

MARCELLA DURAND

“THE DROUGHT POEMS”

“SO MUCH AS IS INHABITED”

“AGAIN, SO NICE...”

“TETRAHEDRON DIFFICULT CAGE...”

THE DROUGHT POEMS

There's less than we thought,
said dropping wire into spring
if move rock stop flow as rock
weighs soil down to form tunnel
through woods then forest then.

We used spectrometer and
hypersensometrical poke.
Measured pipe diameter,
knelt, listened. We
tasted—analysis, analysis,
analysis. We looked.

Then we knew to start
exaggeration and division:
much much more, so much
more, lots more, yes, so
much more flow so much to
drink! Ravish the springs
that flow separately
from the aquifers, the
creeks, rivers and ponds
that all flow separately
from each other: all
discrete origins of water.

We disregarded how

the pond looked like
an eye, discarded similarities
and similes—it was all one
and none to us.

It being depth, pressure
and flow, and what those
could bring to us, force
seeds upward to flower
out into trucks speeding,
all we had to offer: petal
pattern to the continent.

Continent flowers from
us as fruits shrink, dryness
becoming enforcable. Sharing
unequally and argue,
mismeasurement
or take for granted
if rock stays and rain
cloud and vapor drawn
back down even over
crumple and height,
even from salt, even
from sea, comes back
in mist and will rain.

Takes for granted
limestone shale

sand granite holds,
that quartz will
guide. From this
river to the other
river and under
river another.

About removing
rock and replacing
concrete, about
banks and levees
not being beautiful,
about being strict,
utilitarian, light
and not gold-lined.

About washing
twice or three
times and the water
goes back to flower
bed. Gardens take
order, separate the
flowers. Wash the
pasta and rinse it
again in the mud.
Heirloom drench,
artisanal contamination.
Removal of metals
leave water to dry,
saline rings and unspeakable.

Land tilts one way, lifting
left side to dryness and
dousing the other. Cities
drown while fields parch.
Imbalance, but again
seen what is wanted to
be seen or what makes
sense in this order of
what we would like
to envision. And that
would be a spring,
in a pipe made
by others, origin
unknown—just,
somewhere else,
flowing generously,
endlessly
toward us.

SO MUCH AS IS INHABITED

I love all waste for in the litter
my neighbors leave is the solution of
how they move: people, cities, towns,
portes, promontories, hills, woods,
mountains, valleys, rivers and fountains,
therein contained. Also of seas, with their clyffes,
reaches, turnings, elbows, quicksands, rocks, flattes,
shelves and shores, whatever in which I find them
contained and visible swarming in algorithms feeling
all their mathematical and progressive natures, shells
that accumulate in knowing and mystery, but in
their tidepools, basins and bays, they are sometimes
invisible to me, however decoder I try to be.

The surueye of the Vworld, or situation of the Earth,
So Muche as Is Inhabited. Once so many fires burned
along the shores and shelves before littoral
zone turned to contagious interaction: the landscape
is unsettled, enormous. Artificial forms travel over
more subtle variations. Polyhedrons with ruins
and strapwork. Wood blocks print over forests
and convey into paper terms I thought I had set
forth through observing equations, indistinct
shapes that signal back, even through
distortions of ink blurring to material.

AGAIN, SO NICE TO HAVE TIME TO ONESELF AT THE LIBRARY

although it is silent and from silence uselessness
springs, although under the library are springs
rerouted to unknown place and still flood in spring
the basements of writers silenced from writing in
obscurity and neglect, loneliness & always more possible
bitterness. The acorn dropping from the trees are bitter
and the old greens in the fridge are bitter. Good health
is bitter and old joy is sorrow. Nostalgia is not a weakness,
but is engine and makes the streetlights at night more
beautiful. The heart beating harder is maybe not healthy,
but facilitates all the sensations we live or would like
to live with every day—remembering all of that which
together, random as they/it are, randomness of everything
that happens to us maybe. Yesterday we confirmed that two
molecules react together over impossible distance and with
memories at either end or moving along the invisible cords
of dark matter and remembrance, the cords and strings
and threads, golden and yet colourless in that gold in painting
is both a dark and a light, a changeable substance that appears
from wishing and desire: the strings crisscross to create
a braid of flexibility, a continuum-like transmission of what
is around us and where that intersection with our feelings is,
because feelings are very often what it is to live in the past,
some forms of life live close to electrons: purely
electric life strange, a “life” barely apprehensive.

“My tetrahedron is open to the night.”
—John Ashbery

TETRAHEDRON DIFFICULT CAGE TO PARSE AS WHETHER

caught within it can lead to many doorways
through column and arch and column. Another
garden, view and prospect, and at the end of
perspective, green arch beckons to another
forest ever receding on the horizon. Inside
dark green line of leaves together creates trees,
and trees together create habitat, and habitat,
continuous, makes a world, a mirage created
by the work about it and plan to area a garden,
a greenery, an open place of light within cloistered
neighborhoods, of getting as close to one another
inside wood and sheets, wound clothes, tenderness
and dimly breathing again breath, and small plants
on windowsills, airshafts and divisions, bricks
and granite, rooms that mirror in their squares
the larger green squares of gardens created for
view and horizons, distance and longing, gardens
of inclusion, enclosure, figures of topiary of
speaking evergreens, tree symbols, mimicking
density and inhabitance, and still one gives way.