

The perfume of the abyss



Mark Young

The perfume of the abyss

(further poems from *Series Magritte*)

Mark Young

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The perfume of the abyss by Mark Young

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on mark young's *Series Magritte*,
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"La Part du Feu" has also appeared in
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"The Evening Gown" has also appeared in the
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"The Life of Insects" has also appeared in
The End of The World Project.

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Le Beau Tenebreux

Fantômas is back in town.

His penchant for masquerade is informed by a close reading of sermons using hermeneutic methods.

He asks for a room at the back, not the front of the hotel.

His conception of history & geology comes from mass-produced fictional texts that are in transmedia circulation.

He decides to change his clothes.

He told a newspaper. "I've no experience working with multi-colored bulbs. My favorite was Harrison Ford on the plane. I love Harrison Ford."

He stood up for an America staying quiet but largely fueled by basic research into cell biology & renewed interest in lipid research.

He hides within his hat.

Modern

A straight line between
those two points in
Euclidean space shows
it is a second head of

the damsel in this (white)
dress that stares out from
the backseat of her town car
at the more fully-fleshed

version of herself. The eco-
nomic crisis has hit hard.
There is falling demand
for everything from office

space to orders for time
machines. The pavement
is too costly to repair.
Her feet sink into it. Else-

where the moon is green.

La Fin du Monde

He followed the travel
guide carefully, replacing the
listed sites of interest with
the actual objects when he
found them. Houses that
had a history, a row of shops,
fountains, parks, the plaza
with its famous wall of shame.
Once he had the scene he could
fill it with inhabitants, just as
the book did when it decorated
cathedral ceilings or described
the inside of a hall. Otherwise
façades, or acts of stagecraft.
Walls that flickered into being
as he approached & hid what-
ever lay behind. He saw the
railway station & walked to-
wards it. Climbed up the steps
to find it was the concourse
where the world came to an end.

Bather

Despite the curves she
is straight line defined.

With *feng shui* you learn
how to place things so
that the energy flows.

She is facing the door.

The sea needs a mirror
on the horizon to
replicate what she sees.

Portrait d'Éluard

Éluard used
to write *to*
write on the

body of his
wife. Then
Dali came a-

long & wrote
off into the
sunset on her.

The Art of Conversation IV

Though each is in some way
present here, the swans are

unaware of Arnold Böcklin, or
Rachmaninoff, or the more

contemporary William Carlos
Williams, even though all three

overlap in time, in linked rings
just like the ones the swans are

swimming in as they contend in
a sea which love partly encloses.

The Endearing Truth

Wine, bread, apples, & a question of perception. What stands out? The alcoves or the painted table? The textured wall? So. Focus on the contents. Discard the bread & wine—they're simply tricks of a trade. Then wonder why

there are no fishes. Were there ever any or does their replacement by the apples rewrite the parables? Does this miraculous piece of *trompe l'oeil* infer there were no miracles?

Heartstring

I look at this
& immediately
think: *my cup
runneth over.* &
then I think: *with*

*clouds? Things
with little sub-
stance to them
except in stormy
weather?* I look

at this again &
think that the
painting is no-
thing more than
a (center)piece

of flimsical whim-
whammery, a
sorbet glass
posed in a post-
card pastoral

setting that is just
too picture-per-
fect. I look at this
again & think: *this
makes me think.*

La Page Blanche

Centrifugal
in that it has
a center &
words fly
in all directions.

Gravitational
in that the
words are drawn
towards the center
as they cohere.

During &
after. There
is
no such
thing
as a blank
page.

The Life of Insects

Not something she really
cared about;
but global warming
was drying
up all the
hotpools, & this
was the only
one left, the last
chance to
immerse herself
in a lifestyle
she had always
been frightened of
but wanted to
try before
it died.

Une panique au moyen âge

for Kirsten Kaschock

Exuberance
is in an eye

much more be-
holden to the

magic of the
moment than

to the pattern
of the dance.

Reflections of Time

Emerged from
a spell of writing *A*
to the *Q* of an
email interview.
One unexpected
outcome was a

change in the type-
face I'd been using.
Used to be Verdana—
now it's Palatino
Linotype. If you
can't give your

words historical
importance then
the least you can
do is to make
them look a little
more attractive.

The Evening Gown

I am going through a lean
period. Words do not
make sense or hang
together the way they
should. At night I watch

the stars. They should be
easy to describe. A single
word, a simple phrase.
Instead they are all the
same even though I give

them separate names.
Thousands die by day.
They all have the same
name. Famine & firefights
in countries that were once

romantic, that poets passed
through on their way to
somewhere else. I read a-
bout them even though the
words do not make sense,

run together in a way they
should never do. Stars
do not come out. I give
the spaces separate names.
They are all anonymous.

Le Sourire du Diable

Oedipus might feel intimidated. A giant keyhole, a tiny key. But that's what happens when you run home to Mother, no matter whether she's the legendary subject of a da Vinci portrait

or the restoration of an earlier restoration of a heavy prog band out of Germany, known for the completely self-referential songs of the female lead.

[...not only to read the text & to look at the pictures but to fill the gap between the two with meaning – that is, to produce a plausible fiction that will relate them – then the key is to the keyhole as the text is to the pictures.]

Alain Robbe-Grillet:
La Belle Captive

Landscape

This was the year the
samba arrived in *La*
Côte d'Azur. Fashionably

late, as befits a traveler
with either a load of
baggage & a room to go

to, or else with just a
parasol & a promised
place beneath the palms.

A Poster Project for the Affiliated Unions of Belgian Textile Workers

Myra was tempted into the milieu of the sub-prime mortgage. World capitalism went into meltdown. Crisis resolution has since become extremely complex.

Grim door Of war

The Flowering Dogwood is sometimes treated as a separate genus. Shuttles are often made of wood from the Flowering Dogwood. Climb a bell tower to get up close.

For it was the war-time work

The filling yarn is carried through the shed of warp yarns to the other side of the loom by finger-like carriers called rapiers. A rapier loom is a shuttleless weaving loom, bending the political system at the center of the world economy.

Of the women Of the Brussels Lace Committee

Mule spinners' cancer is caused by the prolonged action of mineral oils on the skin of the scrotum. Shale oil was deemed to be the most carcinogenic.

That opened the way to me.

From 1911 to 1938, there were 500 deaths amongst cotton mule spinners but only three amongst wool mule spinners. How could sub-prime mortgages going sour turn into an aging population of skilled women?

Bobbin.

A stationary package of yarn is used to supply the weft yarns in the rapier machine.

Prince Charming

This piece is / a note on this piece.

She found it unicorned inside the
hiding-place of those animals
that did not make it onto the Ark.

The Beneficial Promise

Psychological research confirms the headline that the trillions of beneficial bacteria already in our intestines will strengthen privacy protections for the digital age. Not all such antipoverty efforts hit their mark; but down-home adages such as "real maple syrup shows promise in protecting brain health," when combined with the original concepts of kindergartens, reflect a truth in human development.

L'okapi

If he truly loves the woman
he must wear *anneaux ronds*
torsadés en laiton oxidé in a
section of town that still shows

fleeting moments of animal
behavior. It's a weathered,
crumbling place, made all
the more magnificent by

trackless centuries filled
with polished pop & striking
synths, & the towering masses
of the Virunga volcanoes.

A Taste of The Invisible

In this world of billions, we are told that the entire global economy essentially boils down to just two idealized people, a buyer & a seller. True theology

is not about the mistaken road or a cold evening in cardboard boxes. Think fresh pear, allocate taste descriptors—sweet, bitter, ripe, crunchy, peppery—but

any of those terms can equally be applied to many other unseen things. Macro or micro, there is a commonality—once out of sensory range, all things become invisible.

The postcard

Chère Georgette

The apple is full, & almost ready for eclipse. But the UV rays it gives off are intense, & I've been exposed to an overdose of them, simply by going out onto the balcony to see if the eclipse has started yet.

I should be wearing a hat, but a bowler is not the easiest thing to have on all the time. Maybe I should have bought one of those embroidered baseball caps that Donald Trump gets around in & brought it with me. With a different message, though. Nothing as gauche & inviting hubris as his hat has. Something simple, apt. Like "un objet rencontre son image."

Ton mari

René

Les objets d'art de René Magritte

a pair of diamante lorgnettes

birds that are birds, that are not birds, that are, sometimes,
something else

clouds stolen from the opening of *The Simpsons*

death masks

Edgar Allan Poe

Fantômas

Georgette. Naked Georgette. Clothed Georgette.
Incomplete Georgette. Always Georgette

horses' bells

inflamed euphoniums

jokes & jockeys

kiss. No, not the rock group but the Rodin sculpture. But
not the Rodin sculpture, only the space it fills

lost worlds

Martin Luther & the King of the Jews

neologism, or at least the attachment of new labels

open-toed boots

pleasure that the girl gets from eating a bird

quantum leaps

rendering the impossible possible

sacks that cover the lovers' heads

this is not an apple, nor a pipe, not even a piece of cheese

using speech to show how speech misleads

victory is what was hoped for in this break in the clouds,
even if they turned their backs on the war & the victory
came unseen

what lasts is how the lovers shared a space, not how they
looked at one another

x-rays of leaves, the skeletons of trees

"Your dialectics & your Surrealism *en plein soleil* are
threadbare," wrote André Breton.

"Sorry, Breton, but the invisible thread is on your bobbin,"
replied Magritte

Zeus. Anger. Hubris

La robe de l'aventure

Dermochelys coriacea, the leatherback turtle, does not have a carapace, looks like an overgrown okra pod with flippers & fins, but is the only thing that gives this scene the marine setting it probably is.

Other-wise is floating in the air, above a drowned *inconnue* who is / likewise out of water as well as in it, out-stretched on a beach & reaching up with her dancer's arms to form the mammal shape which has substance only after passing by them.

The Domain of Arnheim

It was Ellison who suggested they were prognostic of death.

Edgar Allan Poe: *The Domain of Arnheim*

Magritte's love for Poe is elsewhere evidenced by a painting titled after the *Imp of the Perverse*, & the appearance of Arthur Gordon Pym on the mantel-piece in *Not to be Reproduced*.

One of each of those; but this is one of nine variants — oil or gouache — that has the same title, painted across twenty eight years. Not to mention the guest appearance of the eagle & its nest in

several other paintings. Some doubt about the date of this version. I like to think was done near the end of the artist's life. May not be true but there are clues. A candle to light the way, & the way the bird is poised as

if for take-off, tearing itself out of a landscape it does not want anyone else's hand laid upon.

The Village of the Mind

is the product of medical science, manifested in its purest shape when a disease is new. This introduction of a virulent organism has been depicted as a triangle consisting of two episodes of new millennium TV & a contemporary yet timeless glass & metal occasional

furniture range that displays many of the empirical phenomena associated with predator-prey relationships. Global extinction forces languages to change. The world's population of insect pollinators is nearing a critical point. Not even time to lay out the winding sheets.

Force of Habit

The sky flies
behind a gilded
bird inside a
cage which sings
imprisoned in
an apple. *Und*
so weiter; until
one hits the wall

the painting is
fixated on. &
then the house
outside of which
the painter. No-
thing else is real.

The Finery of the Storm

Since many of the big
players these days
are using AI to boost
customer loyalty &
subsequent revenue,
it's not surprising

that every guitarist,
at some point, has
their sound modified
by a distortion gen-
erated by an area
of machine learning.

The Revealing of the Present

The present is a house that
has only windows. A thin
roof. No rooms. The sun
is cut in half by a cloud
passing across its face, re-

calling Bunuel. Is that a
pond with flowers in it? I
walk down to pick some,
carry them inside. The past is
a finger testing &/or tasting

the light. Elsewhere a cloud
passes across the moon. The
present is a vase of flowers in-
side a house surrounded by a
garden made foggy by autumn.

Memory

The apple has
rolled down the
bas-relief & left a
stain. Or maybe the
sculpture has wept
tears of blood &

dried them with
the apple. I can't
recall what really
happened. Perhaps
a sip of water might
refresh my memory.

Le Palais des Souvenirs

This hotel should be shut down.
Blood keeps dripping on to

the bathroom floor, so much
of it it spills over & stains the

mesa which it rides above. A
man in a car outside our rooms

plays Mexican music at high
volume until well after mid-

night. When I complain, he
brings me funeral flowers.

Popular Panorama

Escheresque. Is there such a word? The top definition of *crapaud*, a word characterized by

explorations of infinity, architecture, & tessellation, is toad or frog. Jigsaw pieces as far as

the eye can see. Each is folded in half & the folded edges are placed together. Hidden in

the basement, remixed with a forest, & topped by the sea. Visible from a t-shirt. Fit for a paradox.

La Part du Feu

In no particular order, the clues are a carrot, an egg, & a glass of some unknown liquid, vin or vinegar, it's not clear. In no particular order, raindrops keep falling from the ceil-

ing, a candle halos but provides no light — though an external light source casts a compressed shadow of the housekeeper on to the carpet. In no particular order, Hercule Poirot, as played by

David Suchet — who isn't — is dead, the housekeeper maintains not a vigil but a pretense of life within the room, hard to tell if the egg is hard-boiled, easy to see the detective isn't.

The Discovery of Fire

a bass horn catches a light
a bass hor atches a gh
a bas h r tc es a g
bas h c es
as h es

Wreckage of the Shadow

Renaissance is alive &
thriving this year. No-
thing else to touch it for
style or energy. Disassembled
birds—hallucinatory, peri-

lous as a minefield—set
faces to grimace, then set
out to create epic doom
metal albums from flat
unpolished non-metal

surfaces that carry no
images of the world
around yet still reflect
the importance of set-
ting up a *mise-en-scène*.

The Connivance

Today was the
day I'd put aside
for Patagonian tooth-
fish, but overfishing
by illegal longliners
has rendered them
commercially extinct

so all I can
do now
is cast
some
short
lines
into

the ocean & re-
mind them they
probably would have
lasted longer if
they'd continued
to be known as
Chilean Sea Bass.

Total: 0

Having been told that
the next digital revolution
would come about by
finding a cornerstone to

act as a key to decode
your name, then trans-
posing those numbers
onto your face so as to

explore your relationship
with your spirit animal,
Magritte tried it out &
came up with nothing.

[Untitled]

We have seen parts
of this before. The

sleeper in his capsule
hotel, dreams keeping

him suspended above
a familiar meteorite

from which the
landscape stays its

distance, in thrall to
the gravitational pull.

The Art of Living

The rave was all that
was promised. Music in
various colors, smoke
of various sorts, a
subsequent disconnect

between limbs & mind —
while at the same time
both feel amazingly
intertwined. Living in
La La Land isn't
art, it is artifice.

The Silvered Chasm

The e-library	charges
me \$42 for	a 24 hour
pass to access	any
single steam	punk
novel. They	do not
usually take	me
long to read;	but
this one has	a serious
tension to it,	that boils
its way to eat	my walls
away. It melts	crowbars, has
peeled the eyes	from the jester
bilboquets & left	them pasted
to a nearby	plinth. The now
revealed bells	ring out in
horror. I can	not look
away. The	steampunk novel
remains unfinished	reading. \$42
PayPalled for	another day.

The Song of the Sirens

I am waiting for the Prince
of Ithica to pass by. My

weapons for the skirmish are
lined up behind me. A glass

of water to wet the throat
should stronger singing

be required. The candle is a
lighthouse in reverse, as an

attraction not a warning. A
leaf to augment the wreath.

The stone wall to keep me up-
right when he embraces me.

(Untitled Collage, c. 1926)

Eyeballs drone across the
sky at regular intervals.
Occasionally they fall. Still
see nothing. Or, if they do,
it does not register. The

bird on wings of song has
escaped its cage, lies flat
upon a table. A 1920s
flapper thinks the cage is
an apartment block, looks

for an empty one to live in.
The sky is a sandy shade
of ambergris. It may not be a
bird. Whales swim by. They
sing. In an unknown register.

L'Écuyère

There's a nursery rhyme I part
remember. Something about
riding a cock-horse to Banbury
Cross, to see a fine lady upon
a white horse. Perhaps that's
what's happening here. The
young girl, now dismounted
from her mother's knee, has
turned her back on the white
horse & the lady in — though
clothed — Godiva pose. Is per-
haps contemplating the cubism
of the tombstone that her body
has become, the tumbled straight-
edged landscape, the upright
dwellings, the church beyond.
Is that Banbury Cross? she may
be wondering. Which way is the
lady facing as she rides along?

Oasis

The stillness of death
ranges over this vast
plain. I am at a cross-
road in my contiguous
physical map; any
therapy seems only
to have adverse effects.

The shape of the time
interval is less recogniz-
able, imposes limitations
on the raster & vector
datasets already open for
business just across the
street from the condo

development. 95% of
all cats will become
ecstatically attached to
any thing hollow or over-
hanging. Whole kernel
corn right out of the
can is a treat for catfish.

Le Musée du Roi

The man is the night-light left on to make the dark seem less frightening. He is outlining a way through or, maybe, a way out. All it takes is an oversized horse's bell; is used as balance, needs a granite block wall to rest upon.

*

The hills stretch away in rows, into the blue, each row a different degree of darkness, on one of which, neither fore- nor background, sits a chateau. It is the only man-made thing contained within the Museum of the King — though doubt has been cast upon the provenance of the nose.

Le Coeur du Monde

~~Five~~ Four
unicorns. One
died in the
making of
this piece
of the poem.

*

Later he read
to her. She
listened
in braille. A
unicorn caught
its horn in
the holes
on the page
& broke its
neck trying
to get free.

*

No primer, so
eventually
the beta
carotene bled
through the
whitewash. Nothing
so sad as a
donkey with

a carrot on its
head at a 75°
angle while
its dick
hangs limp.

*

One
unicorn left.
One unique horn.

*

In & of it-
self unaugmented; but
the box it comes
in is quite decorative.
&, anyway, there is
always something
striking about
a dead unicorn.

Collage

hand / men / curtain

one of the best
hairstyles a man
could sew by hand
was a hypocrite of
great proportions

curtain / sphere / sea

embellish your window
treatments with a clown
fish & a sea anemone, or a
symbiotically bound glass
collection from west elm

men / sea / sphere

Nine geometricall exercises,
for young sea-men, &
others that are studious. I
knew it behoved me to
drop at once. Far below me.

sphere / hand / sea

keep starboard (green)
NGOs are acting as subjects
of a global institutional culture
the dino sphere is the novelty
bio-kit of the future

The Bathers

Elsewhere it was the Weimar Republic, where elephants paraded & a Zeppelin as likely as a stork to go flying overhead. We would go bathing, away from the municipal pools where the Nazis were starting to set up their "swimming clubs." Found them distasteful. More to our liking the outdoor lidos like the Strandbad Wannsee where we could go naked & nobody minded. Which is where Leni Riefenstahl saw us, saw in us the prototype of what she could flesh out when the time was right. Calisthenetics as political exemplar of the purity of the race. Of which we unwitting, unaware. Later ashamed.

The Voice of Space

Not how I would have preferred to spend my time. But when The World asks you to take a turn around the lawn after lunch how can you turn the invitation down. Forwent the siesta expecting insight & the exposition of an ideal set of corporate goals. Instead subjected to an egotistical list of mergers, takeovers, strategic alliances, & plays that have no other purpose than an exercise of personal power. So sad to find The World is just another business that is run by men.

Variante de la Tristesse

Chaotic day-
dreams. Entropic
nightmares. She left &

went uptown. The bus
was full of particulate
matter in which she

recognized fragments
of her own amino
acid chain.

Ika Loch's Bordello

Her speciality is to assume positions in which she holds up to the consumer a smaller version of herself which holds a smaller version of herself which holds etc. Seen from one side it might seem she is reducing her exposure or possibly offering optional extras. But Magritte quite

often shows reflections in reverse, sees things from behind as it were. Which means instead of demeaning herself she is actually posing this way to gradually impose herself by growing larger & eventually dominate the space around. So, no reaction from the front, but the building at the back is obviously excited by it all.

The Harvest of the Clouds

I am releasing My Oil of Joy
over you. Things are in
our favor this year. Sugary
sweet with a little tang.

The resource becomes scarce.
Solar panels can only take
energy capture so far. The
bezels are much smaller

than those on many phones.
Literal rivers can cross the
dimensions. Mimic what they're
trying to build. Source code

or keyboard input is displayed
as entered. The filmroll is eight
pixels taller than in the other
versions. The harvest is done.

La Connaissance Absolue

Two nights ago, on the
TV news, vision of dust
storms in the dry center
of the continent, sweeping
pinkly towards the sea.
Now they have reached

it, & brought some solid
stuff along as well. The
bird is puzzled by it all.
He's *au fait* with classical
physics; but quantum
theory is a stone too far.

The signs of evening

Night approaches. Upright,
uptight, the painting that
divides crepuscular &
corrugation bursts its banks.

Too much to contain, that
the same day has different
times in different places.
Maybe even a different

season as some kind of fruit
is falling. It rolls out of that
picture & into this. Gravity
strikes. Plus globalization.

No sign of source identity.
Confusing. This time of day.

René Magritte & Ursula LeGuin encounter one another

As
Ursula Le-
Guin once wrote

Un objet rencontre son image, un objet
rencontre son nom. Il arrive que l'image et
le nom de cet objet se rencontrent .



the word for
world is
forest.

L'Ange Migrateur

*Mi sono sentito come
una barca sbattuta
da tante parole. I felt
like a boat slammed
by so many words,
even though this is
mare nostrum, our sea.*

There was an error
when communicating
with the Annotation
Service. It was 52mm
in diameter, made of
steel, & considered
hazardous — that's

all that was known
about it. No changes
that occur at a specific
altitude have been made
to the original text. No
drive for respiration
in response to the sep-

aration of head, the
skewering of body to a
convenient table. We
cannot carry on as
before & wait for the
weather to improve. How
do birds find their way?

The Age of Marvels

The abdomen is ex-
orcised & filled with
clockwork. It is another
deconstruction, like
the distraught easel,

unlike the painting on
the easel which is care-
fully constructed & ready
to receive an occupant
in the coming week.

La Fenêtre de Mélusine

No man permitted to see
her in her bath. & yet here
she is with a menhir watching
over her. The open air is not
her natural element, but
night — & the ewer of water
nearby for safety — allows
her to partake of it. So, she

kicks her serpent tail away
& offers the promise of her
future self up to it, that
full moon riding on or in
her belly evidence of the
shapeshifting still to come.

Nocturne

Everything seems in a
state of flux. The model in
this scenario effects
a reduction in uncertainty. The
result? An equivalent period
will be deducted from
the time it takes the house to
burn. So, to escape,
the bird must venture
along the borders of chaos
& hope neither bilboquet
nor curtain falls upon it.

The Poetic World

Now that interactive kiosk projects are breaking up on the beaches, & gay couples no longer have concerns about big business gaining a stranglehold over ephemera sales, let's put on another silly dance track & direct our attention toward the need for a retirement income from something outside the stock market.

The Roof of the World

I am lost, though the street signs tell me I'm at the corner of Main & Forthright. This is a part of—uptown? downtown? out of town?—I do not recognize. There is traffic on the roadway, people walking there, bodies decorated with model cars that encase their waists, obeying the traffic directions, the lights, the speed signs. There is a separate lane for pedal cars. The sidewalks are paved with astroturf.

The Perfume of the Abyss

Incorrect to talk of the
food chain as if it were
a single entity. Absence
blots people out. Others
emerge, elements of a
sense of guilt that is
sometimes offered up
as a straight radiant,
sometimes as the center-
piece of a *vesica piscis*,
the fish's bladder favored
by some religions. The
abyss is redolent of each
& every aspect — or
would be if someone were
there to be aware of them.

The Explanation

Father is discarded, is dying, may even be already dead. Freud sits at the prestige table offering up thanks to Sophocles, thinking that without the help of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, he may not have even managed to get a seat at the table nearest to the kitchen. Mother has another drink, says to her son: "Now I have the carrot & the stick in one." Son: "*In vino veritas*. Fuck you, Mother."

Magritte

ran
second in
the Rockhampton Cup.



Might
have won
except the jockey



left the course
& got
lost.

Les surprises et l'océan

There is a head shaped
like an ear that carries with-
in it a magic mirror that
may or may not hear, but
offers a diffident aspect

of the ocean. A woman in
a little black dress carries
it as she waits for dinner
to be served. The narrow
pyramids of sand are there

to snack on if she gets hung-
ry, fretting for her date to
arrive. Who may surprise her.
The sea is fairly flat, seems
perfect for galloping in on.

Les verres fumés

In a time of turbid
media & a weakened
economic outlook, this
display of stone tools
was put together. We
struggled with the
structure, were divided
over whether, with
the data sets that were
available, we portrayed
a goddess of resurrection
& rebirth or Fanon's dictum
that colonialism doesn't
come to an end with the
declaration of political
independence. Both
would require dark glasses
for their viewing. The one
because the brightness
blinded, the other so we
wouldn't see our shame. In
the end we compromised,
put both together, some-
what incomplete. Are pre-
paring a plaque which reads:
"Will be a lifelong pity if
having visited Tiger Hill
you did not visit Gödel."

The Gun

An object
is not so
attached

*le terminus
œil de triton
miasme*

to its
name
that another

*la girafe
éternité
le tronc d'arbre*

one more
suitable
cannot

*ce cavalier
campagne
philosophique*

be found
to take
its place.

*la liste
lambiner
le canon.*

The Denizens of the River

The exteriors are thoughtfully designed, the branding concepts unique. Much use of plays on words. Artillery shells gathered from the river, clothes that floated by in an illumination of floodlights, the occasional limb

artificially placed or worn as necklace. Gloved fingers rehearse the future journey on a globe of trackless water. Then the plunge, & kick to the groyne across the river.

The Message to the Earth

This is the evidence. It is presented in a frame so there is distance between the audience & the objects they are observing. The sponge was probably white. Now thrown to earth / its blood vessels broken / stain has taken over. & petrified. Is front of stage, before the curtain, behind which wires can be seen. Would be wrong to think they were there for telegraphy — come from, go to, nowhere. Part of a disquieting display which leaves dimensions disturbed, connections ambiguous. The tableau is the message, is whatever one makes of it. But underneath it says: *We are here already. You just need to learn the language to understand that.*

Les Jeunes Amours

Not all European artwork focuses on Friday night shopping or offers economic incentives for improving the supply chain. Certainly it has been known to promote products from famous *parfumeurs*, or use monocled vamps who smoke a particular brand of cigarettes. Things

not for the young, who are often gripped by poverty. Though, as Aristotle said, have learnt the use of trinkets as metonymy. Throw colored balls up into an air where they shouldn't exist. Then bring them down as apples.

La traversée difficile

The eye model presented is the stuff of legends, a stylistically pleasing & emotionally useful device in which is embedded a sonar sensor ultrasonic rangefinder that can detect objects up to many kilometers away. Can't always identify what they are, though. Thinks what we see as a storm-battered square rigger might be a mere rough stake, or a piece of shapeless wood, or even an expensive delicate ship, escaped from some other Museum of Fine Arts, that has somewhere to get to & sails calmly on.

Hélas! tout est abîme wrote Baudelaire — all is abyss. Magritte agrees; but takes time out to populate it with such things as bells & flowers & night. There are crenelated towers that poise periously on the edge, whether to observe what's happening below or unable to prevent themselves from sliding down into it. & then the perfume that he adds. Some form of deception? Or to provide an undercurrent, a backing track, to those words of Nietzsche — if you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you?

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