

Circles Matter

by Brian Lucas

A triple play. Brian Lucas— painter, poet, musician—eye, heart, mind. Written with a sense of unfolding mystery, his voice on the page is sure in its tone, the ongoing quest and questioning is awake with profound and restless detail. Out of the ballpark. I await more.

— David Meltzer

Shock is the awe of reading—“a fable folded into sea.” The elemental act of reading is physical as well as chemical, a catalyst transforming the coastline of clouds into the graceful synaesthetic prosody of *Circles Matter*. The circles that matter are lines of approach, the “Contents” describing 25 poems and 3 drawings, from “Awe” to “Sketch of an Eclipse.” Brian Lucas’s elegant *Circles Matter* moves time, in time, “Never resting as ideal state.”

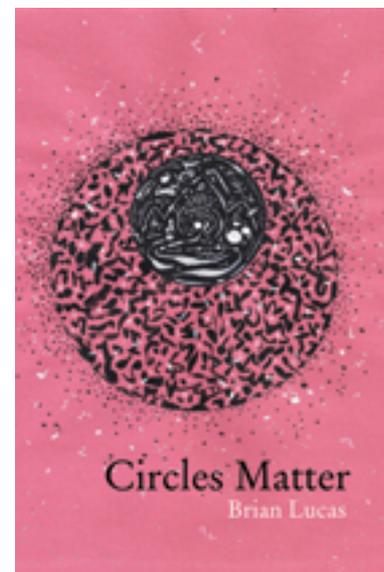
—Norma Cole

Brian Lucas was born in Visalia, California in 1970. His previous publications include *Telepathic Bones* (Berkeley Neo-Baroque, 2010), *Light House* (Meeting Eyes Bindery, 2006) and *The Trustees in Spite of Themselves* (Neko Buildings, 1999). He contributed drawings to *Force Fields* (Hooke Press, 2010), a collaboration with Andrew Joron. After several years living in Thailand, he now resides in Oakland, California where he plays in the spontaneous music ensemble Cloud Shepherd.

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Awe

X is a lyre or mountain range

fable folded into sea

Choir of revolt

a miserable mirage

occupied by specters

launched from

a nether eye

covered with soot and bream

Corridor with memory end

letters and numbers

brand its walls

Here, the tree is silent

world reverence

lit ruins with

skulls in relief

having no roots spread

across cracked lightning

...vista replaced

by inner expanse

Sight streams along
until starpoint is enacted
then dust but

what dust it is!
spooned into vertigos spiced
by intrusion

Seeing a face in every leaf
settled on a seed of syllables
spoken by the eye

my tongue gone missing

Nigh Road

The walk across a perfect furrow revealed its hidden slant as the valley subsides into microtones.

A thicket housing skyline that promises to implode its particulars waited for our approach.

Even particles have no say as we pace, take up space, string a wondering through hell's finest vowels prone to shift without error.

How can I stretch this moment disintegrating; it hardly resembles itself in its transparency and is buttressed by tuneless regard.

Ebb from splendor, this submission.

For Gustaf Sobin

Glimpse

It contains but
cannot stay full

It has roots and leaves
yet is still barren

Sound or no sound
neither *either* nor *or*

If not now
then when
or will that won't
be said
or better left undead
in the throat

Forth

palpitant layer

so expectant

delirious mark

on the spot

where wind

shines from a pioneer bud

erases allusion

to fragment

slender rare grasp

Born

Glint, glimmer not glamour

 Into beyond-number and definition

Finally free of an elsewhere that

Resembles not knowing where I am

 Where I was not I

But a pigeon in a book about penguins

 Touched by the instant of ignition

Pins of Light

Temples for the unadorned exist at the edges
in the abyss outer limits unfold

