

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