AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ENVELOPES
BURNING DECK
SARAH RIGGS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ENVELOPES
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Spectacular Diseases
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FOR PETER GIZZI
We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry.

I call to the mysterious one who yet
Shall walk the wet sands by the edge of the stream
And look most like me, being indeed my double,
And prove of all imaginable things
The most unlike, being my anti-self,
And standing by these characters, disclose
All that I seek; and whisper it as though
He were afraid the birds, who cry aloud
Their momentary cries before its dawn
Would carry it away . . .

William Butler Yeats, “Per Amica Silentia Lunae”
A
A bird, a spider, some children's
cries were present. I heard the
hour, it was one. The president
was shot years before. Someone
was born, just when I began to breathe.

(Inside the envelope are scraps).

The plants and lives of other animals
would come to be. They and the jumble
would be one. It turns and turns. We can
regard it as loss. (Sometimes we—can’t
help but—feel it as loss).

And other elements of a trickle
or tendency, but to tell tales
& in other ways hold a ring, thought,
and phone in one hand: while
saying I’ll be there & eating an apricot.
I heard it on the radio, this false sense of security—we all did, and in the wind. We can’t write each other letters because contacting a surface is self-conscious. How random is the iris that grows where it is planted.

Out of nature, out of time, out of everything. The apocalyptic thinking of the nature of the metaphor. We are in time at present. Do we drop out when we die? The spider is neither content nor discontent in its web. The rain asunders in.

Changeling featured in grass alcove hollows. The world receives its bidding. We thought we knew where we were. Every hour. The impression of moving forward, yet with each step we get closer to what’s too near.
When she removed the patch, his hallucinations fluttered in the opening, brain, heart—he was dying. Shared distortion. Remain hours, minutes, seconds, until they no longer remain: for that person.

A rain, a twirl of hour, we are recomposed. Lightening falls in a jagged sort of way. I can’t remember myself but for the brambles, the price tags, and reindeers. Mon cher we are together. Can you remain? These resemblances of hours may not be enough.

If we open the envelope there may be nothing inside. Is it our job to fill it? With what body or idea? And will you explain the difference. The random way we receive cat calls and missives. The hour wrenches open, there were five animals who came to inhabit it.
Mellifluous, guttural chatter. The training is so to speak good. Lastly the hour opens out either upwards or downwards, depending on this place. A casting of the die, a trumpeting of appeals, a merited sensation. Quick, here it comes again: a band of light.

Hopefully what was inside the envelopes was not also outside. A melon cannot fit in there for instance. We open it and remove the seeds. And so: the cats climb along. Difficult for a dog to know how to do this. Rightfully so the tremendous place beyond. Thought. I have ceased to want to go there. I would like to remember I am here.
The rush hour was one of us or something.
Landing was the way of remaining here.
Tempted by the rain. And a variety
of fountains. This or that, this that.

My father wrote to me to suggest removing
the word “hopefully.” He is certain. It
makes me unsure that the inside and
outside of the envelope are not one.

Here at the Café de la Poste
Pierre Joris & Michel Deguy (was it?)
were having a coffee together. And I was
here. And I am here. I have a ring with
a white band and four mini diamonds.
I am in the middle of me.
The rest of the hour is one. In this dark band we call winter, there is not pearl or mother of pearl, but white resin. We rest in its seconds. Largely the hour swallows us in. Lately the wedding glass is just enough to drink from. Champagne.

The waitings & envelopes. The Suez Canal, the Lazy Susan. The women waiting. Lehman Brothers. A long lost friend. Wading in the midst of it. Riding. Writing. Waiting into the sense of self, it was I who found the key, and I who use it.

A wash, a wash. Handkerchief. Hour. Remains. Wading through all that. Dear Christine. Here we are at home in all that. Mud. And Verlaine. Willows. In English they are weeping, whereas in French, they’re something else again.
How many envelopes are left? And then there is the question, what will you stuff them with. Some Chinese food perhaps. A fortune in the form of a cookie. Dear, dear, dear.

Rain in the ears (keep it outside). A chance to remain, in there. The screen door. Opening it. Ten or eight whistles. My feet also are in Central Park. This is called being grounded. A pond, some birds, my mothers.

The least change in details would be curvy. Francesca with her kindness emerged there. We are glad for our neighbors. There are people who like us. And we like them. Does this mean we are like them?
There’s a month when the rain falls. Or a minute. We weren’t certain of this. Let us discover the second, like rain. Into the hour we are running or racing, sailing. The glass of water drunk. The coffee drunk. You are wearing the band.

The abolition of the quotidian is well-timed with the arrival into the quotidian. There is no drama because we are here. It is as certain as autobiography. Pick yourself up and walk to Manhattan: it will be time for lunch.
C
When we rain on the hours they become bells or legends. It is with difficulty that we enter through. You are alive to the tones and redeeming phrases. This apple only any.

Turn, turn on the hour, mostly rain. This saying is a cappuccino, a rendered line. The umbrella sails by and you are its reward. The logic of the storm gives up and over.

The remainder of the post only hours. We sifted through them, the seconds and thirds, returning usually to the same place, a method for staying clean. To pick a way into out.
For instance the hours go on without you. This is the general direction: on. Yet here we are in conversation with the dead. The word possibly goes on without us (even the world only possibly). A kind of lipstick.

We were reminded of the torpor and the thorough hour. It keeps clicking onward so tell her. Proust, Victor Noir, Colette, Apollinaire, Stein are nearby. Some have a stone logic.

A rendering of the hour happened this way. A thoughtful detail in the painting: Manet. Largely hour and tread, pull and desire. A clunky reminiscence, to be decided.
This way or angle fiercely disobey
the indolence of floating devices.
(“sail, sail” she said as the train passed).
Through the lace in the lingerie it was
not necessary to say but syllables—hour,
not hour, we know you are taking it Julia.

The stanzas are rough at their edges.
Friendly in the main. For it’s in connection
that the synapses create. Mainly twelve
or eight. Sound. ptp. ptuppt. ptuppt.

The twelve remainders are plurp fsst
harp tuttuttut qk 1st twain
mosssss chcheet bub-a-bub swimm (cln)
To harp on bits and quicksand, last
melody, that frozen tid bit taboo boo hoo.
This isn’t about me at all, it’s about the following colors: magenta, iris, sun, midnight blue, lime. Some notes come in at various points, a more or less certain burst of B-sharps.

Minor terror we think generates haze but maybe, just maybe, there come thick and fast, a spf fl cusp qtr trick hipt tr or questn pour talk first chalk.
Suddenly and depending on the hour
we are two and three and nine.
It leaves us so quickly and jolts
back, that rested or restless sensation,
goldfish swimming on the open sea.

Delicately orange and rain through the hour
again that mellow sensation all folded through
and together, they would have it branded
through to the very outer surface: her hand bone
connected to her neck and spine of course.

Thoughtlessly in seeds and hours they
reep the benefits of a hollow in heath.
Tomatoes, leaves, discouragements
would not hold them back, or trailing again
in the rain time, she wished for, shed for.
Remarkably last summer or night, lately in that
time, the rendered pace too quick for sum or whole:
what I want to say (as it is not too late) is
how you render the joy of a one year old
one, one, one, one, one, one second.

Tunnelling through all that vast mouse hour
we heard a stair on the stair, a very large
one at that, deepening in its tracks, telling
how the beans and sky were hard to distinguish
from the sun and moon: all was three, is thee.

A rain of hours in the garage west
of Texas, so it was for you and you
and, we were never satisfied, not completely
as grapes dripped in through the window
west, California ran through the gutters
and high plains to the wine of decisions.
Lately it was this, we pulled on the line
as fiercely as the connection would allow and
we dove up very high until fingers spread
in the clouds and cushioned there found
bits of steel and car parts and cat hair and
everything that wouldn’t go and we put them
together and drove.

Remarkable how the hour can pass as a
snap or button as a string or rope
or wall or passage or sea and it is
all the same to the hour. Once we
are in it, it envelops & we are sent,
malgré nous.

And into that minute: frowns and weather,
sleet and sky, ten formidable runners
released and flung. Who wouldn’t wish
for doughnut holes. That man over
there is a gardener. What need in the note.
Especially as we’re running the machines.
I meant to say the pillows, or whatever
things we think of as truly soft. When our
defenses sleep the turmoil comes, is allowed.

The pea is out of season and so we
crunch down on lettuce and philosophy
from the 50s. This is France and I am
here for a haphazard reason, not at
all what I thought. Thought, though
we value you so, yet so blind.
“Just turn, just turn here.” An x in a square marked red. To the mountain or to the sea. We foreigners are protected in some ways, overexposed in others. The rail runs down to the sea, we are held in a boat of some sort.

This rain will never stop except in a few minutes. It will keep coming back. The question is will you be there to receive it. Or not. The hour remains. We release our fingers one by one.

A rhythm in green mounts the mount. They remain at a crossroads. He’s gone up ahead. And she, she. She’s gone along the plan of trust that leads to mistrust.
Thoughts trip green. The moss reigns in the bark. The cat rudders through the foliage. A hole in a soldier’s head creates the most pleasant hallucinations. Hour, hour. We are led inward by an unseen hand. The beckoning releases.

Our ancestors have not ceased to change always in that same position in the photograph. No movement of the leg or what you may, just the arm. Not even. The reasonable distance between two breaths is a century.

How do you draw the second in? A few lines mark and deepen. We who are rouge. In the lack compensation is possible. Strange diseases suddenly enter. We do not think them strange upon closer acquaintance.
It was to continue the work of
the rock and hour. The trick was
not to ask questions beside the point.
Because the point was, and is, always aside.

Generally glory. Flurry and rapture.
Energy in this direction. Holy hour.
She must come toward us.
In the layers under the earth are a
few people we know still.

Marvellously happy. Joined together yet
separate. Wrought in the same kiln.
Precisely not. Fusion as illusion. There
alone in your boat in socks, I is listening.
Fiercely the mainsail stays open.
You do the things that are considered work and they feel like vacation.
For the hardest work is there. Here.
Making inside and outside blend at any given moment.

Test the waters plain. Plane.
Come over here, hear what I have created in the absence of what you have created. We can frequent these places together.
F
In the rain we were one.
In the hours we were hours.
It’s simply a matter of listening.
How to. And when. And there.
And then. Remarkably in the lane,
on the ground, our feet dig in.

An hour and a half of coffee. A ring
with four very small diamonds. Il ne
faut pas tout mélanger. Lastly this.
Queen cloud. I did not think of it.
How do we enter in, but slowly.

To run races around the molecules
and slowly sink in, posture inside
the mind, lay down there and wish
away the webs of connectedness. To
be there, admittedly, to rain in.
This minute there is light and a buzz.
It weighs in on me spilt wssk
trr flt qurr mustard & rain,
humid rendez-vous. A tenacity
of smiles. Oh rain in on the
hour, as long as we are
together, we can go into it.

Far, near away in the distant rain moth,
a pattern resembling nature. It coos
or reverses laughter, the hint and thick
of it, down by the coal hush, tilt
and leaf, warrant and arrow, these shh et shh.

Rain under the branches. Let go the
questions to Ezra. The curl of a leaf
dying at the edges. Wet black. It was
the pink that was unexpected.
Comme disait la maitresse de l’heure, nous sommes bien positionés pour manger de la soupe. So in the ear it rings, hollow or zest or tang. This remainder tilts the hour back to the next one. Dearly we listen, even pray, believing largely in facts.

We hour almost recognize. The remainder summons us up. Four related ones tilt. The tilting second tilts back again. We wish it were true, that we could always go back, always go forward. Always is a place, and we aren’t always there.

Dropping in on the rainside, a twist of glee, dementia, and the sheer pleasure of first impression. If only we could be young again but with the knowledge we have now. If you know what I say.
Let her in the breeze, none of it means
harm, the wasteland of berries and cupcakes
is sorry for how it turned out. The sun,
the sun is out: she means to say, “Apollo is a word,
I am a name,” and so she enters.

This quartet of ample light and wet
contiguous branches form a
minor chord, dissolving into two
and three, a marvellous remaining
song. Dante glides on a double coin.
Sometimes when I remember who I am there is a kind of settling, softening. A whale-like atmosphere of being swallowed into a whole and discovering oneself as massive and peaceful.

The rain and wrought atmosphere. Back inside the square. Or the circle. In Patagonia it would be turned around, warm. Eating would be like swallowing plankton.

Ultimately it came to the same number one. The playing at Crazy 8’s was not an idea or a habit, more a tendency, an inclination. That was the magnetic pull.
The bit of salt at the bottom. Here, arrived at the dregs. Sugar and salt dissolve, both. Somewhere in that remainder is an hour. It is how you spend it that saves your life. His laughter at something I didn’t find funny was to help me. One sees always after.

Frightening in the outer lane, the rear view mirror: these thousand thoughts clustered together. We are not sending ourselves: I am here right on this envelope, and the envelope stays.

The envoi, three circles around a fairy & puff—some part of ourselves goes with it. “I am friends with everyone” but is it true. What’s true is the wish to try, receiving the dent of each person’s particularities, if it’s on the skin. Is it underneath?
A methodical reflection: breath on glass. And we are waiting for you to step through perhaps, along with the hour and memory. An arrangement of notes, flowers, change and keys. All we need. There into the underhour, I have the time.

Changed or removed. The leaves flutter in no sign of consent. The light interstices on cement have spelled out (no) words. Language not abstract but highly particular. That throat, this sun, that rippling water, that dry stretch. The words mutter themselves perhaps because already written.

A stanza of hour, no tongue no ear, the black cascades of meaning (obviously we cannot grasp) the cat slips out of the hour (went up the tree). On the roof the view is the cat’s. The ebony on the keyboard also cultural, for if the minor notes were white.
We don’t have the means to say it clearly.
You’re saying the poet is a kind of Sapphic translator, Pete, working with bits, something grasped but nearly. What we can’t contain infuses us with meaning.

In the hour what is pulled out for you a daisy from an unceasing daisy chain.
You do receive it but grasp it in the black & white of the imagination petals with squared ends, yellow-middle firmer but supple—do not (try) pick the petals your job is to describe them only.
Lately as the hours were waning
into off hours I heard you there,
with the wren and the toad,
the crocus and the cow, the toes & the tail.

What I have to say is the structure
of how things are said. Remember then.
Yes. And if all the content spilled over
there would be you, and me, and
the boat, wobbling.

Remotely into that lone or alley.
We will go. Ducklings follow or lead.
The movement is one, the impulse,
several. How to determine the backward
glide. Bird, cat, crocodile.
If you were to hour it, the mist slices there. How handy, the wrench. Even in my dreams I see a good hammer and often that is all.

In-side of oneself. The content. Why write private thoughts where the address is meant to be. How do you send a letter to yourself?

This rain is the color of rain at this time on this day in this place. Such is rain. Wet I know. We release it into space with our thoughts. We are not scientists but musicians.
What is left keeps changing. These words are for you. We know where to address them. A cluster of rosemary, thyme, lavender. We have gathered bits to be able to slip a small bouquet in this envelope for you.


Note. Follow. Where and when and what. Rarely how. Tell them like it is. A long and mellow operation. Slowly to the left.
A tendency to rain on subjects slowly, and a general jumping in the interstices. How the cake bakes without you there. Something to understand (back there).

The trouble with the cat is it dashed right to the left of field, and in that second of an hour of a day of a month of a year which = life there was a recognition of the wild.
Once upon a paw, there was a tell-tale hour, and inside the left iris of the sphinx of that hour was a walnut, and what the walnut said was the right saber tooth of a desultory California walrus, and so it was, amid the rocks & sun, very close to the end.

For over there is a real être we love it, surround it, it is part of us, the over there. We must swallow its contours while respecting the thresholds. They shift as do we. Hour mind.
Occasional Sunday middays I could not
(I thought) bring my heart to agree to
my hand. We took a moment of sun.
Such is. And then thoughts, how. And
I loved, breathed, even my scars. Yours. Hers.

Roma, he said, all out of
order. Or more in French apple
pie. The vanilla ice cream
revolves on her tongue.

The remainders are all of what I have
to tell you. And what is it you say
to me? Deftly we whisper behind the
stacks. The message is on a cell phone
over there. Whatever you may say.
Leafly in that second, less many more, we rummaged through, coming up with a toothpick and marble and cork. To tell the truth: words composting in the winter minutes.

Yes we have frowned mellifluously. That other note, and many. The many was music. It was in the translation, the letters that did not correspond. Face to face with that final see.

We are in. There. More than a place. Not as far as inside. Present. To open. This hour. Just that thing. Finding it. Holding it, rolling.
These words are addressed to.
And they open them.
A boomerang effect of syllables
taken out of context. Such
is the cave, the city. Note.

The rain would reach the words.
Even printed matter would fall from
the trees and split open as pomegranates.
We are together & not together
passing fruits over the wall.

In the sun of his nightscape eyes
there is much to love, here.
Touch it, it tastes like tears.
J’avance lentement parmi les livres.
Ils sont tous là, je n’arrive pas à
distinguer entre Rosmarie et Roubaud.
Je suis là où je suis : à l’écoute.

Je voulais dire je, puisque
ce n’est pas moi, c’est sûr
que ce ne l’est pas. Mais c’est
moi aussi. Jesuis parfois Canadienne.

J’ai vu. Le Merle Moqueur. Les petits
oiseaux. Le goéland. Le héron. J’ai
tout vu moi. Je, binoculaire.
Quand nous arriverons à l’arrêt
Concorde je le saurai. Je suis quelque part
de magnifique et ce n’est pas chez moi.
Un deux trois quatre cinq.
Franchement et forcément.
Tu chantes mieux que tu ne danses.
Ce sont les mots qui parleront pour toi
puisque tu seras passé aux autres choses.

La feuille, le pavé, l’oreille.
Les quatres filles. Le mariage-frère.
Le papillon à l’intérieur
du magasin. Le Marais. Les marais

Puisque tu parles je t’interromps.
Vu comment ça c’est passé
je ne vois pas comment ç’aurait
pu se passer autrement.
De façon générale on était cinq ou six
dans la même pièce, ou dans cinq
ou six pièces l’une à côté de l’autre.
Autrefois on était cinq ou six. Maintenant
nous sommes cinq ou six. Cinq ou six,
le chiffre rond.

Oui oui oui oui oui oui.
Oui ou non. Plutôt oui. D’accord.
Oui d’accord. Bon. Bon d’accord
alors oui. Oui.

Mais non, tu ne peux pas.
Touche mes lèvres, ma main.
L’entrée est par là.
Donc je suis. Say it: je suis.
Je sors du cimetière avec Fred.
Pour rester calme il fallait de la patience.
Je ne vous reconnais pas, elle se disait,
en pensant à elle-même. Tout était
là, tout dit, dans cette formulation.
Impeccable.

La musique résonne comme ça ta valeur,
tax rôle, ta place, ta raison d’être:
la propriété privée qui entre en soi.
Nous sommes là pour consoler.
Chers amis.
Here is a sheet of paper. A cat is on the inside, a cat on the out. We remain in the lines. Snow melts leaves abroad. We live in an extremity of climates. This hour is not itself.

Here is an item of news, pressed flat under glass: what we do ripples, not just the present and future but the past too. It is not they who write the history books. They is also you.

Under the rock is a layer of insects & assorted desiccated & living matter. What do you care, who sit on the rock? You are human—say “he’s only human” or “Stanley, be human”—and even so we are sitting on the rock.
If the lines are long and uneven, so be it. We reign in the gutters, the spillage drops on the occasional head of a passer by. The tea may be nearly cold, the cat is not my own just yet. But for an hour, you, ruler of time.

This line of literature might be a line at a post office but for a difference. We have less patience here in writing, would send it immediately to the receiver, as if this address were already on a sheet of paper inside your ear.

The remainder of the foil is yours to crumple or flatten as you will. These later hours are yours alone. Such is determinacy. We can rock in its water, be lulled by turbulence. What I say resembles it. It’s all about the body. What’s really there, what’s dream. If it flies or disappears or is very small or all or any of these. Word. Magic pebble.
Record time. Heat. An eraser. These sing we say. And later appleberry. This too contrived. Ain’t it so. Agree, and I. “Eyes” she repeats. Mouth is too difficult just now.

An ounce of reciprocity replaces the idea for a screenplay. What we have is a recipe. Water moves across his face. We go with accident. As usual, lines.

And if so on will be under drenched, a cluster of quail eggs. This basket, your sac, a return to daytime rhythms. Rohmer died, traffic heavy around Charles de Gaulle. Cat claws on tweed.

The hours are pierced with a fragmentary sort of penitence. There & here, to revive mightily in the off-off-season nearly spring.
These are: pen, mug, surface, some
Stevens, some Dickinson. One bush blooms
in the garden under snow. We will wear
the rain too. Let the stars stay where they are.
Let us stay on earth, and show one wish
to make amends. It is not ours—our planet—
These steamed windows are hours also.  
We range and still, these be  
the times of glistening, listening,  
entering in. How shall we give  
without away, glitter without rock,  
take in without out. Such is, we say.  

This hour is this hour is this one.  
And if we ranged together and held?  
Between rock & rock, how so & how so.  
This is the time zero, regard outward:  
thus and thus. ’Tis such which world.  

In the maelstrom of calm, an event.  
This released so. So & so. Were  
the range and tell. Frequency.  
Stream such. You say hour as  
if you mean it. We are in the which.
If in things, jewels. I, together with the contents the envelope, momentarily oriented towards you, an aura of some sort and the light or whatever it is, around you. Can she be alive?

A piece of telephone will enter into the poem. How happy the sensations would be if this were this and that that, no? Bye! I said it three times to punctuate. C’est quoi?

Her first sentence in French.

Then in a rain of thought, they
got wet. It was outside or inside
or in between. No, not that simple. It
was the in between of outside. Such are
allowed errors of judgement, for the errors
are intentional. Such we come to understand.

The rain of human comfort treads
thin. A screenwriter watches his film goodbye.
There’s ice & energy here in Berlin, a few
years ago it was 250–300 € for a studio.
German made this word: filmgedicht.

Remaindered in the hour, these words
were already addressed and (press send) sent.
Onto other words, or the same ones
ordered differently. Send S, send. Some-
times I hear myself saying. Just. Now.
Such is. Rain in. Snow out. Under over. The tell-tale. Kitchen in the queen. She sat in a room, acrobat. Took the poem walking. It slipped in the envelope lid where the contents washed and came out clean.

Charming and erratic, dumbfounded, sullen and tell-tale, a myriad sundry thing animals creatures movements, tearing at the seems, resembling nothing rather well, now how to recognize nothing.
The remainder of the fruit, the hour.
Sssht. The hour collapsed in two.
Halved. Hallowed. Slowly filled.
The remainder, the wish, the spell.
A hollow balloon filled with helium.
A gentle nudge in that direction: X
The direction is two. Begin to read.

The terrible apprehension of hollow is the part that’s scary. The hollow itself is fine. We were in the window.
The wooden frame had been eaten by termites. A frugality of view.

When we rain in on the hour, it twangs as on a skylight: some like it, some don’t. Sharon does. This particular Ali does not. How we are. The ring glints in the sunlight. The general halo is it.
The hour is neither quick nor slow.
It is not what we make it. It is
hour, hour, hour. When we rain on words
there is a twang, some like to hear it,
some do not. Naturally.

In this letter of leaf fall,
we turn to the rain for answers.
What it gives is yes. And
so we are, this metal of tea.
The struggle of the ancestor in
that cough. All is evolution:
here today, we have survived.

And if religion were a drug to ease
the pain, would that be so bad.
We’re just stumbling along here, all
of us, throughcomers. He and she
have stories we cannot reach.
When in the winter you shiver, 
think of Stéphane. When in the 
month you bleed think of the 
Virgin Mary. Yes she too a politician. 
A projection of ourselves as heroic 
without the messy bits. And if we 
write a letter that doesn’t hide.

Where were we when it rang: the hour 
Hss qurt pew left on how whit 
talm tee freeze pH la peep tulupp

flower flower flower flower flower 
flower fever flower bouquet 
flower grave flower valentine 
flower flower flower flower here

This is to say worthy on no 
name of telling, remarkable there, 
a tisk for a task. This letter 
letter letter what beautiful word. 
Let’s sleep in its contours.

77
More mellow the buttercup
shows your love of lemon.
He was running with cupcakes,
a dangerous activity. But we two
are together, this is all we know
for sure.
Rain on that agreement would be wet, and carry warped or warble (what difference?). The blue eyes multiply and yet they are singular. Under our hour.

So for instance. To repair there in the iris, surely black. Ink on recycled paper. We thought we were done with all that, the learning of that particular hour.

Can we bedevil the eggs & put the muffins to sleep. We are in America sometimes. Do I long for you, in-America. Now I, and the others, are ghosts. We may go back and not.
The rain or the island are multi-faceted. Out or in, you are going in. Such remainder. The soil in our fists. Gently the rain blossom. February magnolia. Under there. The hour, again.

Living on this thread, motion and emotion put together, they began to sail, even there, where there was no water. Into the alleys and lanes they came, the rats. Each of us pure as animals after music.

Arriving at the center feels like pain. But why. A sheer dot. Where else is there to travel? To know yourself, he seemed to say, is just to know you don’t know. Sitting & standing, all the time with that knowing only not knowing.
Words seem so absurd. Yellow, red.
So the heart is red? The daffodil yellow.
What if we try it in other languages? Jaune, rouge. Angled at the mark—giallo, rosso.

And when you might be gone we realize
how much we love you here, not there.
The melody of return ‘without.’
I do not know why I try to imagine
this world without you: for the blind
of a spot, Stace, there is no world.

Now we must move on, our pens must continue
to draw lines on the page. Lucy black as day,
Lucy, Lucy, you are my poem—this one—but there are others, and other names too.
Lucy, what should we have for breakfast?
The windows rain in on air. Hour twenty-two. You are horizontal. Several people wished it. The remaining day is in. Flight of the bumblebee. Out is in.

How many hats could she wear? This one is emerald green, with dangling pom poms. She resembled herself wearing that hat, at moments. “That hat is you” some people felt. Others felt otherwise.
In the revision is the hour: church light shadow. You entered autrefois. These are the things. A crease and fold. Everything is connected, we know perhaps too much how. The emotions are left behind. She ran to plant, lamb’s ear.

In sleep are dreams, in hours are second chances, in houses are faucets, in lanes are wheels, in phones are voices, in air are clouds, in rain are birds.

This we would wish to enter: we have arrived and are running away toward under. Are lying there in skin. It’s dying, it’s growing. Where shall we go? Home there are beds. And you are not lying, there. Perhaps you are not lying enough and that is exhausting.
These remainders of hours are under. The dog is named Ocean, I asked him, the man, and he said “c’est un chien.” I looked among the rows of novels, again, for poetry, there we are. Verlaine, again, where it began. I open and see “Est-ce vous, Jésus?” Also, Rimbaud.

Such is the hour. Very round and very fat. A large smiling sun. Neuf ans. In that remainder or excess. Its alternate the moon. “C’est la pleine lune.” We are seconds. The ticking is silent, or sometimes there are large chimes. Such such. Rich.

And in this an inch. Turquoise lips. A pacific maneuvering. These we know, in a while. And then letter. Cower. A dowry. And the cultures hold the baby, this one like placing milk for the spider to descend from above.
The address is unclear. I could write it here but that I don’t know it yet. How the address and the sender are one.
Three thousand minutes till something.

A ring, a round, the season of roses comes around. Such is. And so.
Glass between between and between.

See through it: the fury and wild pursuit of the absent Sidonie. And in fluttering shifting jelly cloud, some contact is made. We are together. You will never read me, and you will, somewhere, where you are, more than I, and so I grow bigger just as becoming aware how small we are, really are.
The reason for it is simple.
Such is the rain, the hour (to think,
I had nearly forgot them). What
I wanted to address. The envelope
is open. You get a bit isolated in
the hour, the chocolate, the pencil:
your eyes so far away.

For the hour is in your eyes,
I wanted to address this to myself
over there. The affect precedes
the action. How do we make a joint
calendar of spontaneity?
The soft verbiage feels more succulent than an orange. A wraith. A cry of sorts. We are wintering here in this colon: it has two holes. The hérisson is not a porcupine? Curiosity becomes a traffic between words. So, forcément, people.

There are a thousand reasons not to tell a flower. How beautiful it is. Remain in the not knowing. An hour has twelve thousand seconds. A moment of doubt. Is my math wrong? Me, am I wrong. The flower.
Smoking the smoke of the couples nearby.
This is a hide-out. Hiding in order
to grow. Mistaking yourself for a shrimp
when you are an octopus. These
arms are reached out to you, us.

The firsts sink into the cloth
envelope which addresses a wound
or lap. I am in love with you
for the first time. Even a wounded
octopus can move all of its tentacles
a little bit. A peace settles in. The modest dance.

The hour remains in a nutshell.
We wish we were something else.
Someone, a thing or orange. We are—
I am—in Paris, France. Even the
reckless have their logic. Though we
are not together. I am alone. With you.
A rendering out of the art. Swank melody. Descending crescendo. Quickly removed. Tendered. To tell. And have. How we are in. These hours. This. This this this. The referent has not gone away. We still care about people. Say what you like, that we are oranges, bees, wasps even. I am from.

Where are you from? What do you do? So grateful poetry exists, for if it did not? Question mark. Doubt. Late thought. A bunch of napkins. A planet. How do you relate this to that. New York ( ) poet.

Thank you Katherine for these souls. So many have been lit. A church back home. The bells. And the discovery of horror. D____. R____. M______. Impossible not to be touched by it, in it.
My favorite distinction between hours is not seconds but ones. These two will tell you by & I cannot. More. More. Steam. Energy. Notes on a piano before us.

A twist of the bowl, peaching pouring in, a pit placed in the earth, this far down. If you could go with it, can’t you, can’t you, the broad strokes, the paint.

Insufficient, clear, wandering. This sequence means what precisely. Hollowly we gather. Rendered in an hour. Such. They are coming to Europe, in ones and twos and more. You’re here and going, both. The tree.
However we may match, there’s dischord. Bells and hollows deliver babies and a rain of ideas. Was at that time we dropped the elements and all rain in a green guitar.

Trade the sent for met, you say, and I kiss you through the green. With grey we can make watercolors & populate the corners. From father and father to further and farther.

The remainder is exacting. We were rained on before so through the seconds: land. Not just anywhere, but here: where there are trains.
Here remains, an hour away. You take the Throgs Neck Bridge. A piece settles in. A first sinks into the past. There are no more firsts. Except this one and this one.

Peter, we have come home, my better half and I. Through the rain and birdsong we need not count the hours. Late last night, and then now: Here in an hour, this one.

How can you know that a seed won’t bloom in a distant place just because you never see it touch the ground. There are many things you don’t see. And if you let yourself.
Black tails and thyme. The horns are together. We are side by sigh. Nothing is ridiculous many-fractured so gold. But for the longing for LSD late, a look at hell, then forever a stream of 3-D.

Tellingly, it slant, and the wheels And muffles and assorted things chirp in this highbound way. A confrontation with hours, time & again.

The taint of cushion lovingly waits. The misshapen equilibrium of the hours is told in the hollyhock (this was what they could do).

And in that envisioning a rain drop. Owls heaved from the rafts. We rain (ran) into their tails, a momentary escape from proper names.
Determined, the rain and voting waxes, 
the moon keeps getting forgotten. 
The truck says metaphor 
and the metaphor says truck. 
We are moving in the middle of somewhere.
And if I wrote an elegy of affect, the feeling would rise up. We are too exposed. There is no nakedness but here, this skin, K. I wrote a letter in my journal, this is the inside space. When I tear it out, I want the perforations to remain on the paper. And the recipient will have the letter. I will have I.

Such is. Arranged. Rays of sunlight finally in the garden. As you like it. How are you. Really really. If I could offer you a cocktail would you take it. Genetically speaking. Geysers and holes and yellow stone.

Scrabble. A rumour. Racy bathing suit top: triangular. Always a little difficult at first. Half-there. Rigamarole: if they could gather up what you are up to like skirts, they would see knowledge in that near nudity.

Such is the hour. As rain. Ripped from its venue. As. Holiday. Return my dear. Ingenuous as you find others, it is you not hearing yourself, despite all the cues. If you love and miss a place that much then go back. Go. go.

So we ripped open the letter only to find the contents did not exist. As such we developed a love for envelopes. Racing at the seams. Authored in the off hours. Hallowed. Remember me, she wrote. If I could decipher you I would fly, as a paper airplane. Go go Sylvan fairy of the skies, slip between your feet.
Shake of the sun, a tremendous scattering of blades. As you were saying British: desire. Rarely the words love, love, love. Are wrapped around each other. How rare we are. Resorting to letters in an age of technical skin. If you say tongue, I say telephone. Gather the remote controls. Give one to me. Save yourself.

So. A rainbow over an hour. Relicks. Aura. How. Render the cards given. Irrigate the paths between the books: they are growing! Give. Generate. Suspect the flowers of their beauty so as to find a way to flower in turn.

Sake. As for your sake. Baked over with thoughts and clouds and determinates. Awful. H, with an. Read it again, S., L., T. If you are still with me it is because I am. Grr. Grr. So sayeth the.

Sparkling flowers and lanes: this is poetry. A poem to every postal agent, the address. Ranging over the center right edges of the pane. Address her yourself. Have fun. Read the contents. Interest yourself in every little detail. Go into thoughts of that person, intricacies revised in your reading. Slowly.
It entered the field early. We were streaming through. We knew and did not know (it was [not] meant to be spoken) what the feelings were. She wanted the boundary. It was, is, will be a hug, an exercise in listening.

Chirrup they said—all ears was she. Some rain in that sun. A remainder of time hour. Loss in the laughter. La petite maison. A room of machines. An embrace witnessed and restrained, but smiles, lastingly in sound.

How to explain “It’s okay.” A face very near & so distant. No eye contact in that eye contact. Someone searching for understanding nearby. The head like a Rubik’s cube, disassembling. Shower and sight, distance, baby. Swaying. Precipitous, stairs. I’m poised on the ground. And you saw me, Ellen.
Writing S. This hardest ounce. Here where we know the measurement. Rock & rock. Fleetingly rain under your ears, and I can see it dripping. The animals all in the stable. It’s their fire yet I cannot reach you.

How to explain I am only partly here. And yet I think you knew. Rain in that hour. It was a question of nearly holding your hand. I would not let go but that the hand was clenched.

Such machinations. Laconic, occasionally lugubrious light. We were together with you. We, you, I. Such large, such massive words. I could swim within you. The letter S swerves and is large.
Under the second is the moment.
In the hour is a day. Remark.
I drench the minute with a sort of liquid. We determine the insects and the animals. Each thing indistinguishable.

The planet is not loved as it should be: it’s angry, on strike, mad. Yet it is not human. It does not stand to reason. Why is the recognition of the other qui déclenche a free-fall of hurt, also love. Either way I lie on the ground, my body curves to the planet.

How are we to know you, bird?
The stone and the hour flower.
Toe-rated. A remainder in these covered leaves: hour. Such the tide. The gradual chirrup within shooting range.
The other bit of alphabet to fill.
They love you in the hour. Step outside and the envelope goes empty.
We wished we were together.
Both the address & return address are different. They simply crossed.

Dear Sylvia, remotely camellia, my intricate flowering system adrift. Very little left of me in the breeze. I am poised in an hour wondering what it is to land. The poem addresses itself.
We open, listen, magnify.
Translation as narcissism, effacement, both. She makes a practice of running into walls, only then backing up to jump over. Words as walls, windows, winnowing things. They set sail one day on a group mail.

Translate, sleep, talk, visit, bump: and backwards. Writing as two coins of the same side, translation as two tails wagging on a human form. Double v-shaped flights transformed. W is two birds flying close.

Lastly the word of yore exists in your time: you are its maker. But what is intoxicating is toxic. The tremendous wrenching thigh of a syllable. Wet rind. Watermelon. Spitting the seeds out as so many marks of punctuation.
Magically memory appears as if from a deep cavern: form in detail. We can pick out the occasional daffodil from the black. And will you paint here? Or are oils as in cooking?

Not knowing. Are you strong enough? To take on all that logistical mess rather than see this (you would have to see it at some point). The blind spot that is you is in him and here and him and her. Are you not alive enough that you need to be attractive too?

Z writes herself to sleep & wonders at the lanes in the clouds. We’re all dying and going to die. Life comes out of death, look at those primroses over there. A strange scape.
And when they make love they’re no more together than when they’re arguing. That is the loneliness of it. We are none of us ever really together. And if we are composed of everything and everyone around us. As evident in the bouts of laughter.

Such is the tongue, when in the plural. We resonate with the multiple, yet we are singular. A blurring that reflects the uncertainty of self-knowing. A treble reach, an improvisation of words. I cannot possibly master this exchange, it speaks for me.

Save the day. Infinity is under the trash bag, not as previously thought up above. More is less. And if Pluto stays unreachable. Let us not know.
Formally. A deletion of object.
Here we are, swimming in verb.
Such is the hour of grosse mer,
heavy appetite, of photographs
spread around. We collect the waves.

Dear bird, the latest technology is flutter.
We cannot follow you through thick
wind but through invisible channels
of communication: YES. In your fingertips
the time, the weather, the print of you.
Unravelling in airports. Lily, come in.
The letters are an inside written on an outside, written to no one, unless that no one is you. The content slipped out the back side into the pond. We were at a perch that lasts for an evening and a day.

An awakening, with opposable tails. She raced into the hour headlong. Such were the longings for the missing animal. The bodies of the words. I give it over to you in the shape of film, inextricability of form & content.
You and you and you, I thank you
for the force of your persons. I cannot
solve this question alone as I thought.
Nor can I solve it with other people.
I am an animal and I have no tail.
Here is this tongue.

The rendered art form is blue. The jacket
is white. The window screens are R. The
D is delicious. How are you. The next one
over rains on the day. Venezuela.
Laughter. The hollow of the leg or bra.

This much is missed. You and you.
Under the hour red. Four fabulous
flamingos. An entity. What we are
counts less. Four more. A mingling
of second hands. Cluttering, clapping chatter.
More or less. The contents of the envelope are inside. Today is not ripped open, not even sent. There is nothing inside yet I know what it is. The contours are explicit. The sound of flight when pressing send message.

There was something I wanted to tell you, W, R. It is that contradictions live side by side in this envelope. I miss you. The address is us. How to move on. Stamp and send the envelope. Go home.

In that search for self in other, you find yourself in the middle of a dark bathroom. The straight way a losing matter. A man at the top of the stairs, seeing you tired. The other you need is sleep, and he knows it.
We are in the arrival terminal.
The number of kilometers between here and here is unfathomable.
There we are. We were here. The bicycle pedals don’t go backward. This time.
Time is whole. The man hole opens.

Dear Donna. There were some letters back there in piles. We counted the words because Sarkozy is president.
I could not address the poems to just anyone.
I am not currently certain of the zip code.
I am eating a chocolate crème brulée.

To reach the edges of things, and to step just past—the vista beautiful, awful—why do you dare go farther than the wall, if not the forbidden side, the vermilion fold.
Something so small as this hour will have to be enough. I will tape it on envelopes if need be. I got it, what you said about the silver hammer, the feathers, the frames. You live in the nearly also, together with me. We are too.

11, 11, 11. Too far away from you. You walking up the central artery of the world with a handkerchief over your mouth. Hold onto a world, he said in the poem. This morning is not like any other. In France it was the afternoon. The kitchen sink collapsed.
Dear hand, reach out your finger
to mine as you go. Neither of us
is a god. The grit in my eyes is
touching you without ever being able
to touch your skin from the inside out.

Touch. Something there in the violent
wrestling. The curve between your
shoulder and nipple. The place for my
head. The bed. The television, the bed.
Alistair Cooke. Two girls on the floor. Running
and bumping into you in the door frame.

How to make you care. About me.
A bathroom at the Louvre. At the Saint René.
Jouissance, grit. Coming, collapsing.
There in our private moments we are
most touching, we are most who we are.
I am who I am who I am who I am who I am. John Clare. A wall.
I love you clearly. I want you clearly.
A girl wants her father to want herself.
It may be impossible for her to look in the mirror, yet it is all she ever does.

And so what can I say so that you will receive me? How can I know, quite apart from the radiator, the freshly squeezed orange juice, that you have wanted me too?

This is the juice: V8. The ubiquitous vegetable that is in fact a fruit. We saw your phallus as you came out of the shower, unwrapping the towel to put on loose boxer shorts. All this is nature, and what we live in is culture. But, but, but. Restraint, constraint. It’s a frame, a rectangle around the paint. Dive.
And there you cross over, into the
other sex, when desire pushes at the
edges of culture. It is true I have wanted
you, men. Not to replace me,
efface me. Just in the frame, the square,
the silver: the impossible presence
where we warble: song.

Shit. Language bites. I have cut
it off at fear. And if we enter
in a gliding, a sliding. The movement
of a frame. Say a film. The picture floats,
the film moves. What does the word do?
Spindle, spindle.

I have a goose feather for you
from the pages of a waterfall, would
that you angle it into a third
dimension, albeit one I cannot reach,
dear thigh, eyebrow, mouth. You.
Jest or no jest, the warmth of the hour. The words just one step ahead, I rise to fill them. Envelope. Content. Sender. Receiver. It may be harder to receive or to send depending on the man or woman, the writer or wader.

One of a kind Wendy with high cheek bones, one of a place. The gardens grow without us. Spots where we are not also live. The oils don’t fit in envelopes. We send trees in huge cardboard boxes to a legally blind cousin.
Paris, Montreal. Coming all this way for a reason.
Surely there can be no accident in how
we lose ourselves. To be in love with
a possibility, a process (submerged, render
it literal). A party in the actual place:
St. Ives, Lewes, Nantucket, Amherst.

Saw her body but not mind. Such beauty.
Those blue eyes, strong bones, her arms.
Yes your breasts are small, objectively,
three-dimensionally. So are ladybugs,
blueberries, pinkie toes, rain drops,
Cornell boxes, pen tips, preemies,
your eyes my eyes. Eyes.

The shrivelled undesired body parts
could be revived—once dead—by
the gaze, no the oils brushes strokes
the body of the eye, witness
_____ _____ _____ It’s love
that revives, makes alive.
Listen to your dreams for they
are phoning you from the ceiling:
sleep with whom you love in your dreams.
You have a blue helmet and a blue pen
and your heart has colors seen
only from the outside: blue and red.

And around the bend there is light
and foliage if you listen to the silence
positively. Like the father it receives
without responding directly but there
is this new life going on (not yours).
This too—feeling what is not you—a freedom.

Dear to the hour, hour. Rain in the
vagina, how? And are you at fault
dear mystery? Let crave. Right to.
We are talking about apples. The pen
is the only one. The split ink.
Give an hour and remain. The earth is curved so there's not such a fall on or off. We go in socked feet. Tick, tick. The tendered clock.

A stroke down, in the discussion alley. Trying to recall. What remembers. A speckled leave, somewhere, up above. Crawling on the wall. And a bee’s nest. The present in which we are in.

A meditation on plurality as a means toward displacing the origin. But how to let go of the idea of an origin. No god, no original sin, no nothing—wait, yes, something. To be. And: not to be.
Z
I am grateful for speckles and baby teeth, 
that there’s no right voice, only the one 
left. I am not why the sun has receded. 
To tell me this. Yet you are why, it feels.

You are the witness of the micro-second within the hour. I have been running away from this minute all of my life. So simple. Play thing. That unrecognizable voice on the phone, my sister’s. She writes “You are a writer.”

And what makes it beckon so, the darkness, that you would speckle it with stars, your own, and believe they glitter. Why? Enter and ride along the coast of a wave and on a wave and on a wave. Rain in the hour, difficulty in receiving the why.
Ultimately it was a question, and you can’t answer it, so it was a matter of listening. Not to the question but the way each person was listening or framing the question or talking alongside. It was a question without words. Is one, is.

Go gently, hand, along her hair. Brush it with thoughts and gentle musings. Remain there at the part, there are buds and pills in the palms, open the palms and let everything fall, fall, fall.

Regarding the hour, there were things to say in there, in the cracks. We were in agreement at least about time, though already—if you think about it—that is a lot. Tricky and tender. A film of sorts.
I don’t know why. Wondering a lot.
He wrote under the envelopes. Until then.
Address slipped into place. There wouldn’t
be room for the poems on the outside.
They’d have to go in. She could count upon them.

There’s a bit of content in a November
envelope in the event of a last address
returned to sender. What it says I’ve
forgotten, but what it means is: you to you here.

A bird or a rain or a hand. To receive words
into the breast, directly through the skin.
Since they came through his body. He
would smell as sweet were he not called.
Any other name is you. A purr, a fizz, an I.
Thoughts of those who know black. There’s S and I, and R, M, there’s the whole autobiography of the alphabet to the power of folds. Yes hour. I address you nearer than the syllable. Letters enter envelopes and voyage to receivers. And she opens and reads.

And there was why. A fairy kingdom. A surprising soul. “Comme tu es bizarre. J’aime ça.” One day to know the length of one’s own legs, nose. To be surprised by a mirror. It really is me, this is where I live, the contents of a soul weigh nearly nothing, I am my own address.
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