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DUSIE KOLLEKTIV

EMBUSAN PRESS

Ephemerides

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Dusie Kollektiv

Embusan Press

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*Dusie Kollektiv
& Embusan Press*



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Ephemerides

Ecliptic

Aries

On the bus, a man will say, damned tray, and you will understand.

Static will seep through an iPod.

A man in the back will light a lighter, and you will wonder whether to tell the driver.

Don't.

Soothe yourself on the swerve of road.

Watch the bounce of a gold hoop earring next to you

and the tiny hills of cleavage rising out of a satin jacket in the disabled sideways seats.

The fire will be too small to notice

at first.

And it won't matter in the scheme of today or tomorrow

or in any larger picture of trees upon trees.

And besides,

all the trays here are damned.

Taurus

Even those of us who live underground derive nutrients from the sun.
Don't be surprised when the rains come
and the river,
a freeway of blind dolls and roots,
spills the map to pulp.
We all need to get around somehow.
If not this, how?

The clock will peck away the minute
with kitchenscratch hands,
a gentle drip you won't notice
until
too late
you figure out what it means.

Go to the window and bow
to the rain's applause
for your lamplit performance of
what it means
when we say,
"inside."

Gemini

The little gods will open their eyes
the plastic animals will speak when
the listeners' mouths

blow though the
hole

the broken
glass

of fretless teeth

when you

see

the wind blows

silent and

empty

flute

the

remains

It won't matter

hum along

Cancer

A purse filled with sea water, pens, old receipts
will appear on a cloud-damp doorstep.

In the pilfered wallet, a medical alert card, a picture
of a man holding a baby, as if she were the prize he won
in the boardwalk game of life and death.

Avoid coastal areas today,
the skiball counter with its spider rings and magic 8 balls magnets,
any place where you could wash up.

Leo

You will be tempted by a shuttlecock of wings,
yet you will turn to a desk made of electrical signals
and the spit of birds.

The papers there will sing
all the infinite combinations
of ones and twos
that make up dances and the lift force of flight.

Today will be your last chance to write this down
before the candle burns a waxy puddle
useful only for divining
the sun's angle through a pothos branch at 3:19,
the auspicious direction of dinner,
and a wishbone
that pulls and pulls
until you are not sure:
Will you win?
Will you lose?

Virgo

Pay no attention when the phone rings, and your house fills with streamers. The cracks in the sidewalk will let you in.

That's the key --
the teeming earth unlocked.

If at dusk the lights flicker, you will feel superior to owls.

Pay no attention to the sounds of grinding metal.

You will remember: a crosswalk is a porous border
like your skin

which waits and listens.

Or like the wall you hear music through.

It is not the song you think it is.

You are well advised:

Do not act until you have more information.

Libra

I have never diverted the river,
oh, strained springscale.
Weigh my heart against the feather.

Watch which sinks, which takes flight
above the magnificent metrics of papyrus reeds.
I have never diverted the river.

Today the compass needle's a knife,
and the paper wings it carves
weigh my heart against the feather.

Hold out your blind hands for the heavy and the light.
Expect the mismeasure of corn, the tampered balance, but
I have never diverted the river.

The truth is in a moment of
stolen milk, of a drink sipped at dusk, of a curse spit on dry stone.
Weigh my heart against the feather.

Stretch out your wings.
Call me to account.
I have never diverted the river.
Weigh my heart against the feather.

Scorpio

The sounds of mosquitoes will be sharp
like the bees you cut your teeth on as a kid.

The alloyed metal of insects
will reinforce
the broken swing
the scissors used to trim the thorns off roses.

Beware the false spring.
For instance: the iron zud, the acacia bloom, the umbrella broken in the doorway,
a man, a bottle, the carcass of a fly.

Warning: a car will drive up your drive,
its wheels in water,
its pinholed manifold's
buzz.

Sagittarius

You have never read sweepings
or tried to augur locked doors.
You have taken the words at their word.

Today will be a day of inauspicious rooftops.
The steppes will open
like a carpet of green
unrolling.
And you,
who were once human,
now wind, now hoof,
now only audible as the note under the note,
will know the particles of sky.

Forget the sounds, “cup,” “home,” “dog,”
and all the shapes made of
consonants and the windowlight of vowels.

In China, meaning is a song
that distinguishes “mother,” horse,” “curse.”

Sing the one that travels,
and you
too
will become
movement

Capricorn

Welcome to your new home:
dog prints, an algae bloom, chalk hearts and crosses,
the chewed remains of a cigarette.
The earth, or whatever her name is, is fully furnished:
stairs that end in water,
water,
a pair of jeans the color of water at night,
a field mouse nuzzling a concrete block.

Welcome to your new home.
You will know the future,
the seed-sized brain gone mad.

Dive in. Obey.
See colors the human eye can't see.
You are always in our hearts,
our tiny locks that open/close
the acid canals.
Eventually we all oxidize.
That is what it means
to be
cleansed.

Aquarius

When you pick up a raffle ticket on the corner between a rosemary bush and a gas station,
remember the numbers.

They will always belong to you.

One day, when you are on your widow's walk, searching
the horizon
through a glass
for something you lost,
the prize,
small as a dust mote,
will arrive on the dirigible of a fall leaf.

But this is not for many years.

Today, the grass will call your name,
though these blades are not for you.
Cock your ears to other music, to
the sounds of herons' necks,
bows against the reeds.

Pisces

Today you will meet a man with a mysterious accent who will serve you figs
on a plate made of ground whale bones. You will dip a fig in honey
and your tongue will know each calorie as sunlight.

The man will take a book out of a satchel and read to you words made of feathers
and footprints. He will reach across the white clothed table for your hand and kiss
your index finger, and in that moment you will not feel the rattle of bones,
the gamble-game of knuckles, or your inclination to point,
“You.”

The language of your hand will fall silent,
your beaked no's and fisted yes's stilled.
You will look into the obsidian of the man's eyes
and see only your ink-blot self there.
Your tongue, stunned with honey
and all of the processes of sun, will not answer the question of the mirror.
And when you stand up, you will find that the man has removed all of the props,

such as the door, the chair, the music stand.

And your life, once again, will be a clean bone plate.

Lunar Calendar

1.

2.

A shy sigh. July.

3.

Open your blurry mouth. You will not
always swallow the sky from right to left.

4.

I couldn't find you there in the siren night.
Heart of the water-logged living,
you have left us, stagnant, to pump other oceans.

5.

Lean your skull-pale head against your
atmospheric pillow. Dour-faced old man abed
before the birds. Yours is not the only lamp that comes on
this time of day.

6.

I find you at the star party. Those ladies!
Their constellatory smiles. Here and there a bracelet glinting in the lamplight,

at times a laugh that refracts the space from you to her.
You flat-faced bite. I, a reclining bystander buried in my earthbound bed,
see you through the crooked blinds.

7.

Cratered monkey. Bindied observer of a photo of the last family to leave the beach, sand
clothed in seaweed and footprints, a child's hat, a radio quiet as foil scraping in the wind,
and all the disappointment at your arrival on a Sunday summer night.
Setting behind the mobile home park, your counterbalanced consort.
The windows there impervious to your photocopied light.
Your work here is always done.

8.

Well-fed and bisected by a power line above the jail.
What would the cat say? What of the bird laughing or the squirrel that knows winter
in a seed?
What do you have to say, alone with only the heartbeat of a plane's light for company?
Do you hear footsteps, a car door closing, the traffic that shushes
the trees to sleep?
Your work here is never done.

9.

So that we can all get some sleep around here

a cloud snuffs out the moon. Say goodnight
to the road-crossed day and rollercoaster screams.
And to chickens chased through yards of
bees on their last evening errands before shelving
themselves safely asleep.
Though it is true: all night electric-lit drivers groove tracks
through town, and clouds are not as soft as they look.

10.

Sad over sirens. You came to see this. Your mouth
open to the words you won't say. You crater-faced witness
saddened by clouds.

We call

in the ocean night and leaf scratched world.

Fall

off the rotten balcony

into the hands of trees.

We don't feel it when the boughs rock, until we are asleep.

11.

Once believed to be smooth,
once thought a boundary between the earth and the heavens.

And what if the heavens were made of milk in the morning
glass in the evening
water at night?
Would you sip the beverage world?
What if it were true that the obese face
ate the clouds?
And if the tin sky were empty
of the static-hinged song the moon might sing?

12.

Dizzy in the nauseous sea
of sky. Lycanthropically laconic. Whose
birthday is it anyway? Whose turn
to whirl the leaves? Or stalk
the grass?
The hotel doors barrier the night.
Impulsive slammers.
There is too much water here inside
the skin
underground.
Your movie star face. Your cartoon mouth. So innocent.

13.

When you say that you sound like rain, I turn

my face down and listen
at the roots.

A bad day to plant potatoes or trim hair.

A day for thunder, an evening
illuminated by the automall,
the hotel windows.

They say you pull.

They say we are all pulled.

They say, geotropic, emergency rooms, certain
behaviors.

Your work here is always beginning.

14.

A memory-minder

A set of instructions

A lesson in geologic cosmology

A story to tell in which crabs ...

A joke where wolves ...

A face, a time period that recurs

A circle that intersects circles

A dizzy elliptical planet

An awareness of fertility

A symbol and a mathematical formula

What the clock says
A respiratory
organ

15.

Like a horror movie
through the bathroom window.
As if howls, running, a frightened girl in a cemetery,
a misinterpretation of an emptying
vessel by those of us whose
sand pours to the bottom of our hourglasses
until there is no more left,
which is to say all
of us,
which is to say running like the moon,
halving ourselves,
or like the girl who knows running is one kind of hope.

16.

Before you rise
a doorbell, knock,
insistent man, clipboard,
I want to believe the face.

Turn the astrolabe to match the day.
Then you'll know
what the sky looks like
when it is time to stop.
The wind thrashes against
the light, the neighbor's music, restless,
kicks the air.

17.
Shivering little thing.
Loose flashlight
strung between trees.
The sun's mirror,
a silver vanity.
I want to swim to your dark oceans
under your crusts of sleep.
Walk your lunatic cities
to your delirium smokestacks,
circumnavigate your absolute zero circumferences.

18
Scooped out a little more.
A cup that eats the stars from left to right,

or spills them in a game of chance
where meaning is derived from numbers
and a parsing of an atmospheric alphabet.
Swept into the corner again by the sky.
Luminous pile.
Surprise of wind.
Soon, you will be empty of yourself.

19.
Wintermute in the August sky.
For harvest, a reminder
of what sleep is
to soil when sound is what we thought
we heard through the space
that insulates summer from fall.
It is almost time to cut it down.
Your work here is never done.

20.
Sherbert chanterelle
floating away from the buildings.
Hold your breath at the belly.
Soon there will be nothing left

but the milk white night,
the crickets that creak outside the door,
and the pinkening whoosh
of the headlamped street.

21.

Bat-tipped note.
Operatic hands wrung dry.
Fly your boat away
through a sea of suffering stars.
Open your shrinking mouth
and sing the candles
out

22.

War on the radio. Oatmeal.
The morning is what you don't see.
Maple leaves fingering
the window. We will hold the sky
open
for your arrival.

23.

Milk-sick fingernail

lying in the dark.
Fullness is overrated.
Remainders can be carried
as long as they are factored in later.

24.

A sharp word
And incisive claw
an incisor
an incision

25.

You creeping contrast
so slow we don't notice
until we do.

26.

a girl, spring onion,
bones made of wood

27.

Cut down to your last agonal angle

28.

