Remains to Be Seen
David Rushmer

Remains to Be Seen

Shearsman Books
## Contents

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Blanchot’s Ghost (2008)

The Disappeared  
The Stream  
The Significant  
The Passage  
The Unfolding  
The Edge of the World  
Second Version of the Imaginary  
Of Embrace and Yet Drifting  
Reflections of the Corpus  
The Possibility  
The Duplicity  
The Solitude  
The Source  
The Translation  

Another Tongue (2009-2014)

Ghosts After Music  
Hidden by Leaves  
Written Off  
A Blooming  
Lance’d  
Waiting to Happen  
Waiting to Happen II – The Experience  
Waiting to Happen III – The Movement  
Holding Your Breath  

No Matter (2014-2016)

No Matter  
The Drift  
The Casualties  
The Radiance  
Impossible Skin  
Vibrating Skies  
No Matter II  

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Spoken Bodies

Body 1

“…) ossified
petrification of tidal waves
bathing the hands

perfumeries of absence

Body 2

…; haunted

light liquefies, in salivated mists
stained vacancy
of the wound

healed. (closed mouth
Body 3

gape)

meditation.

forged from the fabric of sleep
the waking hand trembles over the assembling body

the shape of,
what is, “otherness”

Body 4

the tongue deciphers amorphosity
and the body is born out
of the body

expelled, into the distance
of equidistant breath

voice, exposed
to the hungers of the frost
Body 5

where light forms
the new body is crystallised
and beckoned to venting

the full bloomed rose
shells it heart
to the silence

the hand that stirs the breathing
encloses
surrounding the phallus of sound

erectile tissue
scarred where the wound
becomes female

reopening herself

Body 6

she is a voice
conversant with snow

petrified and blackening
in the light
Locus Amorphous

I

   efflorescent

body
suspended
   in the air

held
in a net
   of blood

   the white of the eye

moon blinks into sight
genesis of liquid bone

flow &
counterflow
flood
   of emptiness

clouds web

ghost of rainfall
II

a hole
  right through me
where the wind
  passes its hand
welcomes the tide
the names of the dead
  on her lips

drowned voices
corpses of foam
  thrown up by the sea
  the gasp for breath
in an ocean of silents
a hole
   right through me
where the wind
   passes its tongue

   licks my wounds

silent dawn

vocal eyes

IV

to come
   out of nothing

or

to touch myself
in your reflection
The Oracle Bone

body without form
beneath milk-teeth stars
fist of wind
encircling sound

the cries of birds
leave their imprint
in the bone

—

in the beginning
a pause
foetal comma
coil of thought
the sleeping messenger
awakens in the bulb

forming fingers
prizing open the mouth
feeding the host with sunlight

hands entwine
the current of the blood
solidifies the spine
tongue poking
the belly of the sky

—
my teeth shall fall
from my skull like rain

the dreams of the dead
flow into the ocean
Untitled

unborn tongue
belly-up
in the mouth

musical rain
moon-painted surfaces
rippled hieroglyphs
chatter to the open sky

the wind wraps her hair
around the bone
solidifies the violence
of the flow

and into the silence
sound flowers
the cold blooms
effluviate

meat
nascent
in the dark shell
The Voice of the Desert

first & foremost
“I am desert”

the emptiness
preceding rain
from the masculine
the projection

becoming female
on the page

“\textit{I copulate}”
and there is solitude.
“I scrape,  
gently at the whiteness  
where the wind  
has moved me”