

Enclosures

Jennifer K. Dick



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Enclosure

Waiting.

Lili's hands outstretched in the dark
realm of herself out
to the wet arch of the hound's
matted neck. She can hear
herself in the breathing, panting
enclosure, one among the two
as she begins to chant backwards

—draw

—figuration—

—spinning—

—dradle—

—a—

—space—

out—

filmed over (she is) as the pages
once under waxed paper encapsulated
that body, woman. She
leaned in closer to press
her eye, retina, directly
onto the object. Thus
see

Clown in the pale make-up. Bufoon
—ing round and a-round her back.
Lift object after object in the room
with the horizontal colored glass
bottles. Examining the octagonal
stop. Sign of the tilts, the tattered
“Look at the fish!” Invitation to see.
“Nice choice,” VCR porno bodies
entangled in that “wanna watch?”
Want to? Want two? To Watch?
Here the cataracts filming over the
tank. *Talk*, he thinks, *these are her*
things. Her space. Just hiding out.
Just for awhile? “Don’t ask on the
carpet.” The tensile drapery. Holiday
lights blinking. Her gaze glows
(glues) on-off-he-and-she lights
lowers it, them, one by one. “What’s
this mean to you?” he asks. In the
stroboscopic lift he can see her
mouth muttering farther and farther
away. Follow the tide-tilt red-nosed
bright orange painted-on smile with
blue surf breaking against the body.
Resistance. Bridles. “Hey,” he says.
She swats at a fly, a gnat. Tinny
nuisance. He’s not going for it, chest-
thumping fist works with his knobby-
kneed ensemble, *when the words are*
carved directly into the body : inseparable
from. But she misses the punch line.
Again. The hook. He picks up his
case, a deeply-inhaled bout of salt
water. Cherry-blossom-scent of her,
here. Dark hair clinging to shoulders.
Curtain call. He backs up. Her hands
reach out as if, yes, he thinks, sees,
she’s noticed, she notices the space
his absence makes. He watches her
fold and unfold her fingers around
the neck of it.

Lili is missing

still

mesmerized by

see

tropical angling

fish across

the cross tanked

top—teeter—troped

blank

lanky robe dotted with white

Calla lilies not composing

(compromised)

coasting by her

Lot

Almost taking (taken) off

turns

Back to her (black climb)

up

*(clamor) out-the-last-slide to side-
-le up to Lili, "she's just"*

snow

sun voices bleeps down on the

free-

way "Stay your course" hears

bickering

the couple's chips unraveling wrapping

round

her waist, bent back to (salty)

burn

turned down

Her

collared no-kiss

list

of greens

trimmed garden paths

shears

(sheer)

belted Lili tanked

Doesn't notice the grey her

lined
discharge

A set of forms

raised

dotted

letters

touch congeals

in

to

the sense of

the sentence of

her orange departing.

*

Name it in language. No. A place. Wholly visual (visible). Here.

Lili (thinks she) belongs only to the eye

Seeing (that other I) more than ever

True (construed) and alive in her part of place

Dreams and dreaming

Part of how the world

Moves her through it. She parts (departs)

Time and the world led

Lead blind

(ly) Through

Her eyes scanning as over

She should (could / would) still thrust out

Her hands to catch herself (body) (boldly)

A woman under glass (behind it) lest (within)

She be hurtled (and broken? (To break...)) (boldly)

Against the surface
of the air.

He cannot understand her silent
tiny too-vast-for-them-together room
a groom in topcoat in the 1920's photo
once her favorite. He dresses up for her
tails and tophat, ruffly collar, leads her
fingers to frills, to mouth.

But as he glances down into her
blank black-glazed-back gaze she
is forming words, a constant flow
of language at her lips emitting no-sound.

His face stark white, stale, the syllables
rubbing air, friction static sparks
snapped off in the storm alighting
white syntax incompletely formed.

As now, on the bed, a feather, pages.

*

Under the armoire, in a box tucked back in a dusted-over corner a small sampling of books

*

She looks up over at him, towards through past

And windows, glass breaking, angles.

*

Her hands carry her forward awaiting a warning. Surface. In the silence her mouth moves underwater weeds.

(—These are the stories, Lili thinks, reaching (reading) forward, outstretched.
Her grasp at the nape of the neck, the scruff.
She tilts her head listening, careful for a response.)

Outside:

a woodpecker, wren

a body enfolded in a moulded round
it's out and forms of presence
he reaches the edge of
the room pauses at the glass
and thick and cold case to the touch
as if one damaged sense would lend another
wood, rickety attributes snap open unafraid
of the night beyond the opened box
while screen's a magma field foresworn
launched subatomic particles or
Lili in this mimeographed pretense he pins up
curtains to see behind (within)
that spacious encapsulation (open wide!) or barrier
closed his inhaled gaze deeply fraught over
birch trees, door, a hollow stormgutter a.k.a. "framed"
irises in a Maybasket by the fenced white picket
plucking the courage up to go in for the exchange
a Marcel Marceau conversation by the bedrock
forlorn border where Echo cries out "I'm hee-re, hee-re, her..."

Can a body locate, Lili?

Muffled by the tin can pressed cool to her lips

(Nape of her neck) Carries a secret

She requests, envisioning a set of requisition slips—white paper pile

Wonder why the images in her head don't fade?

Where color would be; where would color be

Between her (slip)?

The helix on her eye, turbine or wring

She lists movements:

Dance, flight, scribble, paint, carpenter

In her mind divide

into possible / impossible

then / now

Her hands describe a circle, sphere.

The hands forming a globe, a world

The way the drum beats in the valley

And a crow lifts off a branch

These once-startling things:

Her arms, knees, waist, toes

A catalogue (or vocabularies)

Place and now

No one's here to watch her wail
spectate her
expectorant and hollow dried-out cough
the charcoal taste of longing as lounges
(she) in the backyard garden by the pond
Echo has yellowed hands from plucking at Narcissus
this is the silence welling in to her
even as the water tables lower
drought diminishing the buzzing bustling flies
a dragonscale of hues imbued with seasons
recalled in Technicolor '70s misprint
she thinks back to the hands inked over
blue and splotched blurring the pages
"just mark an X here," someone guided
her (gliding) then a scratch which might
have criss-crossed or there were only
paths and illusions of contact Echo's
language in (of) (only) the other as
here Lili takes sight from scent
and buries it stuffing her mouth full
of dried soil

Her hands have disappeared into him, through,
so she might wake to flares, speak a horizon, dawn, a set
sun settling into (through) her.

He, a mirage, her
barrage of items catalogued as sensations:

inked

Mute moths are fingered.
There, Lili's jaw aches from so much.
Movement this open-shut.
Hinge of words, he.
Listens close for a syllable.
Batting against tongue or teeth.
Lip-smack cheek, neck, inhale.
Muscle of lung and diaphragm and.
Where did the tonsils go? Into.
A jar of fireflies, a glowing mason.
Jug, he seems (she seems) surer.
To have said all that can be.
In this close-up silence where.
Shadows come in closed he.
Touches it (her) in between the.
Unpronounced (erroneous? larynx-lacking?)
And to back out click door slick.
Slither away from the bickering.
(Bitching) masses, these glasses she once.
Looked through cracked panes he blackens.
Polish to pu-pu-po-lite stutters.
She might make now, any minute.
Minute sounding out on the.
Captivated wing-like tremble.
Where even their hands have.
No signs, language to carry each.
Away or back.

Shut—

Must(n't) he hear,
she thinks
must in the
here! she thinks,
garage / attic.

Be closer,

Hear, she does think it is
confirms void
misplaced
she and the must in her nose object
displeasure of

place,
Here,
she says to no one
in particular him
missing, she is
gaze

mould
gazed at
objective

correlation between

two points in time
a case / shelf
images repeat
in the fly's eye
where hers are
eclipsed.

Here,

she says, she feels certain to have

pronounced

this grid-like multitude

must have

unread books

musted /misted over mildewed

obligations

and started, here,

startled, hear

jumped

at the door—

click!

He is informed

(informs her)

If this continues

(another,

They

those in the white

Will have to take her

coats)

Away

(those in steel cells

Because

and voices down-corridor, group

Though she cannot see

hall (hollow) (haranguing) and

There is no

others (un)like her speaking out)

Reason for her

(And canteens, and bedtime, and bars on

New silence.

Windows)

Besides,

(she shrugs)

The doctor tells him

(he tells her, informs flatly

She appears to think

he cannot bear to let her

She's speaking

go on)

and her fists are coated with mustard yellow pollen in her eyes reddening in the sharp spark
set of heated sun at her back or the woods somber shading her called forward he
called her forward she explains the call for the body located in stone the bones
became this "Come" Narcissus, "out to" she Echo she Lili out in the orange of
day-blooming at the side of hill mocking gallop or guffaw "Question me?" she repeated
(recalled) a pond or murky sulfur at the rim catching fire the torch or her when (salted)
he comes near more followed in the hollowed-out scabrous flight, a raven, a red-winged black-
bird, a crow (bitterly) crowding onto her porchlight like bats at her lips running radar round her step
out to answer "when you say I cannot hear?" Lili states "what I (you) say you (I) cannot bear?"
why come from me, to let the body fall, against the far-out-cliff or this domestication
question(ed) repeated (heated) in the woods the more she swallowed, herded, chased, caught
her (self) (other) (that (this) body (bloodied)) at the balustrade (bodied) she (embodied) in
the state of things printed hands on the unlit wall encasing (in case of) her (urgency break glass)
say I cannot her

*

white petals, in a yellow center,

plucked and smothered the hornet rolled himself up

*

In she looks over askance at him, weary wary to reach

*

Surrounded by the cacophony, a single note rises to the surface of her touching. Caress. Coat. Her throat open-close, close-opening as if only a push, another's push, may wake the sound contained.

*

She has read the prophecies, the fables, the myths and legends and biblical, torah-coranical mumblings and mutterings. Rats nibbling at her toes in the night, like verses and proverbs.

(Lili thinks she knows the lies (lines) skipping forward a few chapters. She has to know how it will end, flipping to the last page. She reaches out for something she remembers leaving on the bedside table. A diary? She cocks her head, waiting for a confirmation, unable to decipher the webbing in the code, to choose her right adventure. Fingers spidering over surfaces. There is a growling in the darkness, and the blankness of these pages with their too-flat ink.)

*housing deranged wishes
with the sound it loves
one returns*

to anonymity, progression
in regression, she pauses at threshold
what is out / in, before / behind shifting
envelope of skin, sky, eye
the way this closer world seals
in the ceiling as the front rolls
cumulous inwards over her out
sides the peel of Eve's apple
unraveling a voice or sound if
from her would emerge, startle, stun

in the space of the night between them, stars.

shared. where only Lili is not in the dark where she is

Rectangular air.

self asking or
asked.

She does not feel her boxed-in scent

For.

The clatter, wings, missed,

she misses the moth-white pressed

to panes, soft-bodied messages in her ear.

He is reading her story at the climax.

images scatter like fleas culled from the woolen surface of her
thought carving her to

Eaves rattled automatically to throat

(hand to thigh), paused

the cold (desire) to go on

“shall I?” sound some closer falling.

Book-stilled intrigue, an invitation

awaiting

stop.

splatter of language spilling an object waited-for on the path?

Is the

gets up, stumbles,

catch.

Lines wave in a flood

Imagined
(seen?)

Hands wrap round

metronymic time
measure itself

this / that last before horizon

pasts
line closer bodies

bludgeoned

acclimatized reading wind-shift's season-slip
Celsius dawn-hour

This grey fixed blue,

opening touch the

and burnt then

feel red

still lifted

reveals etching

the flip

this too-early

edge of

would she

color could be

as copper plate

one side imagines

side blank

As if a thorn in her throat, thieves to kin, to kicked habits
Languages she cuddles close within her ribcage a set of bars
Barriers he sees through the striped Palisades phalanges and other dangling matters
She hands her skin over, her eye, this view greyed-out or in sepia
That t.v.-spectator in revived color counts days backwards
Bone to stone to this dust coughed between caught phrases—his or hers?
A mock trial, a series of tribulations she stands before him, naked, as if
A tribunal released to release her muscle would be only in his (her) right
Eye a glance, a side-long, lingering, a hunger *alas* for the repeated question
In the woods chased (chaste) “she is not,” she would repeat, repeats
“Not to me come forth into opening,” clearing between firs
Mustard-yellow handprints on the bark she or he followed a fallow recalled
Protection-spell gilded over her name, unlit, lakes, streams, rivulets, this running
After languages on the lips sulfur-smear rim, torches catching fire, her
Answer (his) seems near(er) to it when talking of the yellowed center
Central Narcissus system of white flower-tips trip slide unto her, the stumble abandons
Her to herself to and from tidaling wake and a wake of, for, say, seem to, spoken, spake
“Echo, speak!” or “came to me, run from me” in his voice why, wherefore, whereat,
When a calamitous prickling in her eye, finger bled over mirrored water surface
Mercurial lily in this organ, orange, day-lily, tiger, spotted propitious act of disbelonging

Fire catching and she crept back under the caught talisman the taller vase in this ceiling out and forth she calls forthright and pungent in the afternoon in the aftergarden in the aftermath of making or molten this outward branching this bounding taken under she takes herself under and wing and flyflap and the flagpole on which a white signal lets loose its howl there would be no burrowing under now now underwing in the nest still not ready for flight this landscape cul-de-sac or *clos*, she is, that is, closed or down into the cellar as if waiting for winds to pass over or stone's grey seeping into the body of clay seeping into the arc of this or the next sculpture the lawn white dusted alabaster translucent on its pedestal by the window her eye shifting as if she could see or is seen as now through blankly she is

floating in or across her eye ~~in front of herself manufacturing black glaze sanded grey-hued surfaces~~
~~slicked over white over the replaced sentence sentence like a wing are into the keening~~ in place of her

Notes & Credits for Enclosures:

Page 5: “when the words are carved directly into the body :” and “inseparable from.” come from Cole Swensen’s poem *Signature*, sect 6 and 4, in Noon, Sun & Moon Press, Los Angeles, 1997.

Page 6: Appeared in *Cutbank*, issue 67, Spring 2007, The University of Montana, Missoula, MT, pp 43-45. <http://www.cutbankonline.org/>

Page 15: “Her hands have disappeared into him, through, / so she might wake to flares,” is an adaptation from Michael Palmer’s poem *Six Illustrations, 3. Atlantic Window* “Her hands have disappeared into him/and so she might speak of wakes and flares...” in Codes Appearing, New Directions Press, NY, 1981, p 144.

Page 16: “Mute moths are fingered there” is an adaptation of fragments “mute as stalks’/ (‘moths’)/ are figured there” from Michael Palmer’s poem *C (paper universe of primes)* in Codes Appearing, New Directions Press, NY, 1981, p 208.

Page 21, 27 and elsewhere: References to the Echo/Narcissus dialogues and myth are based on Ovid’s Metamorphosis, tr. Rolphe Humphries, Indiana UP: 1955/1983, pp 67-73; to Ted Hugh’s poem *Echo and Narcissus* in the anthology After Ovid, and to the performance of Hugh’s poem by Fiona Shaw (at the Théâtre de Chaillot, Paris, 7 October 2005) in actress Fiona Shaw and director Deborah Warner’s one-woman show, Readings.

Page 23: “housing deranged wishes/with the sound it loves/one” is a reordering of the lines “*deranged wishes /housing the one it loves/ with a sound*” by Rod Smith from The Good House, Spectacular Books, NY, 2001, reprinted in Deed, Univ of IA, Kuhl House Poets Series, 2007.