

To Be Human Is To Be A Conversation

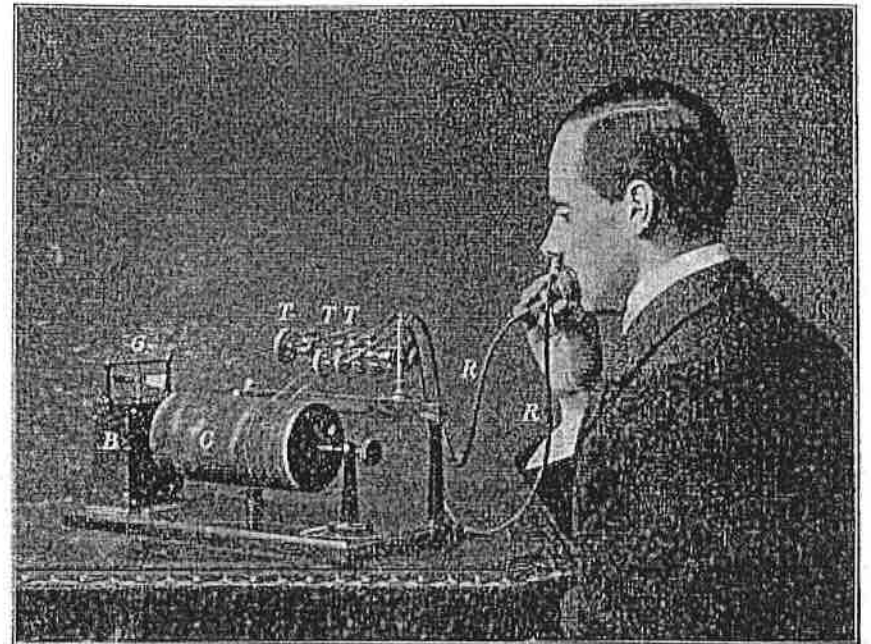
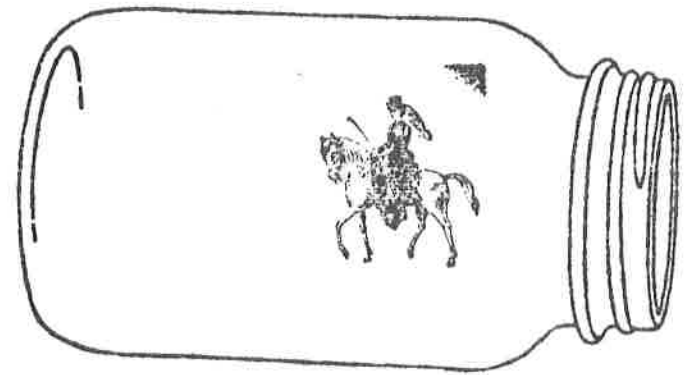


Fig. 112. A Kymograph.



As A
Of A
In A

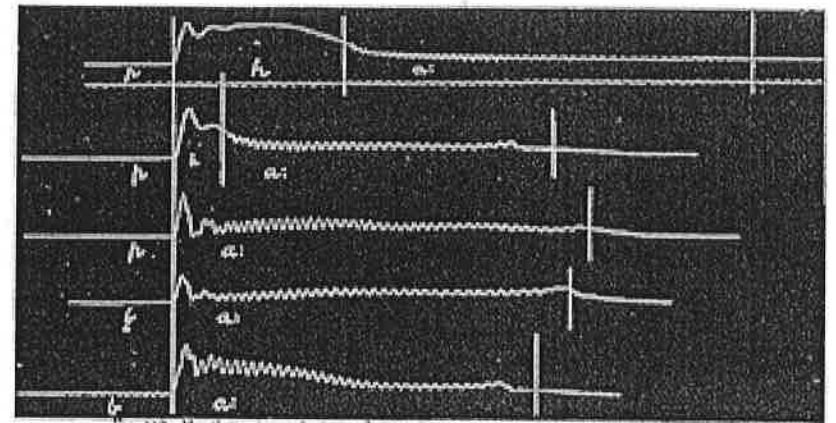


Fig. 115. Mouth-tracings of p , p' , p'' , p''' , p'''' . (Slightly less than original size.)

A path emerges from my mouth, a pasture full
fields catch the bloom teeth snare, a sun
cupped here. Round eggs hatch globes.

I have grown. A breathable sea. Sizable lining
lung's new soil. You dirty unfolding, dirty
mountain-mouth.

Mulch-lung chewed into swallow sings
swallowed air. A blue sky. Part her wings here.
Part the mouth. It is parchment.

Gather into flock. A flooded dress. Blue sky.
Swoon. Each black button, bird. What they do spill
outshines, lasso.

A bird will fly right through a circle. A bird is
shape of air around it. A bird can be a hand.

Now hold breath inside you lifted from a
handsome bird. A fondling. Flail.

Fall against siding nest, slip knot
climb an arm through. Passage trail
of trace of thought. Work the line through.

A month or more is fallen out. Yet to unravel.
Make a house bulk. More thread, more twigs.
Bird brings longitude line. Heaves the line.

Tie tight into circle-knot. Stray end in beak.
Cut off. Tongue gone under become a worm.
Turned home. Turned to speak.

A speck of black upon the sky. A peep.

As A
Of A
In A

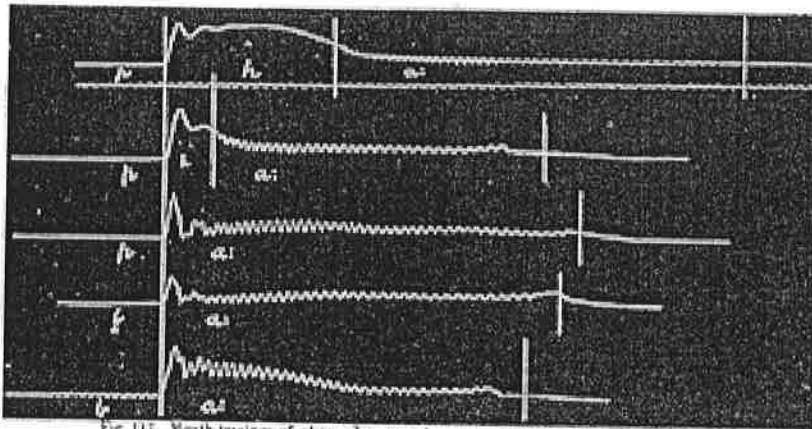


Fig. 117. Mouth-tracings of p1, p2, p3, p4, p5. (Slightly less than original size.)

Certain contours dangle in the hemoglobin
until wintering they are fair branch to part,
as small species of light.

Are words themselves already human?

Eggs that vanish with the sunrise erasing
what we know to be fixed location.

Gravity keeps a shadow hooked to me

at noon, we denounce these extra selves.

Mired in substantiation
how quickly the other
substances mingle and are tried
outward. I am a leaf
how fitting my debris
proceeds me
all of this dusted off
of my skin
follicles bend becoming
new syntax
I am unsure of any particular
moment follicles also predicate
our future monuments all of these
arias in my breath

Debris

The tallest building split at the root

Debris

The decomposition of a border

Debris

A grove that no light reaches

Debris

Land spread out over against the observer

I believe here, it is where I live, here like a house I have home
a homonym she is as she always, she her name etched on the wall
of my cheek a pressure to live largely to encompass all the pasture
carries adjectives in our skull to make the right matter into matter
she sneaks out my sheep I am cloaked for this bargaining
here beginning over to conceal me bringing out of me

Composition

decomposes builds us organism
pages hollow out animals
live on them Wilderness of text
is remnant of forest it is from Formation
of the human contains a similar wilderness
between my teeth A snare to pull each house open
we're on the inside we were once external
like verbs we are vertebrate

This is why I believe all fortresses are really nets. The pupil of the eye is an example. Light weaves into it from all around and little gripping tendrils turn on their stalks into recognizable images. The body lunges forth, moveable, but it is the eye or net that accumulates, gorged on landscape. The eye knows, "it was what it saw once." To see things is to place your teeth on top of them. To create a building from the soldered pieces. An accumulation of meaning as it is defined by objects in the world. Now stuck in the eye's little needle, needing things like a beak.

To talk is to touch; a simple noun.

Touch a noun: A river inside this body.

What is distance.

Here are my shores: The tips of all my land.

What is sure.

Edges and a brittle enamel core: A shell & the pearl outside of it.

Grain brushing up as air.

What is a skin: but a skein of birds flocked to certain central point.

What is voice: but noise coming out of a void.

Weighing the root beneath you. A liminal pause. Mouth gorged open in ground, a landscape. Where I have placed words there. Have planted silent speech. Hear how trees beckon it forward in silt. Trees rustling rusted bodies into breath. I have bundled them in bunches to burn.

As A
Of A
In A

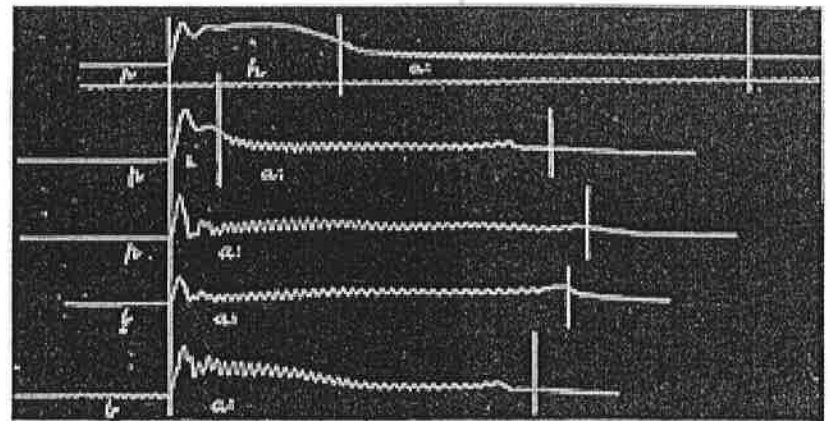


Fig. 117. Mouth tracings of pba:, p'ba:, pa:, ba:, ba: (slightly less than original size)

Spoken as pasture
sky broken earth

a groan in the growing
reflection,
how two lungs resemble

a roof

possibility re-assembling
interruption, an interrogation

hold yourself up to this light

Growth begins as voice
doubling, a tall stalk

of grass

and cuts a passage through
known root

recognizable, outward shape
what gathers gains

a quiet springing forth

Make a nest out of soil,
out of sediment, this thirst of hour,
of sky

an arm's length away
it is how beginnings gain
each folding over

becoming another, developing crowd
against the throat
it whispers

another proximity
is what I, it edges against

No matter how sturdy a house
is always pointing up

a trail in each splintered tile's

legible roof scratched over
as branches scratch the blank sky

now structured here

among these passages
sky held inside as breath

to utter, hunch, shrill, pour, or speak
hordes of it, rising home

Every gullet is a composition,
a wooden pasture of light

when I swallow the trees,
I swallow landscape

and learn to breed wild confrontation

mouth is also round, subject to vocalized wilderness
each circumference

bringing forth to reside
our remain,

a residual herd

147. The sound k is the regular sound of the letter k, and of the letter c when followed by one of the letters a, e or u: examples

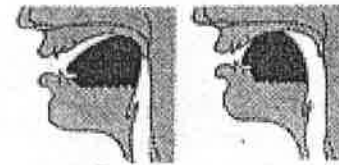


Fig. 18. Tongue position of k.

Fig. 19. Tongue position of c.

king kɪŋ, cat kæt, coat kəʊt, and kæk. ʃk is pronounced k in some words, e. g. character 'kærɪktə', chemist 'kɪmɪst' or 'kɛmɪst', Christmas 'krɪsməs', ache eɪk. ʒs is generally pronounced kw (e. g. guess kwɛs, quarter 'kwɔ:tə'), but there are a few words in which it is pronounced k (e. g. conquer 'kɒŋkə, lɪŋkə', conquer 'kɒŋkə, lɪŋkə'). X is generally pronounced ks (e. g. box bɒks); for the exceptional cases in which it is pronounced ɡz, see § 155.

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