

# This Nocturne Went Summer

(a series of cosmic missives)

**Liz Howard**

Expectant ions  
in the wettest summer on record  
having neither god nor country nor countenance  
I should project these teething of me  
Into the heronry.

Little clusters  
of rust coagulate my veins  
such is the feeling.

Blessed Heart.  
The Mind's Gavel.  
Garret, gutter, gutter skunk. Priceless.  
W/O cost or origin. What I take into my mouth.  
The sanctity of night. Everything that must be thrown  
out. Your head beside your name. I sweat and cry  
in taxis.

Give me Hell  
Give me your Worst Purse of Labile Offerings

Lost Origins  
Organs darkening under the liquid sap of Days

Tapping  
Courage's Gilded Casket a series of tasks.

Ontogenetic Pearls of Unending Drive  
sometimes I find myself horrid like Proust,  
like Kafka or Nanabush, given to moods  
and vapours and sickness, what cannot stand

because I am female and therefore suspect,  
furtive, unruly. I think sometimes there is  
something of Arendt or Sontag or the Moon  
in me but also every woman I see begging  
in the street. The uncertainty of me driving  
a hot spark into the centre of my solar plexus  
such that I cannot tell the difference between  
failure and illness.

Capital milks  
its stress of cortisol  
to grow a horror in the body.

It finds us all.

\*

Time knows what it does or it doesn't,  
is it truly a sequence that is continuing?  
I might suck time from the ridge of your lips.  
I think, the city negates me? Yes + No.  
The mess I've made of things. I'm given  
to the question mark, the ellipsis.  
The future has already happened  
and I understand nothing. A child  
cries on the street and the mother  
answers, "I don't care." Another  
woman walking past in expensive  
spandex says into her phone,  
"whatever I have risked I stand  
to earn." I cannot hunt, I lock  
the door when you go away  
with my love and then with fern  
in hand I signal recalcitrance. I am bogged.  
A pustule of glial shine. It is possible  
the rest has ended.

\*

I brought the vena cava as far as  
postponing the present.

Here is the list: the date, the face, the hour.

Soft privilege,  
I miss my ever so refined exit  
concomitant  
contour kit.

Breath became  
a danger set in endocrine relief.  
A sweet antiquity outside of sin.

Modest Head  
who has yet to pilfer your coffers?  
Stonewall green as any word when I  
awake and the popcorn ceiling  
is a testimony I can't understand.  
At work a superconducting magnet  
lulls in its hull below the hospital.  
I get lost and encounter an elderly  
patient in a wheelchair screaming HELP  
while the last fissure of my skull closes  
its account.

I dream of places I have lived before  
in which I am an unremarkable agent.  
Every screen is a stun gun, a spent stud,  
I scroll as from the a-topos of a lobotomy.  
At night I place a pressed note of melatonin  
under my soul and prey for a repeat.

The day was disinterested in me.

\*

I can't simply be the secretary of this  
contagion that loosed me upon the world

with so many holes that must be probed  
and assessed for progress. I can't offer my  
recent kill as a solvent or an antidote. I could  
take your mouth as I can't help but take  
your mouth out of the stillborn word  
and render it a new communion. Am I  
a disaster about my nerves? Outside of  
you, waiting for my humors to run clear,  
a colonial notion. So said my affection  
a lining of greenery within  
the posture.

Late Summer.

I swing it like the spirit that comes  
out of my mouth, the aggregate  
of my mouth a sit-in. I am congregating  
in an alcove, an achronological history  
of tones, as if I already knew the answer.  
Purchased the derivative, the transform,  
all sinusoidal descriptions of mercenary light.  
The desperation that exits me is not truth  
but surface. Can I spend the night? Can I  
spend the whole surface  
in one night?

\*

Do I intend an extended meditation  
on the impossibility of Object Relations  
so late in the game? The lesser pox  
that rests in me a deep, cold water  
lake.

All the skins

a fibrous silk

of nerve stimulus

wedded to infinity.

The sky has a nickel sheen.

False rapids and birch and bottle caps in an old code of surety.

I dreamt supranatural and killed my memories with salt.

I mined a silken nerve. I mined the woods.  
When your hand crested the iliac of my hip  
and took up this branch, a whip  
of lilac. The jurisdiction of my heart  
a fall of red clovers all over the township.

Let this dark summer displace  
the original hour  
of our mutual birth

what reappears here

the night I crossed out.