

Listening in Poppies

Dorota Czerner

listening as I speak as I hear
a sound, listening **I remember**
to a sound of an image
as I reach for the center **freckles**
of shaping ~ **of the wind** ~
of what is becoming **or scales of**
what **scarlet** first
maybe only a stain that breaks off
a~flowering breath from my listening
before **ever~ready** a thought comes to a pause
before its own self~reflection ~ **to fall out with**
the recognition of itself
as a form, a shadow, **the illusion**
previous to any language **of substance**
a nub in yarn~

Poppies I remember
I'm already holding onto
with fear (of this new thick soup
of chaos) **freckles of the wind**
and expectation
again in readiness **or scales**
to jump on to the next vibration
of a red~flowering breath of sound
or dazzling **ever~ready** light, **poppies**
I feel swell in small fibrous protrusions,
the illusion opening
with substance from the first gesture
across the space~ **A simple vocabulary**
each carrying a potential **of movement**
to chip off something **read through** like
a swirling spark of **their frail mouths** an utterance

(I'm still only groping, grasping, **held open**
to this crawling in the dark **a ripple**
at a threshold **a ripple**
of layered opacities **in the shadows**
now humming to myself) ~

Current Musicology

Yet it is not **lifting me** quite
enough to hear **up** in order to tame, to get
emplaced there, maybe not even
at the point when **within the radiant blush** I try
to move by sticking to
where **of satin petals** I am
moment by moment **aglow**
yes **now aglow** now
wrapped into **vocabulary of movement**
this spindle~shaped bundle
that is **read** beginning to weave
a nucleus **through**
their frail fabric **mouths** of sound imagined ~
mouths of satin petals ~
a heavy new hearing **held open**
to a ripple a thought
in the shadows, thought of **Poppies** spoken

outward, **across the boundaries**

a voice

suspended in silence **of time**
a moment of depth **with speed**
releasing resonance
a skin~
drum **that begins to spin red circles**
pulled taut, a space where Being
in front of my eyes nears its bare surface
stretched

quivers

about wordlessness

the experience mute **of every sensation**
going off yet shimmering, **sealed**
beneath my own silent self
spread **with their bloom**
the way a whale~wave is projected **to match**,
sustain the desire
over the plateau of an ocean **and density**
of this space opening first

then falling back

to intensify **all** or wax the sense of the Self,
both in isolation and connectedness
to the Other **the way to the image**

a reassurance **of sweet unripe seed**
that I ~ a voice echoed ~ continue to exist
that survived

absorption of in somewhere

Other than I
the voice the voice
transcending

a horizon of everything that I would take to be

“maki...”

as is or just so, a cell

this here is **efflorescence**
hardened from the sun's chemistry
alive now and
under its influence
the distinction
between the intention
and the display of appearances
dissolves

somehow so able to show, unshow
all its loveparts all
being one event
leaving a centrifugal awareness
of speaking, a stem

along which chromosounds migrate

as I lay there,
warming myself in this
fire, myself a thread between solutions
super~saturated Language

to the opposite ends of a figure surfacing:

Current Musicology

“že maki”

“są, že maki”

“są maki, že”

pre~language, pre~objects **for crystals**
not quite what, **to grow around**, yet what
they may or almost are

interpenetrating, branching out, multi~stratal

“.....maki są tak.....”

sensations now enfolded, twice fastened
to the sound in self, **within running patterns** becoming
a succession of Myselves, **eating away**
at becoming, sounding **the gum**
bleeding somewhere between the envelopes
of a twofold cloak **through**
everything that spans over the direct me
together with sound the feeling, experiencing me
dotted **sewn** through the time~continuum,
swarming on **to the face of the real**
now becoming, now language becoming me
as speaking is as is identity made own
traced in various voicings

a flower
that swallows
the pleasure of surrendering

unpredictable but already involved in
a metamorphism from the unknown
to familiar, **being in/**
/out birthed image events encrypted in word events
being in, the second figure prefigured
in the first encrypted
in what/ **being out** “I am a memory coin,
flipped”: word~image, flipped: it~me,
being, and at every stage both expressing
both the pleasure of watery pulsation **being**

birthed from color heard birthed as much
as furthering of the sense recollected
then transferred “poppies I remember” as my individual
signing of being “freckles of the wind” onto
the fabric of this, this language,
the immanence of sense “a simple
vocabulary of movement” roaming off
in the arborescence of meaning
myself psychedelic elided between “their frail
shadows” the folds articulated
from there on ~

Origins and chronology:

I. October 2003. I first encounter Benjamin Boretz’s thought in the form of a single ribbon of a music moving through several pages of ARGUMENT, Part II of “Language ,as a Music.”

II. February 2004. Beginning to get more and more familiar with the score of (“ . . . *my chart shines high where the blue milk’s upset . . .*”) as I’m memorizing it, and playing for myself.

III. February/March 2004. In parallel with ongoing sessions with Ben’s piano music (but also in response to Ben’s suggestion of my writing a text whose expression would be strictly framed by “thinking, that is, intellectual utterances,” to the exclusion of any conscious usage of a sensual image), I compose a dia-phonetic poem “Listening in Poppies”—a personal take on poetic image, voice and its utterance, emergence and articulation of sound, or language identity, within an experience of music.

IV. In 2005–2006 I record and begin to edit with Russell C. Richardson a video piece transporting the two voices of “Poppies” into a visual medium. The resulting video performance was originated and edited by Russell in 2006. The soundtrack was recorded and composed at Open Space with the help of Ben Boretz. The piano performance of the music is by Michael Fowler, *Open Space* CD 18.

V. The opening fragment of “Poppies” can be viewed on *The Open Space Web Magazine*: <http://the-open-space.org/boretz-czerner-richardson/>