

CONVERSATIONS IN THE MOUNTAINS

(a poem for John James)

The echoes of affect off content & for contact do not waiver from the path, from the poetic. An *ars poetica* & Life are hauntings. As a reading strategy, there are people & there are the squeezed out, the primaries, red, blue, yellow. Breathing well will be good practice, the nocturnal, the moth.

To sign on my outstretched palm. To seize signification, the World repeats & responds. & again. Impossible to heat your homes, hold down a job – these that never had it so good, never had it. These surveilled on the path to the mountain. Voices drop. Through the lens. Bye, bye blackbird.

Companion, signal & sign, phoneme or signified. I stand on the side of signifier myself, street to hillside. Myself the either/or – the ether, bat held up like a sign, like a signal – “Go,” “Stop,” traffic control & more. 1 & 2. Algebraic. Control again, you see. Walking boot by walking boot, walking.

From I, from you, from they, from it, from us – what says it all, what (& feels) says the desire for the next, the signifier twisting the sign in the air & eye, all but inert on the internet & dead. Feeding the Real & such Life. It's about geometry. It's about Othering, from the mouth. From.

From & to the oak, there is not there, is not, but is there in movement & change is there along the paths upward – is there a moment to walk on my head? Optics right, the wrong view to the rangefinder. You are my nation, led to bee wipe-out. Cellulose queen, my mother unremembered.

How the World happens & is happy across the compound. Handheld up to the end stop, heavy as a cine camera, film blanked off frame by frame. Such lies. Vibrans. There is no end to it, no momentum forward – streams, rivers, estuaries polluted & exploited from this foul English light.

Field glasses, studies in the field – what is evident, what is event? Red, blue & yellow – & then to mix up the World in the moon's opalescence. Lenz. To pleasures, to significations. The sentences, a tickertape of consciousness/conscience. To squeeze the remote & the choices drop where we die.

You are all made of clay solid & on celluloid, the Real marred by Time, to dust then to end, to the invisible. We are all made. By boat, over water – translation skips across surface & Time. Skim marks made. On the corner. This is testament: my hand on the book. Ripple. Kind, kin, blackout.

Wipe out the voters & do what I say. Sending words as text, as Life, as palm at the end of. No way forward. The bourgeois to make pretty pictures. The World is closed. The bright, bright afternoon dazzle, chatting & sipping white wine on the banks of the Canal du Midi. Thank you.

The World is close to dark & contact, I mean contract – myself the centre handheld & steady. But there is jump shot – there it is. Images as words I'm sending out. The ghosts there & haunting & common sense. The freezing bulb of light. Disguised as apnoea. Alive again in song & birdsong.

As a writing strategy off Snowdon. The echoes around corners, signs upward, veiled the stone on the mountain, Love & what unfolds in the rose, in the mouth – small & large – this Spring. Like a ghost. Pulse of the pulsar – dense, ultra-high-energy – far off, the beat of light regular now.

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