

# from contrite

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sometimes, accessing an encased, nebulous memory, we'd ask each other the time.

This was a gangly mess and invoked sensory limits from our descriptions of our habitats:

canopy, ocean, prairie, alpine, desert, city, motherboard or campfire ring.

as if to recover lost ground:

the Curator sent us notes  
on curled  
on water-stained  
on black-specked  
paper.

speaking now, a reminder

one wishful evening,  
one of us brought  
a dented pan-flute,  
discovered  
in the searching-tree  
between two opposite limbs: tree's crotch  
such riot, we laughed hard, bent  
double, ribs over ground  
sun a warm hand on our limbic  
zones

we joined from every place, as singular, opting for unsynchronized connection.  
the Curator noted stereoscopic collusion. how to explain

remnants as key to our sentience, as our  
sentence for  
dislocation that  
resulted from  
a collective  
we named  
you

you are a false song, a quick  
silver filament  
that seals  
our skin  
a macabre  
dense  
rot of a  
folk  
story

you are  
an unfounded  
delinquency our fingerpads  
touching on

parentages

(by some  
fucked luck  
discovering

contact through  
systems of

abysmal circuitry)

to summarize:

to detoxify

we hooked  
up

as said,

we gather  
guided  
by a Curator  
of sorts

seems real enough,

—

gives us a hum  
in our geologies,

or an epigenetic  
sort of  
pinch

or as we jump off the iron spar  
glide current mud, moss, collected rain, whatnot  
slow moving

the Curator notes  
this has been done before. Pointless  
to counter with theories of  
suspension or wave engineering:  
here  
is suspect; we are not  
interested

in where here leads  
what it was

red balloon  
our supine suspension

twists, drifts

our feet  
on silt and  
ties, the embedded  
components of  
a ferry  
slip ~ warped

metal sign  
with ancient dates

—our cooking pan

we live  
in curious  
times