# Brian Fawcett / THE SECOND LIFE 5th Serial Run, Hornby Island

A branch of flowering cherry, lady small tree roughbarked & the rough skin on your arms pointed breasts beneath the folds of your dress the tensions of these boring, debilitating suburbs

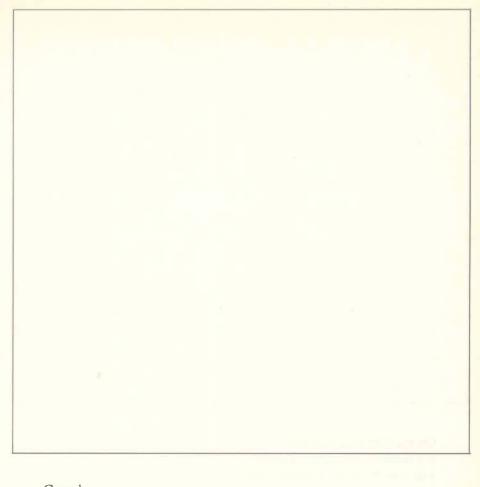
Poplar, some birch, fir & thickets of alder between the new & already rundown houses

I brought these flowers & left them because you were not home

& by your gate golden forsythia, & the sun breaking open the weeping willow, lady

Lady, inside the agony of these pale pink blossoms the year is rushing, the breeze is warm & coils around the slender boughs

& ankles of



Gravel & Maillardville. The church in the rain. The Virgin in concrete & the colorless mandala because these thousand lovers are poor.

I have lost my heart watching the rain fail to wash the ashes from your body. Our cheeks are wet from the world

but the city rushes on & past heartlessly

On the 17th floor the City is a rumble in the ears. Tonight I have nothing but this lonely heart wanting love & to sleep with you before I jump

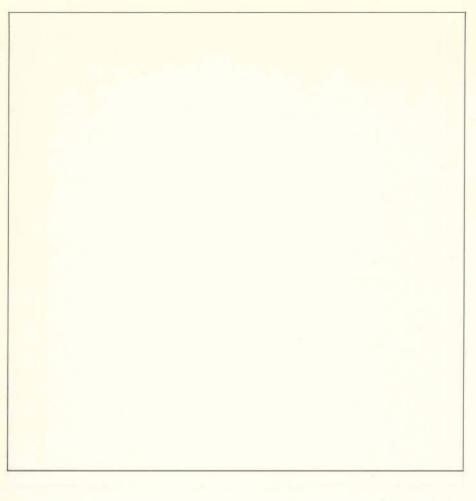
back into more of the same. Nothing is going to get resolved nothing but the nightglow on your body because desire brings me back knocking at your door. I don't even know if the City is there, is lonely or where the people have gone.

The Lonely Heart on the 17th floor rumbles in my ears.

Dusky yellow moth trembling on the windowsill what if I touch you.

Touching your wings is death the cold is death the rain beats on the yellow leaves

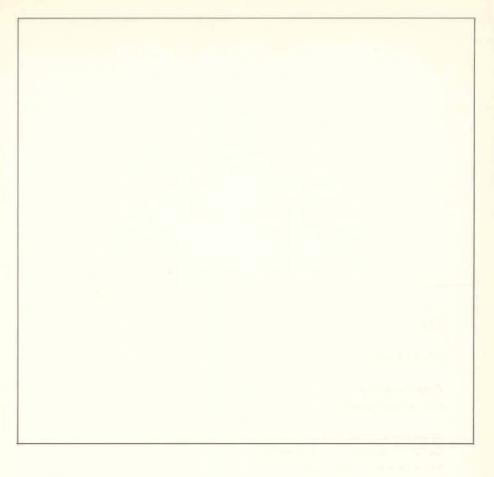
is death what if I do not touch you



### After Dante

keep talking. There is the Terror of love that it grows in the words it feeds to the leopards of desire.

My lips against your breasts begin love's death choking the words the leopards alone desire



# II

### After Dante

the second life proceeds unlike the first tense & vigilant against stupid bullshit & descriptive nature. Love

your nature is particular, mixt with the new events & barely invisible

#### III

After Dante

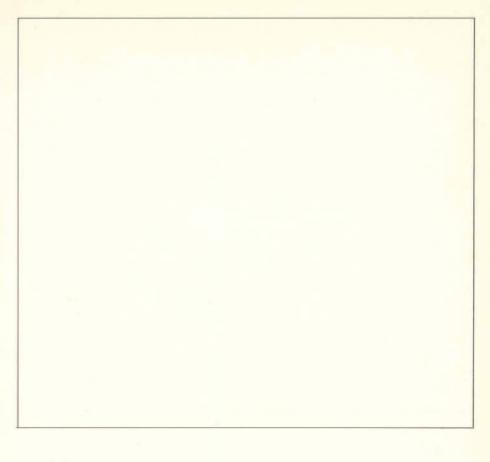
does Language stop up my mouth

& warriors of the Will battle the leopards in the streets because each comes apart in the middle of sentences like lepers. Can I

ever again speak of Love's pure body in the absense of the vast yellow blossom of an impossibly organized world?

After Dante the streets are the same but I am silent & spotted & I rage at each intersection

to gather new syntax into the voice of that larger desire



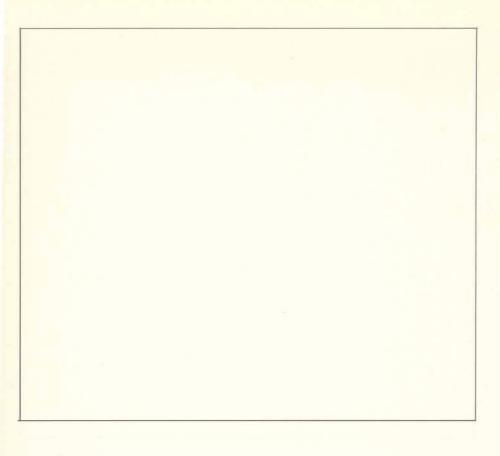
## IV

After Dante

I am not the same. Watching you sleep 2 AM March snowy night If only there were nothing else to say

e.g. Kenneth Patchen's misery not the result of privilege & abuse of human labour & he

not also given up to blind increase



V

#### After Dante

the sun again eventually gleams on the blue sea, those pretty white patches on the distant mountains really are snow

& the lonely heart is none of these.

A white boat ( you can see the multiple lines dragging the water for fish

edges past the shimmering point & into the calm waters

The poetics of Cities must change, can no longer be based on material resource alone or absolute planetary wealth the earth is finite & mortal hence the need for new poetics of diminution.

I want to say

I love you to someone or simply walk the streets with friends but the poetics of this are caught in profit & the complexity of technology most of all in the minds of those who rule the cities:

the streets are hostile, the abundance lives in fear of its sheer mass.

builders, moneymen, planners, hence

The overpopulated species is the source of new wealth the social the form of the poetics We do require meaning to subsist & we do demand in however small a context to know whats going on, whats our place & who are these men w/ curious uniforms do they protect us, & what further, beyond questions of property & personal gain what will make strangers want us. This

is permission for this use of the plural, is the real resistance, this

and a wondering heart (angel wings I saw on the beach turned out iridescent seaweed is the Angelic

& the gorgeous wings brush us when we stand in the darkening waters of all that it is not

& we are part of

Waking up to your tears
2 AM my cock
halfhard against your back
& the hamster in the next room
turning the wheel, what

am I
to do, caught up
in these entanglements, your tears
running across my arm, divorced
from the ancient dream of romance & light
without regrets or satisfaction; it has gone
like the ordered world I knew as a child
& the justice I expected was its source.

Tonight I want to know what did I do, do I deserve the quiet in the city, the night tracing routes back into the tears I awoke to my cock halfhard against your back & the squeaking wheel the hamster runs into the traffic of personal misery.

Is the night's dark flower the real world, my hand is half open half fist in a dark no longer unborn light. What

is the hamster where is the child Why in this losing is it you that I fight

The Mystery of Love begins to fade and She takes off the belt, buckler the corset of gold. Real women often wear coloured underwear bought at the Bay.

Let them.

Paradise is not artificial or even elegant & nakedness no longer reveals us as angels nor does it betray the pain in each of our hearts. I demand

a love without wings. with real roads, bridges, the records of our human deeds piling up on the city register.

And in the seat of Power a compassion capable of boredom, anger curiosity at the tangle of flesh, trees, metal, the landscape

we are together in

By Reason of the Beautiful I search these streets to find her not from the illusions caused by the illusion of the perfectly parallel. The streets fascinate, their solitude is a torture. The invisible city & this wholly visible heart because I have come to question the Reason of the Beautiful. Yet

you, Beloved, I do not question, do love & do not love finally.

I can never find her.