



Starlings

LISA ROBERTSON

KRUPSKAYA • 2017

(one part of *wide rime*)

for Laura Broadbent

Whilst the Communistic Fox

Merrily Becries

Its Fuck

Translucently we Brood

Adoring our Own

Erotic Gravitas

This is a General Geophysiology of Wildrose, of Starling, of Deer,
of Fox, of Laurel, of River

Everything shitty and riming and poor and resourceful

This is a work of uncountryside

An ointment

Yesterday I cried. It was artless and good.

Spring has its own agony, truly

It involves convolution

For the nudity of one kiss

Joy suffers measure

How tiring it is to disagree with everything!

Then we go visiting, throw our tender runners

Over forest-rim

Starlings. We are breaking into a vast derelict space.

We are the Starling scene in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

A caged Starling is repeating in the voice of a Child "I cannot get out."

Call rime a banner of rosewater. Know
any girl will flood the sign with her
sex. Say the refrain, like a flower, fits
in your head. Now you are
flower-sized. Your vocal parts especially
are flower-sized

Some were at the edge of language so
couldn't live. Some were at the core of
language so couldn't live either. What if
we forget about language, move into
the natural history of the idea
of guts? Guts or rosewater, very
similar. Rosewater or rime. Uncountrying
by means of rosewater. To make a natural history
of rosewater, penetrate
borders

Last night I thought that I would die
my heart ached so darkly
beneath the leftside ribs
but now I think I will not die
relaxed in my stained coat in the ankledeep meadow
I would like to trill a little
and I would trill until sweetness comes
rime furor with form
also shyness with form
(Laura there is
no contradiction
in rime)

A hoop-shaped piece of wood that forms the outer edge of a sieve

genetically originless

surface of water

the outer ring of a wheel

where

the revelation takes the form of a dream

forget the dream but remember its moral character

a circular mark or object

a lip

where there's desire to represent

not a catalogue in the encyclopediac sense

but a revelation

a caul

a pellicule

a leather strap or thong

the perenium

sea-rim

Laura

are you related to nettle

and fig are you a two-sexed salve of

code-riffling incident are you ready

to speak into time deeply are you

ingeniously fluorescent enamoured

of the poverty of tiny tiny Europes

shall you quit so many

stupid apartments filled with stupid

fate evade

timeliness next

a refrain unclasps

how it was to be young and carrying our delicate grammars

in cities and airports

Laura

let's be Starlings

Mozart had a Starling
called Labour, Debt and Atonement
there is no Starling in Ovid
just a low-slung ferocity
Pliny knew a Starling
that spoke both Greek and Latin
Spring seizes the Latin
of the universal convolution
now for my inexperienced style
where the relation of the subjective vocal elements
to what is called More Love Hours
remains incomplete
because the poem makes knowledge without a subject
so outside governance
the troubadour Marcabru sends his Starling to his Lady
the Starling returns with bad news
her glorious dress is inconstant
I will call language the forbidden attempt to codify ecstasy
itself very pleasurable—the attempt I mean—
against which there exists the practiced and transmitted synaesthesia
of cognition and caress

Like the Indent of Acanthus

The Fox of Joy

Tears into us

Freshly

The tear is unlimited

because materially it doesn't exist

though it has a complexion

Why is time a genius?

the great force it takes to bring the disappearing elements together
temporarily

ongoing avoidance of that force

everything I think about

transforms to murmuration

there have been evenings

but never poems

you never just sing but augment

you enter the freshness in your brindled coat

go robustly

greet sweetness

at day-rim your calls are fields of attraction

Don't waste this erotic day

your uneven survival

bound into pattern

in evasion of subordination

the evening draws to it

the possible intellect

by sequined sash

Go

verse of no worth

blurred track of a transhumance

plough your thick page

morally resplendent

under cover of mist

total moral abundance

that is

Gold-green morning top-branch now violet
flank or breast beneath now rime will come
in an expansion in which the poem
is the opposite of the state
all exactitude and fur of motors
in clenched silk adoration
with extraordinary insolence
it was called distance when
when snow stayed in the morning
the deer came down to feed
the migrant frame of a volubility
moving through laurel
is a matter of eloquence
where the song persists in simultaneous times
and so evades measure
poor song
whose glorious dress

Because love levels

I made this verse

like Starlings make dusk

after pause in laurel

they weave to the river

I feel that I work now in the service of their amplitude

Speak, super-excellent leaf

ointment of leaf also

as day disappears

in the nudity of verse

dark blooms on water

over the still mirror of water

love moves the bright shadow

unclasps a migration

in the suspension of force

Little wandy tree
shimmering by clairvoyant steam-vent
you understand the perfections
of what the evening is concealing
you crave the song
whose frothing exile
rumpled and haughty
with archaistic bulging
you want the ointment
with spiral fluting
called distance when
ah liquid tonic
with 14 terminal and 12 inner rhyme-sounds
such overpowering sweetness
beneath any mothertongue
is a singing suppressed

Could it be that there are no Starlings

In the current Belief?

Could it be

There's no Nocturnal Dome?

No

Laurel again? No Adoration?

The Vulgate Gapes.

What is hidden and revealed of sweetness in the vocable

whose limpid intuition

in anarchic obedience

by means of rime's complexion

pours

its ambient celebration

Laura

your practice of spiritual liberty

unlaces borders

makes indent of acanthus

you are communal

bare and ample

Little swaying wandy top-branch of winter's
visual texture of neglect
in skirtlet of breeze
against the meter of labour
to give likeness freely
people do amazingly things
they sing frequently again
laced through with pattern
fleck resistance with desire
also desire with resistance
in sparkling frock of trance
the opposite of the end-call is esoteric
like being spoken by a super-interesting branch

When I try to hear again
the voice of my grandmother
or the voice of Arnaut Daniel
their voice is my body
so I study
poorest twigs poorest words
find emotion in morphology
in its ripest sonorous parts
in rime where a turn is discernable
we should return to the synaesthesia of sweetness
brassage, Simone Weil called it
speaking of the mixed people of the pays d'oc
because the language/speech distinction
repeats the fundamental dynamic of governance

Against this distinction the refrain

decorates poorness

for the nudity of one kiss

the tip of the poem flourishes in other times

tip of the body

improvised

In my work with poorness
This is what I learned how to make
I hear in these letters
a slab of hot light
emptying from rock-flank
now it slips downward
and I sense that the earth is an animal
by its mauve heat

To sip strangeness freely
is day's good
quietly it courts its rim
where the value called joy suffers no debasement
the revelation takes the form of spit
sweetness is one of time's own names
sweetness or rosewater
when the days first become long again
we are thirsty

Maybe rime revolves into the infinity of linguistics

whose thirsty lip

with the rarity of tenderness

braids largesse and light

in the unfettered reception of a civil intimacy

its eveningness relaxed

Because Love levels

I made this Verse

Like Starlings make Dusk

After pause in Laurel

They weave to the River

Lisa Robertson was born in Canada and lives in France, in the Nouvelle Aquitaine region. Recent books include *3 Summers*, *Cinema of the Present*, and *Nilling*. *wide rime* is her ongoing lyric study of troubadour poetics.

Cybele Lyle is a California-based artist whose installation, video and 2D work reconstructs the architecture and natural environment around her into an alternate vision of interior and exterior space. Cybele graduated from Oberlin College with a BA in Environmental Studies, then went on to get a BFA from California College of Arts and Crafts in Printmaking and an MFA in Painting/Combined Media from Hunter College in New York in 2007. She has held residencies at Ox-Bow, Project 387, Atlantic Center for the Arts, the Bemis Center for Contemporary Art and most recently at the Headlands Center for the Arts. Her works have been exhibited across the United States including at the 205 Hudson St Hunter Gallery, New York; Bemis Center, Omaha; Oakland Museum, San Francisco Arts Commission Gallery, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco; Et al. gallery, San Francisco, and most recently in the California-Pacific Triennial at the Orange County Museum of Art. Cybele is a recipient of the Kala Fellowship, the Yozo Hamaguchi Printmaking award, and the Tony Smith Award. Cybele currently has a studio in Los Angeles and is represented by Et al. in San Francisco.

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