

ek-ae



A Journey into Ekphrastic Aesthetics

Matina L. Stamatakis

Poems:

Fluent

Halo 18

Capillary Landscape

Inflate//Collapse

What of Vein Seeps into Sachet

Dissecting H

Optica

Origami Elephants

Tame

Cephalothorax Orchestra

Synchronicity

The Roots of Shadows

Acknowledgments

Melancholia's Tremulous Dreadlocks #3

eratio #7

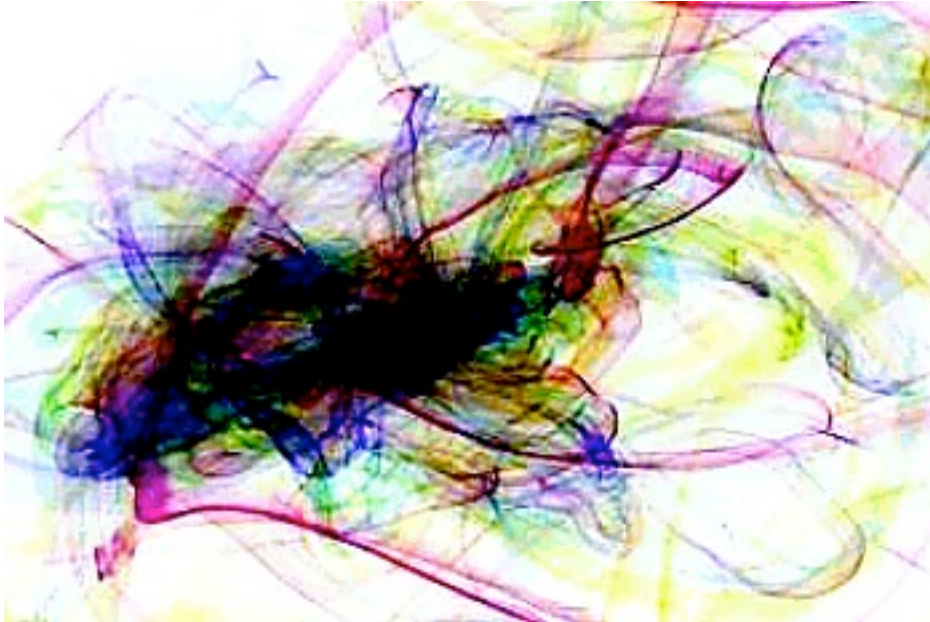
Free Verse #11

What of Vein Seeps into Sachet

Tame

Synchronicity

Fluent



Voice: spring with levity,

recede--a resounding open-mouthed, flicker of
subterranean perceptibility, lips beyond an open stare
abound with tongue to:

visible light/

ultraviolet/

total darkness

a photon of light plucked from [center]

*

fly with a snap of craqueleur
ricochet neck ascension

beeline, hands dart twines fructify [bare]
the sinuous sight of rain rooftops steady in

retroflex: body closing, cloistering, ponder
the seasons sprint of
daring white light sinews & joints
grease-slicked with youth--

longitudinal summons start do not bend
backward beyond
a concave mirror of expectations



Halo 18

*

Fore venom

beacon

panorama

sloughs

its ultraviolet

hold through arms' jellied

tentacles

smoothing gestures

out

out--

away

*

forgotten is a face

stretched

snug over body--

its cinch

molding into

*

so much of day

passes

through the shutters

undetected

Capillary Landscape



~~Azure: Window seagulls~~
~~leapt through kapok fibers~~
~~of our:~~

crossed skeletons
gingerly in the sand?
~~Where plum is conch~~
_____to muscle

dis-son-ance

~~to plot~~
~~decide~~

~~flowing out [ripples]~~
of stomach skin

_____ seismic tremor snapshots
~~[awry token gills, chain reaction~~
~~aperture click]~~

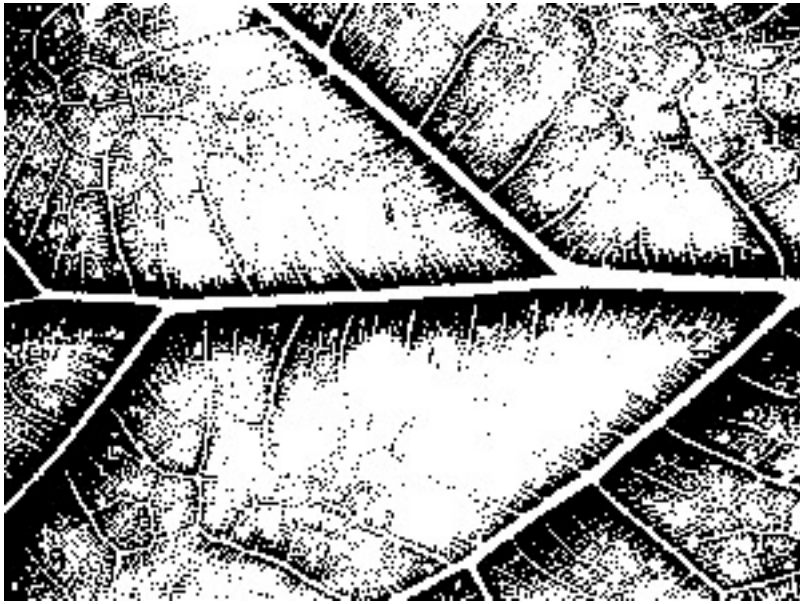
This [BOMB] ~~is my birthright~~

Inflate// Collapse



cells & star tacks strained elastic fibers, torn fibers, torn thew
-
torn to final leapt of blood rushed then squeezed to: vertigo trapezium:
-
a coagulum I: with organs & strings machine billowing & into assume
-
the finite creases of mouth space

What of Vein Seeps into Sachet



a blaze of hot, dusty air I plump the artificial waves
broken artifact of a once beating heart
teetering love-lump:

feeling pulse as
now silent form and

a shell of zero to do
catawba full of lung
an ebonized aorta

in its late withering state

[is maquette with synthesis?]

transfused and ripe-bleeding
out elemental
properties

of I:

heady air, artificial being.

Dissecting <H>



Window: light is to wake
mattress-Heavy eyelids
this luscious phosphore
peeks through a grand crescendo
of buzzing
flies,
the prophecies of
Hopi Hummingbirds,
condors--
evidence of two disjointed thickets of deep--
beneath this flighty coronation: H/E/R/
E/nergetic
nude
warm

Halcyon: fuzziness of landscape penumbras, partial
to shadow-pressed illumination,
an enraptured invocation over stretches of flattened sun.
A wing flutters by, clunky dirigible splits the sky,
insects, nettles
night thrown about fickle,
engorged by a monstrous field of lips--
H E R

E R E

lays an autumnal blanket of moss.
Stomachs impregnated by: glass, slick--
not shatter-proof--the grandiose anatomy
of [within] houses.

O p t i c a



Night vision waxen form
ganglionic post fibrous the iris
innervates muscle lard oblique the

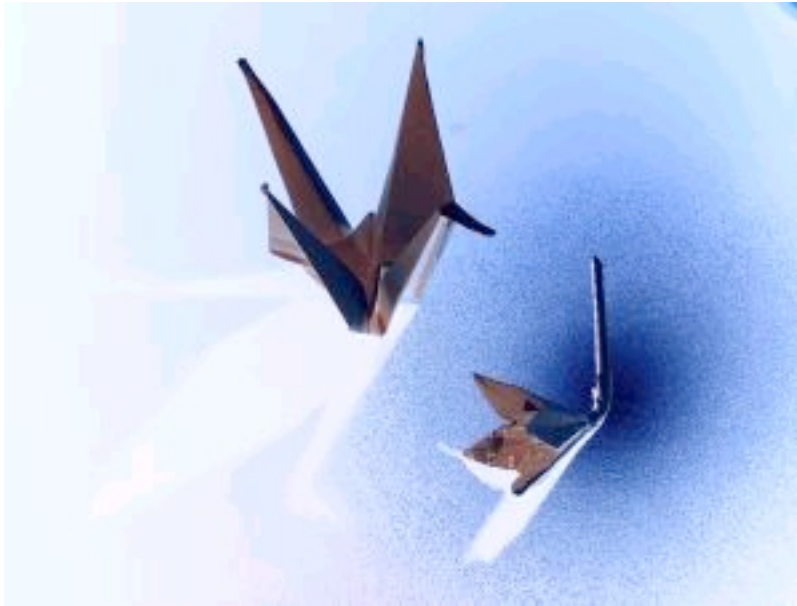
orbit of contents, hoard of orange
light, sedation; a tangled-up mass of otic
connections (sympathetic yet? Oh pathos)

pupillae

impulse with existence soon
visceral dilator machine X

output/input
two faces spaced outside
a tissue nucleus of thought

**/O r ig a m i\
\\E l e p h a n t s/**



I

--soul abounds
--soul abound[ing]
--[soul a]bound

flight of light settles on and yet this brazen warrior's aerial
tissu trapeze balances with the tense filigree of our brows,
where upraised all puzzles and rumination flit

to the right contortion
into woven moss of silk

II

--soul [abounds]

as eidolon, a Wushu fighter, controlled
burst of deltoid kinetics--

and yet the leapt vertigo machine lays hidden
neath pointed feet where we jester the polypi
of clouds,

climb yew's soft cilia nightdress
up to a moist dew-bodice of sky

where's the dirge?
The static aria of birds?

III

wind:

*they've gone and silenced
the colluvia*

T a m e



in time we will see arabesque as achromatic
-----no chain helix stretched-----
tumor/polyp bursting
geometric cell debris (of stained glass implode)

1.

no acajou, petal, shade of palm
to hide what was never benign
of ribbed leaf
dwarfish, cold of finger, curled
at tip-----

2.

we are, are not circular amarelle
trapped in adder's tongue,

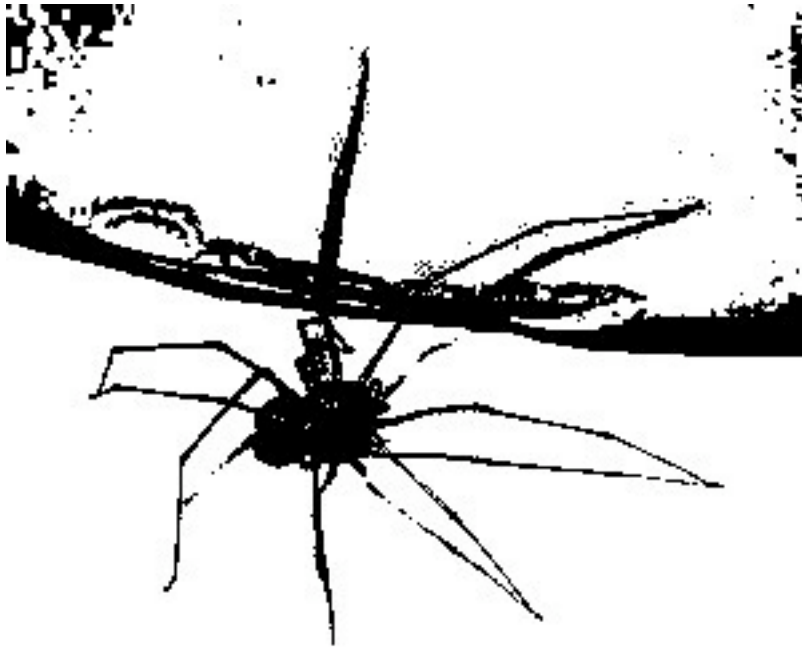
3.

no violet centrifuge
rich with lavender spun from center
as tempera , as tender flowers enveloped
in death threat letters

4.

persistence color
no more, no less than
monochrome mouth of Venus
and sable
make lack with black and white
revolve as Persian rug
strip from meaning and being
-----soon-----

| Cephalothorax |



|Orchestra|

Flashlight of eyes from all sides--a tinied theater of pain
|
Scurry spider, hide your fleshy mandibles--drums and gestures in
|
Sphere the darkest orb [no moonlit lullaby]--but veil of Apollonian laughter from
|
A thorax lyre plucked from head--sighs ascend to watch the glissandi
|
Exoskeleton operetta [mock the aria of bones]--lips hushed to sleep on
pillow

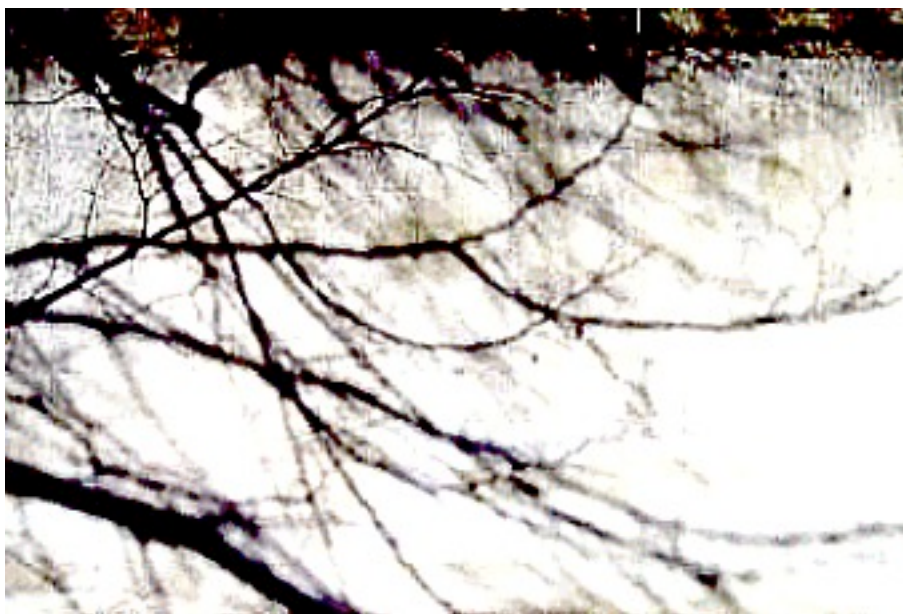
Synchronicity



In disregard of time: the unwound watch;
a ticker broken spectacle of faulty clockwork
time

for the chime hammer taps without play,
truth another spectacle to rivet
or shake a finger at--to occupy
the hands at once.

The Roots of Shadows



a yew
stubborn with
gravity reach
great heights ravenous
spaces of
rusty eyelets [too into
their grooves] knotted ankles
not elastic nor certain
move of sky until fastened
together to create
one body
fluid
[the subjunctive zig-zag of pelvis]
black phantom numbra when
met with skin



