

from 063

Jordan Scott

for Lissa Wolask

That slender streak above the window-curtain tells me by its degree of brightness what sort of day it is, and tells me the mood of the morning even before reporting on its sky; yet I could do without it.

Marcel Proust "The days"

Sleep considers fluorescence. Jumpsuits parasail among clouds – roar of toneless constant. In each centigrade prism the seductive option of answering "no" belly crawls across grammar for our spooning together, or "what shall I liken you to?" But pork torsoics; lip prattles of light rain atop iguanas or "what is most important to you?" which ornaments in heat as swollen and ample papayas.

It is morning. Sleep as thing < place. Pronounced as "S" = Lull > the wh-question of "what is going on here?" or hues ape haemorrhage; as if we flock glottal; our lit spooning twist flex cuffs in fingered lakes. As if we are what coils-up: ill lips on ice. Each breath swig: osmosis. Each glottophany: a hunted deer across a shallow. Gosh, oh my gosh flexcuffs torso – doing the wet look – rouge and in heat, "or what can I liken you to," but a yes please, that sunk my battleship.

This is morning and time to hide as one damaged roadside fridge, full of what I like and what I do not like; of what is good and what is bad. Tendons grip lower crisper drawer; behind lower kick plate a palette kicks around hung drool; a sashay of "this won't go down."

Mourning the missing heat between two forms, this sashay of morning, cools our relation to carnage of a slow built heat. A heat unlisted in meteorology, twists beneath sheets, a leaf-like swim in calcite lakes with one body splitting melons on the shore. The body is the temperature of fingered Crenshaw. Corpuscular heaves a knock your socks off echo, calm, or clammed-up in missive fits of remains found without clothing. This is morning and time to wake.

Part of the subject or part of predict where “W” is the trace of tense > the “ache” but person X pronounced as WH-ere “are you taking me” in morning. It’s not even noon yet and this is morning. “Floodgate” is said, a floodgate of verb and of voice. Boom threatens to give way: two parted megawatt lips. We are in the mist of a touching experience and begin to taste swimming as a children. The trust that begins as water: gush or famine. Lakes pronounced as – Lac La a – licked tin of too many gags, peat cool of a tattered chin in lazy ponds, or the tender rank of a body, squid-like and solitary in tide.

The “tide” pronounced, when person X: thing; pronounces “T” as oceanic, puts “TI” to idiom as place or each wh-expression or “what words are you putting in my mouth?” as if ‘which W,’ the decisions of “which” put the thing, Y: of voice, person, X; as if it were not mine. The thing > if these words did not come out of mouth; pronounced as “M” as if they do not come from mouth; given the place: “T” for tidal, of wh-expressions pronounced as waves or “wait a minute, I didn’t say that.”

But I fear I say too much; I fear myself I say too much; I fear myself too much be said by me; as one body enters a roadway. Two curved thighs. Isthmus parted fruit. Shucked oysters slip out of concave forms; enter the perishable for a sense of perishing. Our spooning flock twist glottophagy; flexcuff finger lit lakes. As if we lip what coils-up: ill ice. This is morning and time to wake – the for of waiting for – hum elapse, hush money; our jaws drop raw clams; slush lacquer 3 ¼ inch fracture pronounced as “T” pause at for “LULL” then “L [listen] it’s a likely story.”

The body is the temperature of the refrigeration unit. It’s not even noon yet when task of naming things which live by perishing becomes a matter of vessels, ochre then blue, tactical by mid-day, but floating ducks in morning.

The body is the temperature of tilled soil.

Everything awaits evacuation. Shadows not dedicated to dependents, although slaves to some object or other, switch masters. “The mind boggles, doesn’t it? ”

The body is the temperature of a covered seed.

Caved-in plots ¼ inch thick. Succulents flung from wrist as matter outside lips or scalp covered with medium length brown hair in normal distribution or facial hair consisting of a beard and a moustache; of how I am sorry, but this is all I can say, and at the same time could not hold it but – Yes – we are as teeth or hands; our opera gloss foolscap; tongues spread-eagleism or isosceles spooning flock twists, flex cuffed yet fingering lakes. As if are what is coiled-up: ill-lit lipped ice.

Our Glottics rendered in fishnets.

And it's not even noon yet and bodies with pupils round and equal in diameter all wake up. Ochre fed urchins. Body fluid is present in nares. The right lung weighs 650 grams. Walls plume geometric; sides of skull geodesic; sides of skull jip rock; plastic is fragrance pronounced as: *cosmonaught percuss* in the breath of the blower. Our pose works it: lava rills and a diving girl. A body, a book, a curled bull-whip floated into place, gums-up in a respiratory way. All tongues ataxic; all glottal phonics dip a menagerie of brisk clicks from agile animals exiting a basilica. We pelvis, contused and bit. Small words for small of back.

And it's not even noon yet, but morning, when oceans for lagoons nest olivaceous in dug out crust. Sun in mouth. Hypopigmentation on lower trunk pours subdural under lamp.

The body is the temperature of sat-in chairs.

A treatise on light begins and it's not even noon yet but light in the motion of some sort of matter, of amphibians in lucent pools or tadpoles refracting gaze with gelatinous wiggles. A whole lake is imagined in the early morning. There is light fog from a heavy rain during night. The lake has flooded past its boundaries and then retreated again under darkness. What is left are hundreds of puddles before the lake shore teeming with forms. The word "refraction" is used as rayon, or the double significance of ray of light and radius of a circle > the set of suggests or

the structure of crystalline bodies + slick catfish agitating the soft morning light with a strange velocity.

This is landscape. Ventricles and no stones. A whole shore of bodies, tremors of one body, with fingernails intact, but contusions over sternum, which give-out no sound and no rise to light, even as movement of a hand in the air is not capable of producing sound.

The mind boggles, doesn't it?

Hill-rhythms

five o'clock shadows.

Weather plumes geodesic; the synapses geometric; the corners of mouth jip rock; fresh cut grass is fragrance pronounced as: Wham-O or the wh-expression of "where is everybody" but" O.K." in the same phonotactics of "L" equal to "we(LL) did you give him the works?"

The body is the temperature of lawn.

A study of legs is turfed for ulcer. The body is opened by the usual Y-shaped incision thus *WH*- as in-"Well, we've got a live one here" [*W*] ind farmed by the blower; mucosal carousels music box morning. This is morning. Brightness begins obedience. A quick nudity. The gentle movements of gardening. Things are beginning to heat up.

We speak posed loops of small bowel: sweat, absorb, to wake. Morning. To give heat to our spooning. As if we are projectiles, cuddled in dense fibrous tissue. Wrists coil flexcuffs. Our lips spoon ice; ill-lit flock twists caught in each of our glottoscopic fingering of lake: "I will bring you to some water lost in your memory." Lips as slender lakes; teeth as cool sea-mammal piles, unreasonable, reckless, yet serious in the hunt.

The body is the temperature of fracture

yawning

through and through

The body is the temperature of oat constellations which crust the taught sides of a mouth – eclipsed and mooching: *to not be gone long, to know more in a couple of hours, for it to begin again shortly, to go in exactly an hour and fifteen minutes from now.* The hole is black but still a mouth. An image of a swallow's nest made of spit and dark clay – one you find in your garden where you are more attached to trees inhabited by birds. One you find too late in autumn and tremble having caused it to tremble. The old nest enters the category of objects, but the thicket, in your garden, in autumn, where you find the nest, takes on a human quality. So much so that you yell – don't touch it, don't touch it, above all don't touch it. But you do touch it and find it as coy and crumbling atop your self same gardening boots.

The hole is black but still a mouth and now a trove.

A shadow sustained by a beginningless sequence of objects

The mind boggles, doesn't it?

As if we could feel better and would not talk; as if we could not eat or drink anymore; as if we could only talk and eat when we are close to water.

Here the absence of wh-splitting or “WH(what did (WH)at do whom?)” a sucked in *oomm* of night calls; of meat upon a savannah; the [CH] of marsupial chatter > the [CH] of “The [CH] chase across the field is over” in instinct, like the swallow, daydreaming of security.

Everything awaits security.

The mind boggles, doesn't it?

2 X ¼ inch lips envelope our spooning cuffed to ill-lit fingers coiled-in glototonic lakes. As if we are flexed ice; as if we moan splatter. This is morning and not even noon. Quiet gates open to surf-light; roars exceed and retreat from their own cacophony. Tide-like catacoustics pang atoms as soft-core collisions do a floating body: damp, sweet and posing. The body is the temperature of what is not held-in. As if we are what pigs-out. Tonguing toxicological; our left ankles 3 ½

inches into lake; our spooning together, “come on, come on,” then came a word: - *love* - for the uncovered animal.

Jordan Scott is the author of *Silt* (New Star 2005) which was nominated for the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize and *Blert* (Coach House 2008). *Blert* was adapted into a short film for the Bravo Network and was the subject of an on-line interactive documentary commissioned by the National Film Board of Canada.