

Not from the self but from the Other

by Jack Nelson

meanings figure into traffic streams
reds fade, trickle down the long 'V'
another passing human ear; tall, tall
buildings paper poised on horizon.

situations gape in and out of seconds
corners turn to disappearance, witness
follows fingers wet to yellow paint, or
the mosaic of labels too blurred to read.

house windowed membrane, pulse green lawn
questions . . . No signs of life, No one at home
through the day, salmon stretches into burn
while the roof peaks hold for twitches
in the insulated lines.

moment of feathers, air the bird beats
points of a broken star, a burst of wings
from a tiny body cut through seams of air
on diagonal from the sleepy wire
to the courtyard green.

propaganda (drifts down) along the universal spines
to the hips of a saucer's incidental blue —
figures of family, wheat, slow circles,
the patina of veins, collapses of light
about a cup of the corner. half naked,
"I am without decree," he says,
a hundred points of paper, plaster

the nuance of winter spills from the lampshade.
“Fuck condemnation,” he says, “I am fallen . . . “
shoots himself up in the corner while
thoughtless 'Fiats' curl over the floor.

belief in our life of inertia
is a thief working the pockets
of the ridiculous.

thief, a celebration of crowds
whose movement is aetiology —
desire's hope for the lost.

thief, given into the imaginal
supposes bodies, truths
to further rummage.

bodies of their own ideals
antidotes even dreams
are fool to follow.

thief, in the waters of hysteria
our over-memory of those
who may have drown.

in the face of maps more lost —
our mouths soft screw to the
moments suspend in abort.

the auras of our weighted histories
erased by the indelible smallness
of a sonogram space.

Love precipitates from an American family,
where there is no substance — no prior agenda

reducing 'Family' to plaxic user-space,
through the alchemy of extraction: the inert
and the imaginal. A husband whose hate less than
belongs to the Other whose grain of generation
has fallen between what wants and what remains
to be had — an opportunist's collection, scored,
in part, to an aluminum rim set half-full
on the linoleum numb with flakes of gold.

No moral over waves of anesthetic,
no country of his seed pearls cast,
only a moment of inherited dysfunction.

You urge me where? you 'Son of Danger'

You Buck-bitch ninny, you 'Detroit Dan'

You innoculated whore, you urge me

where I can no longer see you.

We burned you up (though you mentioned the River);
the mother-bitch and I watched the old lamb jiggle
you into a hole amid the sprawls of pachysandra.

Fish, nearly a man's leg, lay on the floor
beneath the lattice of bay window frames.
Car passes the living room, an operculum
widens into sluice — red filigree arches
and gray fish mouth cleaves the heel of air —
and seals again within its glistened sleeve.
a corner of light crawls over the afternoon.

I am the fish in the hologram distance
whose initiate is the belly of the mother
under sonogram.

I am the fish wearing the mosaic of imprint,
exposure and the jacket's truth of fashion
glitched from feathers.

The strophic rush of dis-equilibria
sketches away from fish to the sine/cosine
lengths of her beautiful umber hair

She is the bearer of water.

