

Red had no need for him but reverence
Elevated his existence to align with what was red

A celestial animal dweller

Red pelt

The process of being human involves some language practice
Tonalities that bear light
Though its traditions resist modernity

He relies on fantasies

To keep his mind safe while he journeys

Through his house of doing / being in his head-dream trauma
language—the walls (interior/exterior) latex
Ceiling of sound cymbals

Dissociate

Excoriate

Introversion vision or the aspects of language that allow
For versions of enlightenment / imprisonment extro-
What is unlikely to occur occurs

Collected causes canned for winter

3.

He knocked ON the NO door: “Come in. Come more in. Come so far in
that you’re no longer in...”

Rivers of blood *Coming!*

A bird-girl in the first hour of night becomes human

Primordial ocean within—*coming in even more*

Collective effects of becoming collected in a book

Though tell, what happens when one reaches midlife and he/she hasn’t established
a career, hasn’t nurtured a family? (finds herself in the red in society’s ledger)

Jung’s mother would write an anti-shopping list of things she lost.
First sweaters and shoes disappeared. Of course, hairpins,
rings, buttons, small gold keys. The words she’d lose
began with names. Old lovers. Then doctors. She couldn’t imagine
she’d lose her children and pets, though they began to devolve
into meaningless symbols, passing feelings, figures, colors. Colors

with no words attached to them make them incommunicable to others.
Those strangers in her room. Her room that she was losing, word
by word. A red slap across her cheek—the cheek of the child she once
was, lost—for articulating wrong sounds to describe lost colors, foreign
colors, ones she'd travel the high seas and back to remember—
written in an alphabet she couldn't possibly have ever understood,
an indescribable alien alphabet—colors she had dreamed
she once lived in, a thousand and one reds alighting
on the point of the tongue.

--Martine Bellen