



TETHER

DREW KUNZ

T E T H E R



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it's safer not to look around

gristle and tendon on the paper

distance draws the self aside

velocity frames

this verb to object

drafts, she holds herself to

rest against the blue

a day in the stacks

writing reveals the hand

behind everything said or not

the story

this room is in a sentence of

where she drew her finger over the sheet

references to material loss

forgetting what concerns you

pages have memory, as the body

I watch a language I don't understand

does this make sense?

the feeling the world became

a notion in duplicities

she is *in* the middle

&c.

splendid drifts of text

noting how to express myself

thoughts altogether leaving nothing

I am (you are) here

emblematic rôles

infinity only happens once

the sentence ends as itself

her linguistic periphery

I am alone the object seems to say

a fall to the side

marked by the relation of a book on the shelf

or the air ripe with blue

with a place without

tether line

calculations table the rain

the chords, insistence of duration

music never stops

brought to white again

a parallel to the night

perhaps there's somebody absent

as a body before possibilities

your once route

nothing imitates silence

remembering you as a sequence

white is not white

this morning reminiscent

her cramps and peeled lips

silence as it forms

a small machine made out of cords

ways the skin feels in the company of others

the butt end set against

shedding away the reeds

reverberate what thoughts secretly guard

everything's happened here before

the quiet one listens to

the bird approaches

you are always waiting near the wall

the voice finds where the mouth stops

where branches negotiate with imprecision

at noon or perhaps a name

direction becomes place revealing the event

a trace of mouthing syllables

when rain

drawn from pulp

underlining snow

what I felt were desires, repetitive failures

oppositional without conflict

an idea which becomes something other

NOTE:

Tether was written between February 5, 2006 & June 5, 2007. Each line, taken from journal entries, notes, conversations, & texts, was published during those months on my blog. Chronologically the last line is the first.

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