

The jackdaw and I, we have been wed, both to husband and to wife to the objects that breathe as we mutter their names into our wedding dress. The stink forms the boundaries of our combined reach, settling in pools like the cherry stones of badgers. These are paths we shall retrace if needed, creating bonds the likes of which are vital in order to feel lost.

What is it I have lost, I have to consider that whatever it is that I may or may not have lost could be interpreted as a resulting gain, on the other hand, refuting the notion that one ever loses anything. What is it that I have gained. And keeping in earshot of a philosophy I feel I can on occasion perceive, even if only in an illusory sense; does this scaling postulation originate in that which is external to my body and all it means, keeping eyes and ears locked on the very real possibility that external and internal pertain to no fixed boundary, as of course, ecology, economy, perception, imagination, sociality, all such abstractions as we understand them are always in flux, but my descriptions never seem to go further than preparing the fire, I never light it, never watch the kindling slowly combusting through its chambers and tunnels, pours all over its brethren and creates something new from its something the same, no, I sit in perpetual stillness, I have sat in front of this pile of twigs and hastily chopped oak for years now crippled by terminologies air, wishing to refute any association I may have with the material but never being able to let go when I realise I am also the material, becoming ever more lost in the connections and nodes of the image, focussing on what a fire means to me rather than what it is, listening to the voice of the poem over the silence of the object. Preferring emotions rather than landscapes. Listening to harps on lakes, the songs of dying swans. Looking to the water logged eyes of foetuses never rotting in their jars. Dust magnifies the light and mothers the landscape.

The initial glimpse
(though tethered, and sentimental.
Given a brief airing before, on a good day)
pushed into its own mouth

I see once more the foam.
Liquids clasp the fragmenting sanity of rock.
Leaping over the impossible obstacle of land.
An unending game, upsetting the observations of the
stars—

Implode.
For memory is nothing we want it to be.
We cannot hear when weight merges with the ground—
Situations gorge.

Osmia avosetta will continue to laugh, at convention,
whilst the sky sleeps
in a fair hole of petals and spit.
Listen, so says the riding distortion of a collared dove.
Petrifying.