

Responses to Rilke's Orpheus (thanks to David Cooke)

way back
obscured papal faces
on the reborn
salem malekum
the union of our hours
anatomised the toxic psyche
tha' cannae repeal, terse connections
off beat, trans, senses
deferred and referred intimacy
explore childlike humility
19 obscure academies- more trysts and pacts
Gott ist near at hand
as exemplary animals in cages
uncertainty reads polyphonal intuitions
eg receptive destr
your flower may not
shall we intercede for one another
our hermetic bloods
that traced pale paths
melded to laments of disfigured significance
which we lapse to fulfill
sweet years later
of maternal rapports
or dissembled star-broken hosts
beyond the liminal
correspondence widowed
t-cells cleared a memorial
wedge between
interwoven loss
and the snares of ephemera
sleepflowers
personal motifs
a valueless song
on conscious lips
burdened ear
versions of an audited self
incommunicable in a bed of rose
13
will this alter or repossess
your lost minds spent and jubilant
drystone fables
a space between the open fissures

praised in erasure
as her girl's hands a sky
overruled the cortex
the breath to heaven
is memory emptied of all
seas
seized
when I
no
the 11th
I
that is my
distillation
to abundant translucent rhythms
a synthetic chronology
interpreted flow
is grief
as praise

how do we speak to
one another
to move beyond our limit
embrace formlessness
and slip from view at the point of identification
is

Eurydice and the self

Once taken by the snake Eurydice exists only as a heightened idealised fiction- the spiritual realm, the divine feminine once removed, that is- she is the self as a rarefied, ex-temporal, other. In this way ignorance and knowledge, form and chaos, absence and presence, enlightenment and darkness, emancipation and slavery- are all bedfellows. And we are all as gods to one another.