

VENTI journal

Air — Experience — Aesthetics

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AIR BUBBLES

Fragments in a Modulated Time

Sylvia Gorelick | poetry | 24

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FRAGMENTS IN A MODULATED TIME

Sylvia Gorelick

how to immunize desire
communicate with the dead
yell loud enough that they
can hear you
from the other side

cannot accept
day's disappearance
my life unbound

--

time between
memories

--

she whispers in me
so the scent of a longing
gets dim
as if immortal
my tree always
yielding

angel on fire
what loss could
catch you there
unslept unspent
sun
time
waning
moonless

rosebud of
a solitude

my city fills
a cave of wonders

--

birds of spring
 hiding in another body
 where's the limit
 creatures crawl
 as one

be like them
 the air urges
 keep getting caught
 by mystery
 skylight lifting
 to other
 moons

--

in deep wounding
 casual grief
answers come to bathe
 in different light

husk of matter
 stay a little longer
riding ferries
song sustaining

no wings left
the egg has dropped

--

I wanted to write
 about women
 wandering cities
waiting

I wanted to heal

 but now it is different
 to wander
and I'm burning
to shatter things

--

today is purple-gray
 the sun has split
 divided through horizon
 so streets
 are shorter

bleak aligned

hope flung
hovering
memory in body

someone else

has gone
flight of objects
over
air
waves
missing

--

dreams imbue

experience
bridges extend
for us

their turning arms
in grace

a complex structure difficult to
escape

breaking enclosure

the only option
angel angry
hungry
surging
aching and ever
exposed

--

beating
of wings against
my heart

limning spaces of
pain
& tenderness

--

a world where everyone is
a vagabond

apocalyptic weather
heart in flames

I want your gradual
luminescence

specularity
spectrality

sift through lyric raindrops
mystery withheld

desire to move against
originating
pain

gradual opening
of a palm
eruption out of form

—

what was secret
is no more
daylight arriving at close of day

you cut me
to the bone
with word and act

—

light falls rough in afternoon
flickering off
surfaces of
vehicular flight

in my dream the
blue journals of a
woman forgotten
by history

—————

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