

*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.