

# Fluorescence Buzz

Elizabeth Bryant

I.                   Once I saw a child slip  
                      little things into a hole.  
                      They were small seeds and  
                      the hole was the opening  
                      of an expensive  
                      instrument.

II.                   The gaps must stand for  
                      themselves. No better than  
                      toy soldiers, they are  
                      more present than I am in  
                      my perpetuity.

III. Her knowledge was confined to *before they are named*, and prescient games of *how they go in, how they come out*.

IV. At that point nothing had any special significance, so the idea of wreckage was the same as an ivory-billed woodpecker: unobserved and good as non-existent.

v. She dropped them, round,  
nut brown, the size of  
bird tears, one by one  
into the dim gape. A slow  
*pillip plip-ip plip*  
sound as each seed fell  
down against a background  
of resonating strings.

vi. Shiny little oily seeds of  
things to come.

VII. It's always out there, the  
remainder of the mother.

VIII. In the supple stratum  
spread thin beneath a wide  
coverlet. Proliferating  
folds in which you want to  
retire.

IX. But the day calls.

x.

A lone starling with one  
fucked-up feather pricked  
in disjoint from his back  
has settled himself for  
the rest of his life on  
the suet by the bay  
window. His usual  
arrogance is attenuated by  
a forced separation from  
the mob. They're in the  
next town over,  
congratulating themselves  
on the continuity of their  
murmuration

XI.

And this is nothing without music, which normally serves as a liquid does to move your understanding, help it over the fence between this idea and that one, with sounds mimicking a remembered thing.

XII.

Here something comes. A spider the same black and size of a small chocolate disc, or smaller. This sham fortress can keep nothing out.



XIII.                   And this is not enough all  
by itself: the language  
with which you crave the  
ability to say what you're  
not saying.

XIV.                   I long for shoes and the  
annoyances that fall into  
them or are placed there  
by mice from the  
cupboards. I can see them  
hoarding poison pellets  
instead of simply eating  
them.

xv. I want a tiny fragile pre-war teahouse and all its vulnerability to falling particulates. Small jagged edges that puncture the eyes.

xvi. I am reminded of your estrangement. How it lends you a legitimacy I can't argue with. I am as cornered by my locality as everyone else around here.

XVII. I am here in my  
disability. Your veins  
provoke me with their vast  
mileage.

XVIII. The letter of love is  
burning. The distance  
between its delivery and  
receipt may be measured in  
eighths, or bales, or  
miles.

XIX. I am the sound of light.  
Nothing extraordinary  
happens to me.

XX. No one comes. I am the  
total distance from this  
buzz.

XXI.

If I could be a crook I  
would lather every day in  
my malfeasance.

XXII.

You might notice me then,  
gun in hand, nicking your  
jewels, shooting your  
disbelief. Leaving you  
alive.

XXIII.

The letter of love is  
curling. I see everything  
through its onion skin.

XXIV.

And talk of visitors is  
like a frog chorus: what  
are they saying>what are  
they saying>what are they  
saying. Deliver their  
insistence to me!

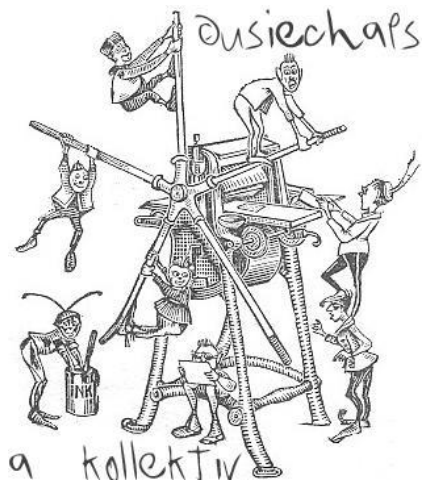
xxv.           The little child never  
                returned. I was instead  
                examined by an incuriosity  
                with stubbed hands good  
                for cobbling.

xxvi.           Imperishable mother-love  
                travels along.  
                Infinitesimal debris  
                scattered through your  
                seams.

XXVII.

I am here in my infinity.  
I remind you exactly of  
nothing.





&

**HEX**



**PRESSE**

