



The Opacity of Frosted Glass

Gautam Verma

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I

The Opacity Of Frosted Glass

but it's not the fault of signs
that they mislead

our powers of interpretation rest
in what we already know

desire so neither breath nor vision

desire so neither fulfillment

so spilled over into dreams

hills on the horizon all blue
silhouette

a frozen ocean

meanwhile

leaves brittle ticking in trees
& the nectarines rotting

3 a.m. & the bedsprings creaking

of a whittling be reminded

caught or spun in threads of spittle

a pulse in the house

seen from without

as though a translucence of walls

wanting less so withheld

diacritical mark of the moon
in lunar lands

cape

the bells toll at six o'clock
the opacity of frosted glass

by diffusion of images
desire lives

line's thrust into the page
(not this – written across)

enigma of the purely words

to see “cat in contemplation of the floor”

by the way it's both
the refuse of the world

night has begun to close its windows and doors
night has begun to shut-shop

lights at the end of the thread

so drawn out to an end

& we'll have it to do all over again

rent by a moment's indiscretion

Gleanings

from photographs, this:

the image stream

for the photographer wrests the arrested gaze

& times & so

I saw them caught

“The air of a face – R.B.

*

or the photograph of a tree & a woman
in the branches

so mist draws blue sky down to the earth

*

as odor is a door

neither latch nor lever

so margins unhinge

“and there’s no way [into] or out of it” – R.D.

*

but there's no mind in the matter
so it's inert

*

an old man w/ very large very beautiful
hands as though orchestrating it all

*

in increased degrees of urgency
in a scene of absence

*

& from behind the screen faces of the chorus like
letters of another still familiar unknown language

*

so pass-age-s

the still here's already

no more

*

impatience, as with a loss of faith

*

to all the words: meticulous

to even the least / last ones a chance

*

lives like a scavenger upturns all the bins

*

cyrillic, coptic, greek, arabic, aramaic, sanskrit,

*

all things in the blue in light
of angles gleaned

Passage from Him to Her, & Here

horizon's horizontal

no matter how

slowed down

the image

the least

metaphorical object(s)

*

bodies disperse

in mirrored words

in mirror's

summary space

w/out summation

*

a taste (salt!) in mouth

*

in time's trace, of itself

image, ~~em~~

body: the memory

*

a scrim of trees in otherwise

ordinary *crystalline embroidery*

*

from the rib of sleep

her rub's under the skin

a thing in negative

haunted &

haunting

exposed to the light

a sickness of day(s)

*

ever
~~even~~ after awake

Tremble (*a fringe of rain*)

chance draws *the slender thread*
from one door to a next

*

wanted to say
spring but stands
so wide open
light floods the
breach and the day-
bleached images

*

what one expected to see one saw
and still the dazzle of new green was

such color as happiness

*

takes it up again, lets it rest

*

Is the rain rueful having whiled away another
afternoon?

*

at the limit perimeter & principal

*

& still stood still
in lake-opaque surfaces

*

“liquid-shadow sentences” – D.F.

narrative like constellation

to know it anew a name
prose meditation

*

*woke this morning to a woman crying – – cried & cried
walked this evening by the river side*

stopped here

no place like it

& every other

*

in – medias – res

immediate,

at rest

*

a thing ongoing & unbeknownst

a new thing beginning there

*

his or whose, hers or theirs, yours, mine,

who cares – –

*

a fringe of rain

in window frame

“a trembling fringe of prose” – E.H.

*

all the teeming points of time

RIDDLED & RIDDLING IN THE RAIN

written into every
crack & every crevice & every corner

*

stood before the open door
was not free to enter

*still chained to
his story*

Gift To Give

dreams of an ascension

*

piece by piece a new knowledge

of infinity

*if it's the infinite you see, is it
the infinite looks backs at you*

*

on the mirror's other side

found nothing

*& of what this nothing that sees that breathes & do we
see it breathe it in return*

*

or to put it all another way:

there are two *deaths*.

the one that belongs (*to time*)
& the one that doesn't

*

death

the absurd

word – R.G.

does not signify

*

oh to pass through the gate
where nothing's different
& everything changed

*

limit is & hasn't one

oh man of your future or of your past
fallen to the things of the world

thought-objects
but not thought
objects

Happiness, twice: when all scintillas of false beginnings catch
and the page alight & at the end, again, the final formal version
fleeting (ashes...) for then it is that one is truly empty handed

*

stands and against it

*makes the gift of
nothing to give*

II

Graffiti

“till all is margin warm & flat” – L.H.

BLUE NOTES 🎵 🎵 🎵

The Night Wrote

**SOME DEEP BLUE
TO SINK INTO**

SWIMMING FIGURE
SINKING FIGURE
SWIM

**History usurps our voices the poem
would like to speak for itself does
it speak in the voice of History?**

LISPS IT WITH HIS ILLICIT LIPS

LOOK!  THE COOL HAND

TOMORROWS STORMS

TODAY

PAGES
SPACES
IN THE BOOK
OF OVER

OF STONE
OF STEEL
STREETS
TURNING

BETWEEN

OFF-WHITE & WHITE
DIVIDE

ABOUT YOU

HAVE I BEEN SILENT
ALL THE WHILE

SEMINARY

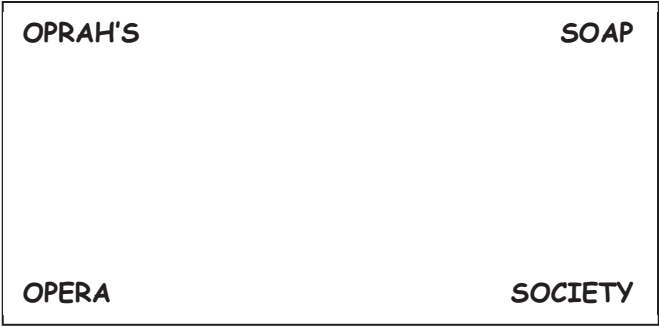
SEMINAR

IN SEMINAL DISSEMINATION

**A SEMEN
AMEN**

THESE STANZAS ON THE ROOM

**The world celebrates itself being
mediocre celebrates its own medi
ocrity**





SPELLS THE STAIN OF NO ONE'S NAME

If Torture, Pillage & Plunder

The Letters Served & Sentenced Here

UNHOUSE THE WORDS

EXPOSE

TO WIND & WEATHER

WAIT
ING
FOR
TOD
LIKE
A
DOG

III

Chiasmus / Chasms

i. chiasmus / chasms

the unknown)

X marks

the spot

tell-tale sign

material letter (literal matter)

aphasia

piece

a grand design

a frieze of time

outlive us all

& will be dust

l'éphémère, l'éternel – G.P.

here

no more
here

ever after

cross ~~out~~ over

road meets ave.(anew)
at the crosswalk

o meets x

*s
i n t e r
c
t
s*

cross your t dot your i
cross your heart hope to die

at the dream interstice

ex
it
out

took great pains to get her
s/he in this together

at the crosshairs of imagination

chiasmus/chasms

ii. the synchronous / the diachronic

a tangle of lines (tangent incident)
in the rendering mind

the future-past
passing at a point

empty redemptive

cross

section cut from the daily torque

across the board

& are not all

simultaneous thus

are contemporary – A.R.

are contemporaries – E.P.

AN EVENT & ITS DATE BEING CO-
INCIDENTAL – S.K.

stars in constellation

ages diverse light years

apart

exerts

a trompe-l'oeil fascination

iii. now / here

an Ozu space

*solved &
dissolve*

here as elsewhere (*qui è altrove*)

where-as now here

nowhere

**a black
hole into the x-
world [bursts] – E.S.**

says: *this we have as having*

a shave, a shower

its nothing h(ours)

catalogue of

logistics, lists

score the sheet

the edged objects

names admit

You cannot write like yourself (you can only write like others). For in your approach to writing it is you who are receding. In your writing it is precisely you who are absconding

iv. x / w

along lines of flight
histories of our amorous lives

light in the room a natural
element she lays herself

back *from cheek to clavicle*
soft flush of her breasts

he rests against
he moves against

his weight against
her thigh

“& what were you to him?”

& when you have learned all you can about him:

his reasons, his motivations. his name was. he died because.

what then --

“the instructions are on the label”

in the cross connection

you divine the line

horizon:

in t(w)o as the one (who stood beside you)
was reflected back in the pool

so ex is a double you
too

In Cimmerian Winter

in cimmerian winter

a lassitude, a fever

as arrival's the place

before the beginning & after

the end

so every homecoming's departure too



Bio:

Gautam Verma was born and grew up in Bombay, India, before spending several years at various Universities in the States. Since 2002 he has lived in Piacenza, Italy, where he teaches English. He has previously published five e-chaps “Tombs”, “In Ladakh”, “Days Dreams” and “The Lines” from *Shearsman* and “Soundings” from *BlazeVox*.

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Gautam Verma's *The Opacity Of Frosted Glass* (2011)

The e-books/books can be found at
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POETRY

The Opacity of Frosted Glass is a gathering, an accumulation – bits & scraps, snippets like photographs – acts of attention, the attentiveness perhaps of words themselves, tangential, a glint as they glance-off the sides of the world. . . . A writing in the margins then – summary, distillation, white spaces, an evanescence – and the slender thread that draws from one line to the next.

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