

Rachel Blau DuPlessis / from DRAFT 23:
FINDINGS

9. Dance, accepting a good deal of dancer sound.
Squeaks, wet pants, huffing the beat, and spin.
Take talismans, pilgrim, and lay them
invitingly across the blank
white-black mine in which light holding my hands so

touchingly in one arc throw the die into time
the spotty body falling by chance, and again, bet.

That's how I walk.
That's how I talk.
O baby, that's what I like.

10. Entering under the lintel of the alphabet
in the epistolary mode

I write with letters in letters, and
the correspondence intensifies
from one to one.

Some texts conjure memory one full day.

But the restraint of the rememberer
is so bold that fissures and fragments
compete with finish.

What "little" epic monuments?

What "flash" lyric memory?

What mazy feminine boxhedge, trained so?

What mythic press is this?

What struggle to escape?

Why am I so hard on poetry?

The trail is broken, and the sound skein

loosened and tightened
threads an unpredictable way.

Orion way off around, and under

below the west, has turned, as a matter of course,

since November, and his enormous X,

the fuzzy clutch of sisters at his belt,

and the strong corner stars shining eons of vibrato
are folded away for now.

A milk seed blowing, thus contrite the rememberancer
considers the milky baby-hairs of time.