

# Virtualis

*Topologies of the Unreal*

David Dowker & Christine Stewart

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Patience arrays its strategies.<sup>1</sup> The blue sky faience  
and the startling flows. Tincture of days passing.  
Rapture of plant consciousness, suppliant plaintive  
refrain. Sidereal inertia of the earth return posture  
and the vibratory distances between dreams.

9

This time the vertigo is temporary. It effects a textuality  
of sex. Brazen conjure. The medium is palladium  
and hypostasizes. Its valence sighs  
and lies upon the periodic table, maybe  
radiant agency.

From the premonitory depths of the firing. A beam  
of gauze hovers, pale northern glaze veils. The surface  
of the lake of serene gleams.

Crystals, larvae, buds . . . *gemmules*.<sup>2</sup> Or  
-ganiforms with felt hats and vivid fringes, fungus  
tumuli. Reticulum of Her thought-fur murmurs.  
(Something about this urn of a world.) Quivering  
trepresence within the furniture. These retinals  
and nerve-wing things fluttering about  
the telling.

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<sup>1</sup> "Patience details its follies."

<sup>2</sup> "I might have seen all that this single ray awakened of crystals, buds, and worms, in this beam." Arthur Rimbaud, "The Pool of Beth-Saïda."

gladioli my fetishes

My frenetic bent  
was your ambivalence.

My spent intensity, your civic dissent.

12 And so I knit the fetish splint.

For phantasy is virtuality and I cannot resist  
the insistence of its undulations,  
its mirror site, its oval portal<sup>4</sup> – near  
tar and error. Flung far

into the nether, the imaginations  
are left to their own inverted devices  
– apparent acceleration due to  
time-dilation. Really  
an eternity spent climbing the asymptotic  
beanstalk . . . or shall we make a bee-line to  
the blossoming? . . . (pre-) destination  
over there.

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<sup>4</sup> “My phobic truth was your discipline. My lush obscurity, your citizen lips. I prod this fetish twig for my fantasy is velocity and I cannot resist the liquid of its pronunciations, its oval site, its mirror.”

flesh plumb

The taste of theory in the back of the throat.  
Bitter sediment, *seulement*. Golden seal upon  
parchment lips. Tongue a quiver of slippages.  
Glottal stop, not. Concave effacement.

Lattice

dowse

in the presence of such displacement.

Litmus viscera discipline. Sorrow is round  
but emits sparks when squeezed.

Hybrid dynasties of carcinogenic saffron blossom  
across the apocalyptic centuries. Carmine tines  
of the migration into light –  
another bloody mistake, mistook umbrage  
with fruiting bodies in likely nightshade  
and the hallucinatory lines of flight  
of radicalized capital.

in aphasia

*for Rimbaud*

Imagine the figure seeming.  
Imagine the figure singing, coming.  
Its face, a nascent egg.  
Waning, wrinkled forgetting – sad, eh?

45

Ash transfixes it  
in the fields of id<sup>24</sup>  
– yellow corn pricks its angst,  
the skin akin to ink.

From matter to baffle.  
It is a slow takeover . . . incremental  
exposure. The whole thing has a distinct odour,  
humming. The sharp smell of summer's clearing,  
coming: an orphic buttock, a swollen hue –  
in tangible slabs of absence, fissures of absinthe.

And the finches bunch,  
in its labial abutments, singing,  
sighing as if nature were affable  
or preternatural. And it's  
eating – a genital nibble  
for the cannibal bit. Her head's  
the adorable detail, listening to  
the sound of a snail.

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<sup>24</sup> It is insurgent & outside precise eidetics.

the occasion of this artifice

*for Baudelaire*

It loses the object  
because the object is not  
lost . . . It sleeps . . .  
acedia (a deep snooze)  
in the demon noon.

51

It curves to the in-folio of owls  
gnarled on a damp tongue's rose<sup>27</sup>

. . . a baroque musick drifts down

. . . clutches its fleshy husk,  
sings to the fervent cities – disperses  
history in the non-neutrality  
of a louche human  
(the subject assumed).

Our melancholia is just  
plush and uncivic.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>27</sup> Read ruse (or . . . finiculate).

<sup>28</sup> As Ophelia's arse – anise please!

the starry pantomime

The body is plural,  
a congeries  
of metamorphoses  
– its engine  
is difference, its dermis  
absurd – a hinged incidence  
in a terminal display.

57

In the topology of its sleep-  
induced inflorescence  
a red vulvic ruckus  
of mucous (mobius)  
– a slime trail to  
the underwrit ruse  
of snail and skull (all  
atypical lip(id)s encrypted)  
. . . in a discrete laboratory  
of forgiveness (Her forgiveness):  
*corpus mysticum melusine*.<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>35</sup> Salome is seen . . . with a saint's head on a silver plate.

theriocephalous promise

which brings us to the inadvertent curvature of the argument

62

as if to mitigate

untime

-ly sightings

due to a porous

chronosphere

(posit deft logic

circuits or bit emit-

ters perhaps)

the Sphinx sits,

disconsolate, in-

fernal riddle

withheld, in-

communicado