



through a membrane / clouds

dawn-michelle baude

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gongpress@earthlink.net

for Alex

“Has the milk come in yet?”

Has the milk come in yet?
No—it is out in a band
of stars,

arrives in a gush
of hydrogen, galactic dust,
sleep. A glass of beer
is recommended on these occasions,
tiny bubbles slip
slick with iridescent gleam.

Dreaming
also fights incipient exhaustions
but rarely straddles the axis
between worlds.

The threshold is
wide, obdurate, deep. The threshold
is awash with lemons, wild desert blossoms
smells of musk,
aromatic tea.

Yet how quickly we cross
from one side to the
from inside to outside
from breath,
first breath, be.

“You expressed ‘milk’”

You expressed “milk”

but it was the wrong chamber, the one
full of fat. There the blood

goblins sat. A boy called out—
and we were on to the next
frame, the one with
physical
smiles
(the first)

an aureole

sun for it is day filtering
through a membrane

clouds. Between the brick house of the dying and
the plaster house of birth
rests an hospitable church.

Spiritual vessels such as these have strictly
replenished value.

Breath, and again, breath.

A new mother panics,

stuck on her buzzer,
the engorgement perhaps, an A, B,
C
of evaporating sighs. Other possibilities include

visitors trespassing nurses gossiping
the nursery chorus

voices released in the combustion of cells

and available light.

“Did you buy the three-inch breast book?”

Did you buy the three-inch breast book?
the one with hot air balloons and an inaugural
ride to the moon?

No, I forgot it
among folded sheets, benevolent flowers,
envelops textured with messages, some melodic
others far from clear, voices

(the chorus)
babble bubble

through the sieve, different shades
of white and yellow blend
a single stream.

It is a huge mound of flesh
difficult to navigate with an elastic head
loopy eyes. See how
the lips gash the air? Clash—
each pulse whets with a touch
of skin
dressed in clean blankets
satisfaction
smells of hot playgrounds doused
by a thunderclap, it rains.
In initial stages impressions

cascade each movement the moment

swells

busy feet. I can
hear them
walking among the sponges

springs the latch

sleep.

“(Too quiet) the lull”

(Too quiet) the lull
cannot be trusted, gasps

a scream
snaps silence before scream
all is breath, blood heat rising, quickens
toward noon. Let it go—

so soars
the air!
Desire
is a blade slicing
the clouds

they lay
in doilies upon knees
flutter lightly with song.

In the next gust
neighbors as far away as the 5th
raise their chins.

Carrying on like that
regular
the tides
(repeated)
longing

floats across the face

between the squalls, a fist
of straws

secret tiny knives.

“Over the hills we go up”

Over the hills we go up
beyond the stratosphere

these are Cassiopeia

some say
wings: but it's the Pleiades

always I want the denser

cluster

something with lightning

thickens the air.

We can travel further

if you like, game theory

apply it here too, first

you make a move

I do. Hips especially

(any part will do)

hurry up

while the baby rockets to a planet
teaming with moralistic
trains.

When Thomas the Tank Engine pulls into the station,

an edge

our universe

carves

out space

like teeth,

stars break through.

I open my legs
rays in my head.

Transmit me.

I want to find the source
of collision

(where

light

forms

(an intimate

rays speed faster than

the calculations

a closed

door

flies

open

emotion, beats inside

the flesh

heart.

“Accept the spots / testimony”

Accept the spots
testimony to flow and opening.
Accept the spots—

paw prints circles of Gamay maroon freckles on an off-white
ground
constellations with
without names

biological maps
paint-the-numbers
one by one drips drop
the stain.

But I like it clean. Accept the spots

the cup ‘brimth’
(over) the surface tension
cannot hold
molecules part

bonds dissolving
monochromes of clouds fat milk

sheets wrinkled with heat
sweat, the impress of a mouth,
vowels forming.

The spots
more stain-out
stuck, some shades.

What about lemon juice
or full ray sun? A pinch of salt
over the shoulder in a pile with eggs?

Accept. Spots. The dot
at the end of the line stays.

“Some letters cling to the wall”

Some letters cling to the wall

others hurtle from

a sky

in azure

for this blue is French

and the children well behaved.

“You will be good,” the poet said, “to bunny.”

Firm sentences

“it rains”

strange fish

small hands

insistent in normal tasks

(try not to get wet)

it showers

some letters fall

an idea floats

away to a room

with white walls

the light jingles

a room with long dark sleeves

to a life

the letters

fins and iridescent

shells

blue in the shadow of the room

persistent

movement

the egg is round

the heart, ticking.

“This is a blue”

This is a blue

flower, petal, finger

first the Adam
Eden calls.

Leaf, leaf, repeat,
green

points

crooked teeth

names hungry
example: avocado

fresh

syllables

string a vowel

up the tip

go

grows

word by
word

what is called garden

bower.

That, my friend, is tree, tree

trunk, branch, canopy
leafy, blue that is
rock (and again) rock

bush between shrub a daisy

bud, gardenia, blue again, blooms

/b/-/b-b/

thus butterflies
brink

wisteria

late August cherries
each leaf

each leaf, and every

the second law

all fall.

“What’s up there—the sky”

What’s up there—the sky
just a vehicle
to crawl through
a cushion
to place the head against
a sea of neutrinos swarming
tangles
fine hairs
dusting the plains
yanks the self
in the distance, empties,
the image goes blank as it always does
or off or snowy
or black or white.

There are limits, hardware doors,
whittling bones, bruised skin.
In the passage scattered
phonemes echo catalogues
names, stray affection.
Then is a place you
step
through
how long can you can you
hold your breath?
Take off your helmet
clothes
time to feel
that’s good now.
Not this (an idea).
Where
you
go you do go.
Hear that?
Someone again whispering
a name.

“The head (mighty subject) is still”

The head (mighty subject) is still
magnificently attached, the head
of the One Master Signifier
who has a head too, but the body
missing phantom
effervescent (in) experience
longs so longs the physical
my mental he slipped
his hand between my legs
a signifier watched
the sound thundered there were yelps
from the grand stands,
and rain—auspicious—blanched
the sky, ozone in my hair,
stars bowing as the curtain closed
canceling the apocalypse
though frogs murmur text
impossible to decipher
human nature throughout the millennia
savior our world
something we loved dearly

becomes extinct.

“Above the rock shelter”

Above the rock shelter
(ancestors in wolf skin)

an aperture

look there

the “I” pronoun

in history

exists: I’m climbing

above the shelter

I look in the hole

I have light

I see tendrils

lichen

algae

snails

rock & stone

it’s enough.

The pronoun’s abandoned

among first conditions.

The shell remarks

the sound of the sea.

“The ancients / (imagine) / experience / a world”

The ancients
 (imagine)
 experience
 a world
 suspended
on a chain, swings
 by a breath, twirls, rocks, waves
 hello, how nice to see you! bye!

The first thing the hand grasps
is air—images, images all

 the merest synchronicities of time.
 Apple grows into apple
star into

 (call it star)
 and what about
 the mirror?

 Look up—
 there the breath
upon the glass
 initials.

 Love forever.

this is where we learn

to hang on for dear life

the air announces

a fragrance

specific

redwoods or identified

coastal pines

an ant observes to be

crawling across the knee

at this momentum everything

going so fast together

it appears slow, back and

forth, back and forth

the swing goes

higher if you let it

here, lean back a little

for once

in your

life

let go

“Awaiting / (words) / in mouth”

Awaiting (words)
in mouth
being syllables
“moon” or “fire truck” even “electricity”
a consonant sticks on the palette
rrrrrrrrrrrrrr
intention
is clear: I communicate I
will read Kristeva, Plato,
L. Frank Baum, the semantic journey into text
once upon a vowel.
Monologues with decadent
melodic tongues
transmit the declination of stars
as the hybrids grow up
gathering semes
converting intuition to mass,
now and then
it’s unmistakable
that intonation of
dirge, a prayer
though any reference to religious
matters is strictly
coincidental kisses cells lamps
in the city late later hour everyone
else shifts into sleep as the cosmos claims fresh ground.
So we infinitely expand
even in the most contracted moments
as if reach the only way
in this
life is.

“The more the heat the faster the molecules”

The more the heat the faster the molecules

flying

hands hit mommy

kill her!

The horror movie cuts to the fire scene

someone won't make it out someone is looking

a knife hammer any sharp instrument will do

forks especially

the broccoli can wait

the mulberries

too ripe

hamburgers no longer among our cultural habits

little kisses for no reason

at all the eyes shift so fast the lens can't

into digits let alone scan the image

freezes there

near a big green arm chair

fury quakes

bringing the house

down

heavy furniture moves of its own accord

hang on to your

please brace yourself your

heart is a big and unwieldy thing my son

it thumps against the casements

infrastructures of college loans

mighty immune systems

I want only you finish

dinner day your life

accumulating hair and other forms

of critical mass

martyrdom

is unbecoming but necessary

the road to exigency

full

of binary paths

luckily the dialectic

momentum

corrective

even the weather

outlook improving

the clouds,

they say, are broken up

but all the pieces

fit once

we're back together again.

“Of all boundary / the body”

Of all boundary
the body
resists
it's a line
draws over
a river is a river here is the boat
let's go—thus sides
are crossed, an easy motion
I move toward you
toward
an edge
see the sentence
doesn't bend the map stretches
across the paper and the eye
obeys.
I don't know how to
escape this
representation.
Can you
please stoke the fire? row a little faster?
when the engine roars maybe
we'll find a way
out of this some mess life that
holds
dear. Dear Life: I'm requesting a
change, endless possibilities,
a really good skin cream, trees
that can never be
felled. The world
(all limit) sweet
in these
thoughts mean
and nasty. I want out of
all that prevents us from moving forward
forgive me
I forget sometimes
you're heading the same way.

“Would / I were / a cloud / drifts subjunctively”

Would
I were
a cloud
drifts subjunctively
across the void when the emotions
are too—too—whatever
emotions when they
aren't gentle, tidy, contained.

The sky limits
the real
so limit affections
imagination
pushes to the extreme
magnetic winds
ionic breeze
invisible
so much of experience
the edge of a cloud does not
exist
even molecules
my skin exchanges constantly
with air.
Where, exactly
do you think
you are?

On the brink

in space
in search of evidence
in the folds or gathers of time, in the cortex
sheath of the brain,
as surface increases so
does cognition, see how

wonderful it is to exhale, inhale, exhale so much

just happens if you
breathe deeply

again.

Something you look for

already there.



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