

## KEN BELFORD / Potential

In my opening pages, the identity  
of the characters is contested as  
a forgery of imagery bound up  
with the claims and dispositions  
of country. It seems in order  
to sustain power in all this,  
the city upholds an illusion of  
authority over the north, so that  
the influential with the most is  
a problem to which I return.  
But cultures are cumbersome,  
each with acquired tastes, and  
what is this blur about belonging?  
By the time I came along in the  
literature, the land was exhausted  
and the local I knew was fading.

So many descriptions are not living  
appearances called to mind, but  
faithful copies. The thing is, the  
tree-shaped memories of love  
last no longer than other branched  
extensions. Affectations are made  
of false fronts, the expression of which  
is a limping thing, one slow step  
after another. But love is, by its nature,  
variable between individuals, the  
environment is unpredictable and  
I am charmed by wild plants, all  
of whom are aerobic organisms.  
Men rarely learn to pass beauty on,  
still put images together and still  
make trouble. Wild things summon  
memories and the wonder is it follows  
everything ages because of this.  
Appearances are made of misery  
and gloss but learning is made of  
error signals and game. As a boy,  
I was buried alive in a vertical vector  
called family but now I grow through  
gaps and veer away from competition.

In my twenties, I was unaware  
of contradictions and didn't want  
to know what belonged where.  
I was unemployable and didn't  
recognize the scheduled escape  
of suggestion, or realize some  
fictions never go away or speak  
for themselves. I was wanting to  
dismiss the men who fondled desire  
and leave behind the almsgiver  
who had grown accustomed  
to inexperience, who disabled  
understanding, and made a virtue  
of the monologue of landscape.

If only I could suss the story  
of every patchy soil or soul,  
and beyond belief, not be  
another brain-born stem  
buttressed up on roots, but  
be better, and come up  
with some sort of way out  
of competition. I'd agree  
to disagree and become  
an individual and evolve,  
and give ground and place,  
and fade away to shade.  
Now I know rhizomes  
are diverse there's a good  
chance I'd even shed the  
makings of mood or mode—  
I'm still not submissive to  
the local but I'm agreeable  
to potential. Hope is hidden  
in the imminent but advice  
comes at a cost when hostile  
neighbours approach and only  
a little experience is left to  
chance between the lines.

Oscillations cooperate  
when the light diffuses  
and scenes shift—consonants  
disperse, syntax spatters  
everywhere, and free and  
easy sequences of light  
climb down the stems.  
The benefits of individuality  
are to be found when fruit ripens  
and give and take is happening.  
In the meantime, the excitable  
tissues of language induce clues  
of the material grounds of meaning.  
I think what it is, is, glume varies  
and the old aspects of amplitude  
are not only a constant condition  
of uneven distribution or different  
stages of resistance, an indication  
of why one group suppresses  
another, and why I'm resistant—  
an outsider no matter where I live.

Then the following was suggested:  
the persistent clumps of vascular  
arrangements in the wild are different  
from those grown in the uniform stands  
and feed lots of the institution, where  
the timing circuitries don't overlap.  
Quietude, the result of nervous memory,  
is modified by grazing, and this  
symbiotic spread in the form of learning  
and memory might be continuous, even  
if it seems unlikely, given the response  
surface of the page has already been  
described. Implying discrimination,  
my neighbours influence me with  
a foot print, and then a stone placed  
nearby, accelerating germination.

Academics are interested in  
the people living in an area.  
I heard about this in the gift shop.  
Much poetry around the world  
is being disrupted and destroyed.  
I'd like to thank the following people  
for the commercial use of images.  
If institutions secure protection  
for poetry that is derived from  
the knowledge systems of poets,  
then extraction of renewable resources  
is taking place. Searching for valuable  
resources, funders bring new plants home  
and cultivate them for ornamental use.  
But I don't write about previous use, or  
the use of animals because I know how  
to make things, how to do things,  
and how to prepare and store things.  
This book is too difficult to translate,  
Corporations protect their inventions,  
funders claim ownership of the reports,  
visitors arrive, and institutions receive copies.