

Christianshavns Canal, Denmark

I will cease fleeing
eyes thrown across nostalgia
the firs blurring across the window

Father

Mother

the disorder scattering kilometers of rails

I stammer, confused: Yes

I don't see:

Subject ache patient

exiled from a reality that reveals itself

weak / fugitively

I neither set off nor remain

the borders will kill love's body

dense waves of power flood

the place the disaffected extension

there where the plentiful / & emptiness

reject

the solution's violence

Mother

Father

nonexistent.

II

& above that Moon fragile

I will cease fleeing

crushed light milk

among the bamboos and the canal water

beast of peace

& at daybreak the pigeons will beat at your window

I will cease fleeing

we weed a mild territory

you said There's something like a bird in your body

I took you by the waist

I made you gaze at Antares

Sagittarius' fire comes from there I said

the ache the putrefaction of earth prepared your birth

I will cease fleeing

kilometers after kilometers of silent rails

the confusing crossing by Ferry-Boat

I saw green fires on the coast of Puttgarten

conversations in barbaric tongues

I remain immersed

in your body

I neither set off nor remain

I must not flee and no longer be a foreigner.

Punkt, point.

III

& the firs blurring across the window
the noise tap of my steps tap down the empty passenger car
& a mishmash of mirrors will launch me into the past
Warwick Road / Rue Guisarde / Calle 47 / Pasaje Dardignac
dragged along by contrary currents:

Father

Mother

Leave and travel forth

flee without a destination
aligned on the world of infinite abandoned
possibilities

slowly slowly

it's fitting that solitude not be perfect

and you fall again

and you don't find equilibrium's line

the pleasure of perception wrecked

shadows that tilt you

once again you abandon

and again

Father / Mother

& to no longer choose irreconcilable

to the image of Earth transformed

androgynous.

IV

I will cease fleeing

illusory Rose of the Winds (sketch of the Rose of the Winds)

there is a limpid space between things
music in opaque bodies
I trust my senses
at the road's end I myself am there
full of crystalline humors
a fleck of something like a tympanum separates me from the rest
of things
the perfect equilibrium of the living
with dead bodies' memory.

For A Vision

Father

—

Mother

He, the Engenderer She, who Engenders
beneath the celestial vault
an argent heaven , there
beasts that blind the cavern light
/Plato/Le couple
sprawled on the celestial bed
not aerial beauty not libido's realm:
bridal bed natal mortal between four walls
not the scene of the act
no emission soaring and scattered among the children
but
the chamber closed
the howl and the neurosis
I see not
my eyes crusted with gound vessels burst
they travel backwards
towards the wild realm of the species
Tiger & Tigress
I forever
Lurching in the doorways.

II

Time recovered
passages of fire

& the sluggish dolorous amoeboid separation from the archetype

Father/Mother

with love

what was possible was done

with love

yonder there remain destroyed huts red earth

turn your head

All is truth

Tenderly contemplate without fearing

he who crosses this threshold ignites hope

& the aerial beds shall be

the body's architecture

bed covered with roses peaches myrrh

Another world is ours.

III

In *Azure*

Oh tua blándula blanda blandícula

Oh tua mamulae mamae moliculae

Cave cavete meam víperan nisi te mordem

Morde me! Basia me!

I don't possess one body:

I am a body.

IV

& the fragrant feasts of libido

flowers across the sea-surface

and the blond beauty naked in your embrace

yet some eyes in the warm air

vidi la donna che pria m'appario

velatta sotto l'angelica festa

& the exchanging of couples beneath the Sol

winged instant

gestures delayed by time

back to the true principles

the natural attraction among animals

more smell than sight

pure energy form taking flight it will scatter

among the fields between peoples

the multiple body

love increased inexhaustibly

not based on the couple not the eternal binomial

not the wild breach not libido's lesion

but

milk on the grass

among children

the loving returning without beginning nor end.