Listening in Poppies

Dorota Czerner

listening as I speak as I hear
a sound, listening I remember
to a sound of an image
as I reach for the center freckles
of shaping ~ of the wind ~
of what is becoming or scales of
what scarlet first
maybe only a stain that breaks off
a~flowering breath from my listening
before ever~ready a thought comes to a pause
before its own self~reflection ~ to fall out with
the recognition of itself
as a form, a shadow, the illusion
previous to any language of substance
a nub in yarn ~

Poppies I remember
I’m already holding onto
with fear (of this new thick soup
of chaos) freckles of the wind
and expectation
again in readiness or scales
to jump on to the next vibration
of a red~flowering breath of sound
or dazzling ever~ready light, poppies
I feel swell in small fibrous protrusions,
the illusion opening
with substance from the first gesture
across the space~ A simple vocabulary
each carrying a potential of movement
to chip off something read through like
a swirling spark of their frail mouths an utterance

(I’m still only groping, grasping, held open
to this crawling in the dark a ripple
at a threshold a ripple
of layered opacities in the shadows
now humming to myself) ~
Yet it is not lifting me quite
enough to hear up in order to tame, to get
emplaced there, maybe not even
at the point when within the radiant blush I try
to move by sticking to
where of satin petals I am
moment by moment aglow
yes now aglow now
wrapped into vocabulary of movement
this spindle~shaped bundle
that is read beginning to weave
a nucleus through
their frail fabric mouths of sound imagined ~
mouths of satin petals ~
a heavy new hearing held open
to a ripple a thought
in the shadows, thought of Poppies spoken

outward, across the boundaries

a voice

suspended in silence of time
a moment of depth with speed
releasing resonance
a skin~
drum that begins to spin red circles
pulled taut, a space where Being
in front of my eyes nears its bare surface
stretched
quivers

about wordlessness

the experience mute of every sensation
going off yet shimmering, sealed
beneath my own silent self
spread with their bloom
the way a whale~wave is projected to match,
sustain the desire
over the plateau of an ocean and density
of this space opening first
then falling back

to intensify all or wax the sense of the Self, both in isolation and connectedness to the Other the way to the image

a reassurance of sweet unripe seed that I ~ a voice echoed ~ continue to exist that survived absorption of in somewhere Other than I the voice the voice transcending a horizon of everything that I would take to be “maki...”

as is or just so, a cell

this here is efflorescence hardened from the sun’s chemistry alive now and under its influence the distinction between the intention and the display of appearances dissolves somehow so able to show, unshow all its loveparts all being one event leaving a centrifugal awareness of speaking, a stem

along which chromosounds migrate

as I lay there, warming myself in this fire, myself a thread between solutions super-saturated Language

to the opposite ends of a figure surfacing:
“że maki”
“są, że maki”

“są maki, że”

pre–language, pre–objects for crystals
not quite what, to grow around, yet what
they may or almost are

interpenetrating, branching out, multi–stratal

“..........maki są tak.......”

sensations now enfolded, twice fastened
to the sound in self, within running patterns becoming
a succession of Myselves, eating away
at becoming, sounding the gum
bleeding somewhere between the envelopes
of a twofold cloak through
everything that spans over the direct me
together with sound the feeling, experiencing me
dotted sewn through the time–continuum,
swarming on to the face of the real
now becoming, now language becoming me
as speaking is as is identity made own
traced in various voicings

a flower
that swallows
the pleasure of surrendering

unpredictable but already involved in
a metamorphosis from the unknown
to familiar, being in/
/out birthed image events encrypted in word events
being in, the second figure prefigured
in the first encrypted
in what/ being out “I am a memory coin,
flipped”: word–image, flipped: it–me,
being, and at every stage both expressing
both the pleasure of watery pulsation being
birthed from color heard birthed as much as furthering of the sense recollected then transferred “poppies I remember” as my individual signing of being “freckles of the wind” onto the fabric of this, this language, the immanence of sense “a simple vocabulary of movement” roaming off in the arborescence of meaning myself psychedelic elided between “their frail shadows” the folds articulated from there on ~

Origins and chronology:

I. October 2003. I first encounter Benjamin Boretz’s thought in the form of a single ribbon of a music moving through several pages of ARGUMENT, Part II of “Language, as a Music.”

II. February 2004. Beginning to get more and more familiar with the score of (“... my chart shines high where the blue milk’s upset ...”) as I’m memorizing it, and playing for myself.

III. February/March 2004. In parallel with ongoing sessions with Ben’s piano music (but also in response to Ben’s suggestion of my writing a text whose expression would be strictly framed by “thinking, that is, intellectual utterances,” to the exclusion of any conscious usage of a sensual image), I compose a dia–phonic poem “Listening in Poppies”—a personal take on poetic image, voice and its utterance, emergence and articulation of sound, or language identity, within an experience of music.

IV. In 2005–2006 I record and begin to edit with Russell C. Richardson a video piece transporting the two voices of “Poppies” into a visual medium. The resulting video performance was originated and edited by Russell in 2006. The soundtrack was recorded and composed at Open Space with the help of Ben Boretz. The piano performance of the music is by Michael Fowler, Open Space CD 18.

V. The opening fragment of “Poppies” can be viewed on The Open Space Web Magazine: http://the–open–space.org/boretz–czerner–richardson/