

The common house-fly *Musca maledicta*, she says after reading from Steven Connor's book on the subject, sees everything: apparently in exquisite, unparalleled, detail; flies/feeds/invades/evades *unapproachable, unattached*: repeats it seems, enacts—at random and unconcerned intervals—a multiple, a-musical passage between/in-company-with/as-unwitting-witness-to domestic drama/s: events unfolding, *coming to pass and passing...*

...

we are woven together
in the air
and the living;
it is late
for both of us¹

THE "F" WORD

Some facts *a few woven among many*—bright filaments, spinning—*elliptical orbits*:

1. a word (*the* word, repeated expletive) is unspoken
2. a scene—repeated—is forever unseen, exists (central in its exclusion: *an abyss*) at the margins of (in)attention: an edited fade
3. here: heat, a slow explosion is articulated: *a disturbance repeats, its radius expanding*, suspended in *burnt orange*, a ric-rac cartography *close to hand*—surface-screen—a traced-flight-pattern-post-feeding, *a longing past*—toward which a bound limb extends—lurid lemon turmeric/yellow, arcing/cradles—the open spaces of a paired *fresh* field: *a fable*; against a fading ground *heavy lilac scent invading: mushroom soft, muted bloom—a wish, a promise*—here a refusal is demarcated *tabled, made fabulous*: the zig-zag binding, extended, *electric*, holds the split scene at bay by the measured distance of an outstretched arm
4. there: cool distance, a palm upheld *unwavering* presents an implacable barricade *precise against the shimmer of an uncertain horizon*; 1+1=2 & more: there are two screens, a least two dimensions, two (and many) vanishing points; gravitational fields (absent over empty sky); here, (heady flush—*dull adulteration*—tight green tangle flashing peripheral singed *smoke-spreading*) this is a family scene, a generational topology (lines are drawn—an impasse established—associations-drawn-upon); *texture of a time*: the autumnal fabric of the couch; *the rose (room) lost; a dress/address*; a particular painting poised; a passage; a privileged style; a presence... "*Mise en abyme*" *a memorial amelioration*; a re-doubled façade *a face, effaced, luminous* is laboured over—a distanced repetition (exponential expansion)—presents an orienting action
5. between the two: only white noise
6. "*f*" *is first for feelings: strange creature/s a solitary/singular flock—tender light/s*
7. a tender, entangled
8. *ripe fruits (offered, proffered)*; an overcoming overcome for a moment
9. *fragile pattern/s held encrusted*—a constellation—*frozen force encircles, wheeling*
10. *soft petal* bruised falling, endures an interminable pause, *moments extended* issues an index:
11. registers a spectral body (bodies) long lost
12. felt: *in echoed stitches*, a transcendent trajectory traced; a fabrication: a father
13. (no mother in fact without one, at whatever distance) *farther, far*
14. once: a frightened child, a room and a view
15. a figure (female) stands corrected
16. constructs an armory of jewelled proof
17. a fractured fuselage, fizzing full, an array
18. *neither right nor wrong, here nor there, past or present, both lost and found*
19. (*en-folded*)
20. there are colours, shapes and forms—moods and passions—that may call and repel by turns
21. animating, abandoned: incidental, incendiary, artifice—un-settling—mines a dream landscape, superimposes loaded layers across purloined ground—magnet/anamorphic model—a rebus
22. mirrors a refracted reflection *up-turned, overturning*
23. performs a trans-formation, a demonstration: re-enacts an elegiac inversion *alights*
24. leaves solid ground behind, *a letter, litter*:
25. falling autumnal, trades field for firmament
26. *sends singing, stinging, stars*

Lisa Harms, 2014

1 Simone reads to me: part of a poem by Charles Bukowski titled '2 Flies,' (published in the 1979 volume *Play the Piano Drunk Like a Percussion Instrument until The Fingers Begin To Bleed a Bit*) from its quotation by Steven Connor in *Fly*, (London: Reaktion Books, 2006), 184.

2 "*Mise en abyme* ... also *mise en abîme*... literally means "placed into abyss". The term has developed a number of particular senses in modern criticism since it was picked up from heraldry... [the abyme being the centre, repeated, of the coat of arms: a scene within a scene] The most common sense of the phrase... [describes] the visual experience of standing between two mirrors, seeing an infinite reproduction of one's image, but the phrase has several other meanings in the realm of the creative arts and literary theory. In Western art theory "*mise en abyme*" is a formal technique in which an image contains a smaller copy of itself, in a sequence appearing to recur infinitely; "recursive" is another term for this... *Mise-en-abyme* is a play of signifiers within a text, of sub-texts mirroring each other... where meaning may be [both articulated and] rendered unstable..." http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mise_en_abyme