

Finding Form

Nothing trembles in stone
but all of it opens.
Nothing is more deliberate than stone's
crusted fixture, its lunar essence
and its empty, cauterised wounds.
Stone is the basis

for all growth
but before that it is object, the discipline
of material, most compelling
vectorial set.
Who can rise like that?
Who can cast aside such sunlight?

Which is exactly the moment in which stone
is saturated with itself, when it punctures

rivets in the film,
opens up needles—dots, slender pots

of cream and mirror—from which come gestures
—only sketches, reflections—of sway and

precipice, mixture for all experiment, indication
of an inside, a turning-outwards, but nothing

more than breath from the most
obdurate carapace.

This is what stone leaves us:
its psychotic smile,
its false hesitations,
the looming impact
of its production
—contorted certitude, an art of stripped weight—
nothing
to do with darting hopes
or webbed sighs,
never fragile intimacy
and its withdrawing touch.

Stone moulds itself to the edges of hot transfer,
projects composition from perception's fickle scent.
It is how force
is gathered, and waits.

Deep Dive

1

we're back again

like lumpy wads of kelp descending

into the mirrors of our own codes

like a bold stripe of ink
slashed down a page

the mooring rope
cleaves the ocean in two

surf swallows us | with fierce suck
| we jostle
we're thrown | we escape

| into a volcano's dead |
| gullet |

damsel fish leap from rock sockets
like cut pockets

| of pigment |
| deeper, deeper |
| vision knots |
| into breath |

| back up there |
 | cliffs bash swell |
 |
 | but with our sinuous | implements |
 | we sink into compression |
 | beneath a slab's |
 | bulbous hug |
 |
 | wobbling lenses |
 | full of our lungs |
 |
 | mushrooming |
 | out of pressure's palm |
 | our tingling trails of cognition |
 | we tuck into canyons |
 | filled with Pacific belly |
 | urchins **fuzz** quanta, faux-furry |
 | their explosions | halted |
 | their frozen clusters of sting |

| it's a slide |
 | into narcosis |
 on a | cusp | old
 | as reptile lungs |
 | become rubber worms become |
 | aluminium tubers sowing |
 | seeds | of nitrogen in the mind's
 | blubbery loam: beads |
 | of pressurised | *pop*
 | pumped hope |

(maskless: the w | orld goes |
 | utero |
 | sea floor a gluey p | aste
 | ascending | hardly
 | exact as |
 | poly | p thought, stomach's
 | sour sight) |
 | it's a cave's blazing
 | yellow innards |
 | memory's charred |

| Rising
 | through the
 | of a discarded mouth
 d | rips of sense
 resume to | clear

| skeleton |

| death sharpens to
 | a flight past
 | a cliff's sallow stubble

| ascending towards the overhang, expanding |

| losing control, he grasps |

| at the cone shell's | spine

faint *prick* |
 an ecstatic | throb
 spill | ing gestures, searing
 coupled
 with | the thing's | perseverance
 | *all speech* |
 translated to bubble | thrust
 and frantic gorg | ing

(in panic, the | human |
 reaches blindly _____
 or steals the air | of | whoever's closest

| air's ripped out |
 | mask's pulled off | | sea's sure hands

| clasp, ascent |
 pops a drum)

| no turtle gliding off
 into the invisible next

| no confident eel winding |
 amongst coral |

| only depth, compressed
 to horizon

young time's
 shed | like a skin

| as the pale, wounded snake |
 | bullets skyward |

10:30pm

remarkable late light, summer
l—

a light whipped to a fine, pale mist

too weak to pierce the canopy
but flowing ebulliently into clearings
its startling effulgence

shadowing pen across page

shy glimmer on grass blade

bats emerging from crows, and moths
and butterflies in the pocket
between one hour and the next, exchanging

faint, almost shapeless shadows

there's almost a haziness to the l—
as if moving a hand through it might stir
up trails

the coating on the leaves isn't quite silver
but closer to an open palm
held to space

or space falling
to rest on the palms of leaves

a horizon almost bone-white but stretched
back to blue

a settled light, around the edges of shadow:

Fruit*

—when an orange is ripped open
or when an orange drops
is discovered and torn open:

torn into gasp mist
rests

then seedlike drips pips held
in juicy cartilage twisted and wrapped

into juice its bind-broken dribble bright
flow inflected through frail
thread sinuous strips

fusing to translucent
flesh (as I write) a pip peers
like an eye pools
of viscous secretion droop into

the arc

between slugs of glucose and hard skin

each juiced drop on the earth
beats &

beats
for the ants—

* Graham Sutherland, (untitled), watercolour, 31/7/69