

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
alice notley

Before the Cognitive Organization of Matter

I was there after some blowout of creation you swim or float
A few years ago I dreamed I was in the Needles swimming pool
old one and Greg Peterson suddenly popped up out of water
in front of me but this had once happened I dreamed an exact
memory of what I had forgotten same mind this connection
to the dream of being speck floating in purple primal sea —
I feel he has always been with me though dead since forty
and certain others from school You walk to the pool without shoes

from bush shadow to telephone pole shadow to further bush
I'm back facing mountains the whole Colorado River valley
After my mother died and I'd left for the last time dream
I am naked climbing up from the gully (mountains would be behind me)
pulling myself up but pressing self skin against desert earth
Meanwhile or then in Paris what about the beginning:
it is said nothing was stable it was violent — words
that stable's different from a moving composition you don't recognize

though your consciousness is somehow the judge already
things I've said for the last seven years events of my
life the earth is so *used* and nothing can be *new* but
the Mojave had remained primal you could get lost in
a few square miles of it, know what I mean?
And die of exposure why not I had a friend (not Greg) who did
had accidentally shot and killed someone and in guilt
went out in summer away from town to sit

in full lotus position until he died they found him that
way my brother told me I kept going back where else
would I go but came home to Paris my forty-four
square meters 'Your building's a slum' my friend Erika said
Before the cognitive organization of matter it was
my mind and I projected my body or image into it,
choosing my parents who also chose me
Paris (trope) is weary with species history dirty beneath

the bâtement souls arise from it demanding poems
finding me from earth or air which are nothing to them

'If you hadn't become such a crank . . .' And the wind
cries Immortality it's a little planet I've said that and not
that grand a universe unless you include its involutions in-
finite of thought and inside one that infinity
where do thoughts come from coursing
from beyond the Seven-Mile Mountains or from everywhere inside

Lake Failure

In Lake Failure that's funny a handful of years when
the idea of failure and I thought, I haven't failed I don't
an example of just a word. I was shining be-
cause I didn't care now there was no expert
except me in the area of how to live. Or write
I still wanted an audience I like that word

hearing the cosmos a daisy no hearing the
involute the imbricated layers of expression
vintage flowers It's that I wasn't anything and didn't
have anything. A definition of holy maybe
You can go there and see it occasionally Old shoes
of a medieval person or a used crown small

a list on a page, Radegonde's signet ring
an unusually lively calligraphy with colors and birds
How did one talk without the alphabet and will I
learn how again ever I can't go on this a-way
can't I say them just say them I heard a black-
bird last week singing the most fantastical things

'this is my accumulated experience of time and place'
I felt I was walking with Jimmy this morning
wrong country right soul Foggy rain for two days
the petals get ragged, white and the center loses bitty
parts on bent stem end pink sprays straight ahead
I'm allergic now to everything I see

wanted to touch me. I could touch you or air
the muguet on every streetcorner or bouche de métro
we're an implication of a silent texture
or do I mean unseen that
if I don't speak every day as is often the case what
I write in my own language radiating

I am now the only source of. Influences moot.
Maps of how to go on a pilgrimage don't
quite work. Then they found St. Anselm's foot
and encased it in silver. I am certainly a relic
Touch any gemstone to get better you know the
names cinnabar malachite chalcedony Salome-Where-She-Danced

if I were just thinking it with in other words
a magnetic force to its parts of obligation
like parts of speech a loosely bound wind

don't crank it up. I wasn't it and didn't have it
for earth years I said it to the other parts
of this out-of-scale world neither large nor small nor medium