

SUSAN GEVIRTZ

Notes from Pre

The sea as immovable as dry land

– Karystiani

who are you

bright comet

issuing from a craven

planet

bitten off from stale bread

Set out

why

set out again

why

set out throughout

a whole life

bound to the rim
of the wheel of going

where are you who

how hail there to there

Fatata forwardred tired moon phos caught

so

accomplishes in reverse all things and at arm's length

Who are you where requirement

force of will subject to will

leave me in local relapse

there is no pure language only
rules and their many exceptions
on the exceptions the going

way of why

build me a rhyme so
I can remember how [dismember reassemble]
we got here and climb it for
the retrace of way back pitch it
in the cradle of traceless
origin (reverse)
in ears leavened with stand-ins

Mercy for the
troubled one and the
one in trouble
the ill one and the
one made ill by the
ill one

ure recovery from oure habits

heofonum of Pontic pioneers
trove heuones habits' trinkets

shooting star jasmine stencil
while the child wakes
bereft with desertion in her own
unknown language
misheard beforehand

Okay wandred we'll talk about it later

Come

now

my tiredress

shepherd as if jobless

So we are the enemy now blocking their view

closed of eye yawn ports

rife of smile // So you are the mouth of this
protector ship, where you will tell us
what sell and take us

arms from the cliff face swim air

No nought jugglers come
jocular tores with stories wringing your necks
forcing spit from wooden lips
refuse to hit or be clobbered
no choice but divulgence penance

implores from the cliff face

By the seat of grass stain or slip shod or slid ear – it doesn't matter
when you enter the water the number
of laps only breath in and extension
returning tempered in the sea forge
this evades contraction of exhaustion's nag and the
flogged animals of tether and teach

I'll remember her later

In a hollow on the
cliff face
way above the
drop off lives

origin upon origin upon

pillar, pitch, stucco, thatch

white white moon sea

duplicate place-holder agent

masses of faceless dressed up for us

curses to the standard with her correct insignias
and spelling of armor for jousting over
dresses fair

So we go

Globe Stonehenge theatre ark
enter under sun that will cross over
thousands of heads but never strike
the actor in the eye

Get in

At the tower halt
for the *Handing Over of the Password*
from whom to whom long life sheds its
sound of stone lions, deep moat
shuffle warm-blooded guards

The North now

in its luscious grace
Heads on stakes

unwashed Elizabethans the stars of mariners small physiques and walled-cities
clamber close
without way back

lunatic Baedeker

who were you bright

scissoring hot air from air

as if climatic wish exists

and the hostelry

called and said

what more ye spinnith

to wend no nought

double negatives indwell in modern Greek and old English

juggler & jocularore respite

from the doubled deaf present

Fata

forwardred

to wend

turne No naught

at bedside

Mars and Amore

rake 1st lines

for first signs of englysh

escape wintercounts

feeding on sleep the way

tiny fish feed on a reef

On the faraway the way gamblers suckle the slot machine

Who are you where

stale and renewed return

Leave me to local relapse

a thing once seen cannot be escaped
but can be preponed

it's undertow
will not abate

Amaliada of ancient olives and current quarrel
coddle what was for the echo of what to do

eyes closed
on hands and knees
going forth through sewage pipes and
storm drains

A place can be a thing seen
idea dreamt
don a pelt of another's life is not to befriend
maybe Antikleia and Ino showed us
how to crawl beside
how not to miss what we've misunderstood

decoy substitute trick executed against
impossibility of motion

To go back there
will be so

one before the next

into the ice palace

riven by meltemi winds

Here to the entering

always and all the ways
a little melting

It is time to take
on the mantle over the shoulders
it goes like the shawl of the bent
ditch diggers feet by the fire or
the cape of a nightrider
fleeing white hot
by darkness

parallel neath

She walks ahead

Reassemble all the fowles
call a place to revisit
assembly dressed up as pageant

ambush of charred seeds

frontier Faeder fadir

hand on the knife dipped in the peanut butter

handle around future's corner

whose hand grasps the handle

was grasp always in us

accomplished the going on the wide sea

proto the grim of pilgrimage the age of the

search for “the companion of aftermath” – Dorn

but before beforehand

Now I've forgotten
everything

And could go back
like one blind
brightly into

a former discarded life
