

Speed of the Burning Forest, Abscience [Canto, CXX120]

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dim, on the underside  
[mine palm]

crumpled page

found in the hands...

*it is this place, my old arena, a rotten mattress  
with my body lying still. fingers  
pressed tight against, into  
the skin of my hands. nights light attracted  
through the window, space missing and present.  
early day (abscience vibrates)*

number of hundreds, so-so pages, deeds, contracts  
way/knuckles the white page, a process

lifework disintegrating

outside: foamy gain over water, glass  
tears [fast, harder waves]

put fingers tight around pages gone yellowed,  
new skin cells die, oils leak, prints  
etch

slow, with stinging veins.

to crave, to give permission. to see untested.

swallow

dark hard.

spit,

that old block of poetry to be sculpted

writing where no time is spent

*it is one o five in the morning,  
a twenty-six year old fog  
is frame by frame showing its credits. slowly, the nerves  
in my hands start to heave, a sense  
of something like danger. naivety, close friends  
circumnavigate the arteries where*

*a shapely volt pulses deep.*

[m] sleeps in the bed, take us please: in the morning,  
buried love in skin, the shark teeth of our eyes

moonlight beating a pattern  
) (silhouettes, cloud edge blue fade fog

soft clay path to begin (luck).

*the light from the window*  
*burns the hair on the skin*  
*on the leg, a tarnishing spell. the school night falls, a glaze roils*

*torch pass)(* like, before us...

dirt fills creases, webs of fingers  
]cross-winds ]]] cooing ]]] the underside

light in the echo of the fist

which crashes...

*in our midst, an amnesia, a shelf of books with un-cracked spines.  
my body still on the mattress, tightly gripping hand-written pages.*

adversary changes.

stay down wind from that yes.

words  
swollen in the waterways, the now sludge - - -

overflows the storm, a drain of this very world

*there is a song in me yet, a clear  
voice that quivers and shakes,  
[ : and a vibration sweeping*

voice, dented steel throat, a funnel of rage  
that sits over sour intestines, fire/logs  
a handful of ash from the crumpled page

hand sweeping dust, redden: outside, i  
forced warm  
(into space)

discovery, a single vein that splits open into the earth my reach for hades

at the edge of the(open>window-sill, scraping paint flakes  
of an old self, re-registering; path. to sleep, to take  
these hands and rest them on my chest, feeling the heart wind down...

noticing the beats slow to a few...

empty conch shells, to: [my name lacks fortune]

new: craven speed  
glycerin reflected off the red ore  
lodged above aorta, valves siphoning sounds  
bellows, squeezed,

wrinkles on the inside of my eyes, but  
a clear hazel to you. and yet no  
one returns the words i give them. a  
few graceless salutations deflected from  
piercing my skin. crumpled pages

and skin.

insomnia tacked up eyelids (openings, pins at the slits)

this slick oil spreads...

noose, swinging in a box of steel  
metal knocking, flesh to tattered yarn/

patience caught in my voice  
melts in the chatter of my teeth,  
these worlds set to talking

appear outside this room,

feet dangle on a ruined pier  
bathing hands in the sea...

water damaged fingers [highlights

into motionless

i remember dipping the masking tape  
into the azure dye. i remember placing  
tight my pale ankles:

span, eyes toward the tarantula ocean...towards

waves, sinking stones hiding

regeneration, this old washed off

*can feel skip of feet harboring a youth not spent.*

*i must wear, a dark overcoat that mourns with that  
sensitivity that is the night, that submits to age [flames  
below the follicles]*

lungs in the swelling,  
hands, cuticles cut

(reaching on to the split vein, at my sternum

ease of gray face, evenness patting zero.

pulses in the palm)

rings in the bark sliced away, one song for this year.

as this place now gathered. a new school\*

raised in fortune in momentum  
loving in the hands, on them

on the continent of  
history:

philosophy gave us,

potlatch, to publish.

we, in the gunslinger tier.

patience made in absence in the ratio that spirals out  
chaos sweeping the ram's horn inward.

*oak mirror, serpentine eyes.*

blindness

venom split, free

[sawed tree body]

numb casing,

skin loosens from the bone,

muscles weak

to sit, upward sight, moon reflects at sea

*and at evening, i sit up in bed, slump down*

*is it enough,  
to draw the outlines of tears  
in my face? [m] to feel close to my skin.*

*is it age*

*into the brush,*

up and up

rush light, at the level of bodies,  
[pressed flowers, hands: heat spreads]

[m] edged, grazing palms [light underside, luna]

mutual touch-luna

*many years left me) (heaviness in soot*

ey returns,  
*ey returns.*

*backwards, i drift,*

*would motion give over to the return*

?

