

INTRATERS

by EWA CHRUSCIEL & KATE DUSENBERY

kolizja dwóch światów
that meet and infuse, a suspension
fragmented tenderness cannot stay in its mode
and sparks on the sidewalk below
przeniknąć słoje znaczeń, poza język bez różnicy znaczeń
sometimes sinking in imitative thoughtlessness

encounter reaped open

you can see over the windowsill
but only barely, since the grass
rises to meet the blank sky
that holds innumerable bodies at night
bodies spinning in lighted rooms of space
and in concurrence become transfigured

oko - eye - and it's not ok
if you think how it scoops the view
vista, parole di burro
If you think how many niches, crevices, rocks
in crossings it could inhabit
or nouns reflections on windowsills
przystanki są częściowe
spotkanie w migawce - not exactly
a meeting in flash

trilling fills the room as birds begin their day
plucking chords from seeds.
that words could never say.

I wanted E major
instead - a different sonata

sudden shifts in syntax
and back in our own key
not without a shock in transition
sending a postcard to a foreign country
I lose home every time I send it
anchors metaphor me
wędrówka bez ocalenia
always metonymy for wandering without being saved
does it facilitate your venture into the bark of birch
brzoza, dąb, buk, kasztan, osika, jesion
and other chunks of darkness
drooping drooping vows

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus interpres

Alef and Bet are the first two letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

*The alef is the
silent letter that symbolizes the silence of Spirit from which all sound
flows.*

The name of the letter bet means "house."

Message transmitters
for use in transcultural message transfer.

Belles infideles

the hoopskirts circle and intertwine
in a quadrille in the ballroom. colors bright
and immutable-sweet russet, canary, veridian-
a dancing kaleidoscopic dream

cross-code breakdown-

lexicons reterritorialize, trespass and
emptiness only there or surface irritations
that generate untoucheness, yet always

in relation to something else
what's the evidence of
belonging?

To be attached to trinkets,
extravagant frills and flounces

I cannot go on

I have other ontological commitments

tradaptation

I was hoping today for an interpretation
of the morning. I received it in a letter
from Antwerp. The ink on the postmark
of the letter was smeared, where raindrops had bled
the letters into each other, making it say
"A twerp." The ramifications
of this could not be overstated.

"for surface irritations generate, through language, one's knowledge of
the world" (Quine)

The heart both pumps blood
and receives it, and in a muscly moment
recycles-out on a plasmatic voyage,
loaded with air, intermingling sanguine weight
with the breathy fizz
of life.

-configured corpora