

TRANSLATING TRANSLATING APPOLLINAIRE
vis-à-vis bp

SOLEIL

the sun rolls off my back

cou

coupe

the snow falls into the world

cold

put yr boots on an yr toque

wax wing's brittle

older

into the world a little

leaf

from the sky

sky

from the sky



OPENING UP TO YOU

opening up to you,

 baby

I thought we'd dance across the floor

always try to keep available they say

those others

the ones with perfume in the Massachusetts air

behind^dthem

 (imagine it will you

I say lets go

and then I can't

but you, you're gone

on a sea of smell

puffed out in front of yourself

spinnaker

making for the "new" world.



got those sorrel leaves in mouth

taste of rock as root deep down

underneath as mineral water brought to leaf

huge mirrors that glass the colour, silver

remembering a place east of yourself

 (old lakes)

the memory view is

one after another glacial rivers milk as sorrel outwash

green leaf sediment eyes horizon mount

saint helen's hair and taste of years to surface



Caught looking. Throat thinking. Things feeling out three numbers when it all goes, sits whenever you look for it, open the door, or up by the creek, Cottonwood Creek, the sluice things remember terms how many not years except all those other things (I mean items intact) exactly as years the branch off a maple for a new bow, twigs and seasons memory of western Kootenays numbers all stuck at the moment when the whole hillside town and lifetime work people looking makes not sense but simply awareness and surprise spring.



Relation speaks. Tree talks hierarchy loop subject returns. Knowledge a bag of things to be changed later to knowledge. Statement of instructions horoscope Kenkyusha language read reading out of order in order it speaks to itself so that the feed picked up lists things and complete branches/worlds end there.



Your hands are so old. Numbers 43 23 82 looking ahead. Numbers out of our new year now you. Complete age. Held so often sitting beside you on a sofa, on a bus, in a boat on a lake on a beach on a hot afternoon. Hands so old. The “inging” of a life like an arrow. Flesh counts. Numbs our eyes and hair grows on our bodies year to year out of age only. We love us. Your hands old.



TWO LICKS AT "a" -9

remembered lots singled
 a late colour
 fall
 truth (on the mountainside)
 now know
 the other side
 so that parts, pieces, regions, or ones
 from here to there, or there
 nothing
 ranges far enough
 or is equal to, say, death
 essentially always a choice
 at love
 one exchanges

part of it's memory
 the real body forming
 the pieces
 from thought's ideas
 names names, fixed
 the heart, "a lip's change produces"
 at the core
 thinking, thinking
 to see a place, and
 in part dig into it
 perched in the eye
 splendid effects
 considerations (landscapes)
 the thing itself

