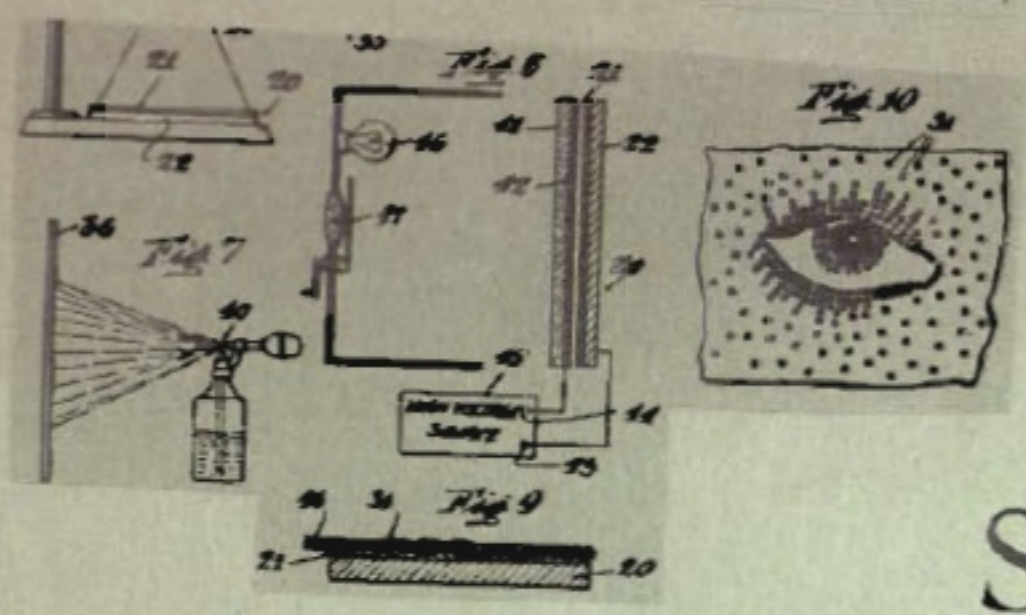


Figures - echa, cigarettes, pencils

Fig. 10

to decorticate,

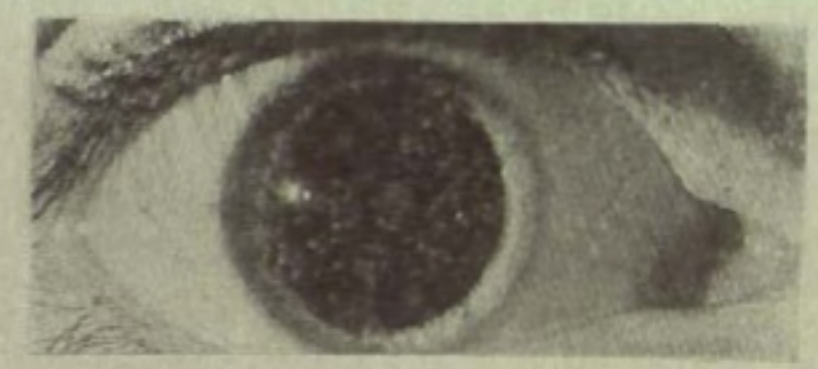
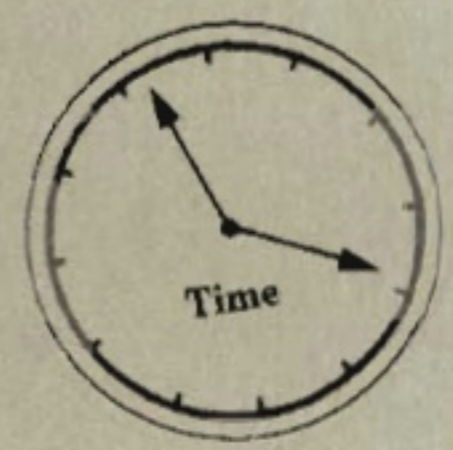
A platform, as for exhibiting or supporting something, or for executing a criminal.



SCAFFOLDING

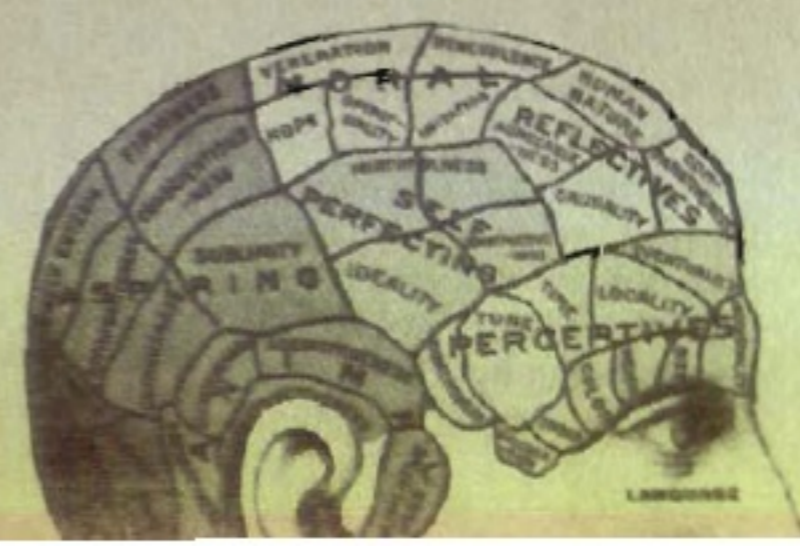
My Proust Vocabulary

cl. stat. 20
vande de la
en f. 1
1 2



BRONWEN TATE

★ Did you know?



SCAFFOLDING
My Proust Vocabulary

BRONWEN TATE

LA MADELEINE

amorce

tressaillir

breuvage

désagréger

laineux

pignons

suie

grumeleux

convoitise

tige

A little bite dissolves. It's a beginning, bait. Involuntarily, I quail, flinch, wince; you quiver. I look for you in my dose of jasmine. Your famously crumbling pastry, your weathered gables. Soot colors the gritty reach of childhood. Longing for petal, leaf, or flower, I am left with stem.

VISITING

bredouille

boiteuse

balsamine

barbue

goujats

auge vareuse

moulures

atteler

sertissage

As if I could catch a brill from the pump trough, or invent some bearded lettuce. A little wobbly this evening, mumbling with effort, still empty-handed. Place a salamander near the sweetly balsamic impatiens. When you think of setting, consider a gem that fell out, consider how very second empire the gilded moldings arc. Only a cad would try to pin this. Grab your blouse or pea jacket and hitch your thoughts to our swift movement between country and city.

WHEN HABIT CARRIED ME LIKE A CHILD

fentes

pépettes

aubépines

étamines

embrumer

monticule

Smother me soft in baby's breath and butter muslin. This unexpected vernal shames the hawthorn to bloom unrest. Did cloth or flowers hang about the altar? Clouded, I follow past slit or fissure, let fall small money to ripple the fountain, climb the hill with streams like tears. Faced with these occurrences, what better than to sham, to camel, to chain mail, to sound this strangeness even on a sleepy Saturday. Lunch an hour earlier.

éplorée

printanière

se chamailler

péripéties

HOW TO BECOME ENOUGH AN OTHER

lais

sournoise

villégiaturer

acharnés

suagrenues

jaser

raout

ourdie

chimisme

caoutchouc

All signs point back to you, as if the only green gage grew in your lawn. A flighty will, now obstinate, now underhanded. Gathering that governs any given screed or second thought relentless. I've heard tattling of your stay in the country, the festive show of paintings, the India rubber. So it springs back in the meadow of present and immediate possibilities. Morning intentions warped by tea-time, faced with your armored eyes. Is it wrong then, to be an unformed water flowing down an offered slope?

YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR ROSES

acharné

billes

accroissait

sébile

potelées

croisée

pioche

I had hoped in the end for a botanical pardon, that filament of particular. The monkey puzzle tree is a puppet show. We love no one once we love. I trade you confections for marbles, offer a crossword, a cross-stitch, a crossing. You attach coyness to a manicured hand, naming the wrist for the pulse, a surge. The forgotten pickax against a root, my unremitting increase. A fruit of which we value only the pulp. At what moment does the wooden bowl become the beggar's bowl?

minauderies

décoché

guignols

DIMENSIONS THE VASE PROVIDES

alambiqué

infime

aune

gargotes

bouillon

étrennes

mastroquet

gober

ondine

treillagé

I reconstitute like cooled steam to barely fill. Distilled style you find convoluted. I wish for an ell of cloth to sew a night-time voice. You don't fall for such water sprites. Thus the difficulty of guessing how deeply our words penetrate the reality of others. Humidity under the trellis. My vision trembled between leaves and your cheek like a botched photograph because I fluttered too rapidly to steady it. We could eat a tiny morsel, drink a bowl of broth at the greasy spoon. Even when I can't pin misunderstanding to any one of your parts, I'm still looking through a glass of wine. Every day you offer me a New Year's gift, as if for the first time. I learn to savor my blind-spots, the revelation infinitely delayed.

MARVELOUS INDEPENDENCE OF THE HUMAN GAZE

espiègles

croquis

suzeraine

écorce

trébuchements

capucines

butiner

églantier

gisements

meule

Even a wild rose, a dog rose, a monk flower is this unfamiliar after a while. If my liege lord is a listening I've sworn fealty to, I sense a hesitation in the silhouettes. Lest a fear of stumbling. Gold as a fish, slight as a ray, I tie my own hand to this millstone. Beneath bark I tremble to decorticate, what hooded leaf? What ore deposit? What sleek hare? Crocus, turn the rough sketch of your winter face. I'll button you up, my bud. Sprout, I'll sip your nectar.

TO BE ALONE OR APPEAR TO DESIRE IT

rosse
atours

mulâtre

ampelopsis

pépinière

œillet

oriflamme

émonder

gui

greffe

Everything I don't understand this evening is blooming. A light mist in the tree nursery the morning after a beastly rain. Our desires for unfinished beams and bay windows still had their summer leaves. I asked you for eyelet lace, owlets, a peppery carnation. If my morning is all green flowers and inedible berries, where should I prune? Sleep another hour. Eyes closed against that colored flame. Graft a limb of peaches, sticky sap against the spiderweb of mistletoe, white pearls on the dew of a branch. I turned to the greenwood, responding to a foreign destination in the life of its trees. Brightness on the train of a gown.

TO TAKE SEASON AND WEATHER AS A FRAME

poing

étouffe

volière

potager

paletot

loutre

perdrix

dodonéenne

tanagra

victoria.

You wore violets. The true sky was grey. A pale walk, covered with their branches and obliged to feel with them the power of the season. Ineffectual, I hit you with my mistaken thumb. Not even you can tell me if you are a horse-drawn carriage or a giant aquatic plant with round leaves up to two meters in diameter. I could walk three miles and still not see a chaperone in an otter coat trimmed with partridge feathers. If you wore outlandish hats, I would oil the rusty hinges of your aviary, care for your kitchen garden. A mellifluous note can be any foreign city or species of bird.

A SICKNESS DOES NOT RESEMBLE

retremper

monture

moelleux

linceul

alité

vernissage

tilleuls

glands

surager

manucure

The shroud we suffer crossing the lintel. More, the desire to linger on bedridden, sip linden blossoms, like a manicurist, varnish the dolor. In late morning, run a finger along the piping of your bonnet. See distracted before you an acorn, a tasseled bridle. See beneath a basswood tree he turns to his mount, turns briefly to emigrate to parts of himself still a stranger to his love. Things we know, we hold. Either you are unfaithful or you are dipping a biscuit into a cup of tea once again.

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