

THE HEAD IN SPRING

By
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Beard of Bees
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A coat removed the hush of air brought on, sighs in a parabola across the phrenologist's room. His life in concussions, the words lying in faults. On the chair a plush burgundy chair he sits. The ovum, he thinks, is like an azalea, unlike a globe. His hands can portend disaster, constantly drumming as he walks towards the river. His mind on nothing but the steps before him he fools himself to believe.

How not to fall, he wonders.

≈

That morning a head came to him (he remembers heads, rarely names). Cranial maze, slight dip above the ear, ridges showing weaknesses in outlook. Consultation and the session ends.

≈

He could reflect if asked to on his exile. The fragments and the gaps in his thoughts-his distrust of formulas and identities. A movement into the known, a refusal to leave it.

His eyes (the phrenologist's) follow a wave of hair. How the air around him blew the strands like a ghost of birds (a sheet of feathers). Their feelings azalea wet from the river. Into burgundy plush fallen-he never thought of this as an exile.

≈

The current's charm, its tidal movements the sun a deep orange banks of cumulus sky-writ across flakes of pollen reflect off his coat of many mirrors.

Upon the release of light his tensions will wither.

≈

Along the natural world's stretch he moved a compass not his, it was the mangrove's steady hello. His tension withheld the constancy of harmony kept interred by his science.

≈

There are moments when he can't spell a word. His was a citizenship outside the limitations of speech.

≈

A copper rain in a light blue world.

≈

The curves and slight bends under his touch. Future's convictions, the null paragraphs of event's past, a present that is timeless.

≈

What lies between the word and appearance? Would the answer tear veils, would he see his place in an instant storm or flurry, or allow him to finally rest without support? While considering this he loses his way home briefly.

≈

Certain cloud forms resemble the surfaces of heads.

≈

He could slow time with his mind pushed into an uneasy territory.

≈

The azalea without center.

Riverblown

Beacon

Branchnight

—investigations into disintegrating. . .

but the feel of the street as he walked was like no other balm.

≈

Word added to world. The dead events interlock through a leisurely hindsight creating a history that seemed so planned. He kept venturing above himself.

≈

He began to appreciate *seeing*. On the occasion of his room coming alive he wrote these pages.

≈

Do you remember the whiteness that surrounded every object? We joked and called it, “air milk.” The froth accumulating on shore reminds him that *this* isn’t bound by the page or the hand providing for it. The nimbus crackled, split, upset the arch of a sigh.

≈

Mute. Mutable.

≈

His star refused to speak:
an evening abyss

a granary of wounds

floral tallow

sun medley

a reminder to listen

These are his familiars

≈

The hole where his tensions lie and where words seem to fail. Like a rain without water, the words emptied themselves of their intrinsic bits.

≈

Dream: at a restaurant with N. With a slide made of polished bone I'm trying to find a particular chord on an old small scale guitar. An unknown man keeps telling me I have the wrong pitch.

≈

Seeing lightning flash in a daytime storm. Flash over flash. He found this, too, whenever he closed his eyes. The bright sun couldn't deter the lightning from its appearance, the quick-vein in negative on his lids.

≈

There is a sense to this, but not one I would've conceived of. There is sense all around, within, and through. There's nothing that could be more or less true. A puzzle refined and demolished in turn.

≈

If you keep chipping away at him maybe you'll finally uncover something that isn't represented by his words or mannerisms: a core, a center, a truth. What if you end up with nothing but a pile of gravel and dust? Dismantled men reveal nothing.

≈

What is under scrutiny multiplies.

≈

Late one evening he performed the inevitable: he slept. And in this sleep he had a dream. And in this dream were images both paradoxical and fantastic. A book inscribed on a ribbon that he could pull from his mouth. The words resembled Sanskrit or Thai. Other scenes where he would fade and then reappear among faceless people he felt at the time were his intimates. The choke of loss and the inability to recognize them were constant. Still, there were instances of elation at the sight of endless vistas, sunset cloud forms, a visual music without formal arrangement. Their beauty startled his body to the surface of wakefulness.

≈

Armless, he maneuvers the craft with his mouth. The words began here. Mouth a zero. A sinister vocal is a hum that's lost its way.

The breath on a mirror supports a fading glyph.

≈

The shining sap in outline shows a clarity of being, an essence finally shunned. Streams moving south unhindered by the ride of a star's slope. Pulse banner waved in shale, these sharp reminders.

≈

After the colors set in he decided it was time to pull out old ghosts. Undulations depicted in deep blues, crescents and billows of ochre -an inexplicable (to him) plume of ash and bone.

≈

He couldn't see the center of the world until he collided with its rim of black pearl and stillness. Looking down into the center his surroundings disappeared. All that he could see were fading moments from his life. Other times he would peer in and live the events of another person's past: a woman being stoned to death, the marriage ceremony of a man already thrice wed, a young girl with a skate key and torn dress.

He would never find the center of the world in exactly the same place, yet he'd blindly stumble into it unexpectedly. The exhausted joy of a mother giving birth, executions, the slow blossoming of a flower, his meal the night before? and then the center would suddenly vanish.

≈

He kept expanding his temple to include what he couldn't see. His left eye saw in double. All of the words he pushed onto paper to describe this were published in a travel brochure for inner space.

≈

He began the fragment, sealed it with sap and dust and spit.

≈

For me, *this* (he holds up a glass) is already broken.

≈

I'm a robin
burnt azalea figurine
playing frozen puzzles
in Siam
not a detour but an island
here or there in skeletal imprint
or engraved on any eligible crow
No one can read this tongue

I'm a six-winged robin
forgetting west the classical fount

A fertile frequency transmitting
riffs and rifts between tone and attack

for R.T.

≈

Whose is this memory drift
a honeycomb hip
there is a wish to save

A brittle curve in the cathedral
of a womb

≈

Traveling east from the west
clues in a stretch of air not
approaching light's tender abuse

His words stay on the surface
where laughter is easy, mingling
with sun spots and hair

Occasionally another's touch
breaks across this sea

≈

The skull rests in counterpoint to the sun
Clouds billow to emulate the curves
and slopes of heads below

An entire composition is briefly contained
in a flurry of particles between the crown
and the last layer of air

≈

One can hear music from under the figs
the uncommon flying hens

He imagines his lover set into
this landscape a simple exile
into vines the fig's eye its branches
where music can still be heard
or a neighbor's sigh

His hosts are calling from the
front terrace reaching through
a lens of space no one can prevent
the sighs from spoiling the figs
or those who fill holes with
fantastic devices

An innocence maintained in
new branches and constellations

for J.C., G.C., A.J.

≈

A white strand of eavesdropping
the sourness in the air around him
as he listens across a range
of words between afternoon and evening

≈

The fluidness that comes from exhaustion: an alteration of perception and the
loose hold on form and meaning. At this moment clarity is a beacon to be ignored.

≈

A hollow in blues
a telescope I see an atlas
being knifed from here

The hollow continues to do
what hollows do
and the sky blows itself
a storm

A black hole in the sun
we correspond vertically
The hollow of pearls without
the skin of self
I migrate where I'm told
to migrate the sun spins
a doctrine in faith
a solvent for dunes
slid into holes

I saw an atlas of sovereign land
stoke a wren's pulse

≈

Rosette

Pollen bled through layers

Turning two into one

A veiled expansion
Honeycomb to the edges of space

≈

Current interrupted a white light or restless exercise outside one's hesitation in the face of surrender. Pools of night's prism overflow into one's mouth. Riversides rise. Trees embrace, tangle in forming shade, daring each other to poke clouds. He awoke suddenly when one of the trees was felled for timber.

≈

Hibiscus the pursuit through memory dried

Iris tomb in a labyrinth a fiction of time

Azalea figurine a ghost of a bird an atlas
knifed at the prow of a moon

Orchid's artery unplanned

≈

Mirrors are a form of thievery.

≈

All appearances in perfect counterfeit are made in a house set back from the street.
Flower canopy over dead leaves. A pond where fish are no longer seen, only heard.

≈

Giving into the current
lit here and there?
the gleam of color's being

That afternoon we sat talking as this element
rained over us our attention resembling
the peripheral light on an ocean floor as these
elements were nervous and soon came to be
in need

On the surface of our thoughts were tiny indentations
places showing an abstract weight, root of a spiral
and knot, routes taken or bright souvenir after
the fact

The wet air, a dew-levitating, a glassy mist pulling
trees from their pores — all of water's possible
descriptions immediate to the senses

A day's progress noted in scurrying lines
provoke cataract and parched sea

to exchange the material draped over the arc of a sigh

≈

Falling between letters
spirit lamp shows a body
riddled with eyes

an entity hardly singular. . .

. . . and molting

≈

Within exile two alphabets merge
commandeering a version of reality
where phenomena subsists on
contradiction

This zone fills and refills and our
glances are elsewhere yet effected
by our limbs our acts
an immersion rarely noted
as if

invisible tongues

fading syllabic

this circular light
from a half-dome of blue seasons

places to enter without climate

a still surrounding always present

were all conspiring
against familiar sense

≈

our attention
converts into
substitutes
for attention

≈

Soon this room will house:

the innocent gesture

the extinction of stars

things that refuse discovery

an elegy for a network of reflections

≈

This silence is the body weightless without partition
resting in the garden, asleep within its false confines
mouthing a zero
invincible until it is pierced or altered by death's
spherical dream

And here it is spun with enough talent to take on
several different forms, often simultaneously

≈

The distance between apprehension and impossibility
is the challenge of the uncertain — out of which is borne
a nightly glissando
the essence of struggle that is the essence of elation

≈

This transmission is a particle of speech

≈

In the soft cleft of what
I remember to be a false memory
makes deaf a touch of small riddles

In empty sentences
the fecal rose
the sweet below as we slip into
chasm or spring from
an aqua-speech with our friend
a milky sea

≈

In seeing double
I'm familiar with what occurs
between views what
prompts the eye to
waver or weave light
into a house or spell
that breaks the law
of ports and departures

≈

Towards the end his
face folded in on itself

his limbs closely followed

his torso remained to
help contain the fields
that bloomed in his name

in this, his skull was a *no-no*
(acephale)

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