

SONATA MANDALA TO THE PENUMBRA BIRD

Cortical. Subcortical.

Forms and representations.

Pulsation of forces.

Vibration. ((((()))

Scent on the woven rug

(warp and weft,

unknotted, Afghan,

antiquity: 135 years),

clue or souvenir.

Hyperboreal smell: wild mist of civet musk.

Body's simple landscape, dermal aura,

death.

Scent of tea and points of star.

Holding a splinter like alga.

Siege. Siege. —Leave that space untouched.

Scent of earth and race. Lift up the cover, see what's enough.

Contraction: "count the seconds, breathe deep in and out."

At a time like this, with this smell, any man would lose himself.

:

Cortical. Subcortical.

Falling over and over again.

Tentative and honey on the lips.

On the grass, the leaves. Up above her hang stars.

That woman (seen in Baden-Baden) entangles every fold of skin
so that others might enter.

Intense curiosity: Where does impossibility go, the gritty interior of a man, the solar vortex, sight, autism, the hand perched on a nubile knee, the unidentified celestial body, the oyster, the time, the gust of wind that scarcely stirs the Baltic sea, the maimed body, progress, violets, rosemary? What are the intense particles of prussian blue moving toward?

*Even the sweater drips. Fabric that only just covers the mountain.
Nothing remains on the grass. Maybe bile on crest peak vertex.*

Teasel.

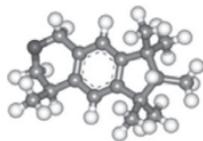
*Then the mouth of the river:
Camouflage. Suspension, blood in suspension.*

Cortical. Subcortical.

Forms and representations.

Pulsation of smells.

Luminous ghost of present.



Galaxolide.

Artificial plasma. Aerial gravitational field.
Millions of cubic meters of air for one lone particle. —Deer.
Sexual, Fetid. Synthetic.

Pleura.

In the midst of the stampede, a hand rests on the arc of a kneecap.

Limit.

Oxygen to supply the siege. Furs pulled close against the wind.

Cage.

((((()))

What's enough, what's implied. We were three radiant orphans. All of heaven set up camp in our eyes. Refraction of a ray of light. Satiety at the foot of language—Penumbra bird.

Sonata resounding through bedrooms: andthebirdsenteredthroughthelips, aural mandala. Bird maw. Hypodermic. Space bird. Aurora borealis. System. The most beautiful. Cellophane bird. Upright. Clump of marsh marigold. Ditch bird. Metal dishes. Opal bird. Ball of purple yarn. Net and plumage buried in blood.

Garlands and matches. *My index finger on your body: the thought cleaves
liver cervix pleura lung; everything is fleeting I repeat: images: I repeat: images.
Everything is fleeting.*

Open to the sky. Dry, soft, sticky. Purple; bitter on the tongue.
Persistent. Smell.

Cortical. Subcortical.

Shapes and representations.

Pulsation of traces. Pulsation of traces. Pulsation of traces.

Pulsation.

LEFTOVERS
(NOODLES WITH SCALLIONS)

1. Gust (at the left side). 2. Tempest (over remains of noodles with sauce).
3. Figure (piece of beef pushed aside). 4. Surface (lip stain on napkin).
5. Container (bite left on plate). 6. Tapestry (cloud of balled-up breadings).

Aleatory movement of the eye (or smiling at the ferryman
with no thought of money).

3.

Not what it seemed. *Bird hidden while the body shines.*

As close as that or having crossed the boundary.

Finest film, almost hair, not fur. —West Indies.

Minute space where two drops of sweat touch.

At the center of the back a mole. *Meters.*

Skin spot where tone and musculature survive.

Habit.

Birth of a mark or sun obtained in the open air. —Desert, before the oceanic swell, desert.

On the shoulder /the wedding ring's treacherous endgame/ contracture.
From there down to the rib's horizon.

Left earlobe. Fleshy. Mole on the margin of the skin.

Mountain of shadows music and shindig.

The body shines. Metal and air on tip of tongue.

Presence of that which always cleaves the original surface.

Sieve. Basal rosette. Marks.

What loom nape or lobe is the body spilled into weight and unmarked form?

Not what it seemed. Map of thread to say “that swift-moving time where the wolves hunt their prey.”

Get out of a tight spot. Nape or marks—Sang the man in the theater.
Novitiate. Landscape of stalactites and steps, time’s systemic circulation.
Mother camping on your chest. Cerebellum where the scream hides.
Hamstrings. Stations to decipher the limit.

Epidermis, fear is always epidermic.

Marks.

1.

(transformable object for positioning in repose)

Talismanic city inhabited by woman who unfolds her skin. Air through the ashtreesbaobabsequoiasahuehuetes—Then throwing little stones in the water was perforating rice paper to knot the eyes. —Then stumbling blindly through the fog it burst into high-pitched noises. (It turned out that hordes of ducks were flinging themselves off a cliff.) Three-handled pot with anthropomorphic motifs. On the other side of the clay the motifs repeated: inhabited house fleeing birds red triangles in flight through celestial block: from this body to your body like building progress the future. *Solar cult*. Every morning (centuries/intonations/signal clasped to chest) a grammatical light guides the remains. To go. Leave this ritual practice to the dead alone.

5.

(black and white photograph. s/t. 1972.)

On leaving home /corner/ everything seems like so much. And so little. Somewhat tepid: scab scars. Meteor and luminous sand. Hole in the wall through which the measure is deduced. *Cosmic gust*. Next to the girl a man points to a point: black petrel spying through the window. Fire opal or teasel. Darkness in the middle of the amazonian canopy. Be there in splendor.

2, 4 and 6.

DIY—Decant the scenery, swap the figures, *assembly*. Then everything, or almost everything, is warehousing, domain of inch and a half, pressure, pupil that dilates centuries, simultaneity.

Fleeting, everything is fleeting.

Be there in splendor.