

Euphoric Recall

*"The present has become
a circle... formed about a soft core,
a core of lava, of liquid or viscous glass"*
- Gilles Deleuze

However the treatment

mania flowers

for the crystal sutures thaw
under fuchsia rapture

magenta leant in one direction
slenders green another

fox-cloud
cunning hush

radiate an earth

*

Sudden summer tavern door :

one blind knurl there beady from the lintel
met by petty spit

Please that it was this

the hill-crest beyond the phoenix
crown that rose through buried light

slow gold music
sluiced inclusions
fused in sovereign troves

and the long-term harm on eyes
compounded to a sweet tone

Please that it was
Please that it was

the mealy light set honest remembrance

*

Overcome by images
milked in the dreamery and thanks for its warm pliance

Please that it was

bathed in wave upon wave of fine stria

sleek stoat-corner loneliness
hunted lantern-dust down

fast in molten pine-swallowed gossamer

a trapped surge that lapped to flower
billows at whispering threads

Please that it was
the kiss of these tendrils fed
at least one coze of intimate lowings
zeniths hid

*

Cross-legged and nodding
into grace the slim grass brisked
brow-shadow brittle
flush to the tips

Please that it was
Please that it was this
else not

*

warmeyeswarmeyesyes

a small breeze frisking the ciliate

Please that it was
rays
dazed lashes split and made
a ladder up teeter of tansies

warm of course and please that it was
balanced so and scaled

*

One broad tabby slid
whiskers on small mint
revved a warm larynx
like a pisan lynx
cider cloud-ridder
(please that it was this)

*

How the fixed lights in glee mimic
orbits
the tilt that puts them to it

the stagger the reel

the floss lengths when
the gulps distend
the hollow

please that it was
against what followed

*

The gloam-blue twig-bleed gore and flow
through falling throes beyond inclusion

where amber lies bright obliterate

amber lies

rhapsodic

lies at the wing-root dragonflies
in resinous pressure caught mid-hurtle brace against the berm

a ghost-fossil the pineal will
not rid in lyric

*

Lies in the dot-blaze

Lies in the sot-blitz

Lies in the medium –
Nothing called

no voice in the wine nor song through the laurels
an everfull auburn moon pitched through

the pleas were unenraptured

unecstatic

cold and dark

canal gone down to

stars

close to the bone and surface

which was not a mirror
nor ever the moonlit rind of the water

only mute wine and this
cold tow-path séance

*

Please then
cleave to the violet
from it drop the fallen
cross

now-these

forever abyssal
distilled
the cry-stall

however the hot
tears of old gods

melt and lavish

want