

The Wooden Brain

I
A stanza is a room
you enter before you know
you are reading.

*Strange, though
how the walls of these rooms
are built from what
occupies them.*

IV
The mouth is also a room.

One moves through it:
lips teeth tongue palate.

The mouth bears the history
of the languages it has spoken.
Its acquired habits of movement
circumscribe the sounds
it can make.

*The tongue becomes observant.
The tongue gets tough, inevitably.
Like a fruitskin.*

Every word: a floor plan
memorised by muscle.
Every accent: a room
the body keeps.

II
The window is always already open.

What happens outside
enters the text-space.

*A moped. Someone's name.
A frequency you recorded earlier
already in the room
before the window opened.*

Every path is more than a connection
between two points.

It has its own nature,
its own direction.

V
When I see the lark flutter
her wings with joy against the sunray
as if she has forgotten herself,
lets herself fall
out of the sweetness
that enters her heart

*the window opens.
Milan enters.
The text absorbs it.*

III
To write is to dwell.

Not to master the space.
To approach it.

Language distributed in a room
that the language does not command
but finds itself
moving towards.

to bear to dwell to de-scribe

*(description: a writing down, yes
but also a drawing around.)*

VI
No sentence is language alone.

Every text carries traces of the body.
The voice accompanies the writing,
enters it,
transforms the written text
into a resonant body.

Once the voice speaks,
it enters the stage.

Private room. Public sound.
The city coming through the window.

VII
Within the problem with language
lurks a comedic element.

Anticipation. Expectation.
The eruption of something uncontrolled.

The very fluidity of meaning,
signifier drifting from signified,
makes fluid what might otherwise
become rigid.

You match the chair.

One is in the room.
The room is in the sentence.
The sentence open.