

Percussion Duplicates

(every labyrinth)

for Belle Gironde, January-February, 2014

I go back to the music of it:

∩ ∩ (*la'at, la'at*)

your arm slicing air

gesture cranking volume: “no, no”

we don't need a guide

but I do:

your voice more animated than ever

me laughing beside you

Giza waiting as stacked stones will

for hands, for heft

to wake a cadence within us

like Grygar thrusting palms

through paper, painting with a stick

adding legs and a cup

to sound sinuous lines

bodies being measured

by ice today

yesterday, by corn starch: 1 part to 4

a paste that took pigment

willingly, I drag a knife to mar

this letter comes to you after I hunt

in Olson's “Librarian” for jump-cuts

where the musician gets eclipsed—

warf house, black space, coal dust

“spit of sand that isn't there”—

when I find the right handful of slime

text splayed on top it:

a governor's pledge + a plea

an action URL, marring the reach

the image first had

then splice to abstraction

concocting *reciprocity*

cobbled with 14 words for bucket

handy tools archived online

(see Graham's lecture)

it takes courage not to burn them?

at the plague tower in Polička

a framed photo of Palach—

immolationist's celebrated

light just five red candles

already this poem ventured

beyond my earlier draft

but I must now beg: forgive me

for conflating the attached hand

from the Dan River

with the crisis *du jour* (*de jure*)

that creek in another toxic state

where a valve in a slurry line leaks

Fields Creek flows into the Kanawah

where inspectors test

retest the Federal Grand Jury

while I revisit

configurations in an ancient manuscript:

bronze circles—three rows of two

score for a monks' duet

“agreement” continually bartered

flattening distance

gavel + gravel = emergency

apocalyptic matins

created