

# Two Poems

Raymond de Borja

## In the Now You Are Faintly Beginning

In the opposite direction, a moment of surprise,  
surroundings faintly heard

Pages missing, many dangers exist  
complete with thunderbolts

But not violently, no, but in a gesture of a new beginning

And clearly, you are the woman in the plane crash at the beginning

We take the position of strangers at every beginning

In the opposite direction, complete with thunderbolts,  
the clarity of dangers

But not violently, no, but in the direction of pages turning

And our surroundings are gestures faintly beginning

And our surroundings are gestures  
faintly heard

Strangers at each violent beginning

The plane missing, the pages, the danger of clarity  
complete with thunderbolts

Where moments of surprise are directions faintly heard

In the now you are faintly beginning

No, we have gone missing  
Strange dangers, a plane turning complete with thunderbolts  
In the direction of now's turning

Surroundings turn gestures into clear dangers  
And violently, yes, as with new surroundings  
The plane crash at the beginning,  
now, is missing  
Now, we have gone missing

## A Dream of Anechoic Chambers

A great crack in the afternoon. Probably a  
Heart. I forget to say towards.  
This century's exactitude. Collecting  
Signatures. Factories  
For the duration of a war. An adaptation of.  
Thence every masterpiece.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

Apparently, evening. Our first reaction was.  
To want to return. A passage cited. In the middle of.  
In the middle of. A pamphlet her response became.  
A scrutiny of miracles. The modernity  
Of her. Announces the weather.  
The theater is only theater.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

Around the time of analysis. Having long slumbered.  
Textual forests where the accent falls. Alas, the  
Sadness of a bourgeois. Drones in place.  
In exchange. And oddly 19th century.  
Where work begins experience. A Sunday. A feeling  
That sensuous specificity must be mythless. Or leisure.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

Chord shifts stuck in the head. A past composed  
Purely of peripheral scenes. Flickers between  
Disrepair. A chapter on trauma.  
Almost certainly upon us. Anterior to.  
The development of sound. Sacred, signifying,  
Returning syllables to the O of.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

We say no and then. No wonder.  
Out of a thicket of marvels, the regularity  
Of thickets. The physiology of an individual.  
The physiology of a city. The typology  
Of acquiring a life.  
A life is a worrisome limit.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

Until the magic goes wrong. Insistent  
Ringing. One turns to the word  
For rabbit. To the word  
For hat. The claque breaks  
Into song. But the deeper explanation  
For all of this is again. Those hidden doors.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

Obscure sorrows. First the mark  
Then the market. In a dream of anechoic  
Chambers of commerce. In our voice  
The words of strangers. A delay  
In the vitreous scenes. A colon caught  
In a sigh suspends the analogy.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

To excise a piece of sound. Were  
It flowers. At some distance  
Derricks. Dissolve in ambient chatter.  
What you said. Just now  
In the dense interleaving.  
A face. Naming thus.  
Then the long years of prosperity.

I forget the word for recognition. I forget  
The spiraling downward motion of speech.  
The perimeter of a wing. Motion  
Worked as thought, I forget muscle, gristle,  
And bone. Absences and containments.  
I forget whether rain, static, or perforations.  
Then the long years of prosperity.