

LISE DOWNE / from Propositions

a crack competes with the window
with a view of nighttime plus the loose ends
and colourful scholars, landscapes
tumbling forward and back
suggesting an improvisation of skies, something almost willful
crescendos, the probability of a pause
meticulous groupings, traffic
trademarks adjacent to plastic tubes
it can only happen to countless objects
composition, courage
winded on water



dried flowers powdered in the atrium
a literal linear logic a loose grid enveloping
the slow growth forest
in broad daylight a tornado, centrifugal palette of violent
ultra-violet, dark blue in dark blue
voltage returning to the stuff of rocks
each stage a remnant, already a line moving—boxes of lines
parameters a now delicate whorl
on the mound cocktails with a pair of tall pitchers
walking the walk off
a tangent reconciled

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as chance would have it, thrushes
a hush among the hard-to-find
little dwellings that enter the unsuspecting mind
dressed up animals, lofty authoritarians always
the details, gaps, invisible squares
suddenly weary a genuine article cracks
a shattering by arrows, at or intervals
adequate, but foraging



this could be the difference, and this
the way a whistle admits to reading
an obscurity of trees, wonderful things
make it—say it ain't—so
a rescue and a lot getting chilled
then, delusion on a plateau
instruments in the course of a sentence
turned round, a single, already, cardinal
directions
ambling to and fro



for now a missing element and his right arm
overcast skies, a density of photographs, species also a language
you knew, the horizon between longing curved
some rushes smitten but paler
one could have rowed, vanished in an instant
into velvet blouses, a wall of cities pointing to some
reference
refusal, like pumpkin or elderberry
barefoot in a wash of green
its poignant pigment undone and redone
a tunnel bored, a surface interspersed
with rivulets

