

Gorgeous Mourning

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Log

Afternoon of slumber, logging dreams on the mind's dusty screen. Where did it come from, that cartoon sleep of sawing timber? We lumber up from depths, wrestling with sunlight, uncrusting our eyes. An unrecognized timbre of voice loudly shouting something new, limber of tongue, loose of syllogism. Don't rest, write it down. We're up to no good, barking up the wrong tree. That story where Wynken, Blynken and Nod sail forth cloudy-headedly, navigating the sky in a wooden clog, star-lit. The recording angel's lost her book and deeply sleeps the day away in dreams of woods, those papery trees, everything rustling.

View

A day with no more purpose than any other, perched and looking, the curlew's call, a fever waning: what's in purview now? After ginger and curcuma, parched and reaching for anything to satisfy a thirst that's larger than this lake. What do you propose? After the cat-fight, fur flew around the yard for days until someone procured it to line a nest, only the best for her new eggs. The winning cat, now on curfew, bathes on her blue sill with a purr, viewing the courtyard, a few daffodils, also with no purpose, blooming.

Reply

Dear one, remember our moon-set walk across the trestle bridge, trees full of parasitic mistletoe? Are you still eating beef tendon and gristle soup with noodles? My unattended yard now blooms with purple thistles. They fired guided missiles from the mainland, pointed like flying fish, landing with a piscatory splash off-shore. Piss-poor shots, I'd say. The pistil is to stamen as mortar is to pestle, as heart is to well-aimed pistol, as I am to your epistle. Missing you, yours.

Seize

I'll tell you sometime when we're vis-à-vis about the ease of memorizing dynasties, the pedigrees of poets, how Tang, the apogee, floats into Sung; those liquid trees in scrolls, eerie in the fog, or snow-covered bamboo teasing us with thoughts of Spring; we're on our knees trying to take in time wider than Lake Erie—you sneezed, we tried to squeeze it, don't believe it, my freezing carp of the day.

Leap

How we're always lunging, trying to catch up with real time. They've added leap years and now, leap seconds. Are we here yet? I love lapping people at the pool, it makes me feel so strong, their time, lost in my wake. It's almost tomorrow here. Can you catch up with the lip of it arcing through space? Leonid meteor shower, flung orbits, those swallowing collapsed places of dense matter, are we clean yet? Are we inside? Auspicious—to see a bat the dawn of our wedding day, because its name is a homophone for good fortune. And you, curled up beside me in your own time, dreaming of another continent in another language where each tone has meaning, a thought springs from you to me. Wait, I'll translate.