

LARY TIMEWELL / Of the real we know only what happens to our body¹

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love cobbles its unreal span, a fragile above
among animals *amongst* words among doves

in the present continuous we wake, are awoken
repossessed of now as our own, the body s/urges
all possible plurality, ecstatic narrative of
the continuum caresses, (each)
tendrils-exfoliate, (each) root of (each) world
knows this a confoundment / an exuberance

babies boom all day, full-bodied from the hip, become
'boys & girls' rolling out from (onto) flat tradition script

to be 'just & fair' in the 'near & far', lost
realms & sentiments & solitudes require
vertiginous words & animal names, energies given that
in dreams from genre & gender escape

1 Translation of Brossard, p. 108.

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Blog entry:

Kino no menu: ebi-chan to kokonatsu miruku, nama kaki (shio-aji, umi no aji!), remon tarto, kouhee. Oishikatta desu! :)

Enlisting the floral prajnapana of the senses
to inventory an emotional life, an oblivion

summering at the horizon

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Democracy is not the agency, neutrality the neither/nor.

For here I am on Facebook with all the *who we are* others while
vultures await child-body fall, we bear
witness to the many

death states of death