

# Christopher Casamassima

from *Jays*

everything that moves touchless  
emerging from touch

moveless speech and all place emanating  
segments dividing into wholes

'he cuts down the lakes so they appear straight'  
buried among the unlimiting language

'there is only this endless speaking to voice'  
ensnared by signs it will never go silent

unspeakable artifice of preservation

only shadows seem to order  
time it being sound  
there now  
somewhere else

'on the reflection of that open country  
we have obscured'  
and all inflections  
quietly absorbed

there is too much gloom here  
to go around squandering gloom

from this point inward  
that thingéd staring into

'the face no more than surface'

and yet everything surfacing  
she once wrote  
'I feel you aesthetically only'

break me of this habit  
of forming you into words  
the form of me knowing you

'...and we are so awed  
because it serenely disdains to annihilate us'

obscurity

world ardor lost order word  
to voiceless multiplying voices

'progeny like the considerable drops...'

it is with carbon clarity the world  
moves as yet unformed yet looming

'You breathe without a body like a spark'

you write as if one suffering from memory  
as if all is lost to scale and reason

perhaps we'll die  
in each other's I  
don't know

erased into translation  
'I keep inventing there another eternity'  
slipping easily back to obscurity

everything moving emerging  
the unspeakable scumbles  
appearance of order

'the absolute pushed the horizon away'

I cannot but with I  
write it into thinking  
it back to anonymity

'to perish for no need of naming you'

the stage

walked away with reality  
into perfect captivity

what form should this take  
be shaped into?

‘...so when it moves, it moves into eternity’

Speak into the void

‘each drawing back into its countenance again  
its own outstreamed beauty’

‘distracted with expectation...’

perhaps I cannot conger one face  
one name one seamless cause long enough  
to invoke something of the ordinary

making strange or  
if strange make astringent

‘lives, likes, lines’

‘lust for a beginning hold me lover  
but no it is not impossible’

when I begin to cup this  
lip this line hardly  
contemporaneous with myself

but I don’t believe in poems  
if a sidelong gloss holds true  
to its other forms

one of them was  
one of us  
a large, deep hour  
too large to be exact  
but so sweet in its exactness  
that we fell dead singing

'so love conjectures love'

formless form is there  
restraint to your practice?

he dots his i's with himself  
'calling the night to endless riot'

a line doubts itself

don't touch the mouth or  
words spill out

the riot of transfiguration  
afterthought of being lived

birds dim the line that grain  
sound falls by the wayside  
rejoicing singing its name  
into oblivion the clock

if it starts coldly up  
to the heavens if death  
is that moment of dissolution  
divorced from attention

who, then, is writing?  
not in words, but in air?

if love, then let it speak

and if death, let it speak then

at once, death must learn to love  
and love must learn to die

and for this reason I  
have become nothing  
but words to you

poor form to porous  
what do you puncture?

who do you punctuate?

'a landscape written by music'

to return if sketched  
to the prophet's silence  
each leaf joining  
in reach inward  
some flowers postponed  
for a moment what grows  
silent even in silence  
much that is beautiful  
must be discarded  
among the stars the face  
that would sleep them  
to browse through columns  
of grass intended for rain  
in which they awaken