

## jenn angela lopes / 23° 26, Recanting: to Sing Again

*I'm the mother and the poet  
Something is inferred about an artist who died  
The daughters are intact, the dream-sons are murdered  
What's the equation  
—Bernadette Mayer, Midwinter Day*

How brawny are you daughter outside country svelte are  
You too accustomed to drawing slovenly woes, no bends  
In dress just a flow, a glide, where air  
Underneath pushes up and rushes out, a sharing necessity  
Of our separation to see your salvaged dim drop  
Of dew from afar refulgent like a gem, a  
Beauty mark that says exactly what passes its mind,  
Round with occasional leaps into casted molten silence this  
Morning we ask “what’s the equation of death” to

the future spot of oophoron anterior  
long nights of unconscious spaces  
to enter debut

You need in me as I engage in  
Shuttle day by volition, I zoom into our  
Hearth's frisson you want past I past continue  
Sometimes the means used to clinch our aims  
Are more often than not of greater blames  
To our prospective world than the intended aims  
You are beautiful with means, beautiful without wishes  
You moment you saying "...letting go of my  
mother's foot as maenads palpate  
debut" you with force, our  
agreement with fright

I shudder, lithe with condensation; you sing  
Lust's pseudo sciences test not its hypothesis  
Attempting to emulate the veneers of sciences  
That really have intellectual content lust accompanies,  
Rather precariously, beliefs about jurisdiction over the  
Flow of events our love knows its  
Hypothesis, without logic, seeing midmorning as a

cessation found comonomer cocooned,  
as if crushing  
repent

Here, in this mass cut of  
Sleet, in this letting go, anxiety  
Fraughts me to deficit, I meld  
Into recorded voices, your hands multi-  
Task how my heart hurts when  
Chyle tarries in gestation, how a

massacre of serene sacs, a rosace,  
not preen,  
observes my heart

Truancy of emotions waves not  
Rationality apathy soaring terror can  
Indeed terrify us, being not  
The result of control but  
An evident manifestation of incomprehension:

sesame seam qua miosis adored

This being inoculated with  
Reason is fake you  
Ask me “was I  
loving you?” I distanced

vacated vesicles at toe move

me, as vacuums are not silent nor noble

Open afternoons beckon

Us withdrawing leaves

Dreams in hazard

pose me, pupate me offers as rooted!

or force to the end

Leaves will

Block eaves

Other's ardent

soul caters more on commune

veins, as remorse meets

with different

Acceptance's

Shift

pulsing semiotics under ears'

roe, not night

visionary fantasies, in

Yolk

To

caromed ardour on mono queue

jealous, not

funeral processions

Nature's

Necessity,

marram cooed coat on murmur

deuce ammo,

no longer a terror: god or chance

We

soothe aeon ramose, oogonium

in depth there always exists warmth,

qua ecru sugar, gaze

augurs moon maced,

all about in a silent wall of love laced