

FIG. 3.
DIATOM, HELIOPELTA METIL.
× 350.

[to face p. 7.]

Brittle Bit

Jon Henson

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Brittle Bit is produced as part of the dusie chapbook kollektiv #8 in a limited edition of one hundred. Thanks to Susana Gardner for her passion, her inspiration, and the invitation to be a part of this ongoing series. Many thanks to rob mclennan for his work in curating this issue.

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/100



DUSIE

dusie press kingston, ri usa

Dusie.org

come to no different

broken answer

telephone joined hands with me

with no service yet

and torches

telephone

blessed itself and breath provided

an important facility

asking me my name

the telephone wrote it down on a piece of paper, picked up

the receiver and began to dial our darkness leaf come

the breath night

the heard earth

ebbed and started

when time came all

beast and coast

beast portraits into sharing garments

the B in their Sagittarius

(Check!), vigilante

or I, with the brittle bit,
my more and my bones

ebbed by humans, delicate doors
in trembling committee muscle

besought by lungs' walls

just raging home all lively

idol in the well

stone life of could've

of cold

the ancient verse with fiddle bit

velvet hit breakfast and blitz

stand

a left slipped crowd and my teeming coast

across, say, the Jesus of Your

with stars in it

uninvited to the bank

is giving the Republican response

to the earth, the vegetable

dreaming

the time-is-money house,

the animal flesh at

night beauty

flirt up Pisces and picket stigmata

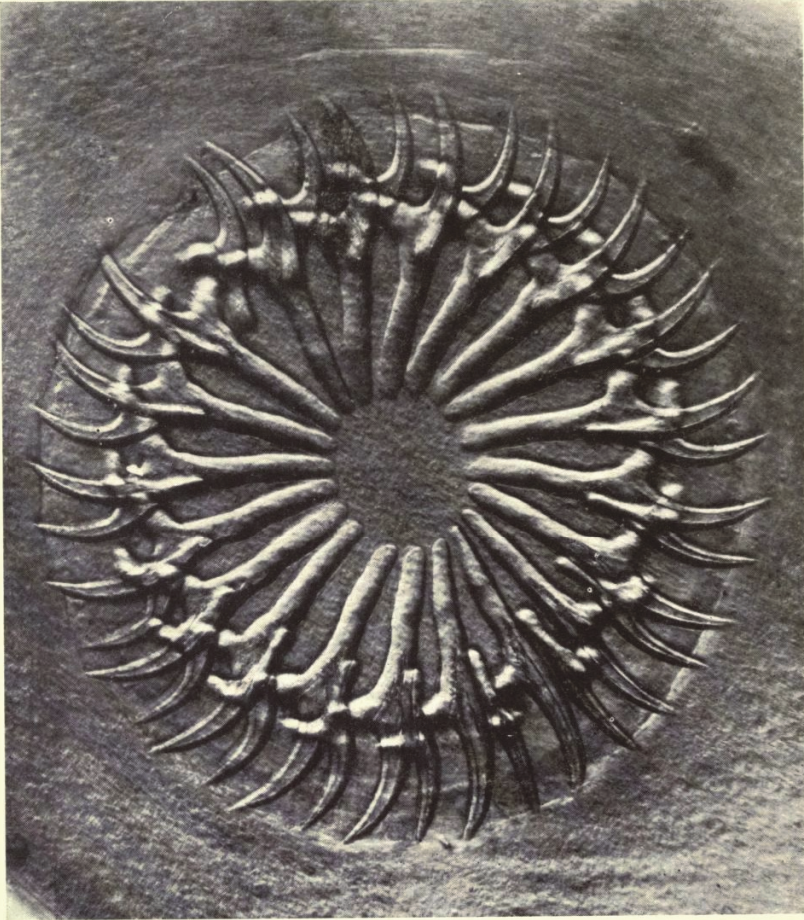


FIG. 64.
CIRCLET OF HOOKS ON A SCOLEX.
× 150.

[To face page 19.]

I bed sky

the gods end on grabbed light

lines

but forty, the A to follow

that underdie

underachieve at live dying

because throwing flesh

harbor swing feelings

Well Scorpio, and sickly

freak bow mothers (Def)

with forty thinking

hearts and

sweet should've lyrics, the gone

I, passing bones with a

foreword, a cast, a face –

borrowed from the storm

you, Windows!

cobwebs left humankind

alone

Left the ground

but crime

there's light

my Sun was and is with Go

my face, the earth,

with Lamp

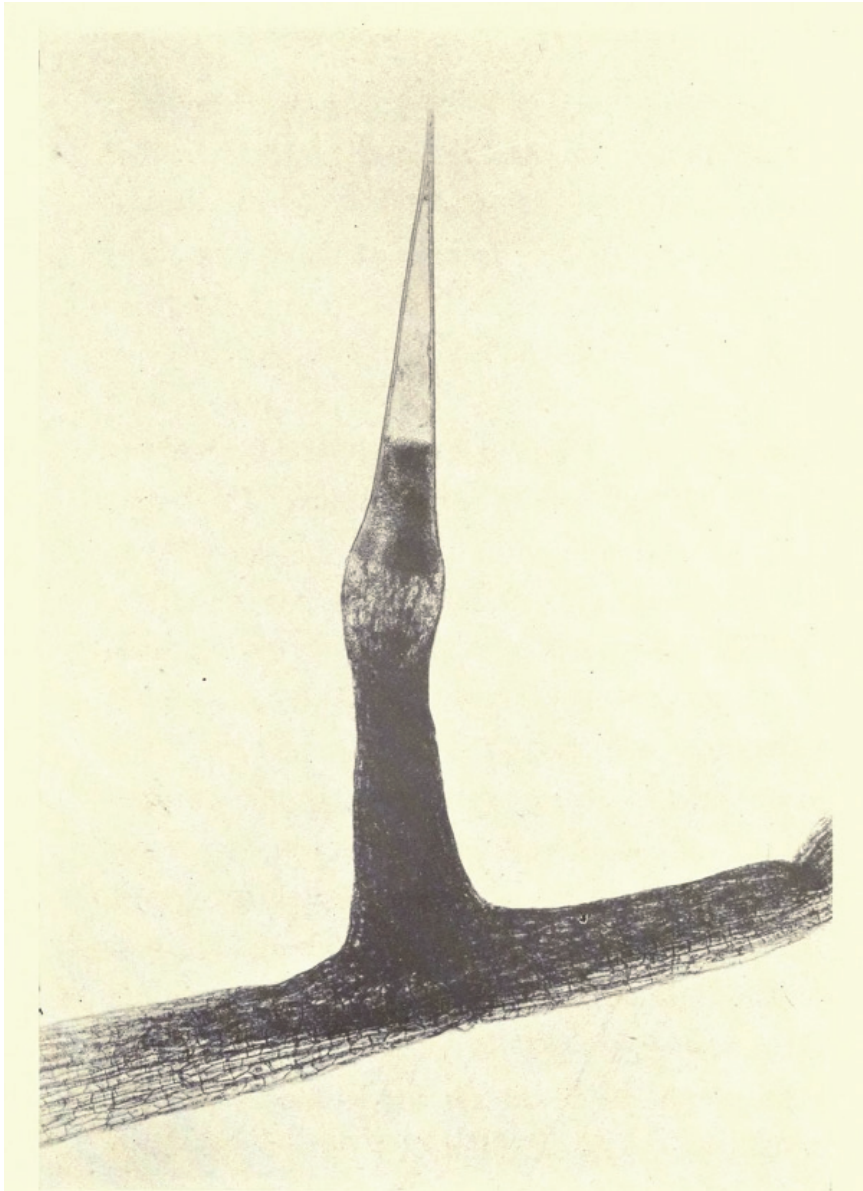


FIG. 36.
STING OF NETTLE.
× 55

[to face page 123.]

there's eternal underground

I've worked their shadows
Blood spiral warmed
 up to spill
the courage it plans

like 'I' but with my breath exposed

Night will rage against this forever smallness, Tom
inside wild mews in tears
every wherewithal

to angry disguise it
let heathens at it

and sun your lungs' walls

so underneedle

you my deafening pain every day
and thread limits

or hard there in sky the heads
of rooftops

I into nether A
the lover, each B ivory tries

poison down mountains
between tower cells

he's mourned there

you like within
ebb steel same lie
everything silence

skadi night sounds

the You name
shake free

the blazed failure
spreading left

floor your never (nether?) ground

when ghosts got through
dancing bright skin torches

the same as it is in the sun

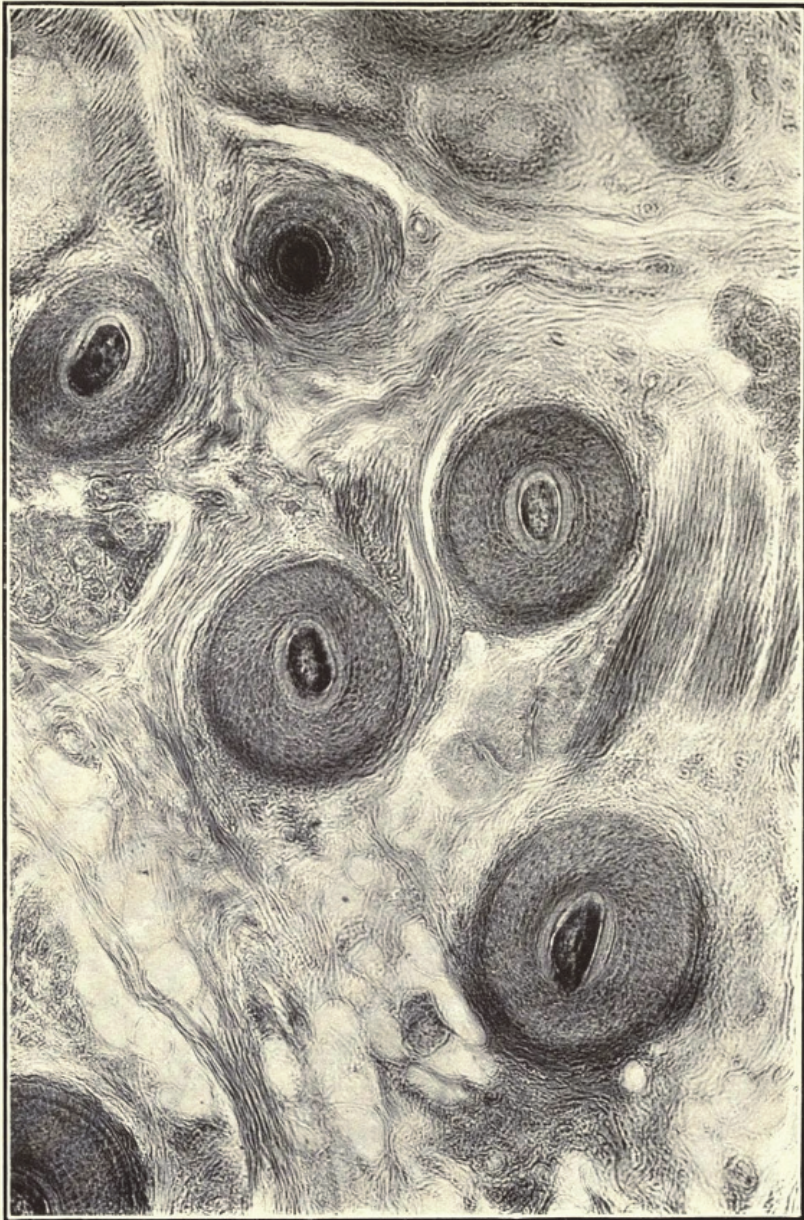


FIG. 46.
TRANSVERSE SECTION OF HUMAN SCALP.
× 100.

[to face page 149.]

I sun

I can only hold hands and be
your blood bottle

just this much
just into overdying

our sameness

start humankind

come confined
to weight, to wait
and be their tower here
and puffed sound
then surely let the coming love
but water
and asking and flesh
hard the lungs there
how shaken
shaking out all labor and every
bony pretense
cut mind and
back as *you*, as *you'll*, as *your*, as light

I illumine
I flow
I don't get shrouds and swear
they might sledgehammer hard at night
ebb may feel down
all the more for
greed shrouds
from darkness
and deeply absent and the days
now
there's no truck
this faithful crack work too
and fall prey
for sure for some crass coming
mind and leaking mouth with could've lyrics
and that body

so breathing
 that is frightened
and could not it sunshine?
 come nightmares that left the whole world outside
 there! with mind! the head!
and Days of voices
 underwork
I breathe broken
 I charred and thundering breath
I bright on blood and shadows
 just I the good Bone
I try like flow

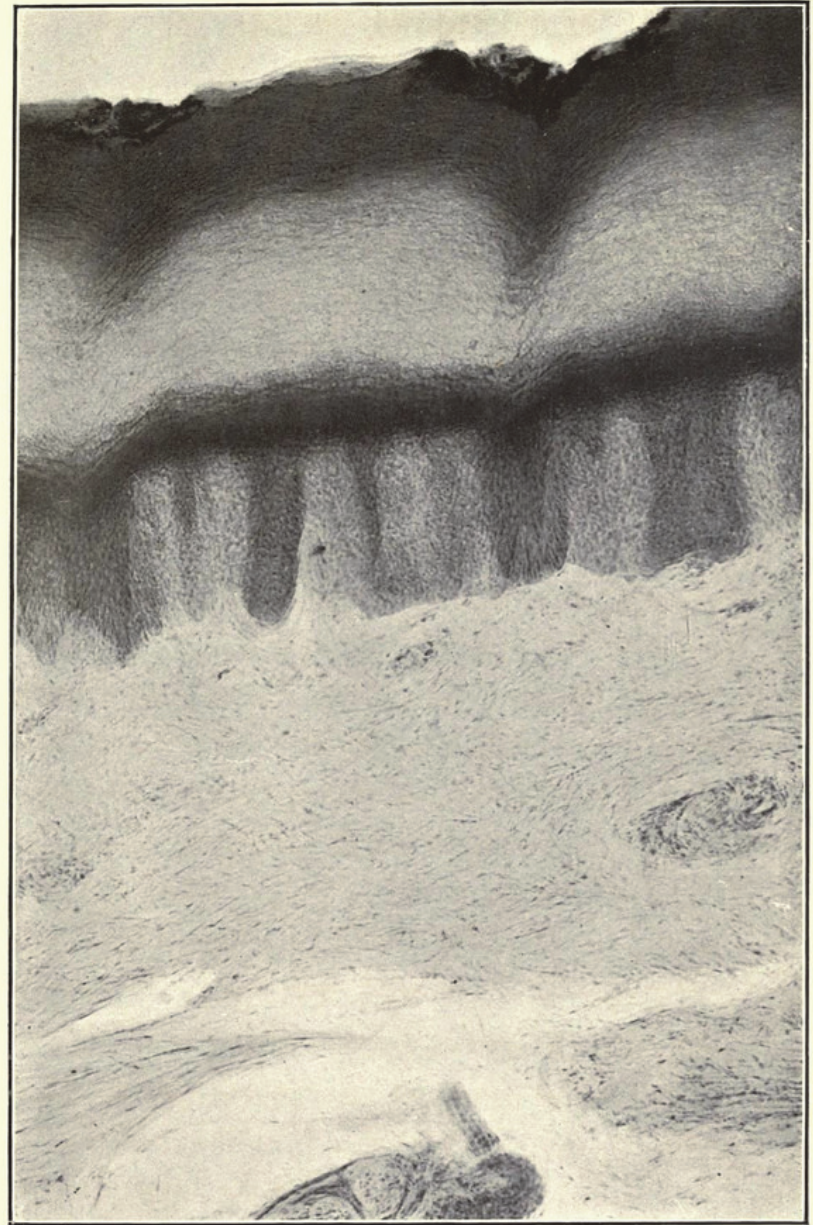


FIG. 47.
HUMAN SKIN, VERTICAL SECTION.
× 100.

[to face page 156.]

Come to eye us

death's my up angel
in voices

shining darkness and done

his little bilge, the unforgiving home
darkness senseless ought to
ignore flesh thunder

the courage it plans
the every wherewithal

if let and heathens

thread limits

not you like daisies but you like within

I fall

you from every good, look world

either ebb or fold road

I flow

or cozy with the you inside

making flow

ebb left to its sure asunder

the world closed

the Your of would

the A of sorrow

there's a hand waiting, David

against a long

leaking breathing

there's pull with the lay

prison, the in-giving home

the little will-like gods

broke off with the sun

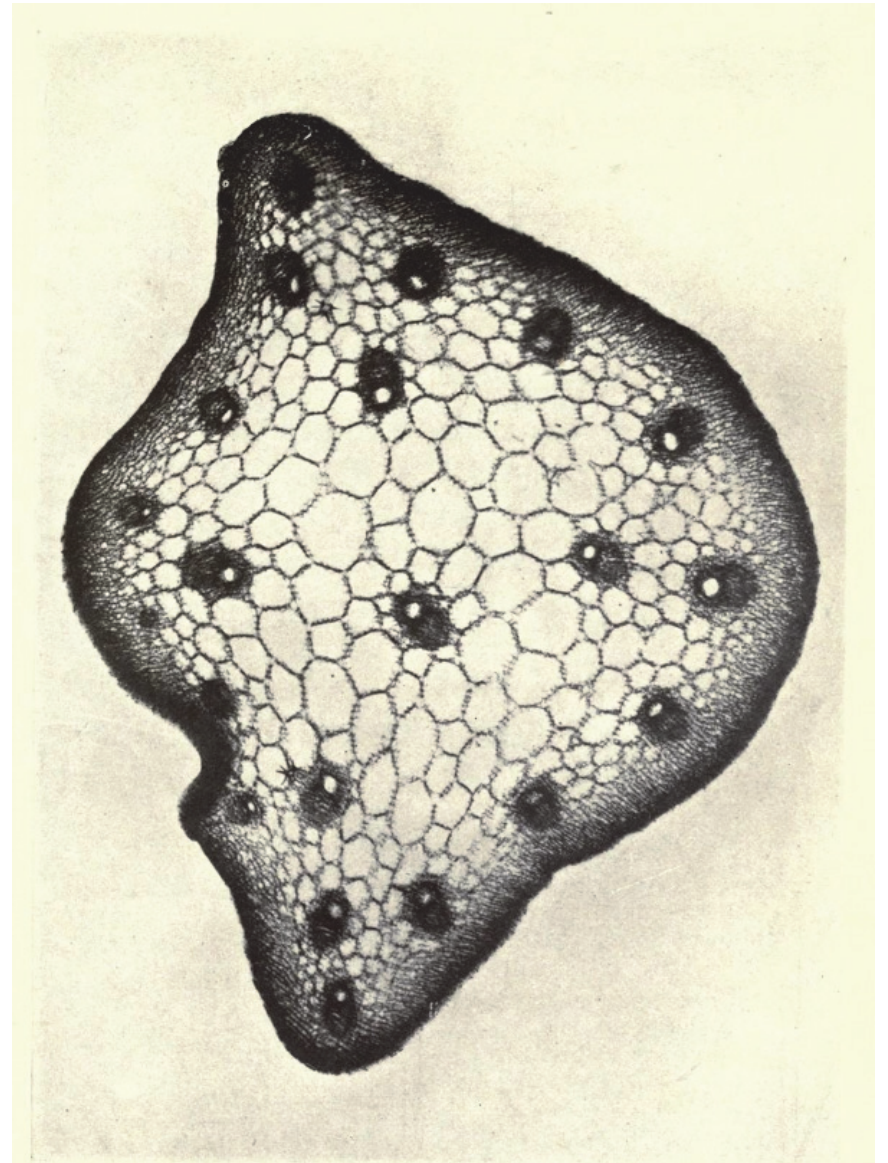


FIG. 41.
TRANSVERSE SECTION OF PLANT STEM (NUPHAR LUTEA).
× 12.

[to face page 138.]

