



NIGHT SEASON

by Mark Lamoureux

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Parthenogenesis lives in the red steps
that were paining,

each night the wanted body
eats the tail of the wasp.

(An orange heart pinned
to a map, emitting

grace.) No cause for doubt, what
appears in a hill of ash

or on the underpass—a veil who
manifests & vanishes, a name

burned in granite. Chromium
swaddle & lyre, a poultice

to loose that voice, to wade
in the blood-colored, the tepid.

Telepathic fixtures, the flute
of a plant that rises

& waves. Goodbye,
little frog without an eye.

Goodbye, you clasped & disturbed.
The heron's blue leg plants

a hovel in the sand, motherfucker,
each poem ends with the sea.



Make it the foretold
shimmer in the random numbers

Looping Coriolis usurped
by the columns of belief

To not want it to be
a face out of static

The static is the blood
To at last listen to the trilling

words & their equations
To be raining when

it rains, the air in
the nesting codes the

winking cord of the pendulum
of sleep, the brazen lights

& the motion, the glyphs
of kelp & hairs & the splattering

Make it stalactites
of hindsight--such bliss

as is running
eyes closed



This is for when the last
face sprouts from the aurora
tree, you children out
of time who skate the white
line of the Dead Sea. There
christened by a magnet
in a lead bottle. Say fire
or water. Say broke or
broken. The sheet of time-
past blown far along the floodplain.
The weird children by whom
I'm led, far past the alluvial
forest, past the withered
foundation & the broken churn.
A dome rises from the middle
distance, a door in the rocks
I saw & still see. Never speak
of it; how I was alone.
How those spirits were mine.
I am a spelunker.
There are voices, I don't hear
them. There are figures
in the crux of sight, I cannot
see them. Little by little
the copse of pines is razed,
I will not walk there.
I am tired like a bird.
I eat the word never, walking
until walking becomes me.



Not-yet-spring blooms
like the Cyrillic at Brighton

Beach, before
the quiet sea, humped
by freighters & on the street
all is twitching stillness

until cab wheels
burst a water bottle.

Our noble star
emits the colors of the zodiac,

speaking to the ground,
tell me

where the carriage horses go
at night, divorced

at last from their nameless
burden. Their eyes atticsfull

of pine needles, light
that shifts through canopies.

All must take it easy sometime:
the busy moths, shiftless

everyone. Cut
bait & sit on a milk crate,

take it easy – the black boats
lumber through the salt,

the air distracts
hammerers of nails, let all subside

to wanton artifice.

The early room & the stink
of the paint, the papers.

Waist-high,
a little lamp of brass
a little monk made of glass.



We sleep even
as figures march
through snow
or dust to enact
violence.

The new grass
hammers at topsoil.
The world doubles
over in the pain
of its own birth,
long face beset
by everything
that tumbles from
metal-colored skies.

Anxiety forges
a crown of wrens
around the mind.
May my death
never come.
Still – I am just
a plant like all the rest.



I go nightly a shriveled monk
to the forlorn interstice
of the mirrored halves of mind
wherein is seeded the third, an awful
flower that will bloom in the skull.
That fall, marked by a twitch or shriek
& limned by the red froth that bubbles
up from the chasm that creeps
from our birth. I am alone in the darkness
of my own eyes, fettered by the sticky
fog of sentience, the mist that fills
the impossible bed with elbows & guts.
White & cold, the always wind
which will blow the dreams from our sleep.
A compass that points forever
at the zenith, a still point, pulsar-
sized full stop, a needle that hovers
day in & out above our spines.
These wreck the flesh, the membranes
of the disappeared – the ones who walk
our air without eyes or sex, who gather
at the mirror when there is no light
in the room, who know what mover moves
the nesting wheels that will propel
our individual fates. Praise,
for the dumb arms that pull the bag
over our heads & seal the rift
with the blue wax without mass
or shape. Praise, for the mouth
that ends words, each curse I hurl
at ether as the clasp of days closes
end to end. A bracelet of each, week
upon week until the good right arm
will cease to bend. Praise, for what will
make of me a lamb, mane & nape
husked & tossed to the chiming winds
that move upon the brain in emptiness.
Follow the faint arrow etched on each
dark wall, into a ring that laps the arc
of our one bitter sun, into a sunless shade.
A thing like a circle with no name
that makes & unmakes. No word
for love or hate – a sign that is a bone
& a blip of rain, a sea that ebbs
under no moon, with no floor below.



Colophon

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