

the body, light, and solar poems



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Mon Arm (My Aim)

In face of—
while walking
down street,
a fact to be—
conform about
the spinal
column, a form
elucidated into
fact, confirmed
in hollow
mold, a—how
to say—transverse
articulation, how
tendons are
spoken

—on sonagram
a sparkling mass
undefined, in
secret organ,
shifts in shadows.
A technician comments,
a comparison
to craters on the moon—

to conform
outside pressure
molds severely
in imperceptible
wax form
a thorn
circled about
how tendon
is remarkably
a thorn in
heel, left
exposed to
pressures,
open, worded.

Mon Âme (My Arm)

What pushes back
up, or to be precise,
in the precision of
elucidating that
walking me down
street—what holds up
flesh about poking
spine, small thorned
vertebrae crowned
about muscle, nerve
and tendon, a
notification, what
protests in
face of soil, or
this surrounding
tissue, what centers,
what forms about the
form, this mass
held in position, a posture
of precision, thorned
in a crowning of
defensive
armature, what
holds up.

My Arm (My Soul)

A beingness in streets,
or standing simply
in a doorway, letting
body make its
own light, while
being in street,

something hangs
from thin flexible
bones, stacked one
upon another, a series
of books, passing
messages through
cartilage chains,
one to another,

would structure
everything like this,
would be unable to
look at itself, but
make everything
mirror this basic
strangeness
of relations.

Electric Cascade

A small glimpse of seeing
flesh, an entire body stand-
ing on the edge of vision,
distracting this waterfall
of flesh, standing there
reading afternoon mail,
an entire body standing
in a room, distracting
in a glimpse from other
rooms, flesh holding
its own light, giving off
its own luminosity,
while standing simply,
a body reflecting
and manufacturing
light.

Zona Pellucida 1

to be picked up and meet again
when walking past the waters
met in the zone and again see
each other walking past the same
place when earlier saw each other
and through the crowd with an
other met in the zone walking past
the waters as waters continue
when walking that direction
and waters on the other side when
coming back as met again as picked
up as car pulls up and separates
as people part like seas each face
each wave as a wave caught by light
a light grayish glimpse as air moves
over the waters and small vibrations in
corners of ponds as the crowd separates
into light as wind catches each wave
and builds up as heightens light gray
or clear green-blue when seen as
a crowd seen as a wave separates
itself from the water below as
water appears on one side when
travelling with the city on the other
when separated and meeting again
as a wave lifts up and reveals its color
as water reveals its color when lifted
by wind as a crowd will part and reveal
each other as each person separates when
lifted by water will reveal herself and
will reveal himself as you him reveals
as yourself reveals to myself him and
her as water reveals itself and him
wave and wind her and I city and you
crowd and as car pulls up and reveals its
color as on your left side I walk up and
on your side I walk up as a wave lifts
my color, a light gray or clear blue-green,
as heightened and wind lifts up as you walk
up and I pull up in a car and take you in,
as I take you inside, as I welcome you
into the cities floating on the water.

Zona Pellucida 2

I saw you across country as laid waste to
grey lines and longer stretching shadows
I see you across and your shadow thrown
a bare green line must travel and across then
with itself and with us both locating ourselves
on surfaces about us and surrounded by green
I locate myself as you appear to be a small
salty sphere as you hold me in your hands
against erosion and advancing lines of pine trees
as a tree would sigh and give of itself to relentless
marching onslaughts as lines of woods gives of
itself to relentless onslaught as wood giving air
sighs into itself atmosphere and we would give
of ourselves to each tree to wish to give of ourselves
to a relentless marching onslaught as sky lowers
itself and shadows grey as trees give of themselves
a bare green line must travel and so we locate
ourselves, finding in the spirals beyond us
when faced with themselves you remark
such is the relentless beautiful movement
holding me in hands in light thrown back

Zona Pellucida 3

I saw you across country as you would see
me, standing on disintegration. Such shelves

fall when scientists misunderstand tropospheres,
that such lower atmospheric vortex feeds a spiral

tightening about the middle of continents. Cold
interior, warm exterior, and thus snow melts and

feeds back into water. Plankton is the forest
of the sea. Iceberg shadows drift becoming as small

as your snowy figure standing on cliffs famous
for ozone loss. Hold me against erosion and

protect the hummocks, salinity and underground
currents. When ice parts and reveals dark

splinters of drowning. Such is the relentless
beautiful movement. You sigh in partings,

as oceans part from land and become frozen,
as the inside turns deep cold and exteriors

glow red hot as Mars, as Mercury, as every
other planet clean and dry, with frozen water

hidden as diamonds glittering in telescopes,
with hope of plankton elsewhere even as

our forests are the sea, even as our ocean
breathes hot air, even as you say to me

such relentless beautiful parting, such
shelves tipping into splinters of light.

Zona Pellucida 4

That all is nothing and will stay.
Such is the self's equipment when faced

with itself and remarking how a posture
felt, fulfilled, in relation to such things as

appear overhead. That all is and nothing
can stay, because we negate structures

and find in the spirals beyond us
objects above our selves. Such water

making noise! As we stand here gaping
at each other and at surfaces about us,

we locate ourselves as you appear
to be a small salty sphere and hold me

in your hand against such erosion,
relentless beautiful movement.

The Apparent Orbit

When time has allowed the stars to drift apart,
a spectral type O reaches a higher temperature

and along the abscissa of the graph maintains
bursts along seams of circles.

If you think music is harmony of spheres
then absolutes placed in the upper left

please those instigated who set margins
measured in absolute magnitude or luminosity.

The intrinsic brightness does not represent
the absolute magnitude, and in your eyes

a telescope, and in the same distance,
all their comparisons. If we journey

through the gates of matter correctly,
we enter through the gates of green familiar

and all composition lies open to us
in spectral constellation orbit, tonal.

Solar Plexus

It is from this center
that all warmth radiates

It being a center
surrounded by which

has bloomed into
its own—rocks green

and sky blue or
as seen from space

or as you see me
warm, maybe a little red

flushed with white at
the extremities, or lips a little

blue, cold from
distance, from the center—

it is this area feeling first
we do appreciate

and we do appreciate
when we think of miles

and miles to you
how far you are

and still how bright
not red at all

but so yellow as
to become white, blazing

a disk in each of us
a circle in our center.

Unusual Gravitation

If my distance from you were doubled,
the attractive force would be quartered;
your speed is sufficient to prevent your
falling, and just enough to keep you
from flying away—such orbit enables

me, speaking of bodies, to invent telescopes
and keep after you, explaining that motion
is an instrument fine and honed. Watch here
this diagram: a balanced reflector can detect
a planet through its disc-like appearance
or its motion against a background of stars.

A wandering star, then, is closer than a fixed
wallpaper of points, linked, your orbit
to my orbit. What seems still is farther away
and oblivious to me. Against such spiralling
away and repellent movement, is response,

circular as it is, and then each planet is
discovered, and hidden bodies, opaque
against such matter, in delicate calculation
appear, and whether fragment or sphere,
each casts its influence upon the other,
each orbit moves slightly, each moved.

Mercury, Each Crater

Mercury, each crater on you is named for another
Writer and they send in names to astronomers
With full biographies asking that which would be
Interesting to the writer to have a crater named after
Such as Neruda is slated to have a crater named
After him, on your left side or maybe right in space
Nothing is directional there in full blast of sun
Yellow and dry as you are and meteor-toasted
With plenty of craters and plenty of writers.

Venus, Transitive

Venus, when in the hours masked
had with subtle darkening shared blueness

across the spaceways, a transitive planet,
a blue light against the sky, the second star

concealing nothing beneath a turbulence,
a boiling poisonous cover, of all the lightweight

elements, a planet prepared to float, a dirigible
love, as light would face and prepare to turn

her sister planet, a bluer sphere observing,
she gives up volumes of herself. Speech

useless against the blank vertiginous spaces
of chaos and reformation, the beginnings

of water, such airless agitation proof
against undirected observation, a senseless

space in excitement, shielded in mist and blue
across expanse, hours condensed and as if

in precipitation another transit space and in
blueness swam another change and day.

Mars, to You

Mars, to you I move naming war
and in my blueness, face with you
our likeness, naming you and in your namesake,
find myself in crimson fields without horizon.

In every cave or earth gray-green, I seek
that for which there is no explanation,
and in explaining find that you are
again next to me in vast expanses.

Your colors flutter across those spaces
empty and blue, a splash of crimson
wandering—with darkness at your poles.
Our meteors stumble into gravity

and still with shield, as you are still
with covered face, dust which makes
you as though you were reflective,
our own image in space

set in a frame black as oceans.
You are more than us and yet unnamed.
Mars, a crimson version we would
float in blue and white, seeking in caves

we made for you inquiring
across expanses. We wander
crimson without horizon
in seeing you we choose our armor,

each cave we exploit in seeking
names shape one upon another
moving through the desert spheres,
Mars, you, our closest dream of air.

In Jupiter

In Jupiter a room and into rooms,
closet, doorway and an asteroid orbiting
in bits of ice, rooms, and Jupiter, occupies
a space even as inside that gaseous sphere
a room, and redness beneath delineations
and spun into circulation by gravity
immense, as liquid becomes solid, and
become a denser sphere
definition and occupying a space
as you would push others
into orbits, your circular asteroids
as small planets circle you,
creating space within space as you
take space around yourself and liquid
become gravity, holding yourself
to yourself, to Jupiter, and inside you element
as we would circle you as even gazing
inside you, your core invisible, Jupiter,
you move in and out of visible range,
your largesse and equator, monster.

To Saturn

To Saturn, secure about her rings,
barely visible through a half-moon light,
in an aerial cracking faintly in the turn of things,
things turn in the aether of night against night,
strangely surround roundness accentuated,
in clearness of ancient cataclysm, and marked,
to which you are the only faintness in your turn,
as night would face night, or day comes in cracking,
as he would take telescopes and within the viewpoints
find the neatly fit within and about the magnetic glasses,
through the half-moon lit as though found inside an angle,
a telescope bending and mirrored within,
as astronomer, I, mark the half-cracking night,
as glass ground, or spectacles invented,
would bring the world into clearer focus,
mark the strewn rings of matter,
of matter made, rocks and certain debris,
speaking of a time cataclysm happened
a crackle faint against the half-moon light,
a spotlight diffused as though from an angle,
when bounced back and against roundness found,
great round bodies marking matter,
in clarity and turning night against night,
as light would face and in obliqueness,
shatter and mark upon the planet's face day.

Neptune, Chaotic

Neptune, chaotic you ellipsis ride in obliqueness
and we, unable to predict routes of where
half you disappear and travel as one half
with invisible weight beneath you
as much a boat riding waves unlike your namesake,
becoming as much water as wood and not trident-wielding,
as not bearded water-being half as much water as wood,
as gold, as trident enters air from liquid form,
as half spun into greenish being and half one with emptiness,
as daughters spy through glasses and calculate navigation
not based on your obliqueness, chaotic shell, riding half in darkness
reaching for substance as below you are solitude.

Neptune, you tiny green disk, you faint star,
fainter than distance and as effect your gravity is,
half again more distant in space as you are again distant from us,
when the motion of another did not conform to prediction,
your weight thrown against those within close orbits,
as calculations closed in upon your position.
A daughter moved, and leaving on shells, with spyglass to eye,
seeing distance and again moving in shadows over another,
a demi-circle, a gold half-sphere, as waves rise
and capture objects over them, riding in prediction,
each route you take, captured in equation
marking precisely your green and gold spun orbit
and gravity thrown against others,
half again water and half faint star.

Gravity Insistent Io

solid in our path gravity insistent Io, being one place and yet another,
water comes to us sweet reception against the coast it falls light
full of reflection a distant shape and yet not shaped, by coast received
and through it we would come Io stands before us transmitting a solid shape
by which we receive light after light and become coastal, tall peaks definition fading distance
so water comes to us via sky and gravity receptive against our circles watching
all of us together having woken up and travelled from land
to water we come for reflections and lights falling, as we turn
to each other in insistent gravity and declare ourselves orbit
as transmitting we come to it against ourselves receiving
as we are one place and yet another before us Io each circle
elliptical and coast as we go with each other through planets
and in their presence gargantuan familiar find sweet compounds
by coast received what we believe to be there one shape and yet another
us you a distant reflection and not to be received Io between us you
as we watch the water, elliptical, as we see falling lights bringing to us
you reflective of distance and flashing into reflection, Io,
what we suspect to be behind us even as we watch before us
a division into satellite and satellite, antennae in glares of coruscation
to each other we transmit and through each other we would pass
as meteors distant shapes in each other's path or closer as water
coastline lights from ships, towns sky more lights until all
water is light and reflection broken reformed into constellation
system and circles fading reappearing glint in points as poignant
as compounds brought into atmospheres dense as certain destination
through ourselves fading through medium and on the edge of another.

Pluto, Not Enough

Pluto, it's not enough to say again how far you are
Or what orbit both brings you close and loops out
Such a shape to be drawn in and escape again
The apex of which is dark and cold of which I can hardly bear to think
That outer shell that point where stars are visible without
Interruption and with such dignity embarrassing that you name
A dog with bright black nose and tongue as elliptical as that
We'd name in escaping again and sending out such dogs
The dignity of emptiness, cold and clear vision
And to come in again via some scrap of warmth as could
Be caught on such mathematical turn and thus be
Caught in equation and suspected thus that you exist, recently.
And now you are one with those circling and caught
And known for both frozen and cartoon-like, the sidekick
And yet alone out there in darkness and clarity, seeing closer
That which then brought you into looping and other
Planets larger and more warm, gaseous not hard and frozen
Out there on edges in fascinating ellipsis, missing.