



NO UGHT

Julie Joosten

POEMS

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NO
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We recognize the enduring presence of many diverse First Nations, Inuit and Métis peoples and are grateful for the opportunity to meet and work on this territory.

Love, of sometimes solitude—
the elsewheres to which it passes—
a season of small fruits, a flood, a road
without balm—the where where my senses
unfold, entangling.

I'm trying to find a space big enough
for all our organs.

Touching the nerves' equivocal, I listen
to a moth's wings, near then far away,
murmuring, murmuring—an anterior abandoned
with the gravity of evanescence,
the ways of becoming what love will
have been.

Thought clattered
into the rhythm of
rest, the duration of a breath
my hands turn
into forgery,
forcing
a there, where
solitude stands in the shape
of what once fell
like a shadow.

While slept the sun, having
arrived or
not, spectacularly silken.

She walks across a field to
thinking how thinking
accompanies life. Lavender caves, an
abundance of loss. Wondering if
thought is also an affair
of the skin. Cowbells, cowbells,
cowbells. Her memory blushes pink.
A partial eclipse, the sun visible
like a quarter moon. Her skin trembles
the little weights and textures of gone
things. A nation of birds, some
clouds. The future arrives before
she recognizes it. A future thick as fur.

(to touch the mind spreading across
a distance called your skin, indelicate index
of my fingers' incursion into the future
tense of spring.

If I could gather the folds of your
memory, I would take your face in my
hands, your hands in my mouth, take
your night to the marrow of water's
surface, starred thought hanging
suspended from skies blue with cold.

Morning light enters our pores,
measures time as the vibration of snow
fall, returns to the sky glowing warm from our
blood, light having become a thought
conceived by the skin.

We might have touched here, force
coming briefly to form, the cold wind
stinging my lungs
in your chest.)

Air abdicated from the wind
blows open our door, admits nothing—
my eyes light on the doorknob, fall
into faint fingerprint lines,
live there, the brain extending into
the world as the murmur of the eyes
becoming touch becomes perceptible.
Touch, having gained dimension, displaces
the sky: tumbled clouds, humming,
sticky sun, fumbling—

I'm trying to write you the whole
body—the brain touching itself and
attaching us to life, the curve at
the edge of hearing, the netting
nerve and thought girding the stomach—

—this “this” (beat, beat) almost
unseen.

, but the stars are silent. A tendency of
momentariness opens from the corner
of an eye—the moon cleaves
cloud, black sky verges into blue, a gesture
lapses. To enter into that hesitation,
thought immolate.

Relation is the smallest unit of
perception, there must be some
molecule of touch in shale, the sky
lightened by the moon, a moth's wing,
your skin. It's raining. We arch
in a curve beginning with neither
you nor me.

Each phase of the moon is visible
tonight in a single sky. If there's a verb
for the way times nest in us, collecting
in layers, or for the way we hold
times, it should be cradled here.

We hold them, touch preceding the recollection
consciousness is. A consciousness of life.
A wing at the window
and Cricket barks.