

## Listening in Poppies

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:

“že maki”

“sa, že maki”

“sa maki, že”

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 sa tak.....”

sensations now enfolded, twice fastened  
to the sound in self, within running patterns becoming  
a succession of Myself, 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 metamorphism 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-

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