

Lapsus

The lapsus that my palms spoke
into the center of the black sun, is still
falling, past the mnesic animation, beyond
the center of my solar eclipse where
finger-bolts of lethal ray and sparks
burn along the cuticle, blue and black: more
than the larynx as word-doom, a voice
once mine.

Those slips of the tongue
still loiter, thrown in toward the arche,
and thrown back as slips of clavis or hand,
work their alloy of disquiet back, lit
and fell, even after the center's gone,
roused by the nature of things.

Musio

Ala(crit)y: the critic as musio, bred
critaerian, the prowling of monosyllables
whose back arches, purrs to slips—
eyes green to black, narrates cant.
Boutique words preen disclaimers—
to lick down to flayed vermin, fines
further to Samurai, named for a white
Japanese Bobtail who edits a journal—
the coming curse in TXT, torch mode
to mask the feline claw, shreds text,
leg by leg to tail, seeing in the dark
a colony of mice with blue pencils.

Varietals

For A.R. Ammons, Sonoma County, 2008

At the very tail of vineyards
in the clear fanned space of grapes
when pollen caught by wind is left
with dirt on grass and roadbank
razor-burned by mowers, and bottles
are revealed in matted fields drab
with the morphyic red of rivers,
mafic rot where water stands
in furrows and runoff spreads
in pools beneath the culvert,
and oaks haunt the barn's
varietals, the only vintner
in sight floats in a ditch
of plasma, clots and foams
bright with chlorophyll cream
shining heat and phosphor
in muck, the earliest and most
original mangrove as ditch
scum replicates, again, again,
its gobs of fermentation.

Emoticon

for John Ashbery, San Francisco, 1996

The code
of rebus speaking culls
quite quickly, becomes
the thing it has no part in,

the spur and
gynoid used by the Mission recluse
whose voice is elsewhere. His face rounds
out the flash
text, and tilts.

Unhip to need
to be here, but the way back is splayed:
he can sit and click, exchange
links, but the state of bandwidth
is skin, the widget in the corner of the screen
exudes the bot of bodies. Digitally,
he clones and is multiple again.

How is it
with tort, he thinks, and the voice
of the Ethernet says it: nostrum
as host of chatrooms
run by his hands.

He logs on.
The domain is as big
as a yotta.

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