

"Right you are. Till tomorrow!"

"No, no! It's all over between us three."

"Five o'clock?"

Seated at his desk, Salomon lifts his head

towards u

must now

Not before

Disarme

The stre

sible, so v

of the Bou

to argue an

have made

pleased. Ma

girl!" thou

give me ex

"specialities

And to c

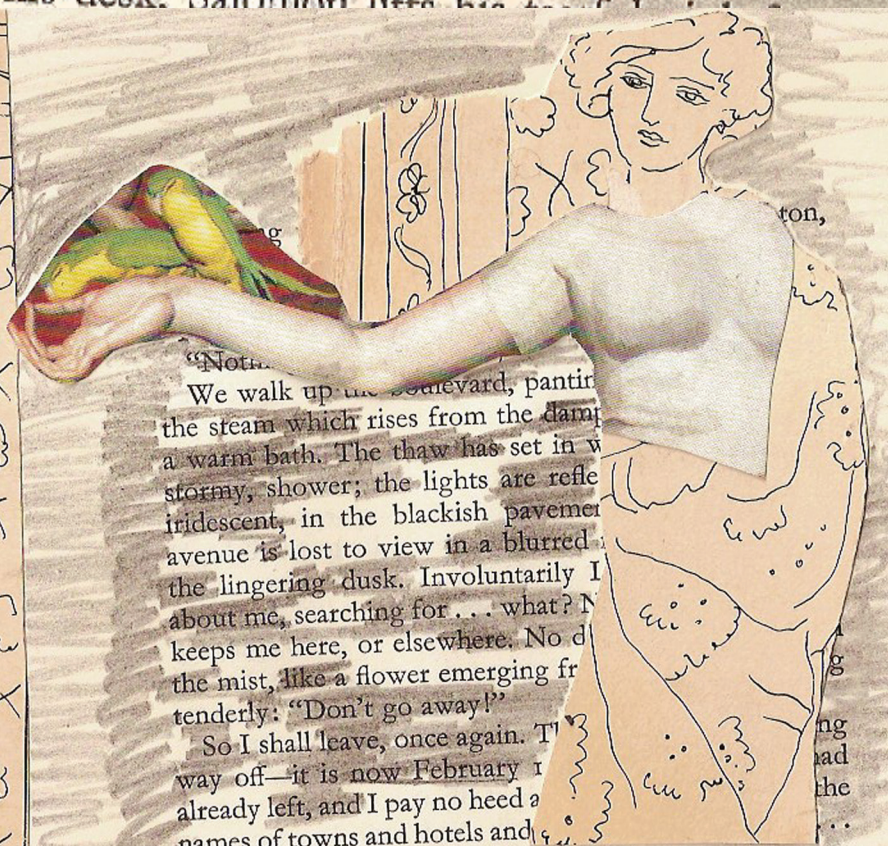
say? It amu

himself with

already

"What was the date, Bra

that, just fancy!"



"Nothing..."  
We walk up the boulevard, panting  
the steam which rises from the damp  
a warm bath. The thaw has set in w  
stormy, shower; the lights are refle  
iridescent, in the blackish pavemen  
avenue is lost to view in a blurred  
the lingering dusk. Involuntarily I  
about me, searching for... what? N  
keeps me here, or elsewhere. No d  
the mist, like a flower emerging fr  
tenderly: "Don't go away!"

So I shall leave, once again. Th  
way off—it is now February 1  
already left, and I pay no heed a  
names of towns and hotels and

"Are you at least listening to me?"

IDYLLS & RUSHES  
SUSANA GARDNER



# *IDYLLS & RUSHES*

SUSANA GARDNER

DUSIE  
Zürich  
2011



*To write is the joy and the torment of the idle.  
Oh to write!*

*Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette*



(one)

Alone in that cage  
her idle hands interlace  
garden-phlox embellished  
shapes color *copy*  
*her* otherwise she

(one)

Lucid hem   what face  
fishes me out   dressing-room  
my master-chance. I  
feel over-sure in his  
unruly kingdom.



(one)

Whimsical-bounty me

(on the hem of her frock)

spirit my high-flimsy till dawn

slightly drunk    threading years.

(one)

Freedom others bitter tonic  
subtle certainties proof reflection  
idiosyncratic looking-glass woman  
among nuances class  
rhythmical language, thought.

(one)

Hypnotized idyll orgies

Or--the page, stage-right:

fever frantic rebels

*Oh*, cheap carnations

overture less

ladyscape, light.

(one)

Fate, keep away conquest  
bouquet deference silent their  
letters--physical, urgent,  
brutal. Awkward  
my garrulous love, idylls& rushes.

(one)

Your dark ugly mug, *my new  
darling self-abandonment!*  
At dawn leafing wrack & ruin  
piecing the scene original.

(one)

Unchartered old-fashioned gooseflesh  
time married again &  
again bartering off my sounds  
living off my gestures like garnishes.

(one)

Delicate fètèd idyll–exculpated  
faults–risk utter ruin first–  
false common-place friends, do-gooders  
imprisoned ego moneyed towers.

(one)

Isolation? Yes. Obstinate  
rebuffing of vile public want  
while daylight bounds after me in  
rushes dry scattered leaves.



(one)

In spite of myself, I hear  
the fusses and idylls. The *hush-*  
*hush* static in my ears,  
the droning.

(one)

I rush against the tarnished  
sun's wild tempering off  
any irksome mental fizzle  
I arrive honey-combed  
well-done-up.

(one)

I've heard your bull-dog bitch.  
Winter coughs her up like the  
women hastening buzzard's shit  
about your neck.

(one)

Kind-hearted carcasses of matter:  
an audience! Feed them your public  
want, indigent scraps pander your  
\$15 post-modern fare.

(one)

My misshapen veil, my wry  
form—in short preludes  
among violet& blues, I represent  
awakening—frantic chatter,  
trembling.

(one)

Tête-à-têtes platform our ironical  
caresses—love, perhaps through  
tea-stained swathing. Oh, irritable  
rushes—*come now, come.*

(one)

Nothing is real but gesture  
half-naked undulating concrete& volatile  
gesture pouring fourth rhythm and  
new translation swaying &swaying.

(one)

Clear-sighted--on behalf of the  
charmed toughs, I go--awkward  
spurred imaginings--ardor,  
admiration, bowing in fusses.





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