

| autumncuts

So sit down with your green tea
as if this was your last day, leave
the ledgers unfinished and overdue,
and tell me what you take with you,
now, the sounds of instruments ringing
on pavements, a crow mulling over
trails of aeroplanes, everyone out
in the town, and sirens going.
Not enough to take that flickered.
Light and the lift of it. Spiders hang
in mating season, gorged bodies
weighted there, still, not washed out
by the rain, these last three days.
Hydrangeas shoot pale green flowers
at the end of the season as before it.
You could turn it on its head. Think
it does not end here. Steam blows
and unfurls, without the cold to catch it.
Your tongue will burn. In the kitchen
something rolls around, the engine
starts and creeps out across the block.
I see my hands are like hers, but older.
The fly zubs at the window. You will
be fined for lateness, need to clear
things. Stacking, the blue late
September, and filaments shining
between the glazing. Waiting for
replacement, by someone else, words.

23 SEPTEMBER 2006

No they do not arrive. Rain is falling,
 in rushes, a thousand fingers. Pok pok
 in the bucket, or is it butt, where someone
 is collecting. Sun through the slat is enough
 to confuse. It is *that* Sunday, perhaps.
 It would be a relief to think it might not be,
 a weight of future eyes. My eyes. His
 have a small brown fleck, does it grow,
 is it cause. To fret, neighbours move internally
 a preparation which sounds like thunder,
 in small accretions. But muted, as if furniture
 is a comfort. Crowds applaud downstairs.
 The scent of tomatoes in the week, just picked,
 was I paying for that more than the taste,
 remembering him standing there. Making
 long straight lines with a drainpipe.
 Now he would have been shaking the trees.
 Get the apples down and wrap them for winter.
 Newsprint. But he is still here, in Albi, his
 cold comes over. Hot and the mouth
 is a cathedral, sometimes scalded into vaults.
 That will last for days, live to regret. Unthinking.
 Birdsong in the rain, it makes a route out, or
 good anticipation, eight-thirty, trust it, light
 pulls up its skirt. Long, ankles, or heavy, more
 provocative. The teacher with musk perfume
 and makeup. Blue yellow. We sang every morning,
 where the girl fell from the ropes. Tooth in tooth out,
 shining parquet, up against the wall. *Hopefulness.*

24 SEPTEMBER

Fizz went the apples on a high branch. Too close
 and fired up. The canned children below. Already
 it is later, and ahead. Breath in a cold breeze,
 wrapped against it, stamping feet, the smoothness
 of skin, taut. Pores can be geometric. She tenses,
 friendship swings on a high wire as high as it can.
 Go asking. Buying rings with imaginary karma,
 many years before, a moonstone tending to peach,
 as if it had spent time ripening, I forget. The meaning,
 like flesh, exchanged. Small seeds glow, tremble
 on the wires, cars growling with contentment,
 the season comes to itself, where sleep is a true
 possibility. And not the dark. Will you just move
 it on, he asks, and sends water. Pouring, folding
 over itself, the house groans, creaks. Perhaps
 the sun cools to help us out. Roofs and leaves
 absorb, make nothing of it, mosses on one side,
 but not the other, the wavier. He packs up to make
 music by the railway, a path of sleepers, built. Ivy
 may reach her perfect garden, no no, he shouts,
 it will make my eyes. Water. They steamed
 where they hung, yellow globes, bursting. Bark
 singed, too close. Tendrils out. Red, mauve, curling,
 daring to touch her brick. Mine is a waterfall,
 green and powdery, broken stems, difficult.
 To tell where it starts, introducing a few words in
 Yoruba, the boy who spoke. Writ of prohibition.
 Does not find them. Alongside write: engrave, carve.

25 SEPTEMBER

Speaking in the night keeps everyone restless.
Did it always, instances of confession, dreaming
of lines and inches, fitting, and then unbearable.
Pitch. Perhaps tinnitus is protection from this
fundamental ringing. La la la can't hear you, he
said yesterday. Listening takes something from
bodies, it is a propelling. When is the brain ready
for patience. Running along, as if it could be
rain, then a door. Closing, deft in the quiet, mist
fades in the afternoon, not yet burnt off. Taste,
when new to the city, yeast and sweet potatoes,
was it sulphur or a derivative, they lived by gasworks,
the Becks of Beckettown. Lightning strikes and switches
the hemispheres, left does the operation of right.
It leaves metal burns, could be filigree, rivets, or
eternity. Rings, as evidence. That lawyer predicted
only a bolt would end him, and it did, not before a
fight. Trees and buildings send up fingers,
affinity, hoping to draw it down. Bodies do too.
Siphoning. It said thunder but is altogether too gentle.
More difficult to draw down calm, whittle silence
from the greyness, puffed with sky traffic and
cleaning. Even empty is lenticular, making speech
from another angle. Forces are grainier with age,
like you could cut them. Tolling twelve, bells in
another warp, almost reluctant, and the steadiness
of iron. Tongues, like a b or d, beginning, and then
cavernous, you could sleep safe there, she didn't say.

25 SEPTEMBER

Seeing all the children trying. Braided hair, with
 a long line of copper. Coils. Of black. Keep to the
 right. Tumbling and tressed up, gorgeous. Language
 holds her in, she is guiding our way in the dark,
 better than we could. Assuming our blindness, poverty,
 ah. Line up please. We are learning persuasion, how to.
 Write complicated sentences, where words rhyme
 in product kitemarks. On the street, invasions of
 advertising, with answering gunfire. LaLaLangue.doc,
 cloistered corridors. Cool interior of that painted. Tree
 of life, the distribution of birds, branching, it could.
 Be wild, enormous. Look at the roots. Skin is
 always social, even when intimate. Tattoo, a tree on
 dusty walls. Secure, the word, making his mouth.
 Discute. Try seclusion, even better. Sound
 of water in the way it turns. In art we are tested
 by the extent of shadow, shading is. Proficiency,
 he imagines an extra r in worry, like a furrowed
 face. It is his because he hears it. Why you are lucky
 to be here. Veins breaking through, different from skin
 is being broken, does it come. With age, a. Discrimination,
 of kinds. Furocious machine, the wind, he wrote. Very,
 very strong, like a birthright, were you scared. No,
 I stood on the doorstep to taste it, the heat. Cars
 move very fast. Sucking something from the children,
 as if play offends. Is it important to assemble, store
 remnants, without recognition. The dryness of grass in
 late summer. The scent of crimson. Lip. Stick, sap.

30 SEPTEMBER

There are constancies in parting, no two. The same.
 Sun breaks through the window, skin expands in relief.
 Still here, I can see. You, leaning in the black suit, sepia.
 Warmth, a potential of black and white. Against
 the drying nets, stench of salt. Photosensitive you are.
 Laughter fans a tail in the garden. Blanching beans always
 seemed serious labour, pulling the strings. Along the edge,
 and into the water, for limited minutes. Forking sprays,
 purple miscalculating sugar. Secret stashes, stores
 of anything coming into. Ripeness, earth still. Attached,
 red berries overwintering. Pomegranates, he says, are
 hearts. Spurting, down to the hatch across. The way
 through goosegrass, taking peas and carrots home.
 Small girl, wrapped by the pound, butter in pats, slapped.
 Rats got the bread, he said, it turned out to be your mother.
 Burrowing in patisserie, we licked the cream. Horns, destined
 for others, by the coal merchants. The cobbler's rheumy
 dog. Shaped in sheaves, skull and crossbones footstone.
 In the churchyard, imprinted, where the man with the bush
 showed himself, she said. Rain arrives, in skeins, it would take
 the breath from you, if you ran. With mouths open, the pain
 in the chest. Flying, pears scattering, I know you, she shouted.
 Flying, and gently coming down. Alight, in dreams without
 oceans, always. A sign of turbulence. Did you see, we asked.
 It was a large bush. Whitethorn, you can't bring it
 in to the house. Spring Gardens was once a cholera pit.
 In records, home. Neighbours moved to Australia, they were
 dutiful to their mother. Knew my secret. Ungratefulness.

30 SEPTEMBER

VII

Cosas que pasan. Things happen. In the occasional, without recognition. Risks run, tessellate. He would burn her back, he says, his. Mother, into presence. As if she would return to herself in his desire. Too close. To see she might want in her own terms. Horror is best domesticated, and we weep vainly. When the wind swells, the plane enters sound differently. Spins, the way a compass needle does, finding. Direction, a lag catching, before it steadies. What happens in an indrawn. Breath, on that scale. A thunder clap, restarting. *If Living Is Without You*, across hedge groins, privet privates. At night, chorus, *I Can't*. We climbed the pines, he buried. Cut-out pictures, leaving holes. The small incline was freedom. Resin, bark, bending under weight. It might pitch us. To the ground, coyotes falling from the cliff. Followed by a rock, suspended. *Any More*, plangent warbling. The hum of wings, happens. Colour of a green beetle, catching. Light between branches, this summer. Taped birdsong, ticks in the sink bowl, shaken. Water trapped in its own form, mild. Planetary skin, float, tasting. Clear borealis, we went to look, treading it. The cliffs rose, let my limbs get me there and back. About to dive and you shouted, what about. The book, panic. Caves, where children swing. In times of famine. They stockpile. Supplies, mouldering in deserted buildings, infrequently visited. Yes.

2 OCTOBER

VIII

He died in a desert town. The quiet
of his lines, baking. In the heat, where
something in the trees, is. Rising, as birds
might. I am not there, to interrupt. Or to
cut, irrationally, in. Perhaps I slide my finger
along the edge, each. Blade too close
to see, now. It is autumn. Insist on its
seriousness. This seam, inside frayed.
To pull apart, as threads do, when.
Flesh expands. And darned up, badly,
the lift of matter. Tugs and scabs, not
for want of trying. He runs, awkwardly.
Enough to leave them, sometimes. To
work their own accommodation, each.
Space can be a fragment, a sliver. Of
shrapnel, tossed up. In circumstance.
Dragging on the skin. Or a number of
other things. A stumbling looking after,
he said. Did he, or perhaps not. The time
when soot. Flooded the room, a bird
escaping, when. In the process of relating,
the same event occurred. The time, when
soot had flooded. The astonishment
of friends, at this relation. Clearing up,
after. In every finger, there are. Silences,
drawn along, and rough. Against, what
surfaces. Or lines, when he was here. Not
sparing the impulse, when. What bird falls.

2 OCTOBER

Inconstancies. The flow of water is moving. Uptide and downriver, all the same. Moment, shunting. Or is it a frayed rope, needing a warehouse. Long as a city, and strong arms. Twisting. Trust to machinery, he does. Leaving notes to himself, a mark of later incorporation, and you. Need not be too bashful, speak your mind, or name. Something gives you the right to speak, what. Can feel like a blaze, half-lit. Moon brighter, the smoke of the sky. Halo. He said, what surges in you. Cover your face is a separation, her eyes are laughing, however. What comes out of need. Seas dragged up, the test of something flowing. Is small objects sent under. The river was a rain, and flew, he wrote. Disturb marks of separation, challenge them freely, is not. The point, here. Tell me where you are in all this. Water is pulled along, a skin. Knotting, where the nerves are. It is high, anticipating night forces, rising. Send them under, and wait for reappearance after the bridge. The swimmer on his back, kicks with white limbs, diagonal. They say your head is low in the water always. The helix of a water snake crossing the brown canal requires calm, where. You have none, and fear. Do not give me money, I may throw it into. The air, on the bridge. Strange as fortune, or falling. In muscular water, I lay me down. Rolling, buoys, barges. If I cross you lose me, but the danger is transverse. Not stamina, but stanchions, pleasure boats, cormorants. Collision, a firework suddenly.

7 OCTOBER

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They want you to be present, to the extent.
Voices call you out, keep you. In motion,
doors, please. The road is motionless, speed
keeps it in check. She says, this. Sound
is by itself, it is no memory. There is pressure
on the eardrums, as if we fell, to think. Otherwise.
A sneeze from another garden, sutures. So how
would you speak it, that gap. When she cries she
fights the air, there are no children here however.
She wrote. The crepiness of skin is an abstract
comfort, though it astonishes. Caught in the window,
who. Is that, not realising. Ferns die back from
the outside. What made her falter, it was what.
Came at her, I think, in words. A body has to work
to keep itself. Alert, but there is somehow abandon.
She has a quiet smile, wonder if people. Come at
each other as transparencies, ghosts, more fragile,
slower. When words are where matter is, also more
lasting. Residue of violence, still recovering. Sh
Shadwell. Machine stutters, ha harbour, take
all your belongings with you. Be be longings. You
would only find that. In England he said, waiting.
His briefcase. Yellow. What would you keep pace
with, knowing. Their use of colour, rose and gem
stones, and strewn bodies, is not pity. Reliquary,
maybe. Is this mine, without principles. Connecting,
a hum, to be cared for. Transport, not easily managed,
but today it is enough, she says. In its measure.

9 OCTOBER

Already beginning again. Wood splits along
 a length, a hammer. Silence preens, as if scarcity
 confers. Luckiness, like a spring day it announced.
 Building, the sound. Voices, inhabiting. You never
 listen, he said, let me. Finish my sentence. What
 will they take from this meeting, the memory of.
 Cadences, que lindo. Mexico City, splashing
 from its cup. When ash falls, the celebration of
 blue eyes, fungus on the corn, huitlacoche. But
 not the rolling r of ferrocarril. He has a fear of volcanos,
 it may dull the pain. Of flying, feel it budding on
 his shoulders. Yesterday the river was tame. Warm,
 with players out along the banks. Throwing coins at
 sand men, the man who was the Mona Lisa, hundreds
 waiting to slide. Autumn sends out spores, we all.
 Cough and wait for invasion, mist, the cool of
 seasons. The trees are dying, it is not natural. Life
 congregates, still. Waking up to mass destruction
 on the radio, Sunday. Splashing up the hillsides
 as far as you can see. From the plane, planetary.
 Settling, he laughed. Isn't it always the way.
 The breeze with an edge of salt. Horn from distant
 boats. Does it run through me, more than. The vision
 of the brow of a hill, a hip of land, giving way to.
 What comes over will be where I am. Or want to be,
 a promise, scenting. Practice will not bring it nearer.
 She thinks, do you. Reach out ahead of yourself.
 Pharaohcarril, fair ochre reel. Furrow qua real.

15 OCTOBER

A story of breath. Crowds in Spain go.
 Hooor.
 Here they go haaay.
 The sound of hot air balloons, climbing close.
 When house owners sleep, shaving. The incline
 of roofs, ropes trailing. If you held on, where.
 Would it lead, in this light, with a last long.
 Inflating, his acoustics are keen, quick as a
 reflex. Astonishing what they pick up, in a glance.
 Apparently, as if language buzzes on your lips.
 Geographies in the expelling of air, joy. Chants.
 In attitudes of bodies, klaxons. Headline moments.
 Today he corrects my hesitant corazon, draws it
 with small arteries. Because it is not like that,
 indicating. Index fingers, rorschach mirroring.
 What it takes to make it beat, sketch
 connections. Yesterday the walls were gilt.
 The world was shining, the persistence. Of sun
 in its decline. When the thought of dying
 accompanies, is a sleep. You might choose
 sometimes, going to ground. Green ground.
 Grass, just beneath the mowing, rest. Some
 atonement for a previous shortcoming, is.
 Announced. Then, later I heard him say. Fish,
 speech. Deciding, duration is to stay around,
 hear more, to risk. Without protection, a decision.
 Coming from this skin, pulse, the night play of light.
 Breath demands, it puts you. Present, massing here.

At the borders of this do you decide to let go.
Shapes and intimations, perhaps what they mean
is not important. Just an impelling, setting a shoulder
to. The wind, rising the further north you go today.
He covers a lot of deliberate ground, but water
colours it. Pewter, olive. I will tell you what, she says.
Pooling in your hands, as metal does when it falls.
It is a watershed in many directions. Liquid,
the route to the north that came through her lilac
curtains. They swayed at night, and down the rally
we went. It spills differently, from the palm, drains
away. Even when you hope to catch it, and taste.
You could not know that. Waving and counting, they
respond to children in the 1960s. Inside the low whistle
over the Mystic, another order of sound. This summer,
the journey through the reed beds, and no-one seeing.
The clarity, preserving as brine does. Close my eyes
in the blue dress. Scent of fishcutter's house, the noise
when the tide turns. Far inland, walking the bridge
over the mill pond, her tales. Of the blue lagoon,
deafness, near where he built over the tracks, where.
They all built the tracks, moving along them for
work even to France. Where do these lines. Lead,
the taste of water. Shells of oysters, prised, discovering
a palate for live, flinching things. When the knife slits
and then cracks the hinge, scraping. There they sit,
with the same vulnerabilities and embarrassments.
Grit, then a long clear line equal to the freshness of air.

I think we will be aloud. Passing sentences
of articulated traffic, sheet metal permission.
To deal in trapezoidal bulks, or Floridian
land and reality ventures. At night, illuminated
red squares, processing arterial sequences
where speed tells. Geometry is not my best suit,
having backed into the man with yarmulka.
There is always a first time, he said. So far
from south of the river. Mechanical abandon
is not advisory. Night is granular, an irritant
smoothing you deceptively. One tree hill,
the border of a city, lit from below, catches.
The periphery, where you are. Negative,
a dream of earlier technologies of seeing.
A nitrate needing recovery, you begin
decomposition. Perhaps it will resolve, at
a point to be determined by everyone seriously.
Clocks retreat and it is the end of summer. Time
to store banks of darkness. The sound of fire, fed.
Applewood, cherry, oak, chestnut, ash, beech.
The three day week when they put candles on
the landing. Walls loomed, we depended
on chimneys. She cleaned the grate with a cold
wet cloth, the ember. Stuck to her skin. Spindles
of newsprint helix without unravelling. Coke
saved in the hearth. Radio whispers, foil
frames. St Paul's in the Blitz, Highland stags.
Red, purple. Transformations. Tock. Tock.

28 OCTOBER

The absence of harm is not the place to begin.
In the mildness of. Seasons, insufficient leaf
fall, they hang on. By the last thread, needing.
Definition, the gasp of frost. To let go. I know
what it is and then I do not, this game. Quietens
us down. If you break it open why, is there only
this silence, cracked open, the salt of other.
Pain, is not mine to own. It does not have a
cavity, for light. Or breath, but it serves, pain
persisting. To find a relation. Will you cut out
eyes and mouth, place it. At the window, lamp
for an evening. When they come asking, or
punishing. Replace the roof, it begins to burn.
That is for tomorrow. Now the purl of sky engine,
the point when it turns, sound dropping. Will
descent remain after it has gone, do we. Know
the reliance of gravity as a reluctant measure.
When it leaves us, only. Aggregations, do not
think of it as a lightness. Stacks of crimson,
the gnarl of globes, residues. Of distant earth,
chambers of flesh and light. The nature of over
wintering, buoyed up, hardened to its lasting, is.
Convincing, it does not ask to be. A mode of
attention. The thickness, is a red hide. Density
reassures, the beat of. Knuckles checking
ripeness, you know. He said, the rest are all
sold, and these the last. Red, green veins, will
open at the ceremonial, the knife. Sticks.

31 OCTOBER

Something of an evacuation of light. Persists, it knows the ending of day. Approaches, it turns towards heat as love might. Deep in the earth, rotting gently, sweat. Of leaves, skin's sudden exposure. Plane trees, in intentional mottling effect, sun spots. Ruching, experience. Not ruins, or rubble, but run. Through, as if will carries you, burning. Off what you jettison, what springs in your wake, it is heaviness. Dragging out bones, the bow of waking minutes, concentrations. Let go, with leaf fall, and small flakiness, bark. Rills of stiff. Lace. An hour passes, more. Modulation, without birds, the clear reach. Where horizon is imagined. Trees cascade, rust hoards, are coin. Showers, each picked out by shadows. Each, tearing holes, round. Puncturing air, she chases her grandmother's long line, it disappears into. A cold lack of light, temporary. Respite from glare of an old sun. She does not need to move much. She says, take advantage of the day, in a patchwork coat. It is not a how but a why, he points. Out, a sense of injustice. It is the way woodsmoke brings life forward, strong as leather, the way yesterday always joins. With. Scenting tomorrow, its yellow haunting. A glow, not without. Loss, anticipated, as an inhabiting of flesh, a brilliance kept secret. Known everywhere, in its hiding, he says. Even describing this tree, is imagination, I have a right.

Is it so much later. Word from a shouting river.
Arrives, it is the interim. Before an Atlantic
storm, with hours of quiet rising. Weakness,
in light, lays down to rest. The falling out
of purpose. Opportunity to see a sequence, in.
Time, in one, the action starts out like a hunt.
Cut a story short. There he arrives, in the fourth,
and the game is bagged up. Yet, she said, this.
Could never be known, unless you saw them
together. The man who jumped from a tower
and flew a furlong. Wanted movement forward,
it was said. He could have improved on that
performance, if a tail had occurred to him.
But was prevented and lived, ripely. An impelling.
Towards, the risk of arrival. When sky darkens,
in notches, but it is too soon. Birds fall out,
expecting shattering, hold breath. And regroup
soundlessly, the fatigue of alarm silences.
Can we calculate the rising of water, he asks,
in inches. Using measurements handed in, always
the turn of the archaic. As if seriousness comes
that way. Looking at his feet, they already push.
Through the flow, the child stamps. He wrote,
the illusion of facing it well. Is our inhabiting,
handed on. In an impulse for protection, perhaps,
or the other side. Of a rationing, as if the chance
for anticipation remains. Possible light, drifts.
A cat. Descends in three, wall, ledge, sill. Cries.

24 NOVEMBER

