

Jake Syersak

from *Prolegomena to the Opposite of Weather*

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Is there enough *you* in a mirror, beyond you, to allow a curvier tough of the frame to loosen? To release an abyss
fibonnacian, an ocean's endless glass as ideas in the mouth best reflected by a good rolloftheeyes? I could look out
on the Pacific for as long as its endless takes to prove me wrong—

to Other the Atlantic—

but still,

the ocean's a sky's entirety inflected, a folio spine-cracked

across a singular line of inquiry with which

we ask ourselves into answers

as easily as mask ourselves in questions. Maybe,

just *maybe*,

it's the ocean separates me from weather. One tongued query of "whether *I* opposite *you*" spooling into the same ocean

a mirror is, the query become the frame that binds our glassiest questions to all this— all this *is*-abyss is—

& answers only, *is*.

Then again, I alone can't gauge an ocean's endless

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Let's go ahead & say a gauge for eternity's physique is nothing more than a border. Let's go ahead and promise when I say
an eyelash's akin to a wave, I'm forcing an eye to own up to its action, an ocean to shake my hand, a storm to sense the
presence it wraps around me. This is a form of restoring order, forcing movement into inordinate radios. But let's also remember
we can't just *the* things
together, or back together, as it
were. I'm thinking here of Mallarmé,
unwiring *the* from *why*. Lassoing the l'azur back from sky. He's why the *why* I think is dead &
lessrealismore. Why I won't believe glass outlasts any idea of glass, or that l'azur's any lasso toward oceanic mystiques. Glass,
ultimately, is a religion. Genuflective, an umlaut. Too-trusted insights unsee us from a *the*. Prolegomena of the opposing.

If we squint hard enough elsewhere, elsewhere winks back.

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Winking back can insinuate a problematic circling. Elsewhere's an orouboros if one end can't empower the weaker reality.

It's via Ouija or a mystic or the like I
can't stand the distance between
the distance I can't stand.

The other day I thought, "if I drink enough coffee-flavored coffee crystals,

eventually, it'll taste real. Until *the*, the real, off-course, crashes headlong into *ethereal*,"

but what does this mean in a broader, historiographic scope?

—that those who *make use* fuse *users* into chic *refuse*? I could support the stem of this thesis up from potpourri &
out through Marx,

& if I wanted,

from photography to the postmodern arc (architecture, in particular) & back again. Think of all those multifoliate koi in koi
ponds cycling, as deco does, through all those corporate plazas. In every construct criticism's built a natural apology

for merging ,urging re-emerging over

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Sometimes I think in awe of the moon's urging the raw to move on, as masseuse of tides.

Sometimes I think of the west coast Pacific US Hwy101, where the whole coast congeals like ajar joins the tongue, a

jarring agate-rocked *et cetera* meeting water's seemly *ad infinitum*

& wonder how far the mouth tastes

distance from a sea's blue.

The rust-colored leaves in this memory are hinging on the Pacific's most indigo & artificial torment of a coast-

line. & I'm ingraining myself with the worn viscera of highway, nestled in the oceanic flex a firm Earth's

is. I think there is a comfort

in harboring one's self inside an insight. Like an Emersonian eyeball, rusting along a socket that longs from & returns to

a façade. Like the joke, *no end in sight*

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I want to tell you exactly what I mean. In Seattle, circa

September of 2011, I wrote,

“I want to rend from weather its opposite, or

failing that, weather

an opposite into.” I can’t tell you exactly what I meant by that. It was as if to ply I around an aria, the music refused

any adherence to air toward what I was trying to do, which was weather opposites

into. Toward. An Attempt at prying

open a vantage point for years after I wouldn’t escape. I was applying glass to my teeth, trying to reflect

what was gnawing, unseen, but pollinating nevertheless,

never *the*-less, never

unlike a thick coat of

rust entrusts a machinery’s delicacy, like wind’s orgasming through a field of oregano.

Awe for the sake of. To sculpt awe’s sinews. Hew forecasts plastique. Weather into out of toward.

What I wanted was a rust turned river never understood but for its running the hue of any well-weathered machine until wherever
any of the means run is

opposite what *does* this mean

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opposite what *does* this mean

like the joke *no end in sight*. a façade

urging re-emerging over, for merging

elsewhere winks back, if we squint hard enough

I alone can't gauge an ocean's endless, then again—