

David Rushmer

## ERASED MATTER

we have taken to the air.

no matter.

object, or body

a book of skin

where it flows

an umbilical between worlds...  
“to slowly wend its way

...with both ends burning”

the vessels are nothing

whiteness is an ideal

rather be the flame

wanting the skin

to become

this subtle fluid

in memory only

the ignition,

in the blood

the spoke

becomes

another form in aural space

“we are already dissolved  
in the voice.

an annihilation of space

enlightened  
of elements

the unseen  
focus

opening

this hole  
in which I am floating

the message  
of the body

seen  
as interior space

the sky  
you spoke

to remain fluid

in a kind of music  
a matter of memory:  
to penetrate the literal absent

nothing remains  
around the meat

with their perfume  
between my lips  
this hole, this torn

black sky

open

from somewhere else  
folded

breathing flows

## FORMING PRINCIPLES

forming  
principles of  
*sublimation*

burst to give light  
moments us

oozing  
discourse

crepuscular  
guttering

To drain the blood

air

into flame  
a vanishing sequence  
*instead of being*  
a skin

over surface  
withdraws his fingers  
to the touch

into film  
a vision  
in which vision

reflects

the disappearance  
*of the real world*

viscous universe

consuming  
substances  
of beauty  
that gathered  
fragrances  
to inhale the skull