day's true rose is land's toll.

13.1

Night sifts and breath's home. Coal beating
light rifts land, death's stone fools seeking.
Others say the sun had grown too hot,
eye/ head/ enclosed with shining rock.
I/ wed/ in pose miss-winding clocks,
smothered, paid a sum. And home to shock,
branch, send out shoots; ie, flourish
blanched, end route moot, signed me, courage.
Mind bent to it, oarsprings barely hold,
eyes sent intuit or things merely fold.
Each of these cloudlets, when isolated, continues.
And then the general beating of circulation
reached for me, shroud-fit. Wind I sole dated can't renew
ends, an ephemeral seeking love. Burnt relation.

My relation to the world outside my window revising
 the function of mere sound./ Canary one and canary two
 tie elation through a twirled night tide. I winnow devising
 a junction, love's sheers found/ an airy sun. Spanned and fair we flew
 measuring the expansion age—
 I am in a hurry to find the place and the formula—
 wagering an expansive page,
 eye-damned wind. Day's flurry, do mind's re-faithed land, a storm you'd
 love
 under present conditions. Everything conspires to obscure—
 sunder—present attritions, ebbs of things transpire through a cure
 not of the self, but of the luxury to contemplate the self.
 Nothing, in any case, will remain of what's now visible:
 mock love of wealth. Trust of need. Luck in deeds through conned templates
 of health,
 no wings. Sin, many paced, ill detains love's cut. How miserable.

15.1

Love's been cut, ill, many paced and
next to foxgloves and glamour I do rescind
best through rock-shoved lands. Mannered eyes, prove me tinned
of thin lust, will, any traced sands.
Shoved wind must still and re-trace land's
rest, new talk of ends standard sigh through me sinned.
Test's true walk of banns stammer by newly dimmed
of kinned trust killed. Any-faced man:
I loved you like the little bird
lies shove through. Spike me brittle words,
the theory of tensors, the theory of light—
I am./ Then we say it/ in miracles:
eyes ran/ and re-paid with/ sin-bleary goals.
We weary love's answers. We weary love's sight.

As if created to do the founding, love let go
the ground, spoke the barrier/ of lilacs. Spoke
past rifts created: you threw me soundings of set woes—
we found, woke sea's carrier/ doves. Tied back, choked,
sea 'round broke. See, wary, her/ doves died back, smoked
this measure, closure, stela, live—
a sound mote. A buried Ur. / Love's eyes ask hope,
wish pleasure, plovers, Estrella's fires
miss-savored over. Well's a lie
in the bright, bare grasp of a room
winning spite, rare asps shoving doom.
I give you my digital, my radial, my baldest baby
lies. Tributize with it all. Try raiding lulls. Sight calls this "maybe."

Tributaries lead the river out of sight—
stars have gone out on the walls.
Tributes, weary, need me, quiver-mouthed delight,
Mars, salve strong, bouts song then falls—
a trigger sweaty. Just thinking of the hand
the rigger's testy. Trust sinking loathes me—land,
something dreamed the fire would quench it.
One's thing's schemed, a liar's world's dented—
they were birds and they fell through the sky sideways.
Now we study it and it doesn't hurt anymore,
day-turned words, lands say hell flew the skies, byways
bowed, seas muddy tipped man. It doesn't hurt anymore—
stars have gone out on the walls.
Our sad wrongs shout down the hall.

Echo. Fade. The view a burnt tree
 the spinning glass doors have caught and
 wrecked. Though age sees through day's turned key
 we winning ask more than fought land,
 little Paloma./ Little Paloma,/hang thy wreath
 of image under watery image,
 brittle pale roan, a /whittled salt moan, a /name cried. Seek
 love's damage. Sunder mockery in which
 gone by/ the dim sun/ has vanished.
 Beloved, how can we understand it all—
 song cried/ we win some/ past vanquished.
 See, love did proud and the sundered plan won't fall:
 a few roses and coal: this sole lee is love.
 Day new rose. Is. Spans full. Blissed hull—see this trove.

19.1

Recovered by sight. Treasure/ in a wren's eye
where the afternoon sun blears the city and
re-utters my bright measured /din, day's lens. My
airy master, blooms come bare. See many stand
like/ a wheel revolving uniformly by
light,/ day's real involving union, form, need. Tried
the eyes/ shed characters of fire/ in the grain,
seed pried/ dead bare after love's pyre./ Wind, we gain
the ope' of the world while waiting
an eternal pasture folded in all thought.
Free hope. Love. A word whiles making
spanned diurnal master floods in windfall. Sought
the you/ ah you/ of mourning doves
anew./ Saw blue/ doves pouring up.

MOVEMENT TWO:

Riven Arc Explosions

And suddenly we were in it. Or suddenly we realized language, the day within the mind within the world except for the parts going unabsorbed and inexcusable as two of us walk in black hands clasped behind our backs, church courtyard, Sunday, looking at old-fashioned names engraved. You were my Rose. You were my Lily, my Loralie, my Cora, my Clara, and it was snow. A flash goes off radiating out the granite angel, heavy and plinth. And in the mind's eye make the snow melt, real-time sped up, imagination revealing crocus buds blooming out the sodden earth as strain fills the air, there, where television announcements radiate through open windows on this inordinately warm day. More bombs shake. Flesh in liquid, skin in shreds. Air quakes in power,

thought admitting hemispheric faults, different-falling into the redbud trees from behind flares going out. Going out as in sea or waiting for a new uttering in the glare, shadow, beam to ask the question, form the adamant. What was meant in the window, crisp sounds of occlusion, elements held in glass vials while oxygen rains down. Lush's been wicked, sinned when dreads end lovingly: a reconsideration in the wake of mountain light. Water drips shining, hopeful drops

counting the measure of what is left after the walk, acquaintance, branches glossing and trembling in wind and traffic—twenty-first century cars too large for twentieth century streets. Demure limits sand lit wars know. Gone by, lands-thundering acquaintance with the river unfolding and it was the humid south that he heard in the birds

of memory, whims met while handed love slows the general state of worry to less than an insipid storm. Linen-wound to inner beds, the world ignored of the redbud trees and petrol of a February afternoon, film over-running my eyes. I conclude that indeed there is no second life. And what you wish I'd promise are mere aches in flower. Death a state of light gone interior rendering me vantage, blossom, floral. Rendering me up in rafters and twisted, twisting the fall through the dust pelvic blossom ground

breaking like history flung into the glass orb of world and heralded there like the lamp globe broken, shattering out a brighter luster than when frosted, glassed. The moments between moments constitute wanting. Shatter. Speaking, the slivering lines form redbud trees in the distance and flames against cloud and quickness limit, wed, as in a piecing together, gluey fingers, particles kept outside of the envisioned shape of the object. A still substance-force splintering in a blaze of eye-pattern, residue of the done before. Unendingly reword, the small animal with its heart still beating

stares into you, eyes mirrored to take over darkness, to win it, our conversion candid below. Folding, unfolding, end slaking to drown near the rocks. And on the interstate, not here but in the south between Baton Rouge and Jackson, little white gloves lie scattered along the greenbelt one moment before me, one moment with me, then fading in the side view mirror. Land burns. I find, then compensate missed

revolution—here it had been all television and redbuds and crocuses grown up quickly, in less than a minute, then rewound back into the ground. As surely as there had been a little town scolding, a moment cajoling, and a little bone shaking around in its box we ask for relinquishment in the middle of the universe, starry florets. Stand firm, my mind, and concentrate with resolution on the silence imagined outside of thinking. The space beyond the head quiet-seeming after the babble of thought and traffic and the radio and the red stained glass shadowing snow with bare sad hymns, a brittle down.

I wanted to sit in the dilapidated park by the cracked central fountain, sad small songs, but a man in army green deterred me. But the idea of the man deterred me. But I deterred myself. The landscape's messed, I am this, walking in gusts of wind breathing out the bad air, breathing in the different bad, my bent tree swaying. Exhaust moving fate's less kind hell, the crocuses are out among wood chips but it will snow tonight and they will freeze. Cold air swoops mad, falls 'long a sand cape blessed. Stupid crocus. Little, it persists as an empire of its own. I am this, silently waiting. Latest time fell and yesterday was resonant but today whoops thirstily: dead stars stink inane, resonance-blocking material upon a bank of stone waiting to bask the centuries away. But worse, yesterday I didn't have time and there was no dilapidated park,

only the flatbed truck of large marble statues abandoned in the middle of the city, buildings grown up jutting horizontal, the new architecture. See, we dread dark, link our names to his picture criss-crossing the city on the side of a bus. And we are told to go, full of song's bray thanks atoned, for what if we had loved him—alas, a venturing to stay wholly—and the bus pulls up and he stares out though no longer alive, a blaze that has worked itself out, everything canded. And people would say “how sad, how holy.” Yet the faded world doubts, never sings. And yesterday the bee breath all day translated into the out and in of I am this and frustrated with the movement of weather, hot or cold or hot, on a walk jutting out lionized, shoulders in the sun, breath handled. You there are master, the fashioner of your own morning,

the x of y . Do your own desire: instantiate templates and fulfill them, we all have our own secret inarticulate missions, no crossed talk. Blossom gloss. The lips

and a wry lean thrust. 1-2, 1-2: do the fight, day, I am of this a vectoralist and too sorry to do any work as the world worlds and blues in its image projected from space while the satellite bares far faster. Inside a hilltop structure the inclusory nature of the system ingests the sun, appearing and disappearing while blue helmets protect the 18th-century home of the American ambassador. They tell us not to move anymore, the rest of the vision long like the roads in the west, more inclement of us. Gone desert and countless, hone the fire blossom, glass of water, and every other element chosen or broken against the wall. O crosswalk—what has called forth and hearkened of our land is rarely returned to. High-beam us to the highway.

Energy produced of lax strings, I've walked the mark, cars make the air alive, your heart is good and the golden liquid disk of sky. What we array articulates in dusk light, the patio in relation to the glass of wine. The late walk through the park landed in a byway. An expression of sound. Marble table tops cut in rounds, it was here that we met, the delicate crystal tube topped with a glass rose ploughs up the interior. It turns with how you look at it. This is the place we went when it snowed as if it would not stop, rocks shaking around in a box, the letter written, not sent. A favorite tactic of the thoughtful, limpid logic allows for formal abstract articulation in rounds: a mistral ruse. We rotate away and you supply the meaning, air and heat are needed here, telling the symbols, telling the qualifications of loose concepts, the pink quartz, marble foyer and the newspaper announcement of the good doctor recently dead. We rotate and I cut away this earnestly now for cup-bought lull and I have been a long time in debt to this story

of you do not get a second life. Elucidation in the proposition of pink sky, of land sigh, half bends, pink flecks in the marble, a need to know of the ground when we abstract it into a dixie cup to put the seed deep in. A song-crime when history love found. Dumpster in dusk light, the list tales do not soothe as I try to cull names from the undertones of the radio announcing blown up towns full around missile flues. The disaster projected upon the year there is no heat in July, air gone to tin, our hemisphere suffering a summer frost. Galaxies whirl and every time we drop something it still falls to the ground, the

rose shattered, our human hands moth wings determining evolution and the dream of the blue and green planet. We rotate away. Douse us, fraught world, and “fuck you” she says her child will say, looking out from outer space, live shocked at the emptied dream. Meanwhile, we are mediated by the movie stars or serial rapists we look like, googling their images, comparing our likenesses: who am I who am I, my dark handed din. The high wanes, pixilated, images gone metaphysical of their own accord and if you look up, and if you see, there will be black knobs of buds prematurely appearing on trees given to

a branch that snaps promising a diffusion of light, pronouncement in the terns up and taken flight. That they become metaphor, birds arcing triangular through sky, light thickened then fled in a slant shower and for a moment beauty is released into the mind’s eye, dimorphic marble and the air is still and so we sit tinged with it-cannot-last. But oh if it must be burnt and bear the smoke scar, the patch of black encroaching upon the back wall division of garden and alley. Alas the fire in the rose zaps and dies—orphic cargo—see it shut, stems, no, thorns, leaves and all misfit us. Bees turned a lost desire scrawled up the edges of paper to galaxies and blood, fingerprint whorls, fading fringe of day. Breath and sound. Light now seeming silver, think of me here where land floods and the troops have been billeted, glass shards sparking over the sidewalk. Diffusion lingers in words. On this patio we were bereft. Found.

For left in the ground it rooted. The original asked for and the flourishing of syllables repeated, the word formed by leaving off in the midst of uttering grows murky in thought: what was said? *Parison? Comparison* uttered after a silence dampening off the *com? Pair a son. Pear in sun. Pare the sun* so that the roses glow forth. *Bad this son. Pad a song. Sad too long* in a higher red asking to thank, to atone, to bask the centuries away. The word cleft today in his grandparents' house, his grandfather minutes hours days weeks months from/towards death. We are. Tin of sound. He is more than most. Excluded

the word goes. Showing up: atone. Thank. Pray. Go at a Moses flow expending energy not held in the palm in the heart in the lung over children hardly blessed. Awakened in the midst of a bad dream, mirth tins and tires, going on for generations as images were said to go on before we destroyed them. To sink the one who killed you, Hollywood style. Says: we thank. Says: stand in the desert near them. Atone to save the one who bore you, *pad a son so sad he's gone*. On the sand, the children threaten with a knife, several generations jailed, this is nothing new, nothing informative, the interval dramatic between moments that are no more than. For the sake of. But here, thinking, the dining room table, plastic tablecloth, watery roses, rose you were my. And the pictures and wind careening in we weather. Here. And keening. *And bad. And a son. And gone the land*

so sad he's gone, we entered. I wanted to go, mid sentence. I wanted to go and squeezed the sides of my chair, called obscene torments at our shore, but externally I was quiet. Plastic and metal. Reassuring. To stay, for you do not get a. Then thanking. And laughter punctuating, the water began to fall quite quietly, *pare the song*, we are a we and woven into *he is gone*, or *perception* slurred. *Perception*, accent on the *Per*: *Pare*: *Pare the sun*, substance adding up to near similar final syllables. *Comparison*. *Perception*. *Compassion*. The spending (loss) and then death, *gentian*, you will not like this. And the accumulation of force although

we do not get a second life, the matter at hand, different from we will not, from form, from the blue silk gladiolus, the wedding pictures, the foreseen funeral, the sign. As if I could help it. You do not. They inject you with it: false wings recalled might riot the hub's dance. We thank. We atone the pending toss, sand's illumination of course for we have taken of what we have not received. Earned. Forgiveness gone down of a Morning Land, the image over-muscular and adopted easily into the vocabulary of repetition. *Spare the son*. Spare another, the father relinquished, renounced, and what to die for. Your tiger tooth, his costumes done in peacock feathers and Venetian lace, the songs found moaning you do not get or where's the life, valley these things do not dream of. As in the barbecue, the yard of cars, the uttering, squirrels, birds, coke cans, a variety, generous of what I cannot consider taking. Shove and raise warning: we are a sinking and we do not get, we do not have, we do not will. Yet it is. And we span.

My heart, the warring span of song, road map illimitable of the television, virtual flowers of perception in the eye. Folding, unfolding, end slaking a wry lean thrust of fear, a morning spawn done wrong. Mute. What it meant: modes lap ill. What it means: limits table old things, a scolding rend to the horizon on the beach. And running given to the moment when feet sink in, sand given in, dropped off and aching away the wide green trust of the sea,

crux of the flower, dust, holding interior. Still asleep in its bunny thworld arrives out of lyre, sound, will complete. In iteration of the virtual limits are running a whorled demise—gone with the wild horses, the circle of sky seeming empty, I saw pyres. And I sighed asking the savior, wind in mane, eye-splitting sight of split hooves. The nails are rusted in and the citizens are asleep in vast orange libraries of dreams

though we will wake to see them marred and we will wake to see them weep. We cast mourned liberties and the spilled blood seems an undecided formula whose negation isn't provable. The bus rolling through and then the hills and the green leading out to tolling bells as the day folds. Acacia, burnt myrrh, velvet prickly stings: the point of view housed in a collection of objects, the eye driven within certain distance. But still we feel luminous extensity, a case of learned cur, pelvic licky rings,

mi corazón and unrequited form. You love the yes and the no, choose relations driven moveable in search of sepal and sound where the white hemlock with white umbel flowers. The expanse has gone lazy in the eye set out to clear, to see there the slow rolling sky, the rain of season come and elements guessed at and then relinquished slow as breath when lungs have begun to fail. Delight hammocks twist to paradoxical logic while light, gone humble, showers.

In the beginning heat of summer I dream a recurring February dream. And in that dream the light of the world goes out. Stunned by the pull of stars it exudes plasma stabilized in vast quarries of marigold then goes dark as we come to Earth's rescue, make a little sun and drop it, there, in the garden blooming out sunset in the image of the bomb I found, age 7, sprawled with the *National Geographic* on the tiled California floor. Turnip, flock and gull. And then dream women weep miasma cradled with inner flowers or foils for moonlight while a voice proclaims that this state is just as I dim, cast worries, shove air and hold. And then the dream women begin letter after letter in an attempt to describe this vision of the sidewalk cracked concentric and walking there, slipping down, nobody looks. Urns tip and walks unfold flooded of it and I have to doubt my waking where the dream has gone to memory called up in faces half recognized. From these the women are made, delight and error of familiarity grown stout with the dedication of dreamers. No object in the center, we are flown into the midst of traffic, the letters long and misleading. A swaying wit deludes the plight

and owns doubt. In trying to stay away from the usual image the mind will hit, obtrude, move down around acres calling up into wind and small houses. Mind traveling too fast, eyes too tired, world world. And in the recurrence I weaken into the gut of the volcano blast, a stabled cry, no traction, no binding idea to the fight of it as when, at last, wearied love marries fold. Uttering out memory on the bluff above the sand

where my cousin wed in a white dress spotted with red flowers. In the dream the white dress spots with blood as our atomic sun blooms out the hill and inner flowers are spent in irradiation. The image disseminated over the net, tune repeated on televisions framed by windows. And I try to wake up, mock the lull gone into traffic as I wait for an arming event to take me out of this stunned circuitry as day's fatal eyes tin, crash wary. A living within the city of manifold tunes. Quipped talk bends this century, lungs full and waiting for exhaustion as we fight, groan loud and fall to the ground unnoticed as mist intrudes

upon the cold seeping up from the sidewalk or tile floor. The refusal to rise is the refusal to wake—a way of thinking amidst our hemispheric faults as traffic or the voices of television continue and long beautiful sentences hum in my brain. There is a component of damage to them, as in arms tired of carrying, as in silk covering and strained and we were wings and up and flying through tall buildings. The day went and I gleamed open. This is a dream I dream of aluminum siding and a way to begin into the forest of ruined fields and the knowledge of our part in their ruin. Reservoir eyes. Dreams, lips, and the night goes softening on the inside and waiting to out at stiff edges, the mind functioning away at the level of caress and breathing and a will to run. And finding myself running then, as if my body were not a factor. Sometimes it is like this, love: shrinking and pissed the dream continues in hours hemmed in and eyes weld to fears as the future arrives

merely to default the play. Rent, I stand at the doorway of rubble and glass, eye-reamed and someone singing *a pen preserves our tried glean*, the true sun missed. And then I wake to throw open the window to a rustle. A god or a bird hidden in these trees.

I threw away abstraction, or tried to throw away abstraction, thoughts such as: death is a non-relational possibility, etcetera. A mind-tried focus that inevitably failed. Precisely for this reason death is utterly relational, the world and me suspended in inquiring: In what sense does coming face to face with my own death as a constant “here and now possibility” make me totally relational while I am walking through the park, while I am setting the table for a farewell dinner with friends? When I am individualized by my own death, a purled en’my, I am brought into authentic relation with others, an upended din requiring trial sighs and my true ally, distraction, finds my locus tried. This is not a comparison as in “my china from Japan comes to me from my father’s family, whereas the china from England comes to me through my mother’s.” Blued a stray attraction, I find protest when I come face to face with my own death—the word handy—and I realize that this is nonsense and has nothing to do with me. For in death we become an appended wind. Furthermore, aspiring wild-eyed a whorled land sees distended din, retiring smiles, lies. This is the moment life flashes before one’s eyes and I realize that this has nothing to do with the utility of my thorough-way retraction. Or my enjoyment of either one of my sets of china as would, for example, the absence of a companion. Though why cry for trust, an undecided formula aching away green lust following every vector toward the promise of the overdeveloped world even as my death proves me to be one less upended din in it.

Of course, this realization, as opposed to the realization in which

one discovers that a pause, sets of china, a rose, comparisons of china sets, something on paper, and the very fact of a china set have something to do with me, depends upon one's personality. For example, my personality can be likened to an undivided storm whereas you love walking away, your keen trust hollowing heavy specters for a harnessed love. That is to say, for some an absence of companionship would be a relief, would be a hover-repellent word. However, regarding the personalities of human beings such as me and Martin Heidegger—and upon hearing his name amidst such speculation it would be perfectly understandable if applause arose—this absence would not be a relief. Thinking has gone vapor as I still and a plate drops from my hands, shattered. This is the meaning of “was,”

though you picked up the pieces, crouched on the floor murmuring “mended.” Such actions are born as much from hope as from fear, I suppose, just as some relish in the distinction that the china set from England—a land where wars have couched all before, leading me to believe that America finds it impossible to learn from history, wrongs ignored—is actually almost cream in color. Whereas the china set from Japan is certainly a blue-white, a metallic-white, and therefore much more desirable in certain circles. Though these facts have nothing to do with me, they still allow me to be in some relation to others near my repose, such as my prospective dinner guests, and allow me to see the larger scheme of things such as the following: the door bell rang and I ran to open it. The timer buzzed and the world turned on its

axis, revolving around the sun illuminating us in the jeweled light of a cobaltfruit bowl. Systemic chandelier.

Roused to implore my being drawn out of numb dispersion in the world of others and things, seers—loosely defined as that which allows us to engage with a plurality of “here and now possibilities”—allow me to hear. Allow me to be silent and listen, eyes exposed. All of this allows me to take up an authentic being with my guests at table, realizing that you do not get a second life, do you? In this sense, my own death, albeit fraught with vast orange libraries of dreams, relationalizes me, giving currency to the idea that I experience a deep chill whenever my killer moves to whet his knife, though years before my death, causing me to set a new course infused with reckoned sight. Such currency is gained with the realization that such a relationalizing-via-death works both forward and backwards along the temporal chain.

Inside heat the mission has come in, relinquishing our little pools of light as sky darkens and water sounds come in 2s. 1-2, 1-2, the weave of this life held to the window, amber lamp, rim-light reflection of blue. Against time skin and chill mists greet the borders of these woods with banks of ice plant, pots of flowers. A damping of what was once a forest now a park teeming with coyotes, their souls' return a transit hitting the stride between 1-2 and 1-2. Land wills the walk done in by vines, the wording between two sides demanded. This feat hoods the making of lists, vice, the powers of these folds in the night as we careen towards day. The coward body of it. That the whole has failed the world in part discerns

as we tuck between permission's hours gone transparent and lasting, waiting to tire. My soul's been rendered a vanquishing of need, an occupant of the company town skirting the weapons facility. Hinged in. The wishing lens or some other leaving reels quenchingly in the red reprieve of kiss-light over hills painted in quite quietly, painted safe around gridded streets as fans reel, attached to bedroom ceilings. Lists fleet words, sparse hours flicking away as we try to pocket, hem-in our little suns. This fair gold returns sand's stillness. Through the lines of oak heat floods news, 1-2, 1-2, we've gone soldiering slender compact guns in the dawn. Prince cowards—rotors beating air, gone fools to learn

the story of the flight pattern, the mission-blind belief in the possible remission of a land pitted with our little suns as we dropped

them, men monitoring impact. Shocked quartz. Desert of glass, we unthinkingly take leave of consequence, somatic mutation. Residue of this fight, lens of day, hour, liberty broken as we have gained our wall of sound under large bodies circumambulating sky. Eyes, dreams, lips and

like crystal shattering under the softness of a foot, the night goes broken as the leaves, fallen off their branches, have marked this spot. Have passed their limit. Appointed to morning and, with the others, gone to the field in order to follow the plow very close. 1-2, 1-2, stunned into martingale and the slender wire attached to the heavy heads of roses when bees, gentles, stir to sighs, boxed up in their golden gleam along with what we have kept from the year that was all night: the broken baby's cup, shadowy photographs of the lean and dip of doorways. And under the bright of noon our sight bows to accept reprieves that last mere minutes, heads of flowers disjointed and hollow, this brow so morose. For it was then—with sin as the bent cusp and bud of knowing we have collaborated, our horse made lame by the stone in the field—that we found ourselves deterred.

Sin bent and eyes retracted to the question: what is ground now that foundations have blown away and I am as melting and thinned as from a dark blue wave? Giving off dim impressions of light, the siren-wind's been sent out, for it was I who subtracted truth to found eyes, the stories rendered out in prose, out in histories welted, sand-wind. So what is ground but a sum given to the tree and her blind bird burgeoning with symbology, a lark rued day? This was my ready made

my heartbeat asking in the color, the gold, the day pelting fanned skin until we came to the point where the river stops. Not flowing past some brayed marks into a grander body of water, ocean, reservoir, or lesser stream. Not gone underground to fertile chambers, you say, but stopping, inexplicably, here, though this does not seem possible. But the tympanum is worn thin,

the iris is become transparent, and I've tried to raise myself to the level of this valley, the fronds coming down wellspring and rain. And we talk of ground to adhere to as if sand. As if, sin-clad, we were part gold and had never led our brothers to the field to be torn at by wolves, over-run as in the image of a stark-hued slave. As if we didn't live under a tin can sun lusting after kissed warm skin, we eye risk for tryst to be done and relinquish us to breath. Followed by the flooding of these lands I've learned to be trans-errant, the thing I am

is gashed forth and inside the fabric born sinned. See, I am pinned and

marked with the tiredness we have run as in a wing, as in the geese on our walk numbered for study, for stability of lands, air spent, and the message of peace proclaims under the awning of olives. Pollen shaken off in wind. Of endless age, land's feast is done into little patches of wet ground re-famed, wormed and worried over as salvation. Yet the mantra persists: all is love, lend-less days spent out until the rimmed land is done. And ground, 'tis formed

by kin and all the eyes that have risked bliss to come undone. Before the closing of day bands are rent and the violent sunset reminds me of a thing I sought with wail, for this question can drown precious friends. The tympanum has worn thin: some will have strayed through this day and some will be told it will be their last. Sing my thought. And some will be told that it will be their least and make it last. Through the night-whipped sail spans found. For tomorrow the birds will be gone, pennies shining in these shallows of restless ends.

These stone steps are not my stone steps, my span, my shade under aspens, sail-whipped 'round as a bird sings and a path winds lovely of a garden anticipation, a voice booming *what are you doing?* I am here without relation but tied to ends, the stalking fragments of I loved him like the little bird shot through with here we have pastured. I loved him like the little bird on this western plane folding into mountains where wild horses tie land and a cry perforates thin air. Again and again. These are not my stone steps, property, the garden tour sign evoking pale-lipped clouds, a tight chest. And in concert with memory tears fling, send a mocking sad bent and you have not lived in a city unless you have walked tears streaming regardless of who is watching. And you have not lived where your heart constricts and bastard mild forces on top arise alone as on a pedestal of volcanic rock. Perforated, the little bird won't stop and the tree shot through with your eyes, a tightness day metals, I have lived this city I am leaving along with the memory of still love's iconic shock. The moment we bent to drink from it—

the face invisible until framed with change, and then luminous and sudden in falling yellow light—the fountain was dry. Allowing me to see, walking into parts of the city solitary and rent through with brink summits. The petals pink-out like stars, fallen and sent into a mountain trussed cry of *they were birds and they fell through the sky sideways*. I remain breathless or something merely old and turning alone into the part of the city where I lived, no face

pressing immediate sense perception, stone steps, gardenia comforts of shade over and over the tight beveling of the sidewalk to the park. Yet I can't forget about the object of my desire, or, should I say, objects of my desires? Plurality quickening the blood with bird-sounds quickening in early morning light as the flock starts from the bird-tree, veil of flight, flowers fallen, smashed into cement by many walking this motion constituting the city, the sense of its people, mind bent to it. To inhabit the path designed to rout a subject dove I conspire to create a weathered memory from air of gold-leafed thinness planned and oar wellsprings barely told. This city will be added to other cities, land burning a zone for no trace and the tender will. But of those moments left? For now the street resides within the tender of what may be when time intends the bird fallen. And as she falls her shrill love will sound out woes in the trees, the street sure to have cracked, vegetation pushing up with the will to win sun and thin air. This life a lender.

But to be a part of her won't of not yielding to death, gone to the hospital overlooking the sea, family gathered or willed, we wanted to tender. And yet, that we come into the world in white rooms and in white rooms we become to our ends does not make dying a collective experience. That we all become to our ends does not negate the need for distortion. Waves crash upon a bank of stone, link our names, the day is made and summits move with the tide whether or not we are ready. The vote forced, there cannot be an easy way, and through the sharp smell to her bed by the window

I don't know the approach. Drill me vaunted gentle roses through weather's end. Drill me heavily thorned, pricking through wet paper towels and tin foil wrapped to keep them alive on the drive down the coast. Bet a deed, a gathering of thoughts, a sensation ushering out more missed torsion and the roses are given over to the small metal table by her bed. The need for distortion, I dream us on a cliff over the harbor for a long walk, a stay of thanks, a moment to atone, to think. But hours blame and here among life preserving machines we are only naturalists of the inessential and we do not know the air, how to sit in stiff chairs, rhythmic bearing across

of the fan. But outside the air, the salt, the heavy setting into lungs natural of the Pacific not the death rattle yet, against which there is a bet we seed toward horizon. Does it begin there, a dawn? Does it begin here, a tank unknown and isolated from bluff and sea behind thick

glass windows that don't open to keep the soul in, the life alive, the cool of water and fans defending against all that sank in the harbor? Masted remains of brink-hour fame. But once I wrote

of the boat rocking and the wood-grain polished smooth and catching a glossy light. Now warmth is in the glow of white globe lights, fan moving the vertical blinds back and forth, clattering of the window, blinds becoming masts of ships under dim sight. *There go the boats*, she says. Beware the hospital. To resist it we must hold to the bend in the mind, must be as actualists on deck watching boats go by, the parade out of the harbor, sails hoisting up, smile, nod and wave with love: we are still tied to the dock, our boat moving gently, emitting of gull cry, mist, vibration. Memory, we think of this. Imagination, ask of me in his life as we hold on in a gasp like the rose in its vase as the world beyond the glass goes on in a sexual while, California summer light. Summits move with the tide, carried along and turning alone. My distortion: like tide or bloodlines carried across individual vessels, as Bergson asserts, the mind is a thing that endures.

Mind enduring still air. Rain in heaviness. No relief of torrent, just water blooming out the rotation of worlds. And what are we but layer upon layer of that which is enduring. This is the longevity of war residing as subtone. This is asking essence in, *who am I who am I* echoed in still trees in the pitch of blood in my ears. Continuation of the action-flip from location to dislocation, and underneath the movement of crane cry and glide, world world

and for this moment I am. And the world rests eternally on his shoulders as we watch celestial bodies bloom in the night. Cosmic churn and flares radiate, subtle movement of air this is breathing. That I was holding my breath or that I was not really breathing and he is to me a machine, time's heart churning blood, quotient of chemicals rendering mind, hours expanding and loosening, the end patterning out into a series of ends. Leaves shiver quite quietly during location of words. Continuum enduring, this is the field interring brain, matter, sound in the gut of iamb songs. The actions we have and have not taken rendering this a smoldered land. Read forwards and backwards

the burnt sign says flee this tomb of mind balanced in performance of topical zeal. Be. The room falls silent for the one who mounts the platform serving as stage, willing to say: *I'm seen in my rendering naked to scorn and ready to go with this sometime quiet threaded into a walking thing, a pause on the bridge, a rose on paper.* And then go and then go into the gun of mistake, torrents moving across the burning land, the mind

is a golden ringlet recasting itself at every moment of its own history. This is thought itself and wondering into admission, as when he said: *he is to me a machine*, and after that moment, walking slowly home, the phrase in my mind. *He is to me a machine*, the phrase shedding light and integrated into the walk, a new vocabulary. The risk of thought is brought with its permanent transformation, as when faced with a gun crimes layer under the phrase: I'll never be the same. Try it dreaded, a sudden decision to move nowhere, I am to myself a machine, but what does this mean, a purple flame gone out in my mouth. Tin tombs day

and mocking sings this region's bird, more day's son than I, rain still falling in its steady slowing sheet. Layer upon layer of that which endures the steady destruction of our kind, 'tis day's note, a folded thing. For if I were everything there would be nothing beside me, the world empty, sun upon open mechanical parts. Mind enduring, let sand be bed and let us rest our bodies sinking and seeping, my burst tomb, my rain of red locusts. The portent's not to be shaken for the televised horizon of clement weather. Eyes, hands floating the remainder of a bright, bright angel heavy with thought and soon to fall back to sand, bed to earth emitting cry's worst

boon. To find this in the shock of being rendered awake by pain. Life born of having fallen off the stage. At the moment of ruin love's fed focus pours in through the eyes by thinning layers of acquiescence, perpetual medicated quest for happiness, damned moating in need

of a fight-spiked aim. Well, I will become death's own: to will oneself free and to will that there be being is one and the same. The rain has stopped. Moon low and raw, still night, world world. With a few roses and coal eyes still. Against the stillness small quotients of breath register: be calm. Against the stillness breath's come home to sift through these layers, for day's true rose is land's toll.

That I live here but have not been living as if I were here, ghost of other places when I go to bed. But tonight the night sifts the slow walk felt through each step and familiar sound of you, breath's home, heat heaving us both, heaving the sound of our feet on loose gravel: *I am here, you are here, we are here. Here.* Coal beating horizon. That we live, hymn-light rifts land woven. And the maples and the oak and the cicadae, death's stone inside, a foundational sound. Where will I rest my head? We are fools seeking movement of shadow. Others slow coming to say in the late hour of late summer setting and the river, the slow lazy river wide and shallow, murky glass approaching the moment in time when the sun had grown too hot. Who can tell us we are pushing out at edges, eye, head, enclosed with the shining rock of this country I wed by driving it over-measured in miles from. Measured in pose miswinding myself, seeing state to state. Identity heave,

clocks slow in coal beating horizon. We walk the smothered sound for the wave now is the river's mouth, paid, tilted a-quiver, walking the landscape into the sum of our extremities. What to live, the air heavy, heavy layer of wet on skin, slow as the air barely moves, and home turned around in the mind has come to shock. Where do I rest my head, quiet trees branch, quiet sky damping the spirit to send out shoots; *i.e.*, flourish over banks blanched and slowed over, song sage to the gnatty air, end route moot. We are signed at the river's mouth, what to live, arrow quivering me out to courage born of I am undone

of a mind. Damp air arrives and pressing-bent to it the ghosts leaf to shadow. One went through the grove, oarsprings, and one through the space beside the river. These visions barely hold but once I always followed and then, one day, no longer. Eyes sent out. Eyes sent in, called by the damp to intuit the air of the stilled house or things will merely fold into each of these cloudlets when isolated. Breath's home and the cloud-damped day continues. And then the general beating of circulation lest the sun and lest the holding of the maples forces them to relinquish their leaves. I have walked by, head in dreams

of the place that reached for me, horizon of coal beating out the stabled port of light, newspaper old and yet read, front to back and back to. Reach for me, folded shroud-fit to wind: the future that we measured is incomplete, forced in our holding, folds in the leaves. Splintered out I am sole dated here and my willings can't renew ends: oh where is it that we can rest an ephemeral seeking? Love repeated the self on guard, the self myself invested with burnt quantities of light. A circuit relation emitting out in bursts of I am photon and the blades of a helicopter whirring.

I've gone record-broken into a walking thing, my relation to the world: boom-boom look at me. Outside my window the dancing bear makes something of herself. Revising, we make things, we keep dancing to the function of mere sound. Pick up a stone. Throw. Canary one boom-boom, and canary two, the wanting not in it anymore to tie elation through a twirled night tide. Watch me: I hold myself like scorn, I winnow devising like the yellowed jasmine and beating it up to a junction isn't it beautiful, old bruise love's sheers found? Container savvy, boom-boom I am eating up an airy sun of grace, for spanned and fair we flew to the sum of the red planet-throb measuring out the expansion age grown devil-like in the telescope at dawn. Grounded, grounding down into guilt, lilt, I am yellow inside and in a hurry to find the place that makes of me an X. Whisper-mind: try harder. And the formula splits sides—

song in my head wagering an expansive page. I am broken into pieces, pieces, the eye-damned wind walking boom-boom, day's flurry thrashing the town's icon, what can I do to protect mind's re-faithed land? God I am cement inside, limed and growing crystals, though in the inner interior a storm you'd love stands under the present conditions: the war car won't go without us. And yet it goes, boom-boom, whose fault is that? Yes, I have been known to lack resistance, but everything conspires to obscure: metal tanager, key pulled, thrown toward Antares to sunder present attritions. Full speed into the ebbs of things. Throbbled

and folded back on his shoulders I am a machine whose movements transpire through a cure and boom-boom like ice frozen we are closely darkly starlings for this is a song, not of the self, but of the luxury to contemplate the self. Interior hinged rages of personality. Let go over the jaundiced-indicated eyes, for nothing, in any case, will remain of what's now visible. Boom-boom, mock love of wealth did I say I'd be your retina imploded, happiness a depravity in local yellow light? A mark on land. A trust of need. A little T of luck in deeds growing through conned templates of health? There's no more use for these wings and the leather straps that held them on have worn through. Sin, being everywhere barren and many paced, we keep dancing to the function of mere sound while the ill world detains love's cut, happy or unhappy in the living gut. The consensus-general: how miserable.

The problem held and lapsed into suffering: love's been cut, the final state ill and drawn out and given to many-paced winds. And yet we've gone back to gardening in the patch next to the foxgloves and we still shrug into mink, the what-what of glamour. That this response was considered good enough I do rescind to interior reality, a state of questioning

held best lucid, moving through rock-shoved lands to the mouth holding the gyre. Panegyric mannered eyes folding out to the thin line where grey sky meets grey sea. *Prove me tinned* wind uttered there on the shore. *Seeped of thin lust you are no sleeping girl mouth, no will held out, any-traced sands and weathering shoved equal to the trying timed lament.* Door closing. Window closing. If wind must still in heat and listen, sound will re-trace land's rest to the moment of sifting new talk, to the moment of ends unburying the standard bone sigh and the shelved mouth open. These are the pearls that were our eyes, sigh through me sinned, we are semi-permeable spheres, our hope held in equating

the solution, for we had waited a long time for test's true walk of banns. Had scaled walls in my stammer-dream and had not made up my mind by newly dimmed ideas, minted on pages, minted on screens. Had held myself of kinned trust, still, and watching for the red breast killed or the secret agent, an any-faced man helicoptered in and defeating. I do not usually do this, but I loved you like the little bird lies shove through, a new tactic born of seasonal disruption, pollen tracking. I do

not usually do this: spike me, the need to say brittle words. To say I am up here with the theory of tensors awaiting a vision, the theory of light of bright channels measuring out

the expansion age. The window square swallows its stars and I am added to the feather falling. Then we say it, a universe in miracles, translation of the choir: eyes ran cool and skin cool to the touch. And listing what was re-paid with hot blistering under the soft killer-kilter of light beamed down on sin-bleary goals. In this moment, in writing, we have come to weary love's answers—the end words resisting and stilling what attempts to enmesh. Armed with tactics of grace we weary love's sight.

The vision moves with the constancy of reverberation. And as if created out of background noise to do the founding I think of the road, shrubbery already gone through with red though it was only September when love let go of breath in the rubble and I said *I* to the path. My sister, you cannot understand the idea set forth from this ground unless you have had these thoughts. Or are willing to walk, stride and stride, overcoming one spoke of the barrier, simultaneous breathing in the garden. That the lawn was manicured. That the wind did flourish of lilacs blinded by the clear light sky is evidence of discerning eyes. The moment went and we go back to the car, garden remembered. The garden now spoke with the whirl of wheels repeated in darkness, air holding while the heat has gone folding and unfolding over field and background chant. I am brought past rifts to mourn my vanished arenas of light created and set into play as in I wandered along and a part. And/or I wandered alone and apart as you threw me soundings and we were stunned into loving many places

and in this loving placated the immobility of set woes. And during the return we found the idea, we turned it simultaneously around in our minds, the idea dividing and then dividing again, gone out the window, past fan-blown vertical blinds, masts at the harbor. We woke, only the two of us on the boat and it moved, sail catching sea's carrier wind released into the susurrusing of water, keel, motion-doves. Then I woke again to the bridge dream of my execution, tied back, choked: for what I had stolen the penalty was death. But of justice, perception is not a

science of the world but the background from which all acts stand out, water to keel, motion to dove and gull dive. All this, simultaneously, as the sea 'round me broke, the world no longer an object such that I have in my possession the law of its making. See the dive of gull, wary motion keels the water and I dove

for I am background sound waiting for the heat to subside and my sister's fever to break and I wait remembering the day her doves died and she wouldn't admit to crying. Her shaking back a standard species of light on quick wings bent to our project of walking up and down the street, then turning clockwise, then walking down a blind alley to the field. The dove circles, lands, and coos. It is easier to arrive at sensation in a city where the air moves, not this stilled smoked town, this stumbling measure of closure. My sister, I will you my calico, my gingham, my silk, my stela: this is a song for when the fever breaks and the world device comes crashing down live. A sound mote sequestering you in your beautiful room, a buried Ur I am brought past

through rifts to mourn my vanished love's eyes. My vanished arenas of light created and set into play as in I wandered a long path through the park to ask hope in these soundings stunned into wish. The garden now spoke with pleasure. The cry of plovers repeated in darkness, air holding while the heat has gone folding and unfolding, background chant of Estrella's fires, dead doves echoing alive. The moment went miss-savored over and we go back to the garden remembering that

well's a lie, the lawn was manicured, and we subsisted in the bright, bare gasp of a room. My sister, you cannot understand the idea set forth from this ground unless you have had these thoughts, mind winning over the spite that divides the good from the holy. Or are willing to walk, stride and stride, overcoming rare asps

showing doom with the knowledge that we consist of the bright, rare grasp of those rooms. I give you my digital love, let go of breath. My radial up in the rubble where I was able to say I to the path and recognized elements of you in me, the vision of myself a constancy of reverberation behind my baldest baby lies against which all acts stand out, tributize water to keel, motion to dove and gull dive. As if created out of background sound I can think back with it all to the road and the shrubbery-try already gone through with the red raiding lulls of September. Then I woke again and the vision was all sight. A garden. A ledge by the sea where we walked stride and stride listening to gull calls and this wind murmuring "maybe."

The possibility. The fruit trees turn and tributaries lead the river out of sight, my record of solitude set against stars. Stillness waging war of chaos and breeze. Against this stillness we have gone out on the smallest quotients of breath registering the music of undertow and sea walls. Subtonics. Tributes riddled with pleasure desired of a weary creator undo death as the last of the flowers rain down between seasons, between days of lapsing stillness. Flock up. This is, as we are, a series begging: need me, o lineage

and raining down in quiver-mouthed delight. Air tabled with a telescopic view of Mars. This is counted out to a singing, salve strong with many voices choring and breathing air in gasps. The quotient sound bouts silence into song, a feather drifts from the choir, sustains, and then falls. Music damped out, we hear only the intake of air. And thus I would begin again. This horizon

died into coals, burnt roses aired in attempt to make light of the weight of the gun held close, a shaking hand, a trigger sweaty. We were many-betted of our civilization to watch the decline, stupor, day faded moon against the vantage of what's been rendered just. Thinking of the hand, life ebbing out, requests logged to keep decline at bay and counting down to speed departure. Vessel out of sight, the rigger's out and the water's testy. Years and years go by. Counting down again, this time to lift-off and the shuttle's out of sight, keeps us steady on Earth, the view of Mars projected from the surface of the alien planet as inner worlds fall

in, trust sinking. I am

my own subdividing right hand not knowing what the left hand loathes, etcetera, memory-motion of the subway tunneling me out. Just so, the bird sound borrowed of this land and something in the region's lone park dreamed as it burned though we thought that the fire would quench the rotted trunk, sick limb. Thought we'd escape it. Part to the outer world where chaos and rhythm are stellar particles, absent of our designer while one's will shakes and a thing's miraculous regardless of what damper schemed. What string of silvered days a liar's gappy world's dented

to put a stay about the mind. Against the stillness a feather drifts, sustains, and then falls. They were birds guarding inner rhythms and they fell through the sky sideways. Past the regnant yellow moon, heavy of horizon and interior, the geese a natural sign we were born to recognize but now faded into the recess of memory. Lost unless we study it. And when the geese go, all of them together and at once invisible to our horizon, we tell ourselves that it doesn't hurt anymore, day-turned words in repetition of myself to learn myself, surroundings and inhalation

breaking like history flung into the glass orb of world. Heralded there like the lamp globe broken, the lands shattering out bright say memory's own hell. Sought to begin again and flew the skies, byways, the redbud in the distance flame-bowed against cloud, seas muddy. To have asked and to have answered the force of the tipped man splintering form, coaxing

the daily into blinding light. It doesn't hurt anymore, residue of the done before, small animal with heart still beating in the call collected for the stars that have gone out on the walls. This is the call turning and seeping around in the mind as the trees burn, swollen river. A view I could imagine with my eyes closed, our sad wrongs work into shout as the shadow-world moves down the hall. Sorted into desire the continuous work of our life is to build death. Rational animal. Thinking reed.

Eyes, twinned metallic flowers, watch in dusk. Geese flock up, echo, the distinctions fade roofline to tree to sky, the river moves as I move. Then stunned in the midst of motion shots echo, the view a burnt tree. Have we become no more than wedded to the spinning glass doors, the lying hand I measure by implication of what we have caught and wrecked? Casting the fact back though age sees still tethered to what has come through on the dusty road, day's apology turned in clouds. I would like to state my own key, duration of sunset or fire more beautiful for filtering through leafless trees. Grisaille, web and energy branching, we winning ask more than ever-ready flame

and so I am walking in this valley of fought land. In the mind I am a downed chapel, little Paloma. Little Paloma, a seeping notion of the now faded, the outline of abandoned buildings, gutted concrete where there ought to hang thy wreath. Where there ought to exist peace, depths of image under watery image writing a layered history. But the train tracks built for the coal boom are no longer used and the town's gone into auxiliary mode, poor brittle pale roan. A shed sheltering bunkers. Poor whittled salt moan, secret weapons trained onto stars our old visions broke. Sharded as the pink glass plate, a name cried impossible of mending. We seek love's damage, day gone under utter carelessness

in answer. To cascade a beholding sunder the moment between knowing and feeling, mend the broken trust of township and the mockery of the blue-coated children aimed at the stuttering child, cold in his sweatshirt.

This is the life in which we can strive to be of body and mind fed by blood pulsed through the heart, hours and hours gone by under the dim ash sun. Hours and hours of road to trace what has vanished, called back to a dissevering, to Vs moving across sky. Beloved, how can we understand it all? Powdery jet trails. Song cried. Our vision of the world bevels and we see for a moment through the door of what's been sacrificed for the win. The image burns into the retina while its opposite drifts inside the mind, and through the window, as some past vanquished fades into view. Be of it. See

to the crux of love where the knot grown large in the chest did jointure with presence and is no longer proud conduction. Utter of it and the Sundered plan won't fall, for the more an image is associated with, the more often it flourishes in the ether where thoughts join and we are a clanging in the night of a few roses and coal, a sound released to green glass in the fields. Hands held. Head held down of a barren road and the river folds into hours and hours of dim sun for this sole lee, light flown into the heart of the bird, is love. Writing into the white room day new rose into offering: the ruin is in the mind and spans full. Turn into it. Blissed hull, something floats alone. Something forgives. See this trove of wishing upon the mend.

Called down by the wind of feathers caught in the eaves. Recovered by sight, treasure in the even curve of resistance swoons over the icy expanse, stringency, the caught bolt in a wren's flight. A hammering in the heart is a hammering in the eye, cold where the afternoon sun blears hours onto the frozen expanse, rush, influx and exhale of the city burnt rose on the horizon. This is marked urgency upon perched air and wind re-utters my momentum come to pass

into bright measured form edging the din of day's things. This is my lens towards grace, my airy beholding as master blooms come bare ice crystals and we drive away from the lights to see the weeping tree. Many stand before the sap and water frozen into amber icicles, a symbol

against the thought that there is nothing here to hold us like a wheel revolving uniformly anchored. And then released by light. Relinquished, day's real involving the visionary element of the city becomes ice as trees, houses—we—move rapidly eastward. Tarnish, old thought. Burnish vision of alluvial decision based on floating away in the ice-stream, fires set along these banks of inside union, of outside form revealed. The tree's garnet garments have long ago flown into need, snow blowing off in veils, the conquering tried. How can we understand it all, the eyes twice blinded, the silk scarf

wrapped and tucked to shed characters of fire? And in the milk-white distance there is movement in the fields of latent grain, the opal cracked,

seed pried dead bare to thin sun as a foal is born of a dank corner in the barn. Iron sky showing through rafters as his mother whinnied, shook, and died. This is what is garnered after love's pyre, the unaccepting mouth a cave, a whirlpool spun down

until the fog has been lifted by wind. Rendering us elucidated in gold, elucidated in ribbons, we tilt closer to the sun to gain a humming of breath uttered in the ope' of the world while waiting for the twitch of spring. The return of an eternal pasture folded in all thought to free hope, to love as a word whiles, making. On the cliff overlooking waters spanned into the diurnal hold of master floods I have found in windfall, utterance. Alluvial pieces gone by

in burdens figured into winter birds, the sought moment among seasons dark as the dry eyes of poppies and the you ah you of mourning doves. Contingency and elevation broken into anew I saw the sky crack open, gone blue and drawn into the base of my spine. Anchor of crystal, anchor of iron, anchor of rose, I stood still in the snow-stilled world. I saw doves pouring up.

MOVEMENT THREE:

Fragile Ladder Barques

I.3

And suddenly we were
within the
courtyard

radiating out
the snow
blooming

redbud
waiting for

the wake

left after
wind and
century streets

Rendering

like

frosted

Speaking

flames

splinter

over darkness

before me

I find

a minute,

a little

resolution
beyond the
radio and the

2.3

cracked central fountain,

my bent tree swaying

an empire of its own.

But

See,
on the side of a bus

a blaze

sings. And yesterday

the movement of weather

in the breath

of

templates

crossed

as the world

blues in its

sun, appearing

disappearing

like the

chosen or broken

3·3

golden liquid disk of
relation to the
byway

tactic of

mistral
heat needed

of

this story

marble

history

projected upon the
hemisphere suffering

moth wings
and green

emptied

likenesses: who am I who am I, my

become pronouncement
 birds

But

Alas the
no
scrawled up

4·3

in
 syllables
 uttering
 after a silence
 so that the

76

word goes
expending

the desert

the sand, the

roses

keening

metal

laughter punctuating the
woven

accumulation of

blue silk

Forgiveness
and

feathers

dream of
birds

we do not will. Yet

5:3

My
vision
slaking

the horizon
given in
the sea

crux of

78

seeming empty, I

will wake to

hills and the
burnt myrrh

eye driven within

the yes and the no
of sepal and

the slow rolling sky

begun to fail

6.3

in that
pull of stars

where

we are flown into

the gut of the volcano blast,

the sand

80

spotted with red flowers
as our atomic

lull
of
living within
this century

intrudes

upon the
rise

voices

carrying
through

ruined fields

and breathing
as if my body were a

window

7-3

to
possibility

This
comes to me
through

a whorled

din

82

some

love
harnessed

as I still

crouched on the floor
as much from hope as from

a metallic-white

following

in the

dispersion
which allows

me to

experience

8.3

relinquishing
in
rim-light
borders

teeming
between

lists,
The body

84

gone transparent

in

gridded streets

fleet

oak heat floods

pitted with

the softness of

morning and

the heavy heads of roses

under

this
 knowing we have
in the field

9.3

I am
 the siren-wind's
 found eyes,

blind bird burgeoning

day

 though this
is worn thin

And we talk

 over-run

86

and

gashed forth
with the

risked bliss to come

strayed through
And
Through

these shallows

10.3

horses tie land

where wild

in concert

the little bird
a
memory of

falling yellow light—
the city solitary and

trussed

into

stone steps, gardenia comforts
beveling

the flock from the bird-tree,

motion constituting
the path

barely told. This city added to
those moments
when
sound

II.3

Waves crash

through the
window

heavily thorned
to
a gathering of

torsion and

the
rhythmic bearing across

of the

Pacific

But once I wrote

of white globe lights,
the window

we hold
watching boats go by,

gull cry,

12.3

blooming out the rotation of worlds

the pitch of blood in my ears

as
flares radiate

time's heart churning
and loosening

the field
The actions we have not taken

across the burning land, the mind

recasting itself

into

the phrase

I am to myself a machine,

Layer upon layer of

a folded

sand

burst tomb

for the televised

remainder of

thought

rendered awake

by thinning layers

low and raw
Against

13.3

the night

beating horizon.

Where will I rest my
slow coming
river, slow

pushing
of this country

to live,

to send out
song to

courage born of

the space beside the river visions
no longer

called

into

circulation
to relinquish

the place that
stabled light

forced in our holding, folds in the leaves

emitting

14.3

grown
the red planet-throb

to protect mind's

present

resistance
pulled
Full speed into the ebbs of

a machine whose movements
closely

contemplate the

land

everywhere barren

15.3

and given to many-paced winds

lucid moving

where grey sky meets
shore

closing

to the moment of
bone and

my

secret

tactic born

with the theory of tensors
measuring out

falling
eyes
with

bleary
answers

of grace

16.3

The vision

set forth

in the garden
lilacs blinded

while

light

stunned into

catching
motion-doves

of perception
from which
this

possession
keels

background sound
remembering

this stilled smoked town
my calico
fever

as I wandered

The cry of plovers

back to the garden

the idea

overcoming

digital

vision

and

17.3

tributaries
set against stars.

This is, as we are,

a

quotient

of air And

a shaking
civilization
of
requests logged to keep

us steady on Earth,

trust sinking

the subway tunneling
land

and

a
string of silvered

drifts
guarding inner rhythms

faded into the recess

to learn

like history flung into
the

flame-bowed
force of the

small animal

in the

shadow

work of

18.3

dusk

the view

tethered to

the mind I am

a seeping notion of

buildings

built for the

whittled
visions
of mending

life
pulsed through
sun
to

the crux of
presence
sundered

in the fields

flown into the
new rose
Blissed

of

19.3

feathers caught
in the even curve of
a wren's flight
where
influx and exhale
marked urgency upon

day's
master blooms come
to see the weeping
icicles,

to hold us like
the city
floating away in
snow

104

to thin
sky showing through
what is garnered after

we tilt closer to
the ope' of the world

to love as a word
spanned into
utterance,

the sought moment

broken into
the base of my spine.

AUTHORS SAMPLED

- 1.1 Lyn Hejinian, Ernest Hemingway, St. Augustine
- 2.1 Paul Celan, ee cummings, Emily Dickinson, Noah Eli Gordon, Gerard Manley Hopkins
- 3.1 John Donne, Lisa Jarnot, J.H. Prynne, Cecilia Vicuña
- 4.1 John Ashbery, Georges Bataille, Ted Berrigan, Edward Morkie, Percy Bysshe Shelley
- 5.1 John Berryman, Ted Berrigan, John Clare, Kurt Gödel, Catherine Wagner
- 6.1 John Ashbery, Steve McCaffrey, Bernadette Mayer, Ezra Pound
- 7.1 Martin Corless-Smith, Lyn Hejinian, Graham Greene, Joyelle McSweeney, McKenzie Wark
- 7.2 Martin Heidegger
- 8.1 Dante Alighieri, Ezra Pound
- 9.1 Laura (Riding) Jackson, William Shakespeare, Aaron Shurin, Charlotte Smith
- 10.1 Anne Carson, Merry Fortune, Lisa Robertson, Tomaz Salamun
- 11.1 Rob Halpern, Lisa Robertson, Paul Virilio
- 12.1 Benjamin Péret, Bin Ramke, Yadollah Royai
- 13.1 Ronald Johnson, John S. Lewis, Denis Phillips, Juliana Spahr
- 14.1 Georges Bataille, Michael Ives, Arthur Rimbaud, Martha Ronk
- 15.1 William Blake, Lisa Jarnot, Gertrude Stein, Alfred North Whitehead
- 15.2 Sylvia Plath
- 16.1 Graham Foust, Donald Revell, Jacques Roubaud, Karen Volkman
- 16.2 Hannah Arendt, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Simone DeBeauvoir
- 17.1 Ann Quin, Cole Swenson, George Trakl, Elizabeth Willis
- 17.2 Tom Bailey, Simone DeBeauvoir
- 18.1 H.D., Denise Levertov, Ethan Paquin, Juliana Spahr
- 19.1 Dante Alighieri, Robert Duncan, Ronald Johnson, Sandra Miller, Lorine Niedecker, Bruce Smith

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Karla Kelsey's first book, *Knowledge, Forms, the Aviary*, was selected by Carolyn Forché for the 2005 Sawtooth Poetry Prize. The book was published by Ahsahta Press in 2006. She is also author of the chapbooks *Little Dividing Doors in the Mind* (Noemi Press) and *Three Movements* (Pilot Press). She has been awarded a Fulbright to teach in Budapest and is on the creative writing faculty at Susquehanna University.

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