

COUNTERPASTORAL

The arrangement below is to be read out simultaneously by two voices. The first voice reads text in the first column, and the second the second column. When the first voice encounters the “◇” symbol, they are to go to the corresponding “◇” symbol and continue reading from that point. Similarly, when the second voice encounters the “※” symbol, they are to go to the corresponding “※” symbol and continue reading from that point. The voices are free to harmonize and/or keep time in their own ways, or not.

Place ※one is in. Time one is in. Specificities of landscape: flora (flowering), fauna (winged, “wild”), water (“chirping” or “worrying”), wind (“fondling”), light (“tonguing”, “swelling”, “licking”). Specificities of body: tarsi, patella, sex, ribs, sternum and of course the notch there.

Tongue (“psalming”), throat, throats in the light (“slow, waning”). Wind in the throat, wind of the throat.

Volta:

wind in the throat, wind in the mind.

Memory, language. Language of memory. Aloneness of language.

Aloneness of memory. Loneliness. Loneliness, language, ineffability. But the self the subject but the rapt acre—◇

◇ Lily, lily, laurel, lily, finch, crow, swallow, kite in the hollow, shallow, birch, arch, larch, lark, water, light, wind—swollen lilies in a line in light like ichor, light beneath them, light veining them, and light on trunks with barks like glaciers; old, old, old light walking, walking how many miles in its day to water, to the laurel, to the lilies, to a lily, to the line?

Is it that a field enclosed in a line is a line disclosed in the field, or that a line enclosed in the field is the field? A field, the line, the melismatic field—

this field,

where the wind “holds its breath,” and my throat—and *my* throat, a handful of dirt, and my tongue of lilies, and life an incident, a spandrel of the field and the arch-light, the brain and the birch—

but the birch in the brain the shape of the brain, the light in the brain the brain. The brain in the light, not,—

“Each in each,” reads the lark-shook birch from the tongue, “to see the field is not to read it.”

“Each in each,” reads the gnomon tongue from the foundered field, the place—※