

Marcella Durand

geometrical devices 1

time is prodigious and disarray: glint forward as first layer removed
under is liquid past, unctuous lead to explosive as past spills through
present to future: clouds. maybe choking. not spills but forcibly extracted
as in removed from tract or niche, maybe niche choking or removed from
comfortable light or underground, loose crystals dissolve to gum and not
spill but light sweet and stench, when future exposed or millions of what
congealed to breath and eventually becomes to breath: in clouds, note
we not clouds breathe and hot and gem retracts past as hovering above
color what full spectrum thrill gleam as past spills out and detours above
to what is to come and holds within it promises, such speed and quickness
beyond color and what has already been, but returns from cloud to breath
and breathing in, even a haze, outlines of such not as crisp, were as crisp
when dreaming and sky breathes and why stars blink on and off as though
wired and not in heartbeat patterns: mechanical and mechanical present.

geometrical devices 2

devises (engines) will thrust this, playing with computers is more deadly dull than make a crossbow that never misses, a car that never misses early in the morning I how to make you keep pointing place the sun in an odd spot coming out of horizon haze and haze and clothespins, if it rings or makes a long, low buzz, sleeping still

that row is what rests upon grass, each bounces with a twit, encomium is such a yes I want to leave it unfinished, who wants that responsibility, must be mowed the plants *should* be eaten by bugs, they are intended, hanging over shells, over dashing shape, compromised by wood, the stucco, the celery man, vegetable

long, long table assembled with friends, glasses and rows, butter and light, square light in a square through squares, through mesh of wood knots, how fast leaves more squawking, pole leans and topples, what is that sound? no, that sound? finger toward the sun, the most powerful engine for lifting weights

[*aide-memoir*]

In this world previous to ours, excerpt

City stands against sea in color strange and grey,
floating transparent film of windows, lines and grid
over waves just similar enough in color
to unsettle: water reflective enough to
appear as solid generative color, a
thing that matters, a creation that fills some space.
Square and hot, blocked light of overlay and pattern.
The construction site: dirt under all this structure.

It almost drifts, an oblong plan of grids and stone.

Island tugged along by boats, a piece of land buoyed
or ballasted, detached and carved from air and light.

Seasonal full moon holds all that is before it.

Ballast, circle and light: from where it rose and set,
silver grey pathway through green, grey: ocean or field.

River parts almost neatly both sides of the view:
shallow double river of grass and slow current.

Parabolic landscape mirrors at night, concave
earth echoes light among dark and confusion of
grey. Parting trees, small rise of land and animals
make a place humid and mysterious. Away
from road, streetlights, traffic signs, yellow lines, buses
and trains, but still not far is extraction: ahead
a wind harvester clears the aspect of blue green.

Still green when space is cleared of blue: cold transparent

color that tints going forward path like water.

I thought it to lead to an open building, or

someplace I knew familiar, made of cranky parts

and columned iron. False front leaning back on

truss: a collection of things bound together.

From up here, the view! Spectral endless empty fierce.

Marcella Durand is the author of *Deep Eco Pré* (with Tina Darragh), *AREA*, *Traffic & Weather* and *Western Capital Rhapsodies*. She is a member of the Belladonna collaborative and has written, taught and spoken about the potential intersections of ecology and poetry.