

FRED WAH / from ARTiculations

0.1 (Rilke)

Looks like the Angel got through. Wrapped.
Swaddled. Between the rock and the river.

Seen speaking as having held to mere fact.
Mirroring on the wall, not me, begründen.

Watch who'd turned us round, turned and stopped.
Just for taking leaves from the bottom of the tree.

Of which the years build up their larger mounds.
Pudenda'd down moss, "the smell of the heat is..."

Spectacle of Mrs. Erickson's totem. Private parts.
Thread round desire like a crack through the cup.

Stare, stare—nothing there. Camp. Earth. House.
Poof! said the beak. Not a ripple. By a hair.

0.2 (Rilke)

As if I came back leafless...
As if those were the actual master times
and the cold mirrored so often
even so, souls might act alone.

Linger as the morning tries to
shine upon the ocean floor,
canopy of cloud and raven
squawking for her bones below,

white. What are they those birds out there
hoots, whose sometimes
visible glances are lost?

Oh, I know the earth.
That curriculum of the song sung
the parched heart, so small along the coast.

8. (Nancy!)

Nancy! beyond
stones, but within reach
furniture murky

head at the controls
children blocked
no neighborhood

Paris you could almost say
meubles, anthropological

pebbles and mud
could never be cultural
determined girls

we won't disturb the lake
please, so late in the day.

10. (Noli me tangere)

First the hot and dry
Crossed up middle
By right cell strips
Down to craving, gravel
Elbows on the wing
Brushed with taste
This damp phant'sy
Lured by the sentence
Left or between
Noli me tangere
Voila! quite contrary