

BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

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Taraxacum Triste

I

moon-ticker
night, full-faced
seedhead white

malady of the
wind song matching
sigh dispersal

star feathery
clocks & the sickness:
bald late love

parachutes
deleted, lost in the
unsoiled vasts

II

the roar
retreats:
old moon-
mouth spits
planets like
teeth; *dent-*
de-lion,
lunacy
of last
grief: a
a stalk
left
in the
hand

After the Arrowhead

the toy submarine somewhere in the lake
last summer failed a dredged darkness up

boating in the park the wake-fledged water
stone-ripple circles target deleted by a shaft

winter-honed trees the bows hidden in them
can sail or shoot the quarrels in the form

the arc unstrung harmless in the hand
a bolt tipped with intentions behind the back

aims change dissolve & shift sky flowing
a shape in a child's book escaped into the world

new weapon filed toxic no sheen of the teardrop hull
the conn's hidden now operation under the surface

guided right from the bed underwater cruising day
all the white explosions after sail-play's absence

streaked breadth of ocean suspending respiration
what rises from below should be charged with depth

Myodesopsia

a white wall will show what's in you:
the watermarks that dissolve &
swim upon the page are shadows
of the self. The eye-stains sliding

across the screen are various: this
wisp, a light grey front, travels
at the speed of looking & will
not track the wind; the matchless sky's

even light is mottling with germs,
hard-edged under the microscope,
& in the corner, right on the
rim of sight, the one that creeps

away as you turn. This glassy
humour in the gel leaves shapes that
will not laugh or fix: movement
defeats the mind that only tricks the

constant image. Now there are these
dark forms, fallen from behind sight
& no returning to what is
over the shoulder: those first fields

shining without mist, no speck of
hovering horror eluding
the direct gaze, only the world's
first innocent immensity:

the vision that will not revive
when a shower of light is a
dangerous detachment & there's no
sidling past the ruins in the eye.

Voices

How will the voices find you?
 This one has feathers and sings in the glissando tree.
Last month it swept into sky
 and would not weep a sliding music on your shoulder.
The songs are many and various
 no matter without the discrete tenor of objects.
The conversations of silk
 woven into the chat of water-shimmer on stone:
Light notes from the spinerettes,
 the movement is a surface of sounds too quick to catch.
The speech of streams is the glide
 and ripple round the river bank, eluding the eye,
Only half heard before it
 hides itself in the lapping of lakes, the crash of oceans.
And these tongues up from the earth
 that lick the air with flames that die as a score of ash.
The bodies' black notation
 is the harmonics of death, a noise lower than white.
You never quite trap a sigh,
 the silence so softly requested in the reeds;
Even this thin wind will not
 be wrestled to ground, held to be bullied in the grass.
The whiplash from the blue clouds:
 the unconduted drum and crack are their own accord.
Recrafting continents at
 the edge of frequency informs the waves without you.
The pitch of the new mountains
 is the product of the independence of orchestras.
And if the bird forever
 granted you its song to soar with these sundry voices
How would they sing together?