

Ascension Notes

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Ascension Notes

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Filter

as blue bleeds to violet
 as whiskey warms the blood
 as the clenched fist slackens
 as ah your ribs subside

as a lost glove sinks into the marsh
 and insight drifts into whorls
 your heat gathers and ploughs
 its dreaming, sleep's deep crop

as the night sky's lightpoints
 sink into your skull's thickening
 soup, the primal salt and rock
 (its basal pulse, pulse, pulse)

as you exhale

the first glimmers
 as a first bird dares
 your cortisol twists
 tight as a silver rope

pulling you up
 to fields of speech

and you open your eyes

Mariska

for an artwork of this name by an unknown artist

You ask for a passport—

I say what age are you
you offer me a feather

(‘just a girl’)

Number its fronds, says the woman at your side,

if you would understand
the clock’s fibrous delicacy;
stasis of my ribs, each internally displayed
a pure caught cry—

Read. You must be taken. *Smile.* Your teeth blue white against
the sky’s
glowering, the slow snap of the shutter.
hushed clatter. Slick ticking of an eye.

You ask for safe harbour among us;
seclusion, stuck poles struck broke from the earth,
the whump of furry rump for scrabble,

(scribbled fury)

a name dances itself upon you;

sand or brick–dust lines a mouth like mine.

Your northern star dilates on leatherette,
here’s the sergeant’s stamp:

a disc the size of a bullet’s ripple

(rip hole)

there is another text, a palimpsest

stretched across this skin of paper: page's dazzle

untranslated, luminous

(and crayoned in).

The story's of

Mariska,

an articulate heart,

your power in its flickerbook white cage.

Grace's aura scales your skull: each whispered impulse

fibrillating,

kissed with light.

Ascension Robes

“Oh, it’s too loose to wear as formal garment”
—threaded colours veining out each zone—
like a rare dance on the skin
(slipstream riptide)

coursing—
as though you are inhabited
by a precious viral . . . by a ticking dial
filament of one word to another

—word to another word—

mother of pearl in the breath—



“The vaccine isn’t difficult to make”

the ache in the blood which passes for hope:
a spur to walk to the next station:

holy miles, with the foot sole to the gravel and the rosary to hand

—when I get there, I will light *a dozen candles*

— fat wax glowing in a dim lit world—

where beautiful women and works of art are
(latently) sublime

★

a slow motion study of the explosion
(cascade of evergreen dust)

—your
particles singing a freedom elegy—
for some binding vows
are porous to the tongue—

“In fact I only wear the robes at daily meditation”

and my hair remains uncut, my name undone

inside, fire flares up
when sitting solitary—

the pressing wager of belief
space/time compression
confession—

★

“I felt I ought to put in an appearance”

*“my Paris bag is stuffed with strawberries
and the cool weight
of glassed-in-fizz”*

“the service was extraordinary”

*“a hand held discretely over my doubt;
free wheeling around the clerestory”*

“and good to catch up on the hovering angels—
for them our cares are marvellous”

*“something to play in the evening
just one small portion—*



I did not think,
when I started on his blood
of the efflorescence
in its light

(a felt conundrum of the reddening, the white)

the host will feed you with three courses, with the sweetest at the start—

and at the last—

all the telling in the world can barely write

—a single article, a syllable,
drenched with elemental relevance.



Here is the loop

*her hands brought together
in a thunderclap of prayer*

her eyes stitched together with pain
through which you must dance

“her face in the half light was extraordinary”
the sway of delectable waste

I wanted to love it is part of the pleasure
and took you there early of taking that chance

★

the ancient gods despaired of ever inventing invisible wings—

we've come back to this planet at great risk
the burning latent in its juice—

the alternative channels, the slips and repeats
cold flow
of water on your tongue

and the beautiful face you make when under the officer's thumb—

★

slowdown action of a dalliance
a withering

look, when she smiles at another
the tightening cord. The crumbling walls
she once thought liberating, made for,
howling gale and gusts of ash—

and cold ice flooding the body—

the throat clamping credibly shut

I never wanted to go without!

—we're not going through with it now.



He's not of me, and yet

I recognise my features in the firmament

the roll of body acting against type

the natural fit becoming the unlovely—

here, your hair is ugly til it's covered

two deep slashes round the jaw

and when the swelling when the

when the swollen skin subsides—

you shall win beauty, have prizes

(sunlight filters in between the straw gaps of the roof)



The hours bend and slither to conclusion

—it's three in the afternoon—

again—

too early, too late,

you never leapt the list

and slumber pooling in each unmoved limb—

with thoughts like marshflies landing on past projects

bloated, upturned, yet insistent on revisiting the surface—

when a lily livered frog

just might spring on you and kiss it.



Sit unsteadily in circles

—the inner, the outer, a meshed collarette—

and breathe/ as an instrument /that's shivering in perpetuity;

—thin silver sound becoming pure, like a feather dipped
in ink

—liquor, an opened vein

silence netting the remainder

and reminding you

“of the shot-through spaces:
prior to getting up—

or the settling sky
when you've turned the vision off—”

★

You're blue and able-bodied
with two antennae wending from the temples

picking up on sonic ruptures,
unintended misalignments
with a sixth or seventh sense

something other than telepathy,
sensitivity to friends

*a tendency
to touch transgression*

then shrink back, an overeager snail
who's encountered fluidity—

you remember
the tremors of my skin—

★

when I was a child, I drew a silhouette
of a woman, arms raised, an S shaped curve
of her body like a shadow of the future
—or a memory of what I was connected to,
formed in the oval of the womb—
and cradled in its kundalini energy—
around her form are psychedelic waves—
an emanating, taughtly-drawn fluorescence
(bezel setting)
(the rainbowed remainder)

and I wrote instructions on it
for myself, as for another

you must go alone
get slimmer—

★

If you're not going
to stumble down—

the hard hats
concrete balls
will swing along—

do you remember, the small-girl-demolition—

POW!ing into empty towers—

who heave—
the thump of dissolution—
like a bullet in the gut—

or the letting out of doves—