

Luna Lunera: Four Scenarios

Loss Pequeño Glazier

as if it were a scene made-up by the mind,
that is not mine, but is a made place ...

– Robert Duncan

The print poem is a culmination of the process.

Luna Lunera took a decade to conceive, code, write, and prepare for print. Of course, a lot of the "content" of the poems lies in the sounds of the words but – as a dance performance each section has a scenario—a "setting" is located within. These scenarios for the four poem sequences in *Luna Lunera* are presented not merely as stage designs but as scenarios in imagination where the poem takes place, in the manner of Robert Duncan's, "Often I Am Permitted to Return to a Meadow" (<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/46317>).

"Etymon / Encarnación"



<https://whc.unesco.org/en/list/1426>

The first scenario is the Chauvet Cave (Grotte Chauvet-Pont d'Arc, Ardèche-Pont-d'Arc) in southern France. This site contains some of the best-preserved figurative cave paintings in the world, a place of origin for human artistic expression. The cave presents basic gestures, just as etymons are prime cornerstones of words, and dance builds on keystones of shapes. The aperture, form, and cavity of the cave resembles the human mouth (speech/linguistics), and the fleshy tongue (words as incarnate). This cave dramatizes how physical elements (stone, paint, ink, code, tablet scratchings) are themselves content, as is space (in both dance and in code). Actions connect non-visible points in space that articulate shapes, ideations, vectors in light. [See also digital/dance versions (<http://lpglazier.com>) under poem title.]

«four guillemets»



<https://scotlandwelcomesyou.com/edinburgh-castle/>

«four guillemets» extends from an imagination of the Edinburgh Castle on Castle Rock in the capital city of Scotland. It riffs on Frank O'Hara's poem, "Why I Am Not a Painter" (<https://poets.org/poem/why-i-am-not-painter>) and Hollis Frampton's film, "Lemon" (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6gnz1pIy6l4>). This castle, perched on an extinct volcano, bears triumphant architecture dominating the skyline of Edinburgh Old Town. Archaeologists have established human occupation of the rock since at least the Iron Age. From the castle, the Royal Mile runs to the Scottish Parliament and the Palace of Holyroodhouse, the Queen's Scottish residence. In this historic and imposing setting, human movement provides a sense-drawn presence, human, intellectually curious, bold, against massive volcanic rock, civil society, and history creating language that reverberates throughout the body, overtaking ideation, lingering on one's palate and by extension the verbal palette. The scene draws on the castle's architectural details: its courtyard, entrance, round turret. [See also digital/dance versions (<http://lpglazier.com>) under poem title.]

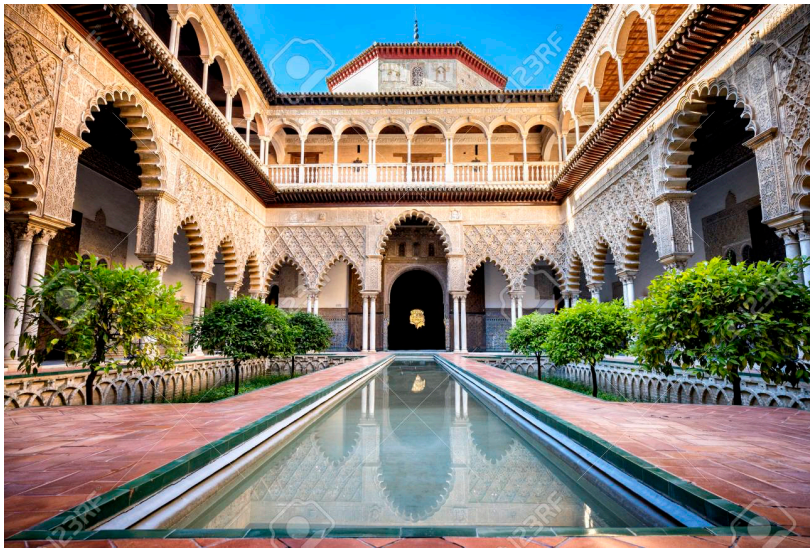
The Not-Moth



<http://writing.upenn.edu/epe/author/glazier/e-poetry/not-moth/>

"The Not-Moth" follows Robin Blaser's "The Moth Poem", a work that probes the question of artistic genesis. It listens to the stirring of an unseen presence, allowing that attention to unfold in creativity. Such feelings are illusive but emerge when least expected, like a moth trapped in the piano strings of language. On the one hand, the creation of poetry is a form of magic, yet Blaser identifies himself as a "literalist", reporting the events in the work as factual events. "The Not-Moth" does not replicate "The Moth Poem" but does, in a similar manner, grow from sounds that emanate from the motion of words among strings of code. "The Not-Moth" is a poem of appearing, fragile as a moth wing across a rush of variants that, taken together, constitute poetic contemplation. In the way the "Moth Poem" is not about the moth but its presence after it is gone, writing emerges from code, not visible, but as a resonance after it has acted. [See also digital/dance versions (<http://lpglazier.com>) under poem title.]

Mudéjar, Alcázar



<https://www.visitasevilla.es/en/history/royal-alcazar-palace-kings>

The action in Mudéjar, Alcázar occurs at the reflecting pool in the Courtyard of the Maidens in the Alcázar palace (Real Alcázar of Sevilla, Andalusia, Spain). Words and movement mark this physical space, the perimeter of the pool, the courtyard arches, the reflected structures, colors, and sky on the water's surface at one's feet. The poem's vocabulary resonates with sounds of historic Andalusia and its mix of cultures and languages, itself a mix of inter-cultural sounds, rhythms, gestures with movements that stir luminously on the pool. The Alcázar, renowned for its immaculately preserved history, its architecture, its magic, a dream-vision of interior patios and gardens, provides a setting, amid peacocks and formal orange groves, that not only looks to the past, but inward to the present. [See also dance version (<http://lpglazier.com>) under poem title.]

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