

Fluorescence Buzz

Elizabeth Bryant

I. Once I saw a child slip
 little things into a hole.
 They were small seeds and
 the hole was the opening
 of an expensive
 instrument.

II. The gaps must stand for
 themselves. No better than
 toy soldiers, they are
 more present than I am in
 my perpetuity.

III. Her knowledge was confined to *before they are named*, and prescient games of *how they go in, how they come out*.

IV. At that point nothing had any special significance, so the idea of wreckage was the same as an ivory-billed woodpecker: unobserved and good as non-existent.

v. She dropped them, round,
nut brown, the size of
bird tears, one by one
into the dim gape. A slow
pillip plip-ip plip
sound as each seed fell
down against a background
of resonating strings.

vi. Shiny little oily seeds of
things to come.

VII. It's always out there, the
remainder of the mother.

VIII. In the supple stratum
spread thin beneath a wide
coverlet. Proliferating
folds in which you want to
retire.

IX. But the day calls.

x.

A lone starling with one
fucked-up feather pricked
in disjoint from his back
has settled himself for
the rest of his life on
the suet by the bay
window. His usual
arrogance is attenuated by
a forced separation from
the mob. They're in the
next town over,
congratulating themselves
on the continuity of their
murmuration

XI.

And this is nothing without music, which normally serves as a liquid does to move your understanding, help it over the fence between this idea and that one, with sounds mimicking a remembered thing.

XII.

Here something comes. A spider the same black and size of a small chocolate disc, or smaller. This sham fortress can keep nothing out.

XIII. And this is not enough all
by itself: the language
with which you crave the
ability to say what you're
not saying.

XIV. I long for shoes and the
annoyances that fall into
them or are placed there
by mice from the
cupboards. I can see them
hoarding poison pellets
instead of simply eating
them.

xv. I want a tiny fragile pre-war teahouse and all its vulnerability to falling particulates. Small jagged edges that puncture the eyes.

xvi. I am reminded of your estrangement. How it lends you a legitimacy I can't argue with. I am as cornered by my locality as everyone else around here.

XVII. I am here in my
disability. Your veins
provoke me with their vast
mileage.

XVIII. The letter of love is
burning. The distance
between its delivery and
receipt may be measured in
eighths, or bales, or
miles.

XIX. I am the sound of light.
Nothing extraordinary
happens to me.

XX. No one comes. I am the
total distance from this
buzz.

XXI.

If I could be a crook I
would lather every day in
my malfeasance.

XXII.

You might notice me then,
gun in hand, nicking your
jewels, shooting your
disbelief. Leaving you
alive.

XXIII. The letter of love is
 curling. I see everything
 through its onion skin.

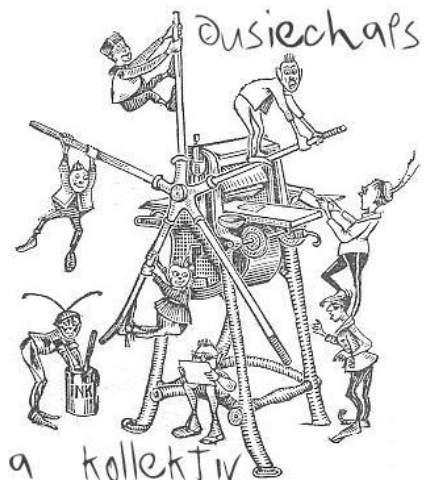
XXIV. And talk of visitors is
 like a frog chorus: what
 are they saying>what are
 they saying>what are they
 saying. Deliver their
 insistence to me!

xxv. The little child never
 returned. I was instead
 examined by an incuriosity
 with stubbed hands good
 for cobbling.

xxvi. Imperishable mother-love
 travels along.
 Infinitesimal debris
 scattered through your
 seams.

XXVII.

I am here in my infinity.
I remind you exactly of
nothing.



&

HEX



PRESSE

