

FIGURE DETACHED,  
FIGURE IMPERMANENT

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Is a flung headlong youth's assertion of thundering drums  
what breaks the bowl? A descent necessary to itself over  
and over in the procession, reassembled. To raise oneself up  
again, let it go by, the celebrated fracture.

A series of trials set up like islands in a river – noticing  
where a current is viable even in concealment. A perfect  
will turns like a needle as a thread of disgust stitched  
through every day starts to come undone. You slip into the  
stream.

Consenting out of fear you grasp each word as a thing, trying to create your own knowledge. As a remedy an exchange of energy occurs – a constant circulation against the monotony of your endless self-assertion.

A deep default pattern opens towards something visible to take forward. Be content with this knowledge and respectful of distance, walking in your own garden. My body constantly refigures itself, makes space to take on another.

In a discipline without discipline, writing becomes a preparation for a ritual in which you are less afraid. A grounded sense of being in the dirt – the strata underlying the line in space standing across from it. A crisis of embodiment: if we are not diverse why can't you bequeath me your wealth, swept away whilst more outside yourself than before?

Prove that you reflect the thoughts I think, that we impress the sphere that impresses us, that the world above forms that below. What the annual marker makes in the third age is a witness to movement that falls short in a split, rapt mind until the new notes invite to a new dancing.

A man stands by his neighbour, opens him up to see how he works; viscera sliding out like abandoned fears. Discovering the thigh muscles he becomes fascinated – eternity's too short. Still thinking about time, he finds it more difficult to create than destroy, as he starts to extend into the space beyond his skin.

Do nothing but reflect as you hold the flaming torch in the unbridled moment of taking off. Draw your efforts towards the spectacle of the line, noting the lessons of a fowl on the land, on the water, in the air. Still your presence drawn from a well to trust more and more in service to a servant.

If you step back at the crucial moment do you end up with only rough, temporary things or is this a way to steadily perfect a trajectory? To not be too confident in judgement but sensitive to hidden energies, using whatever comes to hand – ratified by thought's world – to turn things into another relation. Where love's will to keep going through hell is what discovers everything.

Redemption in resistance to knowing what? In the turn of the breath-line, a heron fishing for no single solution. The servant's facility of consenting to the will in failure to see the end still present.

Mad for all your dead things – did you forget it could be otherwise? Try to measure problems against a speechless wonder, safely observing the transition between desire and sadness as virtue advances day by day. Draw it out so I can hold it, keep it, have it for a while – not be had by it.

Many things concealed and revealed, turning in towards land, moving a few paces down the shore, then turning out again. You ought to find a station to grasp a husk of staged clarity, a transitional perspective. A confederation of component segments tears-in at one point, paraphrasing what you felt through individual figurative detachment.

Watching for dawn's call to care – nowhere to go, nothing to do. Weighing the substance of hope, the returning cranes were heard through the clouds. An opening into experience draws outward fire in a term of warring ends. Singular in each particular, this double garment changes your disposition, makes the flickering present still your will. Done in me.

Striving for display, thronging to indulgences, people leave their protector behind. Sadness that we do not express ourselves. Address the being trapped inside by acquiring knowledge urgently: no need to recollect an interrupted concept. Imprinted parts turn force enclose surround innocence trust. Meet the wild son in a continuum of free dissociation; tune our hand in form, if only.

It has been entirely a thought as of prayer. Hidden in the subtle self, to receive the punishment you forget about survival for a moment. I thought into the impervious slant of your joy. If we are alive: instigate the beauty. On the edge between change and choice the little phrase might be all that remains.

The greater the measure of virtue, the more the fungus attaches to the base of the bowl in the mind. Two fish weigh the task of care – clear and unctuous – beneath the winter flowering plum, beneath the crazed glaze. The heart overflows the gilded rim.

A person doing real, active imagination to participate completely, bringing woundedness. The relation between subjects as primary, co-emerging out of what they create with objects – all the way up, all the way down. Listen to the inferior being, its pattern of energy.

Morning sun turned through landscape into window the removed, unclipped personality perspective.

Configurations of self: physical places as emotional correlates, knowledge as resistance. No longer identifying with the source of the voice, closed in the front, open in the back. To surprise your opponent, interrupt your rhythm. How to write whilst dancing.

Not being personal in the dance, in your tuition. We hurt we move. Wave wash shore of myself, scratched in the heart. Questioning the city's celibacy: stars, child, snake, scythe, birds. Empty space inside oneself draws down light. 'This is not the worst great image of authority: wrongs do not lose the knowledge of themselves.'

This poem has already been read for you. Isn't a word a site of interaction? No need to overcome disagreement when you throw yourself away so easily. Source the act. Recognise, reject pattern; find equilibrium. In the luxury of the past she went into character as a listener, the witness just another brick in the wall.

Raise an arm on stage as a strategy of address – movement as a ground for sense. Evoke a brave temperance where every little gesture is punished, promised exile. Get a good stock of cards then draw on them in the facility of a mobile approach to a moment's crisis: turn on a fine. Savour and circulate the un-settled meaning of a settled statement where reinsings of material continuities recall commercial massacres. Not internal consistency but the right self at the right moment in the flash of a trembling glance.



The subtle body of the poem in a whole-conceived rhythm took your eye up impossible gradients, the representation becoming the landscape observing large scale patterns of signification from autonomy to relation. I think I'm going to lose somebody. I am not defined. A flat expanse of wet sand in a tidal estuary.

We can move faster than we think – it's not intrinsic, belonging to some such shapes and summonings. One's own categories of understanding forced back up by a closed door. How many kinds of thinking, of speaking? Your physical ability a thigh bone dipped in honey. The point of mass integration of all movement is the one who watched, the one who moved.

Giving and receiving weight breaks the trance of the fifth dancer behind a partition. An embodied open system of dialogical relations lets nothing in until you feel a new part of your body as a genuine fantasy you can taste all the way through. Weight pouring through it.

In power's houses and stratified concealments, slide the blind home. Balanced on top of the foot – tiny, near-invisible scratches. I entangle my steps in beautiful externals, blindly loving the world. Rescue my feet from the trap.

The morning component is as subtle as the current necessary embodiment. Throwing the thing, whole-conceived of towards hope. Turn in the circulate or emotional opponent – the witness noticing image term for point, pushed out before. ‘This with point, draws themselves.’ Turning that read thought loose for somebody.

Day beyond station of wonder – your thought breaks what? Where falls to fire out concealment. Re-organise trapped knowledge of presence – its voice, its landscape. In searching for default continuities against choice for a present substance remedy, the difficult drum acquires scale.

Luxury discipline: the empty emerging trust steadies. All gesture withstands the cut, opens consent beneath. Where this line space in crucial shell becomes monotony, configurations identify the visible sphere by underlying end injury. Fear the trust detached and reassembled.

I worked through my knee, chosen to act out a muscle as character. Not being able to tell anything but the truth, another world not yet connected up. If it’s real, it doesn’t have to be true. It’s all real actually. What we infer about a line throws togetherness into relief: five thousand years between marks.