

I.

Carbon:

time

and again

you rejoin

there was a life

and you resist

bear

II.

The wind makes for empty spaces in your ear

The airload shifts its weight across the pressure bars:

We're that uneasy on the surface of the earth,
Falling back on human claims

A step in your heart, it comes with you and
Bends with the wind.
I do want it and head for the post.

So far it comes with you and you name it friend,
The span bursting in relief
at some distance

III.

Go forth and divide: what an absurd song, it stinks
In the ear, dwindles and swells as the track narrows
Behind us, lifting away from a gathering spoor.
Slumber is riddled with understanding, something
Like rhythm rises from the breaks as what happens
Passes in between us and never does take place.

From the breach in the strong, such honey. How it gluts
With promise, spewed out into the cells for future
Restoration. Smear in the wound, sealing it heals,
They say, smothering the gash with limpid amber.
Their voices extol the limpid, separating
What it is you want as if the dance but rendered.

Your voice tacks the broken steps, is small through the din,
Declining southward on a rumour of amber.
And would fall out into clear crystals, but that it
Changes again as a tinctured finger warmed up
The purple dust into a violet mist, filming
The glass with silver in an abrupt change of state.

IV. "The wind makes....", reprise (alternative version)

The wind makes for empty spaces in your ear

The airload shifts its weight across the pressure bars:

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Falling back on human claims

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Track V: Intermezzo: "Transfigurations"
Piano solo, no text

VI.

Hey, poet, say, what is it you're at? I make space
As in Matera, in the midday sun, dwellings
Step back from a white noise. Space rends like a split pod,
Shaking out the precious spoor on the arena,
Not a random squeak troubles the arrival, time
And again a like flock motions some constellation.

Hey, poet, what are you getting at? Honey spreads
Like the swarm sips from his parting lips, a rumour
Leaks through the components as an odorous snatch:
Riddle re me, riddle re me, she comes too late,
She speaks awry, and what she asks is where you've been,
And what you speak is where she ends and turns again.

She speaks ajar, the aggregate asunder: render
The cacomeme babble towards the fourth star,
Form resists and saps you along a further limb,
Music drifts out on the draught, notes let loose tumble
From the keys and through the frame. From off the level
The piano planes over an azure expanse.

VII.

The onion tears. Pare back
address
to the encore.

From a charged air
you split.

Out it must
the door ajar

VIII.

It is the hard lust to outlast

The live drill etches a line from the plate

It burrs like a morning bell

You render the image, yourself still

wrapped, gave me the lift

Taking off from you across the room

half drawn to look back

It is the daylight folding up at the edges.

The bulb wastes itself before dark.

IX.

snow from the east

danger and saving

under one blanket

one love

out of many