

In my time away

Q. A. Zanjani



A less quick foreword

I was away, and then I wasn't. In the process of being away, I wrote some scraps. Here they are. If you are one of the zero people who will have read the last one *and* this one, you will probably note that these are less refined, and that the former was already no feat of cleanliness. At the same time, while that makes these less 'useful', it might make them interesting in other ways. There are some more experiments here; I don't generally think too much about form, but looking back much of the previous collection occupies the same kinds of structures, even if they're "anti-structure" by intention. As such, there should be a little more variety here. Talk about contrivance all you like, but given that *you* don't exist (again, this is being published for a readership of null), it's not really my problem.

So: here's a selection of poems about being in a nice place and not wanting to be at all. (You would think the two are mutually exclusive). There are probably other feelings rattling around, and they probably emerge here, but I won't acknowledge them for some reason. What I can tell you is that they do not flare in one great hole beneath the diaphragm, but instead writhe like a thousand tiny sunsparks within finitesimal pockets of vacuum, alveolar, nephronic, yappa yappa yappa. (I'm still figuring things out).

n.b. there is one line in this collection that is interpolated from someone else. I cannot recall who it was on the internet who wrote the phrase "*when you leave the womb, make sure to cry*". In any case, I cannot take credit for it.

I did say this would be a quick foreword, but I feel like rambling and explicating, largely because the empty white space at the bottom of this page intimidates me a little. Not sure how to feel about that. Go to the next page now.

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(Fine, I'll get a job).

Marrow

the gouging of connective tissue
like rubber, treebark,
cored in long strokes from the sinnow;
a reaping in twenty-four frames,
flickering from the gravestem,
letting sap like vermilion honey
(hot like the sun)
flood bruiseprint valleys with shades

of bowing, and bowing
in fictitious surrept:
understand that night-summerings crawl
inside my eardrum, friend,
erstwhile and idle,
setting stilled light

(when you leave the womb, make sure to cry)

to wax again, dead ebb,
inheritor of time and silt, frothing
like the serration of a wave
over taut-pulled sheets –
shadow-fingers crawling, breaking,
reaching along
the arch of your back
in waves.

hereafter

her hair is dialled in tresses,
a god-fearing western
of sunrises and tabac –
 soft-speaking jawings,
a carving into you
in the shape of water falling,
that holy fire of string noise and detail
singing in your ears;

(i was a thousand sun-soft years in the palm of your hand)

let me shoot the noose
and carry off the shackle,
the sweet-sundered affixion
of self to yoke
and yoke to you,
even for all its silk
and trappings –

(i thank you for my thirst)

god i will burn. I will press
sun-cinders into your soul. it is the light
of creation that I will impact
upon the depth of your skin,
and we will both of us
see a kind of peace.

a series of visions / triptych

no freedom from the broil –
a spark carried in the martian scene,
libidinal, making meet with
hellmouth winds;
no light but a sundering, waxing pale,
embittering your lips with absent-kindness,
starched-pride stretchings
and god's passing judgment.

a flash, and chasm
in the potentiality of thought –
glass extruded like the serration
of a wave, redbrick goddenings
pooling like sunshine.
any other source, but this,
rich insignificance –
carved in the pacific-mirror,
chained four neurones down
in a handful of lapis and gold,
gleaming, spilling,
refracted in roman-candle sparkings
scattered on the tide.

alone, the child of thousands
steals upon a fiction of watermelon.
the downerism
of recessed jaws and stunted fingers

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presses down upon its back;
hindsight readies his forelegs
as foresight buckles her hind;
i would cut the world into an infinite number of pieces
if it might be easier for you.

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the chelation of wayward vectors,
calcified, caramelised,
burned brittle in the dark;

eye-widenesses scalded, twice shy,
convergent in a symphony of ash;

white-winged kestrels,
euthymic, silverstrine,
 winnowing parallel weft and weave
in decadent slip-rhythm:

 itself a doveness, swallowed with unweary abandon
by inanimacy, the skinless tide
 of one notion before another,
an infinite recursion of husks.

ii.

the staining of serif upon your cornea;
and some spare change, far more valuable,
the toiling, gnashing coinage
that shears tomorrow from today.

(lastly, something about Christ,
stolen in a watch-hand).

rupi kaur sucks and so do you (an expression of authenticity)

you gnaw and toil and covet in the somewhere beneath.

a fine song of rain settles the floor outside, crashing like ragged wave-breaths on the pavement; a settling for more takes you, gliding in the amniotic vapour of this room.

the weight of this air sits squalid; river-fingers of music fray your edges, courting the peripheral, as an appetite for dust starts to walk in your eyes.

somewhere below your diaphragm, kindling dies in you;

and now, there is only the cold-sweat thrum of pale blue

and a hunger.

(irish).