

You Know it but it Don't Know You
after Tako Taal

i.

she places the silverware
one thumb slip beyond the edge

beyond the pattern that repeats and repeats –

beyond the sun
coloured spade

beyond the petiole 's slant that repeats

into / the next world.

ii.

[Baduja]

Even with the backs of wild rowan
behind her.
Even when the wind calls out a different
name.
Even with smoke ebbing from every
mistranslation.
Even as the tree splits neatly into its
metaphors.
Even though they only meet at the
centrefold of a photograph.
Even as the metaphor splits into its
likened parts.
Even though a landscape can change a
body.
Even with the inherited memory of water
between past and present.
Even though her body is riven with
departures.
Even when the deer bounds across a
grove toward the next in line.

[Baduja]

~~Because this is a version of a version
of rainfall.
Because she is told they mirror the
same face.
Because they do not meet beyond a
border of glass.
Because a tongue splits through a
throng of trees.
Because his image is made truer by the
fabric of her dreams.
Because the two of them are likened
parts.
Because she plots a seed in every
conditional space.
Because she crosses water and because
water is the tether back.
Because she follows herself until she
is tender.
Because time gathers behind her like a
V of birds.~~

iii.

Mouth: raw, active,
noun.

Say, "I've watched you do it."

The *noun* of a river
is, for example, a learned gesture.

Mouth: the place of
translation:

rice cooked in oil with fish & meat & veg.

Say, "benachin."

Mouth: raw, active, *noun*.
Say, "I've watched you
do it." The *noun* of a
river is, for example, a
learned gesture. Mouth:
a place of translation: *rice
cooked in oil with fish &
meat & veg.* Say,

“ ”

iv.

- :: Notice how maroon is a colour that deepens
with every pour
- :: Formerly a constellation of spring in her palm
- :: See also: the hand that swept along a spine
of berries x years ago
- :: The past streams from a pitcher like thirst
into the present tense
- :: She is made in his image therefore she is
counter-memory
- :: See also: inherited memory of [er's fa e]
- :: Today the maroon skin of her fingertip
is an imprint of yesterday's pour
- :: She is made in his image therefore she is
a sieve
- :: Inevitably the future sifts through
- :: Sieve is another word for counter-memory
- :: In both cases the daughter fills in what
remembrance leaves out
- :: Liquid decants from the metal carafe until
the bowl is full

Inheritance is the possession of second sight ::

v.

This body
unravels its
cacophony
across
time
country
wound the great sea.

This body is a body of water is the
unsaid page. It unravels its invisible
sheaves. A flood of light glistens into
a cacophony of sea birds. I look
through the viewfinder with my
dominant eye. I look across the
endless water. Sometimes my eye is a
stanza with only one long line
attempting to reach you. When does
a country become a window? All
morning I am a metonymic slide.
This body reaches only as far as it
needs to. There is no irrigating a
wound if that wound is the great sea.