

ALEXIS

for Dennis Wheeler

— still life —

the camera is a woman
who takes a carriage through the meadow
from the farm or childhood, so long ago
the word is lonely as a freighttrain

like a painting, the same stream, and
the color in the language that sticks
to the breath, the train, the picture
smoking up the countryside
towards the castle pure and invisible.

The approach. The horses are tired
of walking, thickets, rain, fresh tracks,
not grass or dew materialized inside
the space of the letter

We go down with the camera
to take a picture of the letters
in the machine of the current and
the eddy is the flow of our bodies'
electricity and death is the subject

The flowing back, both are necessary
Only one is actual, you must decide
is it the sliding silhouette in
the book or in the meadow? The imaginary
requires actors, of that is
the subject, desire is *always*

a subject never an object

The morning after. the rain
had brought the carnellas by
the window down, like your dress
before them on the ground.

Something is stuck in the machine
the water is mechanized, a windmill
or bridge making the gaze stop, riding
away on the gaze, slipping
into it, the danger is similarity
or the metaphor

Bathing. Afternoon, then,
the cool of the brook. Bathers.

The arrow shot into the trunk
of the willow beside the brook, in blossom
skirting the stream

Below the letters float away, along
the current, changing shape, the letters
are Proteus and the word is something
Greek like star or Adrasteia

The darkness falls like silhouettes fleeing
from the pages of an open book, or pages scattering

The flower-bringer. The silhouette
Sekmut is the flower-bringer, the lion
of Ptah carrying the alphabetic wand
She is black the letters are colored
and glow as she walks toward the camera under
the grass

The slide or *glissement* between
the glass and the grass, the play
of left and right, the symmetry again.

Moving to symmetry. Not plant or animal.
The symmetry of the double.

Randomness of letters, their
circulation like mail, other processes
of distribution like the letters of
the anagram 'sweetheart'

Quite different
The similarity of the letters animate
like flowers thus their entrance into
cosmologies which derive from
Indoeuropean originals, consequently
anagrammatical Indoeuropean
originally had no such grammar?

Especially not Japanese, except for
the lady of letters, more like Chinese
stage directions, what the poem was
once approaching Chinese boxes

letters floating in the pool and Artemis
with the camera taking a shot of Le Fou
The dismemberment in the primal scene

The Feminine adds to the single,
making it two-in-one and becoming
closer to the reality of the one
which is letters inside the structure

more like the machine

Before desire, the same is image, the
order the same, the typing the same,
desire is always a misprint, a word
for which there is no correspondence
except in pictures

like the silhouettes, the
letters in the book slide out of
the book silhouettes in the City,
small beside a large building

The distance
of 'never' or 'twice' simply
the materialization of the letter
no other meaning, just the imaginary

or a word like Electra if it were
composed of more letters to form
the picture of a bridge, suspension
of meaning, then, that is the bridge

and the landscape in the camera, ^{***}Zoe
disappearing over the blue Ridge
The first stream in the text And
the text is not a written text

but the box of the camera

The stream. The photograph of the eddies
captures the letters, in the current,
some are blurred, (the form that sees
the form in the mirror, the glass underwater
the tones of color

that painting of Degas' *the Ballet
of the Source*

The spatial capture of the letters
means that precisely, it is not all a scene
of aquamarine and green, not grass,
and not dew

the mirror lets the letters be
read in an order, but that is not
the order of the letters, which
has nothing to do with human speech

MANDEAN ALPHABET EACH LETTER OF

that would be it, the door
to the watery scene, that requites

The imaginary play requires actors
but there is nothing here but letters

Not even silhouettes in a book
No eyes, although there are always eyes
watching, seeing in there

Nothing like Blake. Only the
approach is ever known, the pathway to
departure is marked by the loss

The letters, SAGESSE, are actual
in the water that is also a glass
could be a vase that holds them
and nothing else

not synesthesia either
slipping or glissement, but the letter
itself, that impossibility of revolution
eddy, petal, froth, footprint

and leaning over the
railing on the bridge, the pilings

and then

S E
 R
 O

falling down the pool

Then

R O S E B A N K

First on the gate like the door
into the house, the familiar, the mirror
of the letter, then the scene inside
the camera like an emerald word

scattered in the stream, the writing

is the scene

Breath spell.

— Hesitation — .

Visit to the letter. like the colors
visit the temple of the pool
with their shining water-spirits
but with black faces and always
holding the alphabetic bouquet

like the *Ballet of the source*

No journey although there
must be a road

Or the accepted
meaning of the word 'print'

But also the lost knowledge
the camera tries to refresh
the mirror that is always in
play cannot find its way back
to the stream or scene

Decomposition of everything
in the narrative, like death
the petals falling until
they stop, colors pastel

breathing again,

Other part of the camera

Like *in camera*

differences and

identity,

all for nothing

Sleep. The letters beside
her on the pillow.

