

from A BOOK OF OURS

Pat Smith

4:00 a m

"For whom are the holy matins of the heart ringing?"

Robert Duncan

her (sight)
marmoreal blue
a turn un
 flowered by nightfall
no shadow box
no vex
nothing mortally cut

early eyes seated
darkness complying

"My nails mark the fruit", she says.

dark hour harvest
reliquary crossed

before each laugh of my hand

(simple
sessile
cock in hand)

4 o'clock naked
nursing eyes mother

woman on her back
paying me no clock child

(the opposite
hand pushes the
unused breast)

male telling/talking mother

before her knees

(camera
missing)

interrupted
not by music
by math

memory is sound

* * *

I am in another turn and must be with others.

It is the eye of music and the sequence of mathematics. I am here often. Sometimes, when I am a musical memory, it is the child that keeps me awake. Often, I think of this woman and her disrobe, her embers, and her drawing. I think of her distance and her disarm.

(Vext: I cannot remember sleep.)

“Can you see the moon”, she asks?

* * *

when I am with fear

(the end of sound)

when the circling haze and deep
shadows follow stairs

then with knuckles grinning
I am loin to lick her laughing
whiteness I am drawn
quarantined to think inverted red
muscles and black
lines
lines that roil

* * *

the sound of history

“my childhood of vacant lots & empty houses
the clock ticking in the empty room
four o'clock)”

four in the early arena
when I bend before
rising sounds
sounds instar
staring from stairwell
listening

when I climb the horns
when my breath
is a breeze
across her cunt
when memory is sent

climbing out to hear them
the music of memory
three horns
or four
from a 4 o'clock
from a trumpet sky

* * *

She speaks again quietly,
“Choose from a periphery
of elements.”

(her incised speech)
(she the eidolon)
comes at me mingled
merged
it passes
and separates)

She says, “Have embers at your terrace,
Choose an evil noon: an egg for the river.”

BEON
TIME
where merry meets beast

our speech counting
our memory numeric

it leads to avatar and
its behavior goes to look

Watch it accrue and often
witness rest for sleep taken

* * *

She cups her hands under her breasts. She knows their fullness and dreams. She dispenses a potion: a 4 o'clock musical memory, a nightwatch sleeping death.

The patterns that bring me sleep are gone; I precede the initiate.

After freeing her hands (I must not touch her tender breasts), she tells me of a woman whose eyes complied. (Her belly is soft and round). She raises her arms over her head and leans forward against the wall. I can smell my breath with the sour scent on her skin, merging. Where the trough of her spine stops, there, *only there*, is the perfection I seek.

She is quietly absorbed in finger movement, in finger print.

Her mirrors are small. *Mise en abime*. Except for the bed where the child sleeps, there is no furniture.

* * *

She asks again about numbers.
"I know music", I say.

She is here to shadow

washes her blood
and pleases her other breast

(*moulage*
memory music
monk woman
skeleton of silence
another anonymous lover alone)

She is hooded
drawn nonterra
from an eye that kneels

to spell
a spell

I am flaming
beneath her journey
to know the difference
between distance and disarm

* * *

I am watching her fingers fire. I know the hour and know her to be without
memory or sleep. I can see them apart. It is not like it was (again) at all.

* * *

I wait for her feast
and watch the planet reverse
and listen to singing the history of place of cold botany and quakes
and watch her drop
smoldering coals

I wait bathing in comfrey for her feast

from
a halo from
a meal of death from
the memory of suicide from
a seat to her left from
where we were once able to forge

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(spectral memory:
old lightning
medicine
and nutrition
and bodies of land
with numbers in the sun)

my notes number
and touch *as well*
the edge before the opening