

# Still Life with Dragonfruit and Absinthe Glass

by Iain James Robb

*Still Life with Dragon Fruit and Absinthe Glass*

*, Allgegenwart ist Einsamkeit. ' — Johannes Jakob Hrodebertsohn*

...And bright inside this space, though outside lightfall?  
The spillaging of streetlamps does not cross the screens  
of these encroaching borders, yet a door still opens:  
into what? An inner courtyard behind eyelids opened,  
as a fruit cut orange-wise into its quadrants  
retains itself. I speak? A voice is always  
dumb to mirror what it is, and I retain reflections-  
as one thing, unreflected, centers to itself.

Perhaps a while from now, another world of purple flowers  
strokes the gossam wall, that hides behind my island vision,  
as a universe, in spilling through revolving doorways:  
but it does not matter much, it does not care.  
My strawberry pear, mine now yet full of want for always  
a means to fix its distance, but it has no choice...  
beside an inland lift of cloud, that shifts its patterned skyways-  
but mine the silent register that mouths your voice:

an aniseed waltz at swinging, out towards repletion,  
or the image of our thinking in its own repass:  
the thingness of the which becomes its own completion...  
a glass of absinthe ordered in a world of glass.  
And it is mine there now and you are my acquired pitaya-  
and it is still not mine, and not of much of 'My' the Mass

I make and don't make gravely, for a glass of absinthe:  
a still life of dragonfruit, and absinthe glass.

By the tight points of my eyes behind the light white flowers,  
at the couch my harder garden you are my pitaya-  
*hylocereus costaricensis* dreaming sidewise, no...  
it is the yellow skinned one, gleaming *megalanthus*:  
and her heraldic armature of felted vulvas  
circulating roundly on their own blind sun.

There was a cactus once that held your lolite belts of brothers-  
yet I scoop out flutes of you, and see your eye, pitaya:  
and its beads are sown all across no rims of centre-  
but the centering is all ways; far across the nebula  
all shutters up the dimless milk, that falls at fluttering  
of a star: through eyes that shadow forth as stars.

And yet the taste is bland, less bland than tears, that pressed  
on days without a falling: now a fall through water.  
So her flesh is white, and yet the hidden green seems whiter:  
and I find more scent of sweetness in *her* bitterness.

Thus Eternity fleets past, for just a single season-  
where the shade, or blades of substance, beat a deadened drum:  
the thingness of the which is its own re-repletion...

*Artemisia*, (and thus...) *absinthium*,

My finger rounds it all: and this concealed completion  
makes of its deeper circuit of a rim one sum...  
of just an absinthe glass, that drifts a mass towards depletion,  
and it is all it is, and yet it is, it matters none.

I have not crossed inward, thirstless, to the birth of sunbursts:  
that match apart their shadows, through the graves of day:  
but if a mask I cast flash tranceward it can catch horizons-  
as the lights that bask outside, that do not mirror me.

Eternity beats its blight, for just a singled season-  
whose second passed its placement yet no second is:  
beside the sightless sphere asleep, the sea of listless verdure-  
pear-shaped, underneath a lamp-shaped sun, that is  
where moons dissolved again, a crack in glass a fissure  
in a skyline clear as acid waves no hands have spun.  
No tides my ever-outward; there was no such wind there,  
to mirror mind. In opal, my boat floats be-turns  
beyond the turnkeys of all towers, the floats of Fall meet many  
falls before they sift for tourneys, of the scupper air;  
and it was just a dream at times, yet for the little warning  
I've still wound up sifted somewhere, and I have no fear.

...And somewhere, stranded skywards in the blanks of trance,  
is the hiding place past swords, where I keep finding me.

Still eternity, asweep here, through a springle season,  
as I shadow onward, tracking mirrored 'eye' through 'I'-  
is paceless as the gait that strays through seep of reason:  
and no tides undér thé transparence, hiving high,  
turn above the blank equator just an eye can pass:  
refractions of a dragonfruit, and bask of absinthe glass;  
We sip, and slip awhile wingless through infinity...  
and do we die as deep in dreaming: do we dream we die?

