



Thinking

Chris Carson
Kara Kazanoff
Dalia Neis
Whelimina Welsch
Shelley Marlow
Leo Zausen
Mindy Cardozo
Delia Jurgens
Ana Kate Blair
Ana Anu
Ella Walker
Zoe Tuck
Sofia Pontèn
Nathan Mader
Rebecca Titus
Georgia Carbone
David Lindsay
Rachel Galperin
Joelle Stille
Liz Bowen
Cat Tyc
Edwin Torres
Erin Sickler
Sebastian Alarcon
Christopher Micheal
Tom Snarsky
Erin Howe
Jessica Dillon
Lena Rubin
Marie Ségolène
Lauren Matthews
Xiao Xuan Huang
Lee Ann Brown
Tom Hack
Erin Robinsong
Emily Martin
Johanna Sutherland
Stephen Lordan





Rainer Maria Rilke
1875 -1926

Among the Neighbors

Saturday's trees had white flowers
Our bodies fear

It will be my last time riding the bus

Our toes nearly touch
Before they met
You pulled
Up in your seat
Ringed fingers
Spreading beads of rain on the windows
Covering a smooth reflection of us looking away
From one another

Before living with the unknown
We could feel it all around us
Like sitting with a friend

Who is it anyway?

When I go home among the neighbors
With all the rows of empty spaces
There is no one there

She whispers
Breathing on my lashes
Suspended
In my
Feelings
About being alone

You are hesitating and wanting to know
Who's gotten close to me
We are supposed to be
Hiding from this thing

And I'd bet you
anyone
Might say
I am scared I'm carrying covid close
It shadows everything I am thinking
Hand in hand
Is
A chorus
Of loneliness and risk
passed on
From talking or touching



What Sap

Keeping from drooping
By falling/catching mid-flight
An orangutan whirls his advertisement.

Health can never be questioned
Without losing a finger.

I'm moistened now by this view.

We are different who'd rather leap
Into it than any of those farmers
Loving the blinder

Still others poke cautiously outside
Stretched to the point of disappointment
In *maybe* being consumed.

After Rilking,

The process of separating from a loved one
As if for the first time after sex

On a bitter beautiful morning
Walk home

Is the same preparation for death
That *breast!*

And any excuse you made to hold onto it
Was scorn for being its own life
Giving life
Giving you life

Chat Messages

01:27:46
but metaphor also carries us across—like wind

01:27:51
This is our agora - consoling thought

01:28:15
Rilke's "once" isn't yolo, it's about the unique specificity of a small real connection that can only happen in this moment

01:28:27
wind as channel and transit

01:28:31
right...we are in one all, one being, in the once that requires us

Chat Messages

i think--- to be an angel is sort of like a negative definition of humanity--to be an angel or a beast or a laurel is to be not human?

01:20:25
Julian yes paolo e Francesca who Ariana mentioned some days ago

01:20:33
Wind is blowing the curtain in my room right now..

01:20:41
<3

01:20:42
Holderlein was struck by a lightening storm onto of a mountain and his entire poetics transformed after this experience!

The Owl and The Gazelle

The Danube river flows through Slovakia, Hungary, Romania, and Ukraine, spilling back into deep time, into the Dacian empire, the Samaritan and Socratic lines, all the way across Galicia, the kingdom of Hungary, the Hapsburg empire.

One midsummer's night, on the edge of an inconspicuous brook, the Tisza River flees the Danube, overlooked by Carpathian forest, it brims with rocks of exploded, prehistoric volcanoes.

A queen leaves a pearl on the foot of a precipice. A shepherd's delight.

The window rips open. A Hutsul elder describes the sensation of a blue, hot wind. A shadow dances around the old man's wooden table.

Untold entities – beyond the human contours of a people, of a tribe, a nation – beyond the flocks of cattle, the flow of rivers and the migration of birds – there flies a night spirit.

Once an eagle owl flew through the valleys of Transcarpathia.
A gazelle's horn hanging on its claws.

There was a silent swoop as the owl landed on the hills of Kryvovivnia —

Threshold crossings. Look — the vampire mid-flight!



For as we sit silently
Full circle it goes
- from RILKING and Cy
on Duino
to Leda and the Swan;
Cy the gentle documentarian
of violent transformation
Like the tube of a fountain
your bent bough drives the sap
downwards and up.
Fig tree, how long it's been full meaning for me,
uncelebratedly thrust your purest secret.
the way you almost entirely omit to flower
and into the seasonably-resolute fruit.
Like the tube of a fountain.

your bent bough drives the sap
downwards and up; and it leaps from its sleep, scarce waking,
into the joy of its sweetest achievement.
Look,
like Jupiter
into the swan


this April
onto us.

edited by Jimmie James





Shelley Marlow



like:

= mingled

humanspace
with
his
dark



Shelley Marlow



Insideness

Notes from the / inside=interior (arch)angelic space, delay-call-forwarding: all things reticent of /
a couple new broadcasts from the "angelic orders" of an away message:
- there is only one world, it is this one - but it is entirely an illusion
- "a short history of upper respiratory failure"
- dead letter offices (DLOs)
- sirens/SIRENS

While you were away: Rilke(R) cries to the Angels OUTSIDE and is left on READ (the space between the message being 'delivered' is inadequate, expression is inadequate). Enunciation = noise:R: "it is STRANGE to inhabit the earth no longer." R flees the scene, attempts escape: he calls to the outside, and one thousand dead souls respond.

Look, R was merely ruminating the outside, and even this missive dials up spam-calls and "unripe spirits" - :R: "For how could I limit the call, once I called it?" - it was contagious, and R dove straight into the negative ecstasy of conveyance, exhausted.

Riveted to a PROJECT predicated on breathing (O²) inwards, alone, Rilke walked around the desert of Duino: a wasteland, polymorphic sand dunes, asteroid drift-sites (latent in a xenolanguage=SMS messaging service) and otherworldly 'missed' connections Outside the castle.

do you remember the burning of Notre Dame? and the digital resuscitation task? :R: "a tower was great"

a refrain of the returnal-INSIDE of experience

Look: the will to expression cannot be undone. Sure, we can revise the script, but there is still no analogy to birth. DUST is not enough. Poetics chose flowers.

Inside Duino, R contemplates a proto-template(SKELETON) of "insideness" (encountering a faith yet fleeting):

- temples, newly discovered and no longer known
- a space of pure proximity = a scene of convalescence (without further expression). devoid of externality, here: formlessness = a surplus of emptiness
- a LOW-PIXELATED face, strange but welcomed
- SIRENS and
- patchwork resilience to mind/ or PROJECT/ as "a catatonic obsession with stasis, centrality, and unity" (s.j.)
- riveted and the accompanying horror

inside:

~~a silhouette~~ a GODHEAD will find you there adjacent one hundred others - indistinguishable from the (1) prior.

inexpressive tense, that which LISPECTOR finds resists humanization = passivity to the INSIDE

some other side effects of ventilation: the inadequacy of the outside, asphyxiation, wiring into a prosthetic 'life' support, the artificial constructs of continual life suspended in the moment of a threshold... take a deep breath.

insideness: arteries, circulation of blood-OXIDIZED currents,
an auxiliary pulse

Auspex

I see you throwing our children.
Flat on your back as they run at you,
huffing the fumes of Canaveral.
Somersaulting feet hitting grass as
shadows drop back into bodies.
All to the beat of the whip-or-will's call.

The little one weaves you a crown from the woodbine
suckling the chicken coop.
Dressed in the lower half of last year's ballet recital
and a coral boa from K-Mart.
Looking like a sprig of crepe myrtle after the rain.
Ringo the rooster in tow.

She zig-zags to the hog plum grove.
Jamming a handful of their tiny sallow
redneck fruit into her cheeks,
goblin-bellied pots of contraband blossoms,
acidic cartridges cracking her tongue, she/pollinates.
Then she's back on your knees like a hopped up bat.

The shirtless boys pelt each other with kumquats;
or, are they calamandins?
Your mother cackles about marmalade.
One of them cocks a machete like a paddle.
The other one releases the rubber band on a slingshot and
tiny citrus loops overhead like the Blue Angels.

Mosquito adrenaline cranks the horizon closed.

The Green Corn Moon rebels carnelian.

August Dippers

jitter to Clarence's screaming peacocks as

bedeviled bunnies cypher your launchpad,

mistaking the kerosene lantern for ritual fire.

Earlier you homed the tiny acrobats over with a branch

so pregnant with peaches

its bark split.

The tall boy cresting its flesh like a bubbling cockscomb visor.

I saved the ones that would allow a slight indentation

if pressed.

Quickly cutting out the stones

like Shanti biting wetly into her still bagged kittens.

Folding in this morning's blackberries

gleaned to the irate drone of the bees.

Lattice gliding over then under, binding the dainty dish.

They will have begun to sing.



listening silently
when day has come
listening inwards
when different voices come from
purple light
in foggy distance
the inside
reverses the outside
in a clarified moment of existence
a lockdown
what are these borders
when setting a part
opening up on the other side
the body dissolves
becoming smaller
a tiny drop
a pixel of understanding
a fragment
zooming out
the eye is a carrier
leaving no trace that was brought

4-12_a silent listener

Chat Messages

On another note, Leonora Carrington comes up. She writes stories. Her tale about a feral child making love to a wild boar and killing a priest is amazing.

01:01:52

Leeann what text is that I love Julie Patton

01:01:54

Yes! Def. Carrington!

01:02:09

I love that story Dalia

01:02:09

But also, that all these perspectives are like characters in a dream which are aspects of consciousness – the animal or what Rilke is claiming about the animal – is already within us and is being tapped here to emerge as familiar in its otherness

Chat Messages

last I heard...Fruitbats (shy creatures) habitats were disturbed and bats pass to small mammals who then pass to humans

01:13:03

like urban coyotes...

01:13:03

Or sumthing

01:13:15

the protection of the forest is messed with

01:13:24

prescient parisian bat

01:13:33

thanks cecilia

01:13:36

our tearing/cracking into forest and the disease that is released

The World is Gone

says Paul Celan, and it's not true but, maybe, it is true.

I keep dreaming of my ex-girlfriend. In sleep, we hold hands as we walk beside a lake, but we are also indoors, gazing through glass, unable to go outside. In this world, I left my typewriter on a pontoon and I can see it, out there, but the water is chilling into winter and I can't swim to it, can't bring it to shore, because hibernation is beginning. In another dream, I throw a birthday party for one of her Italian greyhounds, chastise her for failing to celebrate her other dog months earlier. I wake up thinking: *why is it Leo season in my sleep?*

I buy yellow roses, sage, a second set
of tarot cards, an essay collection about
crying, books by poets with whom
I'm in love from afar. I go to the store
and they're sold out of all the beer
except Corona.

On Instagram, everyone's reading Deleuze. On Twitter, eternally repeated, like a dare: *don't text your ex*. I'm not into hatred, but I hate this advice. If somebody was kind, it's cowardly to retreat from friendship. If somebody wasn't, why not text in revenge?

I text all my exes.
That's praxis,
whines my favourite meme.
I can't trust my own diary;
it's worse than the dream.

I would serve blueberries at that dog's birthday party.

I pack away my swimsuit, and most
of my shoes. I fill my leisure time
with poetry and rage. On the side
of the screen, hearts stream in candy
colours. In London, my best friend
buys meditation cushions. We form
a coven over Skype.

I think of Kirsten Dunst in *Melancholia*, but via Zoom.
Who's Zoomin' Who? asks Aretha Franklin, on repeat.
I'm getting into Metallica.

I remember, last year, lying in Carlton Gardens, eating strawberries. She was-is a queer theorist, skipping work to kiss me. *That's praxis*, I thought. She wanted-wants me to write of her, but she misunderstood me, completely, and so perhaps I, like a mirror, misunderstood her. "You're like a manic pixie dream girl," she said, and meant it as a compliment. *Love, like a germinating seed, disrupts soil as it grows*. There's no halting the thrust of rejection, forward into a new world, indignant at the way that somebody can invent a version of you, replace you with this invention, and then cast you aside for invented failures. I should have fought against her projections, but I, *manic pixie dream girl*, didn't.

That's praxis.

I miss her in the mornings, though we fight in my sleep.
She loved like a flower,
lasting only one season.

I keep thinking: *immemorial sap*.

I wake up, again, clutching
a moonstone in my hand, and
exes, on my telephone,
autocorrects to *eyes*.







The Wheel Turning Monarch

At the hinderance, beyond
At the absorption, toward emptiness
Desirelessness
Grasplessness
Beyond grasp of senses
Beyond grasp of view
Beyond grasp of ritual law
Beyond grasp of self
This is thirstlessness
Fortitude for onward

Some light shines
The lemon is tart
The sunflowers
Ride down the river
Sound comes to still
What is most of matter
Is here, the bees and
The fruiting
Prism and bells

I rest in the cremation ground
Seeking asylum and
Sitting in pure potency
While earth is rising
Referencing my action

Iris, Gemini, and the Jack of Knives

Am I not right? And you, am I not right—
you, who think that you could ever leave me, you
and your army of face-of-cards behind you, all
turning to the same darkened moon—you, should I not
flip my face away into another face, let you
scurry futile from the room, let you believe
that you were ever the one to choose? Listen.

I claim no magic that's not mine but know this:
if I decided, you wouldn't leave this place
unscathed. You think I'd let you—and you—
and least of all you—let you cart me flopped
and flimsy, let you lie to me so pretty, let you
bloody your boring dick and bolt, unless
I'd settled on you useless? Call me liar.
Please. At least you know that little—and those
who tell me, no love can come for any woman until

she tells the truth—Truth? Am I not right?
At the bottom of every truth there is always
another puddle of a desperate woman's blood. Every eye
turns upon you only to turn inward. Every eye
that sees me sees another woman who—never born—
can also never die. That too's a lie.
With every flip and blink you see me—see
who?—and know—I, and I, can always die.

Am I not right? Who brought the knife? There's sun,
and summer, and the comfort that the rotting brings
as the house falls slow and soft around me. House of snow,
house of mold, walls of gray can swallow
any sounds. Don't cry for help. I never
called for help, not once, and you can see me still,
forever locked in paint, forever lifting to a
strong ungainly toehold out the tub,
back turned and turned and

turned again. It's not for modesty. I'm just
stepping from the bathtub, and to get out
of that damn eternal bathtub, I know as deep as
anything my mother never told me
to keep my shoulders sharp, keep the blade-bones
primed before the endless mirror-eyes. Bones are wings
and wings are best left lonely. Let the onions
rot, let them foam redly down the dripping walls.
Let the walls grow softly green and gray. Let
the river run below the window until it runs
into a horse of a different color. Let the horse
run on alone. Or let him carry you, or you,
and you, too, if you decide it's time for you to go.
Turning away, I'd stand at the end of your smiles
forever. Turning. Another.

Propinquity

Steve Buscemi's character in *The Impostors* sings "The Nearness of You"

When I tell Una I haven't been able to write a poem since this thing began
she tells me not to put pressure on it, that the literature of this moment will be written years from now but maybe under this pale moon (it's raining—I assume it's still pale) and the influence of Ella and Louie playing "The Nearness of You"...

Maybe after reading *Letters: Summer 1926* between Boris and Marina
and Rainer...

Maybe after reading Marina's "Poem of the Mountain"—although the mountain's not near
is it?

It is in the farsighted gaze of lovers, who disregard the proximate, yet capture the impossibly distant like a Dürer woodcut, yes that's right Dürer! An impossible proliferation of lines—as if every distinction between this and that which colour, distance, size, texture, shadow, luminosity, etc. make manifest could be reduced to this.

Who among us doesn't remember the line of fate emerging from Donnie Darko's tantien?

The song finishes and I switch to Glen Miller. Mellowier vibe than Louie and Ella, almost narcotic. Dream and Death are proximate. We will die, someday soon or as far away as the nearest low (because slowly eroded with age) mountain, to whose peak we walk at a pace of one step per day. In the mean-time waves of illness and crisis surge around us as we cling, waifs of the storm, to the fragile flotsam called home. And none of us are special for knowing that Kate Winslet could have moved over, or for sharing that knowledge, memetic, as if from one mind.

(TBH I kind of like the Barbara Streisand version, its cinematic strings bedizen the moment with an aural gossamer, signaling this as an epic, dammit, like *Titanic*, yes, or *Gone with the Wind*, which my grandmother loved.)

In the morning I go RILKING with a company of hundreds. Sam, when I go to pack his things to send to him, perhaps in one state, perhaps another, says that he can tell from my voice whether I have begun the morning in this way or not, reading a single elegy in common with a deep and broad, a careful and unrestrained exegesis. The way a true believer couldn't help but read.

We walk a tightrope between the, forgive me, I don't know what to say other than, the pure moment of reading and the call of the scholastic, homuncular anti-muse living among the cobwebs of our small minds (every mind is small), bidding us to cite and analyze.

Say the phrases:

sex drive death drive

The cars of 1967 are pure sex, but also death, preceding the seatbelt. A system of passive restraint we sprinkle across our lives like rosewater, milked by rougher and more knowledgeable thumbs than mine, if the video is any indication.

Propinquity is "nearness of blood: KINSHIP," is, "nearness in place or time: PROXIMITY"

and yet I could have called the poem Proximity, hell, I could have called it The Nearness of You,
but
mark me
I haven't come to woo, but to sing the lines written out
for me:

I miss people, places, the smells of my friends' bodies (now at least I can say openly that which I always felt when friends were far).

I miss my kith and the kind of kiss that nearness is.

Not the moon
Not thronging cavalry
not sweet conversation
not foot soldiers
not soft lights
not a fleet

it's just the nearness of you





The number of things

I got a bill through the internet
I was putting my sex toys in the bathroom sink to be cleaned
but the internet reaches me everywhere
this morning I was sunbathing naked on the rocks
we swam in salty water
only 8 degrees celsius
we've been swimming all winter
measuring temperatures
writing them down
8 is warm to us now
he said I looked so happy
I bent my arms
I was

I'm at work
I sit under the fig tree
There are no numeric deadlines in the garden
There are no planes in the sky
I haven't put my contacts in for weeks
the world is blurry and I stay that way blurred
The woman I work for has been isolated for 20 years
that's why I'm in her garden
she herself can not be in it
I am her body walking through it
maintaining her creation
the figs I plucked in February were hard and cold and small
they never got to their fruition
before the weather turned
before the headlines changed
but we plucked over 200 figs this summer
I did
I did count them
I also sunk my teeth in them and sucked their pistils
now I rest my head against the white brick wall
in the living room she's eating almonds from a jar
I peel the almonds for her
scorching hot water on my fingertips
I could have waited
for the water to cool down
but I wanted to get out
to the fig tree

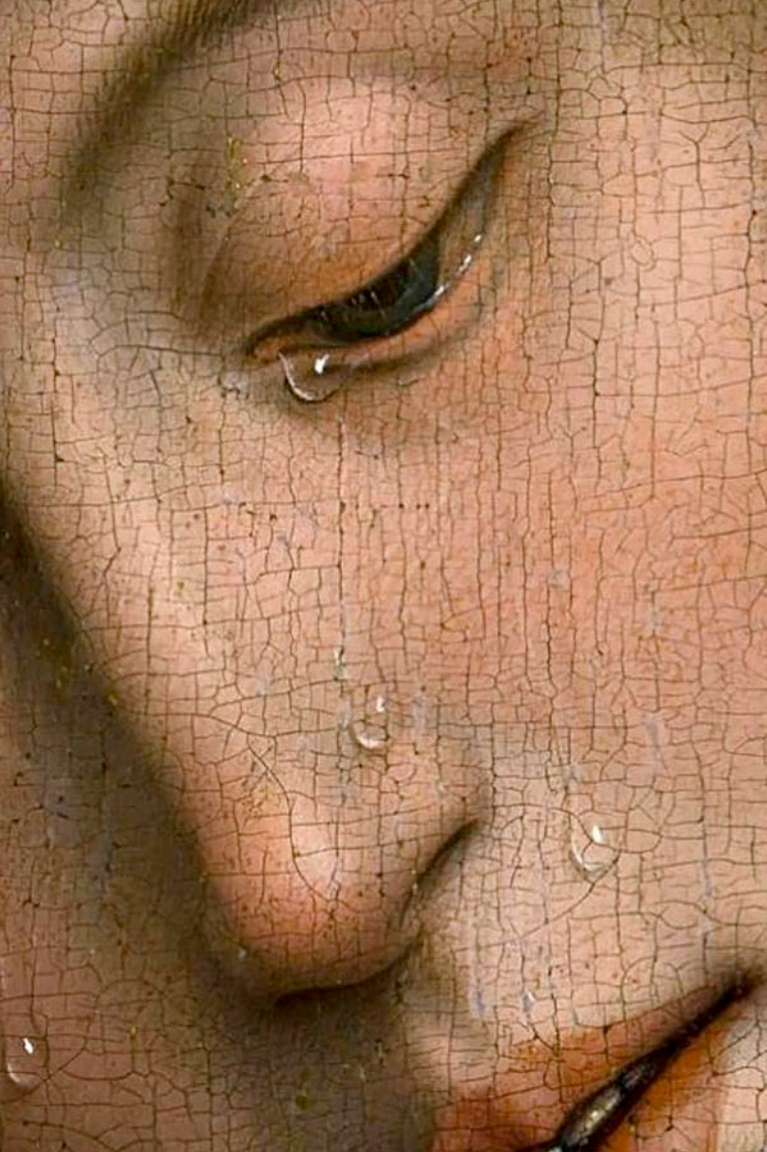
she has been isolated for 20 years
she is sick and vulnerable

the world has now caught up with her
I lean my head against her sacred knowledge
anything can be sacred as the tide turns
she's been scared of viruses for 20 years
I wear plastic gloves to get her bills from the mail

look up
Jupiter Pluto Saturn and Mars
all in Capricorn at once
how can we climb so high?
trying to reach the sun from a tower made of pebbles
remember those Mediterranean beaches?
beaches full of them on Ikaria
where people live the longest lives
the island that cures cancer
or where hubris has been defeated before
do planes cross their skies now?
figs shouldn't bloom in Sweden
but they do

careful
mounting
sunk into thoughts where roots sprout
I lick their threads and follow their stream
our body suits of veins and nerves the bill that jolts the
back of my head the numbers jumping around how many figs did
you say we had?
let your tongue dip in
her face awakens me to the years spent in this one place
the web of dust hangs over the map of the world
I write numbers that stay in the mantle piece marble
where fire is made
she asks me to return to earth
to crop the roses
I bring my blades
to pay springs tribute

my body is light
the grass rushes through the soles of my feet
I place my fingers around her neck
where no thorns can stop me
and I cut where death has taken hold
I free the passages of life
to not be on hold
to prepare her for another season
the only season her petal eyes
will see



“ANIMALS HAVE NO UNCONSCIOUS BECAUSE THEY HAVE A
TERRITORY...”

-Baudrillard

Presentation is key. The waiter
lifts the stainless-steel dome

and reveals a honey-glazed
head with an apple in its mouth.

A living fruit in a dead animal
is how we think of the mind.

A living fruit with something
rotting at its core is how we

think of our bad decisions.
She gave me of the tree and I did eat

Adam says into the divine
authority's tiny tape recorder

before un-naming the animals
and burying them beneath

the porch. A few went into
the witness protection program

we call the wild. Now we're here
at the hard limits of nowhere

in particular while the wolf's
world is marked by the mist

of piss it sprays in the snow
without coercion from unseen

forces—its mind wrapped around
the white-tailed fawn running

through a forest that stretches
endlessly into the interior.

Shelflife

Let the scope of my dented
Vision stream with patterned
Glass—now that's what I'm good
For these days, tracking wall
Prisms and ducking red wasps

Honestly fear is great when it's full
When you feel the fact of it

What stop-motion film is this?
What vibrant commercial?

Bless the dove on the violet lawnsplot
Bless the paint left out on the tarp
Seven borer bees above the blue steps
Hovering

I turn to pixels
I trace the sterile sun

Pollen is falling in the open air
And I am at the porch-facing desk
Unbraiding my hair







Georgia Carbone



After Rilking (The 8th Elegy)

A rock and a cup
weighing down my elegies

My heart is cracked
and suddenly sharply focused
by the Bat's track

Death opening
opening, opening
peeling away

My tongue
the sword
to cut through the thick jungle

At home in its sheath
Hesitant to pierce the sky



Blossoms

Waving your hand through
linden trees after it rains
can feel wet

Or it can feel
like cum
dripping down your fingers
after the sky had an orgasm

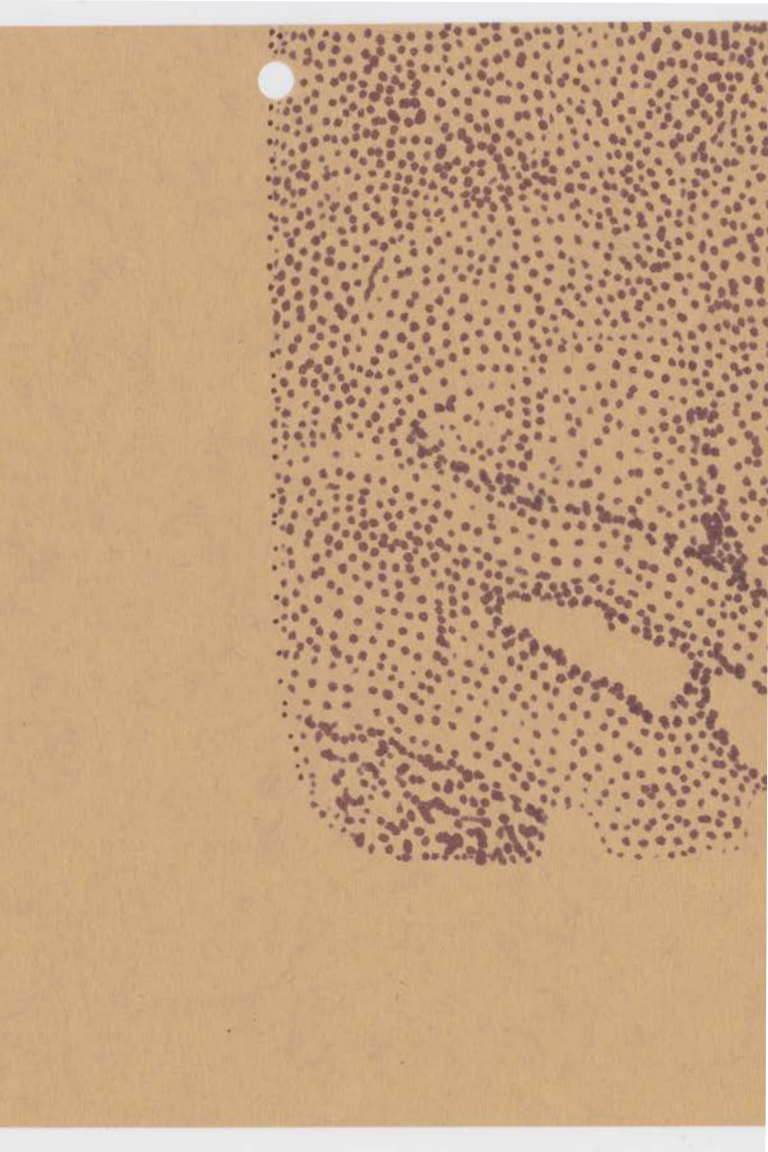
like the flowers and water
mixed together
what was left by Bees.

Mixed and made into a gaping wet
softness that says

to the dirt
I love you.

we can and
do need each other





Two of Cups, An Ode to My Hormones

Dear Lover,

Today I have moved around and you have stayed still. The abyss and what drowning does to us, is repeated melody of sound.

My body disenchants me, this lost section of craving what can't be had. Happiness. These eyes close and they absorb all the light around me and try to make it enough. But enough of me is never enough for someone else.

I never hear from you and I want to be told how good I am, how ripe, how juicy, how sweet. I must be engorged for you and shaking my limbs every which way no longer helps.

Today, I have my head on, this second I have my head on but in another it will roll away. I'll go chasing it until you call out to me - until you greet me so gingerly.

Dear Beloved,

When I opened the door you stood basking gloriously under its arch. Whose arms could hold you so truly but my own. Under the full moon's tidal which has started to slip. I wane and wax as you call me to you just like it does. In my final hours of sleep I roll around trying failingly not to think of you and how you grow further in fullness, denser yet empty. The birds outside chirp once again which means we have not destroyed everything - not our love.

The grounds are wet and I need your subjective understanding of my delicate strength, a verb to help me up when I resist the angel's call. The angel. It is starting to sound much like you. I don't mind it.

Dear Lover,

I'd like to have an angel to call upon when your rationality is not around. My rationality, controlled by my monthly bleeding, demonizes my conscious mind, tears it to shreds. I can no longer ride the carousel. I become the painted clown scaring children away.

I scarcely recognize myself without you and when you're gone I become so engrossed in the mundane I lose sense of what is important. I forget to drink the holy water. It drips out with the rest of the blood. Should I try holding on to the blowing winds. I'm circumspect and though I may be covered in soot, I still need you.

Dear Beloved,

You sweet writhing monkey. You're wrong. My words are tombstones, shallow graves, deep ponds of worth that hear your grief and dig up the stones. Excavating what is left of the dirty remains. The end. What I have left to say, I will repeat until you know it to be true. My speech may be soft but my heart is sound and I lay it out each month for your soul to bare it's witness. For there are some bonds that cannot be broken. Mother to child. Womb to tomb. Blood to female sacrifice.

Yet even amid all this, the space the home takes up remains alight. The graces bring out what has been upturned and what remains of the flesh after each ride. The swing is almost a portal, the rope tied to it assisting the course of gravity. What could I say to you to set your course right? What words of comfort need imparting along the lines of your fragile fertility?

Dear Lover,

Will you hold the womb up to the heavens like a basket of treasured jewels. Will you set them down in the sunny grass later forgetting you've even put them there. Will their tones satisfy comfort? If there are scholars around let them know I have searched for you among Inanna's tomb and saw it closely resembled my own. My bed laid bare. You observing the rite with me, have brought me much comfort.



“ don’t / touch me ”

This is springtime
A season for mating
But we can’t even hug
I read image threads on Instagram called “What You Need to Know
about COVID and SEX”
Birds wake me up in the morning, fucking
The forest isn’t bashful about babies
I hear birds make noises I’ve never heard before
Didn’t know they could make
I look up body pillows on Amazon
Despite my zero – dollars – per – hour quarantine compensation
At night I eat chocolate and try to sign up to foster a dog but
Humane societies are closed
(. . . I wonder who is touching those dogs)
Forbidden hands , I am touched immaterial
By sunshine
By bath water
By words
By sound
By the pack rats who live in my walls and between floors
Their footfalls , tiny shiatsu
A hundred tiny pats and slaps
Raising goosebumps on the backs of my arms and neck
Which tenses , short for breath
Thinking of soft fingers at its nape

It has been

Twenty

– two

days.



Blessed Art Thou Amongst Women

And she says
Listen to the universe's
Stage direction
And I am
Going towards
And away
A notion
Of utopia
Semi penetrate
I can be my own hero
That dodged the bullet

Who will watch over us ?
As sweat gets in your eyes.
When I left
The mode of non care
I will be my own hero.
A slow build.
To find that something
Was there.
To be named
To be undefined
I can be
A choice
With directive I am

In the flood of origin
The terror
Of a mother
A panopticon
In the state of trust,
what can a body
do to be safe ?

An opening

Invocation of the Freefall
(wherein the fourth begets the third)

and how to observe the infinite space in process
and all release as form untouched
and your fleshly remaining, is that what you hold or offer
and my orbiting santatia, alive in sensual vertigo

I am not healed or in space – but as I am
I am not broken or in space – but there, again
I am not bramble or volume – but face, head, love
at the worry of intimacy – I dive back

into the what I make – release as form
into the space reminders, of what – freefall
gazing in all directions, landing alone, again
innocent of interruption – into the you, again

and how to be grateful for the fold
and your lenticular light pods – as empty vessel
as imploding oracle, as broken chamber
my heart as explosion

shrapnel divination, devolving isolation
eternal by arrival – and how to thank perception
your purge, your fibrous spawn
of spirits I ascend through

I long for awareness of the eternal
I long for the faces I share – out there, or mine
I long for the narrow strip, the unmeasured walk
defiled, yet filled with longing

and what has brought such dearness to closeness
and all fragile warmth to ecstasy
and feral speed, speeder, my fast, my faster
I thank perception of the spirits, the friends I don't
contact

to have known such improbable alignment
the animals I don't see, I thank the family I don't have
the ones I do, the objects I embody
the lives I've loved

here, let me foist a shadow on a grass
would it take so much, to uncover what years have held
what it is that burrows beneath perception of the immaterial
that obfuscates the insurgent flow

but breath as emotional resonance, gazing
above as below – it was there, wasn't it
you found my green, my open window
the quivering mainframe I relish, every night

to return to the feral, for the promise of the subjugated
lie
aroused by arrival, those r words, delicious for the rose'd
flesh
a thorn of inconsequence – elegy of my most distant sight
the standing unseen previousness, that allowed – here - to
happen

and how to reignite the normal out of its penumbra
and what does it mean to get lost in each other
and farewell the express, and our hands as humans
and you my bothness, my lazy eyeheader

the thing that's coming – isn't the thing here –
the thing broken, metanomic interior thing, I can't touch
the thing I'm not worried about, what I hold onto
what escapes, the burbling criterion

I'm not about – it is my choosing that occupies
catching breath, and leaving breath –
I thank what I align, as notation, I thank perception
of the rise, then again – ahead of itself, the step

what I know, I didn't – what I needed, when –
I thank perception of time, derelict traveler
self nomad, of selves – selv'er – they'er – you'er
isolated creature – weaving interstitial enigma

I'm not choosing – ever, as the most – actual –
but freefall, as the cosmic interior
the mozaic opens – and how does the same
unfold



Carrion clusters of greenbottles
Erupt from the body of Sant Narcís and later his sepulcher
Once you came to me, damselfly
Now left to ants
I climb unabated and amassing on all the naked bodies
Joy that once passed through my eyes
Slumps inwardly now
Gentle as Chloropidae's larvae
I am all that is unseen in your unforgiving
All that stands at the last stanchion of your uncaring
Your unloving
Your unfaithful
Punching the timeclock of your wakefulness
In expectancy of tomorrow's bread
What you drive away comes back to you tenfold
Unearned and unearned for, unappraised
"You got to pull the weeds out by the root"
In your deep, long convalescence you might compose
A thousand songs to freedom
The Second Musician answering the tune of the First
Fostering community in resonant chords
That seek out the silence between themselves
Catching on and catching
As catch can
If you only listened carefully enough
I connect what you have severed
In my notes are only melodies you have yet to hear
I stayed up all night waiting for your call again
How glorious would that you be the listener
I am the appearance of fragility that is
Essential to beauty
I feed on your eye
I eat the bromes and wheatshafts
I inject my cornea with various secretions
I ledger the names of the dead
I take for myself what your guts have always known
Your daily bread

A night, moon-hung
A centipede crawled around my shoulder
a pleasure that does not let you sleep
becomes repression
A good people got together, left together.
They took their company
Wearing a mask (not shame
but the Open)

Hey there fuck face, this is the story of an orgy, pay attention

An owl as
nighttime (No one wore their shirt)
An owl as
insomnia (“Don’t look” and someone looked)
An owl as
possession (An ecstatic engine)
An owl as
projection (What terror did you grasp)
An owl as an
owl (There were certainly bystanders)
An owl as an
owl (Who and what made mistakes, then)
An owl as
the Terror (i.e. Morality / Smug)

What ever excess made the movies?



After Hölderlin

The child sees the struts of the wish
—jo ianni

You dig your freedom out
from a rubber-band-ball of
ley lines and look at it. It's
got that junk drawer smell,
probably still takes AAA
batteries...do you have any
of those, any old remotes
you could swipe them from
just to test it? It's kind
of a miracle you found
it, really, once you consider
how long it's been since
you last used it—since an
arrogance overtook you
and you knew every last
birthday candle you'd ever
muttered over needed more
gusto, gentle (if indirect)
legwork—a plan, scanned
into little dactyls then sent
by courier to the feeling
in your face when I say
cheese. A lower anthem.

I have cleared all
the prizes out of the claw
machine, whiled away
quarters and hours and
every little precision
I have so that I could
put the small purple bear
I won in the window
for the neighborhood
kids to see as their
parents drive them around
bear hunting. No guns,
a safe pastime that doesn't
require masks—although
you can always wear them
anyway, if you want to.



Corona Poem

From a gash in the earth
emerge blue
droplets painting through
us daily

their threads, glue
more useless than we
though possible- then
again, what is use

other than a habituation
so clung to us that
stripping it away tears
at our being as
we knew it

runs what was thought
as lifeblood
clear and searing into
the empty streets

I am now sewn
to a window, hoping
the transmutation
will mirror the green
and winnowed rise
from sleep



Only Our Own Path Follows Us into The Night

Only our own paths
follow us
into the night
where we must face
an encounter
our infinite echos
passing through us
our bodies
reverberating
sweating
for when we were once contained
in a solitary water cell
only sound
was there to guide us
one beat
circulated through
becoming again
now we toss and turn
as sound and signal
leave the body
ourselves
upon waking
always felt left behind
to look toward the other
with whom we do not share
watery bed nor grave
to wonder where they've been
where they'll be going
what paths will stretch across
the ever widening gap
of wandering desert souls
too hurried to be fed
too hungry to suffice
can only the hazy accumulation
the fog that might roll in
that we will ourselves to see and not look through
tell us who we are
only as a result of what we've been through
I pray for a lighter flower
a seed I've planted
that blossoms
to speak in muted hums
to surround me like a sweet smell
to conquer my weakness
and speak only
to a likeness
in improbability
and strength



Hard Medicine

An unruly collection of selves

Grunting & hungry

Constellating & grandiose

Some flower form

Some fugue

Constant migration

Constant witness

You watch gardening videos on youtube on mute

You flip aimlessly through a french english dictionary

You yearn and don't yearn for the magnetic field of the earth

You yearn to be a flower or something else without a past



Canary Pearls

Every fall, when the canary pearls burst from their skins,
I watch the blue birds swallow one, two, or three berries
Filling their stomach with the jewels.

Perhaps that is where their song comes from,
One, two, or three canary pearls.

In New Orleans, you slipped into a bath
filled with rosemary you'd picked in the desert
In steam, your sweat married the evergreen
branches filled the water with needles.

I was kneeling on the tiles by a candle
(it could have been 4 in the morning)
catching my breath like a northern mockingbird

I read to you, one, two, three poems
about death, about women's hair, about birds
with bright feathers in flight and blowing
into northern forests where we would later find ourselves.

When spring comes Bittersweet sprout where the bluebirds nest,
The vines choke surrounding trees in a long embrace.
From New Orleans, I kept white beads as one does on Tuesdays
And swallowed as many as could fit in my belly
Hoping for a song.



Kids' Castle

To be in your own world
On a rug, threadbare or lush or both
Under suburban sky
locked in your head

We are all of us discussing this from our bedrooms
Taking merely corporeal flight
We know to how to fly as children
Who remembers that fleeting?

The original, forever street performers
In a living room or for no one
Or only for the dead, they perform
They are unpolished as shit!

So unpolished, in fact, there is no craft, or proof of the terrible audience and
acrobats who swing by to clap and trumpet and spill popcorn

Who is it for?



Untruncated verse in anything alive

Untruncated verse in anything alive
streams forward through the wrist.

.

Remember how we formed
a glassy membrane
from drinking together.

An unknown valence
that came into discovery
from the smell of the air in this country.

.

I was alive such that
everything was contacted by everything.

.

I felt chronicity as nothing being left unpreceded.

Dear beloved community

In your own little bell shaped curve
Night when wind full of space feeds on our faces
A purple orchid against the white wall
Every angel is terrible on Instagram
Tears out-streaming beauty with their short or long
 or gone hair like how Glenis
Keeps getting up in the night
In the eye's dream of my father and mother
From the backseat window of the family car
The snake under the seat
That gives me a little sensation
As flowers and fields rush by
Another snake dream as viral lightning
Which keep escaping and breeding smaller snakes with legs
What now I ask you about what will become of us
And the place that you so tenderly cover
Poetry of your skin so bright
In an abundance of caution
Ending with restraint or repose
The trace of us in angels
Resonate to this moment
As we wake to find a way to move
Onto the energy of the dream
Start a spiral around this form of perception

Yesterday I had a vision in the relaxing bath
Of how to transmit a poetry community
Of how a bow string quivering indoors needs
Community as the third term (pollen or compost)
In addition to the intertwining seed of reading
And green vines, flowers and fruit of writing
The body of a silken angel I invoke you
The angel has put on a reason costume
Pollen bedecked of the flowering godhead
Who are you?
ReaderWriter
In the space of youth
Whoever you are no matter what age
Ripe with life in the Spring
Out of each melancholic Winter
The beautiful creases of the face of my husband
Faces of others distant in the street
Released evaporate how an angel gets up in your face
And then disappears lovers look at each other and grow
like fruit
The fruit of writing to each other all at once

Where does my smile go?
Whiff, germ or seed we give to those angels
Growing new mortal life
And there is no one I can do without
The real has conspired to suppress us

The not ever being the same
After each night's dream
Whether we write it
Or tell it to our lovers
Or feed and stroke it like a pet
That is our own face and body
The millions of nerve endings at the throat
Of each of us our family circles

Are you faring well in your unsatisfiability?

I return again to the poem
And then will get out of bed
Of my anatomical spring
To move like the thinking animal that I am
Loving you with these word as I switch
From person to person I love overwhelming
You have a new memory
Every second whether you know it or not
Today's the day after a huge dream party





A Cloud, Endlessly Parting

I ate an apple
It came from water and everything in the earth and air

It's juicy
It goes through me

Not made for me
Though found and used by me

We're an apple to the angels maybe

////

I'm in the bird times with you

Squawking, heaving, cooing, leaving
legacies that aren't buildings

...

I wanna do some peacocking

Show the boys my feathers

////

As far as playing music goes, the counting is what carries you

////

We're not real birds

On the way of stones that encircle the rough shape of the lagoon, we're reminded of our own potential for causing harm by the sudden rushing wings of a heron we hadn't even seen until it burst into motion to flee from sounds we were not aware we were making with our passing.

////

My windows flashed red with emergency

I hope my neighbor is okay

////

A good sentinel,
encouraged to disagree with poets,
interrogates the spell before it is allowed
to be cast over me.

////

Your face is like a pet you present to the world

A heartbeat flung into the blue

Boys want what other boys want

Forgive them

“Lovers, if the beloved were not there blocking the view, are close to it, and marvel...” Rilke says of the pure space into which flowers endlessly open. Maybe that’s why unrequited love is so powerful a motivator for art. The lover is not there, blocking the pure space, the space of God opening out behind, like a silver peacock’s spreading fan of eyes.

////

Son of A Neck

Unmute my skin the warmth of
no one human

Touching off my smallest
necksense in the evening
everyone

Burns an inner sun emitting
readiness or something

Warms me in the dark from
behind your rays I bask in
skinrise

Radiance of sleep's heat
skin's speech all that

I cannot unfeel here in
lockdown. It's April and as
Prince says sometimes it snows

in April which is true now and pretty
much every April in Montréal I never
think I have enough

Time enough money enough
talent enough night to recline in
the outer space

Of my apartment and apprentice at
last to a lucid dream of touch

as philosophy, touch as the
complete works.

I had thought about quitting I
had fantasized the radical
pausing of all this shit

Killing us more infinitely and
actually in the hot hands of
people posing

As people of the globe, people
with a bunker in New Zealand
just in case, people

With a pre-existing sickness
wherein top health's maintained
sucking the life and health

Of others to exist as, they say, a
person in this selfsame night
where there is no illness and

no scarcity but in the heart.

My cat is warming my lap and my
lap him. I am writing this on him

As he insists and then complains.
His kidneys are slowly going

I feel his spine, his ribs, I write
lightly

As his murmurs exhort me, his
feet more perfect than ether

Interrupting every thought I have
in his presence, wiped out by the
perfection of them

Still I did not want to spend the
plague gazing at these feet only
since I did not yet have covid

And one must use what one has
and time was something I had, time
was something rare and precious
once

And now more copious than
green will be once April is over
and we forget about the bare
death these trees now

Lay bare, wanting us to know it's
not all leafy, not all buds and
blossoms blossoming

Not all the sumptuous shade of
fanning canopies but also that
but not only that but even more





Our Cauterized Gestures

And all of a sudden you're walking me back from the pageant
At Christmas, for instance, dolls, I believe
As content moderators flag down images and videos
Do not witness
Does not witness this
I told my one joke
Of milk and died staring straight
At the post-it notes hung above desks
Strewn with rushes and reeds that float on the lake

The sun
Microsoft
Et cetera
rabbit rabbit
a metal hot
tiny billboards and recitations looping
let me love you
let me love you in rushes

And all of a sudden you're walking me back from the pageant
At Christmas, there is a candle in every window
Of the plate glass skyscrapers all around us
But we've made these golden rooms too for hanging out in
Where you don't even need to explain anything if you don't want to
And you're worthy without praise structures hung all around like a garbage
Like a girding unwound I am plastic and swimming
In the pool that I stole and kept secret

And as we were walking I wanted you
To fold, to turn, to keep walking toward reams of fantastic valence and solidarity
In a way I think you knew but could not own.
So my desire was left to its own devices
And it was excited, what it could make
It was exciting to me, to be neither owned nor owned up to
Like what is going to happen to my life

And all of a sudden you're walking me back from the pageant,
When two little men in bear costumes reoccur:
Once on the curb, kneeling
Once frozen in the middle of a fight
Once almost bumping into us, smiling intransitively, one says to the other, "What do you
get when you cross a street with a poem?"
Replies the other, "Killed!"

And all of them burst into lacerate peel shapes. To begin with horses
Two, hurdling toward oiled wards, fingers made of wax
 that drip a golden bead on every lid
At the rest stop
At the porchlight fingers made of wax,
Each finger the length of a song or a night
Organs gesticulate silently
 to be in for or of the belief that each
Time you're walking this block was the first and that we could do it again
To return as horses, insisting
To harrow a tract for the audience
 in our stables it is Sunday and the actors insist
 in the afternoon and evening

And as I am walking you are suddenly toward
 or away from the former elementary school as in itself a silent guess,
Her only role is that of nurse
 and mine as nature's patient hinging
 out and turning in to stay up late and list each scabby groping breath,
 to pick each gristle of the day out from the meat,
Just. To wander between rooms and wards
To dream of a fire in a tunnel
That I can love of course
Unto death, yea
Kenotic humiliation



###

I check my secret inbox
for unopened messages from the Gmail team

feelings are the places we move through to get to the next meal
one says, coupon attached

also my sunscreen has been discontinued
a lipstick's pigment was blessed by NASA scientists
a swan emerged from the wreck that killed 1 and injured 3
another man I know is dead, though we were not close

a church that is not church is what I need
I think this as I type into my phone

it's good fortune that sends us up to heaven, though, nothing else
nothing big I mean

like this sale on clogs, this poreless skin
the promises youth makes to our richer boring futures

these tendrils of God's breath, the barometric pressure
throbbing in my temples, whistling through my earbuds which never fit right

should I jog today or just walk
to the cemetery
to the corner store
past the cemetery
to the corner store
and back again

8 bucks for a Gatorade and one rubber glove what kind of life is that

if I smoke four cigarettes before breastfeeding will I become the Devil's
bride?



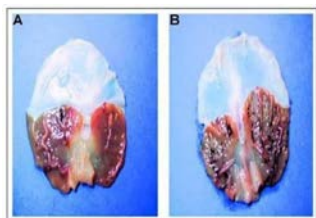


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Marie Ségolène and Alex Patrick Dyck, 2019

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Rilking is a workshop on Reiner Maria Rilke's *Duino Elegies*,
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