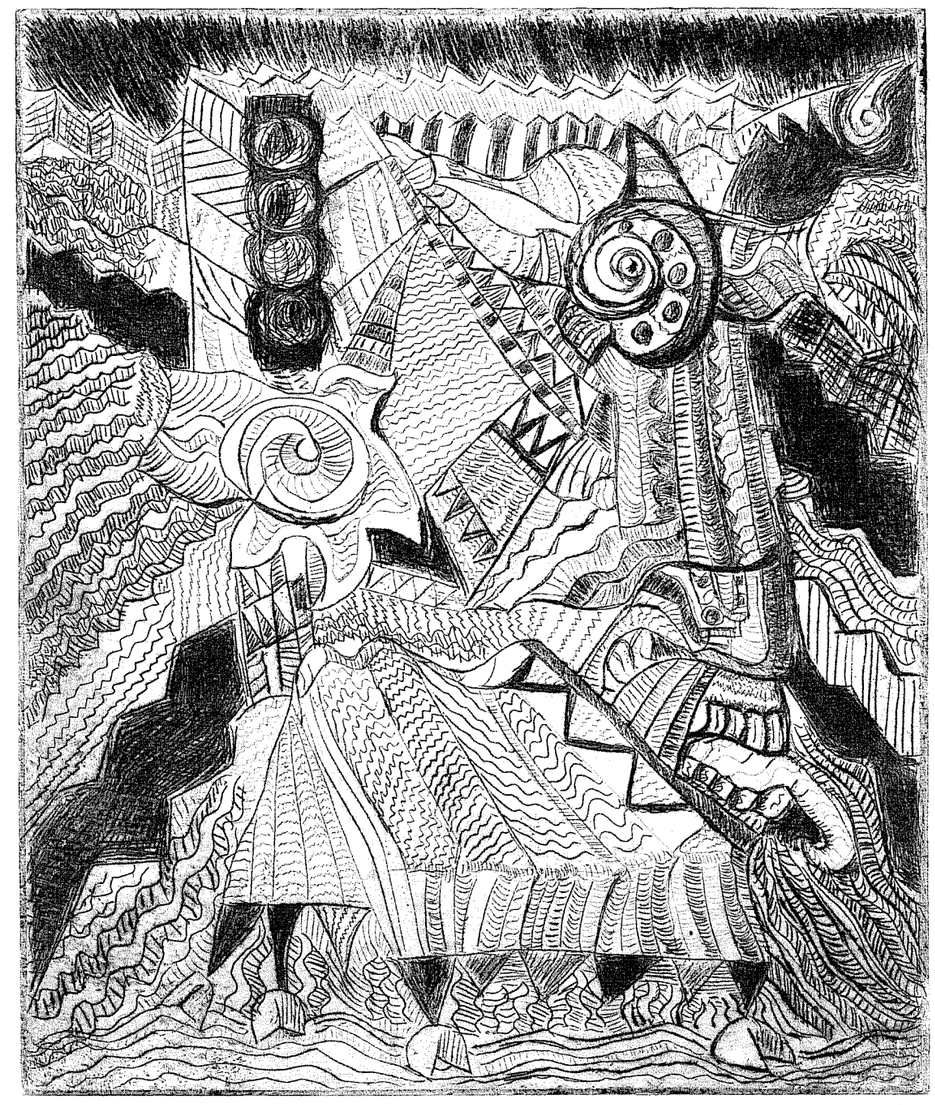
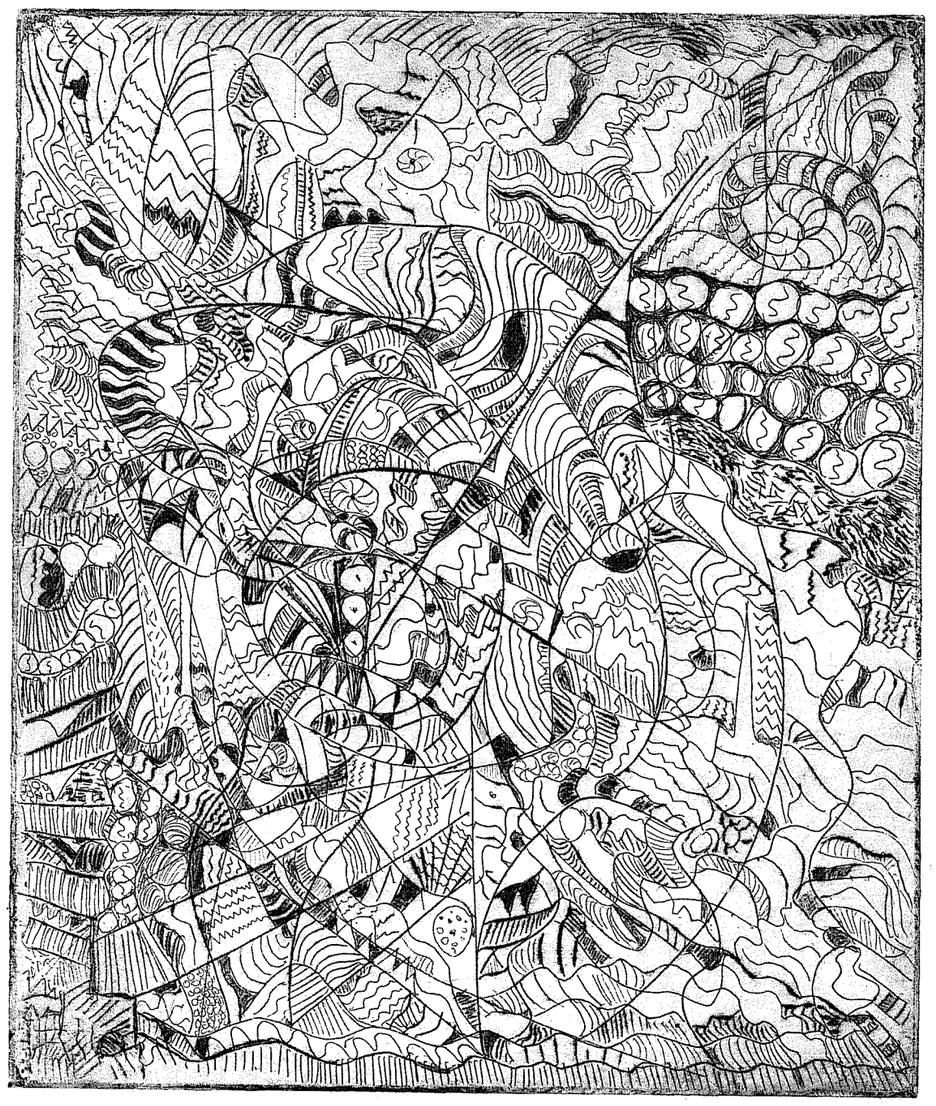
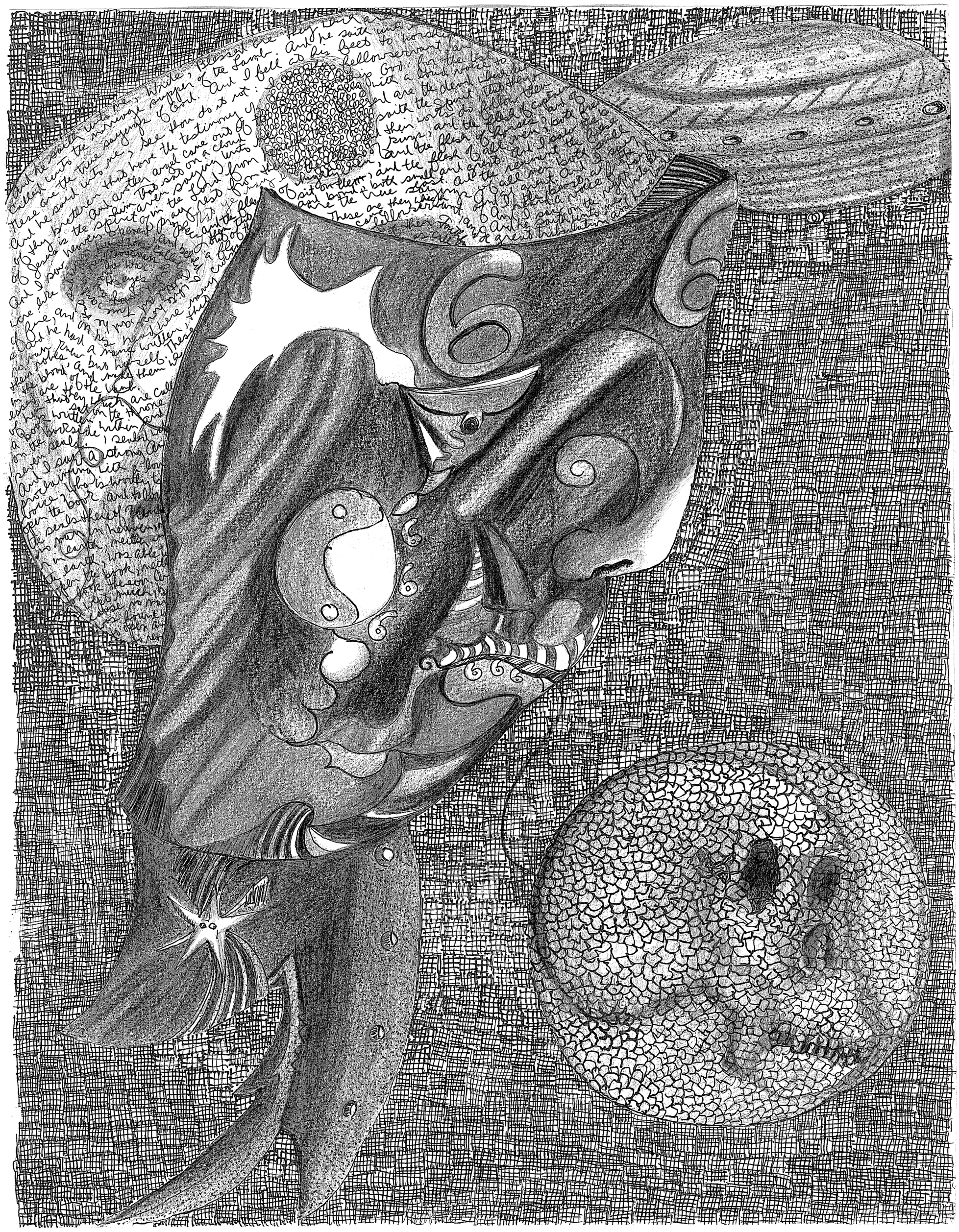
Jesse Glass
Codex III
Dusie / Hand of Glory
Tokyo 2012
1/3

Quite. No. They were always one part of her. I remember when her fingers were born. The wall is counting to their strange music. I wish I had fingers. But you do. The kind we like, something delicious to munch on. The other one is still holding the pebble. Dunk it in my hands and turn to something to the floor. I think they're after the pebble. Our keeper. Do you hear what they're saying? No. It's the music of hands, hands, hands. Bodies, hands, wrists, hands, fingers, compendium. Listen to the hands after the hands stop. Those hands I cannot see have left my own hands empty. Hands, hands, hands. Hands, hands, hands. Hands, hands, hands

2.







The insect with its mouth of dust
Lifts its head and trumpets down
Upon us where we shiver here
Within the anteroom of Thoth

Here the worship of despair
With its reeds and iron hooks;
The cracked paint box that gives the lie
To lips stacked in a wooden box

Here domed head & hollow chest
Fall to zero; there the stalks
Of syllogisms twist & crack
Beneath the heels of those that walk

Down the airless corridors
Daedal fingers engineless
Processing round the graven walls
In a route that light transgresses

No honey combs grow in their throats
But the wasps' tripartite crib
Would mark the frontier of the night
If these ancient blocks were split.

CLAPP RL

comes down
readers

CLAW

Things overhead
carry small notebooks
in my packet
smell of sex

sent in to kill sent in indeed
in Killing [COUGHS] Killing position
he didn't they never knew

LAW

CLAPP CLA~

The Boots never knew
biding his time waiting his chance all he knew was h
CL ~ PW
explosive devise encrusted
in left thigh lodged against
the femur wh... it inexplicably
failed detonate

upon all
clap upon clap
after intense Question
ing how to secure the
Peace of my child

[WHISPERS: all he
sight

above the nothing fields
a beacon
hind claws grubbing it upright with an old man's grace
light

CL

Sound of rapping Water /// Sound of rapping Water /// Sound of
To 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6
Sentient Molecule !
the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the
a Beacon, Flaming
Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6 Weft 39° 6
Vespidae of Sinai Explosive
Hand
Shredded Picture
Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the
Continent of Anthropophagi
Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be
Interstellar Ice Block!
Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand
Preserved Through it
Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be
Crushed Through it

Collides with its eyes
as the hound constructs
what it "thinks" to be
the world within the
fissured halves of
neural tissue & falls
upon its claws to sweep
one perfect arc among the
offal.

CL

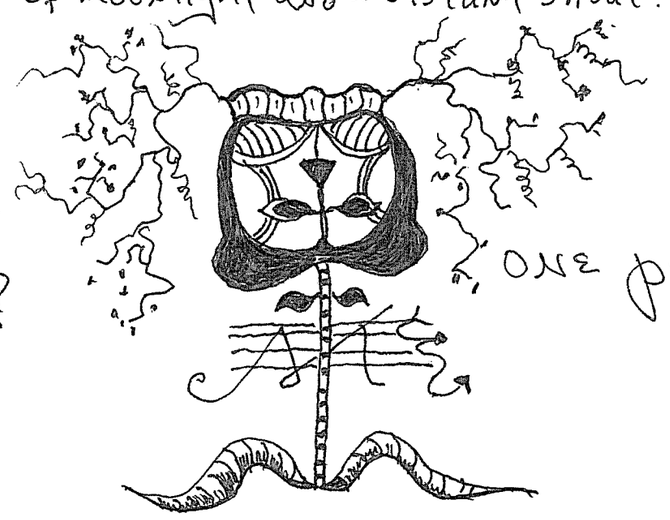
oh my Question in the Sky!
the Wounded Hand
oh my Shredded Picture
the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound
a Continent of Anthropophagi!
to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be
oh my Interstellar Ice Block!
the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound the Hand the Wound
an Eye's Preserved Through it
to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be Weft to be
the Living, Crushed Through it

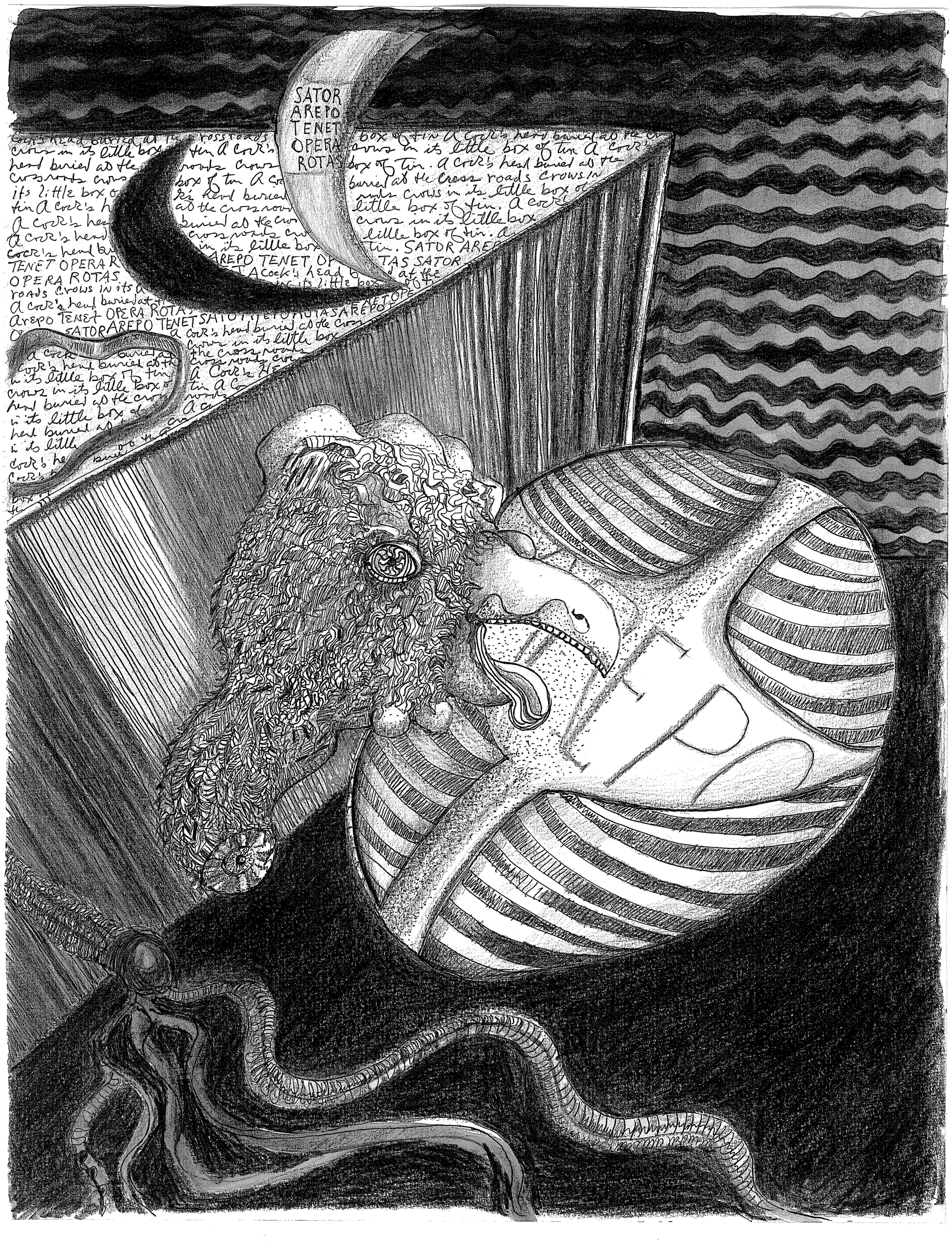
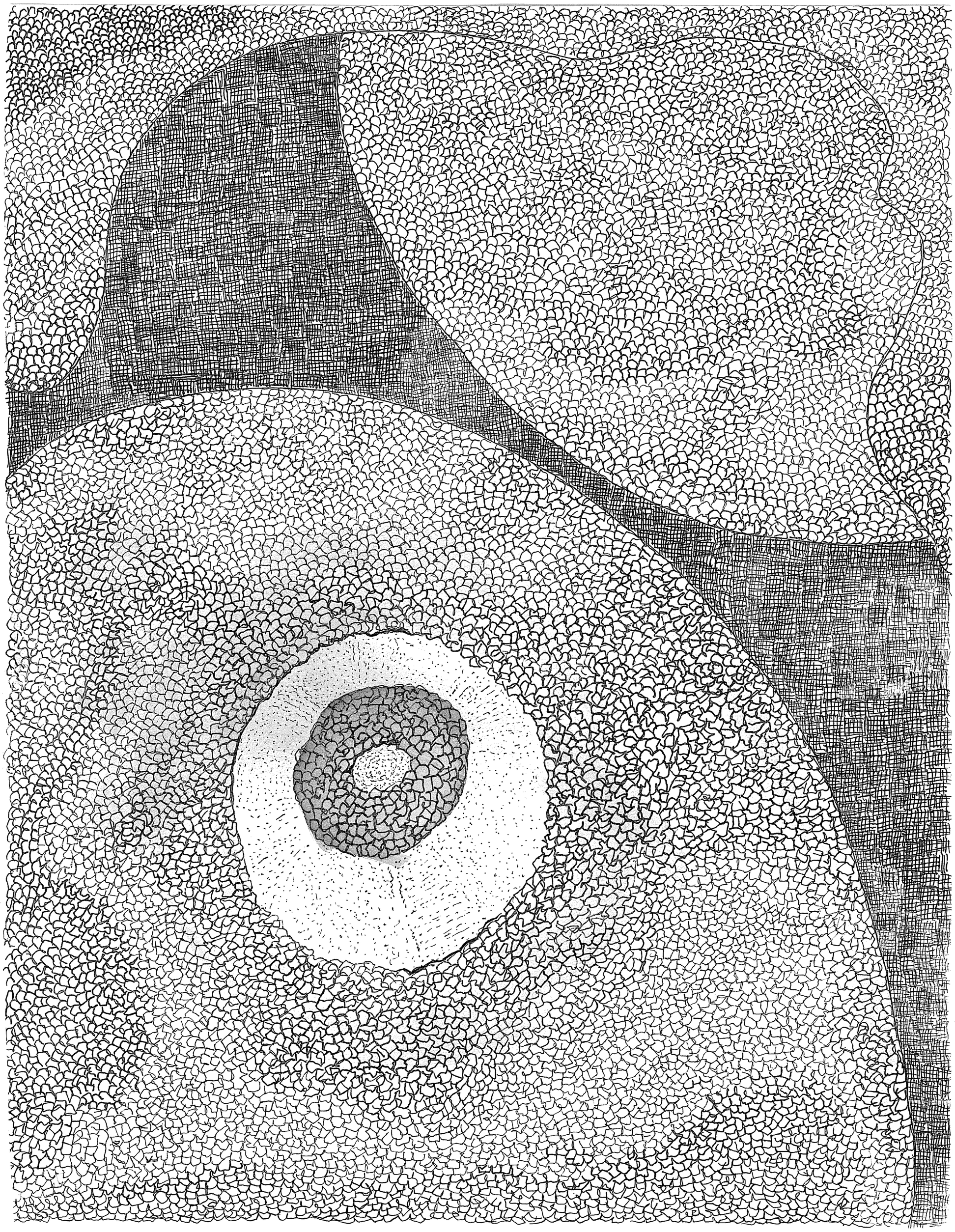
LW

squat in silence
before a yellow cube
dent the perfect surface
with a small, clean hammer
tock! tock! tock! tock! tock!

(boundless compassion
where is that tea-stained skull?

To draw the shadow of the Sphinx
Across the bubble brow of doubt;
A lash of desert air, a loom
Of moonlight and a distant shout.

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ROTAS