

« g u i l l e m e t s »

Loss Pequeño Glazier

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PORTCULLUS

On esplanade — a fine way to begin! On the one hand it's the equanimity of the middle way. The tranquility of water eases the reflection. It is artistic inspiration — the step, le pas, ye marble path Of close reading: film, text, and image — about close listening — close, with eyes, EAR, and heart. The syllable present at hand is the only syllable that is. As — where you are — there you are.

BATTERY

On black basalt rock. Not to let pile up but to let go. Plume of mist from undefinable ocean. Half Moon Battery. Victory of the echo over the voice — Castle Terrace and Old Town below. It's neither black nor white, always half-black and half-white. Silence, like the sea, is relative. A Value between what you hear and what's *not* in your ear. Pas de deux. Thimble Jellyfish. Shooting stars.

Black shale is the dominant lithology; it contains lighter shales and interbedded limestone layers, Buddhist scrolls, willingness to be in the moment, drifting plankton thread the horizon line. Order o the Scots Leid. Each step counts. Here, *there*, 400 million years ago, sand petrels, wind patterns, Sleepy fleeting bears, bee landscapes, intratextual Baudelaire, fossil fragrances, scribbly gum.

THE WALL

Floating garden scripts lily ponds in lush green vegetation. Onset of olfactory delirium through Grassmarket of elision. Argyll's Tower above characters at night — old City Wall. *In Nevers ...* In this way, wisteria, oxalis. Each vowel appears in one of two manners: long and short. Like The 'O' in 'West Port', O winding Fox & Hound curve past bulging children's antiquarian shelves.

The ascent and emplacement of large volumes of granite within the upper continental crust. The word granite from the Latin "gră-num", a grain, in reference to coarse-grained structure, Features within landmarks, crystalline rock. Grain consists mainly of quartz, mica, and feldspar. Form tors and rounded massifs, a range of hills, formed by metamorphic aureole or hornfels.

GUILLEMESQUE

Silent salt shale as creative edge. Before the footprints of Ammonite seafaring Taínos.
Hopetoun, Holyrood House, St. Linlithgow — reanimation of Mallarmé's jottings for screen.
Left-pointing double angle quotation mark — left pointing guillemet. Its ascent, negative stone
Cradles St. Cuthbert-like columns, dark lintels, sills, jambs, wall shake shale floor veneer.

It's like taking steps along a beam: no matter how far along the beam you have progressed, if you fall
To one side or the other — it's the same. Each step counts but where you fall, there you are. It's time
To re-set priorities. Water must be calm for there to be a reflection. That is why mentally, one *reflects*.
Thus, instead of a lemon, I should like to have an orange, a media naranja, or middle way.

ORB

Thus the color orange, as a word, is buried within the whorls that carve the text; the can of SARDINES
Truly THERE, though nowhere visible; following this path, one grasps the concept of the middle way. Or
Middle orange, its tonalities, curvatures; the idea of being separate & variable — *while still a perfect fit*.
Like 'O'. At night. Volcano. O, of course, the final twist is Oh, why is he not a painter? But, of course he is.

TREBLE CLEF

The bridge supports the strings, transmits their vibrations to the body of the double bass. Its treble
Clef shaped in cursive *flow*, lets the sound get out — it's that other. Long vowels are indicated. No one
Appreciates Reykjavik — nor Telmary. It was deliberate; that spell would not be undone. Not Descartes:
I suggest a black candle, a waning moon, a picture of a bird in flight; elements, sighs, rounded massifs.

It is a line, the five cycles, rebirth into wisdom but as a child. You cross a line to the other side.
That is why you are always half way through — no matter your age. Like the spires of St. Giles at dark
You're always on a balance beam between *what was* — and *what's to come*. You are *there*,
On the other side of that line. Not a thing *seen* but some *not-seen*. It's a control-space for font reset.

SEQUITUR

It's the line where the Chehel Sutun palace columns meet their own reflection in a pool.
The name Chehel Sutun means "40 columns" but the palace only has 20 in its structure.
The other 20, of course, are reflected in the pool. Though intangible, they are *just as real*.
They are steps. Each step counts. Not alone but a *pas de deux*. Features within landmarks.

It's the way Rorschach images can be seen as forms on the balance beam of their reflection.
It's the line between concrete and contemplative, body and imagination; clear as cell walls.
It's reflection itself. Mindful that the presence of a reflection line in water implies equilibrium ...
The syllable present at hand is the only syllable that is. As — where you are — there you are.