

Chris Dewdney / THREE POEMS

RADIO SYMMETRY

At every thing we see
occipital a reconstruction retinal.
Mind imparting a clarity
unoptical. I was shown
insensate islands in the poems.

"Seeing as is" they believing say.
It's on the record.

Everything
you say will be used against you.
A warning frightful,
weathered grey signboard in limestorm wind.
This times the dream was even.
Mind's known factors assembled together,
small & huddled in the corner
of the enlarging room.
The held image mutates in memory,
in hands like clumps of wet sand
drying
sliding out in the hot sun.

These time the dream
is on you.

ANCESSITY

There is no oral tradition.
There is amoral tradition.
Instinct. A sense
of concentric liqueurs
mutually arriving at their
respective levels.
That's a moral. A thorn
breaking off just under the skin.
Barbs relying on
your movement
to work their way in.

REMORA

Certain parasites rather
like mediums for exchange
attach themselves
to those things which we desire.
The exchange of dry goods.
We are casual archeologists
seeking an explanation for the rise
of our own ontogenetic civilizations.

The apple frequently
returns to its beholder.
What once bitten
the apple does not ascribe to
is an oracle.
Had once bitten elsewhere,
off a hunk largely
bitten of divisible pieces of itself,
perhaps we could have limited
the activities of the reclamation men.

Little meaning
is attached to these phases.
It is almost as to say if
one were not diminished
in the way a bitten apple diminishes
piece by moon-like crater piece.
As if the train
halted in iiii's.
The z of your being there.

Sleeping is as easy
as sawing off a log.
We wake up wen
the lawg hits us. Hipgnosis.
One becomes small
as if in a tiny aquarium.
How much detail
can be confined to one place?
"The restoration is proceeding well
except, of course, for the finer details."
Or that we had, at best,
calmly accepted was venerable mistake.
The apple lands with a thud.
on the sleeper's head.
He awakes & immediately thinks
"Gravity"

But these are glimmerings
between the strokes
between the spokes
of Her pouring through.
Her voluminous heady rushing of waters
& the stranger's laugh rings in the canyon
while in the rapids the apples jostle with logs
will is apparent even whirling
dervish will is particularly
this detail?