

## Euphoric Recall

*"The present has become  
a circle... formed about a soft core,  
a core of lava, of liquid or viscous glass"*  
- Gilles Deleuze

However the treatment

mania flowers

for the crystal sutures thaw  
under fuchsia rapture

magenta leant in one direction  
slenders green another

fox-cloud  
cunning hush

radiate an earth

\*

Sudden summer tavern door :

one blind knurl there beady from the lintel  
met by petty spit

Please that it was this

the hill-crest beyond the phoenix  
crown that rose through buried light

slow gold music  
sluiced inclusions  
fused in sovereign troves

and the long-term harm on eyes  
compounded to a sweet tone

Please that it was  
Please that it was

the mealy light set honest remembrance

\*

Overcome by images  
milked in the dreamery and thanks for its warm pliance

Please that it was

bathed in wave upon wave of fine stria

sleek stoat-corner loneliness  
hunted lantern-dust down

fast in molten pine-swallowed gossamer

a trapped surge that lapped to flower  
billows at whispering threads

Please that it was  
the kiss of these tendrils fed  
at least one coze of intimate lowings  
zeniths hid

\*

Cross-legged and nodding  
into grace the slim grass brisked  
brow-shadow brittle  
flush to the tips

Please that it was  
Please that it was this  
else not

\*

warmeyeswarmeyesyes

a small breeze frisking the ciliate

Please that it was  
rays  
dazed lashes split and made  
a ladder up teeter of tansies

warm of course and please that it was  
balanced so and scaled

\*

One broad tabby slid  
whiskers on small mint  
revved a warm larynx  
like a pisan lynx  
cider cloud-ridder  
(please that it was this)

\*

How the fixed lights in glee mimic  
orbits  
the tilt that puts them to it

the stagger the reel

the floss lengths when  
the gulps distend  
the hollow

please that it was  
against what followed

\*

The gloam-blue twig-bleed gore and flow  
through falling throes beyond inclusion

where amber lies bright obliterate

amber lies

rhapsodic

lies at the wing-root dragonflies  
in resinous pressure caught mid-hurtle brace against the berm

a ghost-fossil the pineal will  
not rid in lyric

\*

Lies in the dot-blaze

Lies in the sot-blitz

Lies in the medium –  
Nothing called

no voice in the wine nor song through the laurels  
an everfull auburn moon pitched through

the pleas were unenraptured

unecstatic

cold and dark

canal gone down to

stars

close to the bone and surface

which was not a mirror  
nor ever the moonlit rind of the water

only mute wine and this  
cold tow-path séance

\*

Please then  
cleave to the violet  
from it drop the fallen  
cross

now-these

forever abyssal  
distilled  
the cry-stall

however the hot  
tears of old gods

melt and lavish

want