

from Some Beheadings

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Grace, Excess

Is there a sublime, that's my birdsong today.

Is it immanent, that's why I wrote a page I doubted.

Slipping on questions
all questions are gloves against rancid weather
gloves being grace.

Grace, I think.

Grace, I think I can feel it as image as

THE WHITE OF SHEEP
INVADES A FIELD

Grace not of but as god, that unusable concept used in excess.

Look into excess.

Watch that wanderer
watch him seed his grotesque plants. His eyes become
the vines he becomes.

Do I want an image with which to think asks
is matter abstract grit
a way to open up open up.

Or do I want to touch something so I cease.

Watch it cede
like bamboo in the bamboo grove.

Do I want to listen in the grove so loud
the grove becomes a loud speaker
a lyric wet.

That is a sublime that is
immanence an excess an incest a prosperity a bloom
isn't it as

THE WHITE OF SHEEP
INVADES A FIELD
A CIRCLE EMPTIES
ANOTHER CIRCLE

No, But

A pause, a shrub.
I look, I prune
the recession,

the dip, & think
no.

A shrub on the lowly
bland plain—I

tend it to
attenuate it
& think no.

Forget volta,
find its
opposite

is thicket.
Attend it.

Attend attention
as you would pause,
materia medica.

Attend thicket,
it breeds
its own

interruptions,
tarries & turns
so that you don't.

"I am my land,
expressed" & expression.

Attend thicket
as it thickets
as I

& expression
forget rifts.

No thistle
but overthistle.

Event

An event, a syntax.
A syntax, a scape.
The mountain

in your view
tenses. The people
radicalize

what you don't
see. In broad daylight
they write

a philosophy,
an animal
they lead

into the square
bares their
illegible whips.

Burrow
for radicals,
they're all dead.

Syntax, no one
knows
what it is,

you figure.
They hymn.
You figure they.

The mountain
in your view
is a period.

A period in the period
accelerates
toward your eye.