

SOLEA OF THE SIMOOMS

from **EXO BIOLOGY AS GODDESS** (2004)

by Will Alexander

Solea roams in a zone without mass
she is void & negation as density
spiraling
through scorched titanium as emptiness

not a tedium
but an endlessness
as though the sun were stretched by blinding cyclical blankness

her form then balanced
through incandescent speculation
through spell as contiguous proportion

such a light
filtered in her voice
like pernicious anthems
or marred ideals

or ungraspable edicts
her sounds
far beyond public seduction
or common asservation
enigmatic & protean
like a volatile eclipse mural

then her vocal monsoons
become a random blaze of bodies
become an interior location or acid
as is my gaze which forms through commensurate pontoons

as does Matta
she floats as transphysical haunting
as an in-fluorescent ruby
as summed albedo drachma

then the green electrical pivots whirling in her voice
writhing like triangular ambush feedings

I think of a ruthless anti-ballet
or a haunted architect's vapour
performed in a malleable turpentine castle
before a series of gamboling blood steeds
igniting jonquil vacillations
implying laws by which specters rave as cloudy Numidian hornets
moving in splintered anti-circles
as isodynamic resistance

she then responds with a tone of incredible vocal meridians
alive
in aleatoric limbo
like a bird in barbarian solitude
erupting through plotted liquor hives
restless
implicate
with a sound of rays imploding inside her vessel

Solea her cells now burning
above a dense rotational pathology
as she investigates suspension
seismically driven by "small organic units"
without cessation
mining forms of dyslogia
taking the form of an anarchic hawk
with her eclectic powers
filtered through compound bodily innuendo

she exists
as that which flashes through reversible noctiluca

& I can never seduce her as a noun
collected in the form of optic mineral branches

instead
there is scorpion chatter

shifting through different centigrades & spectrums
accruing as free invisible deities
throughout beatific loss
through telepathic isolation
her tripled solo anatomy
being fire at the core of ontological alteration
her velocity
convulsed & re-ignited
electrically combining
ratio
time
distance
exposure
maintaining her incessant as irregular equilibria
as a stunning occultation
as an immaculate insular genetic

the dust of her sound
conveying to my mind
polarized scintillation
"isoplanatic" angles
a deft flank of jewels chasms
of optical nuclei
then a low aluminum brooding
from a fragmented swan
evoking strange galactic latitudes
like clouds in curving minimum formations

much like luminous sidereal spectra
given over
to the grey corruptive prisms of "Bolometric Luminosity"

so she is heard & seen
by means of drills & fissures
by soils episodically transduced
by negative extension through aurora
so if I reflect myself as her interior commingling
I too am molten
I too am mirage
I am no longer consumed
by image which provokes old identity as spasm

so what I see is enigma
is neurogram which erupts
& drifts
& cascades
as electrokinetic nimbus
as the colour of oil minus spectrums

as libelous perspective
as sensation through splinters
as "mixed laterality"
creating her name from compound "Microphonia"

she is a sketch of flame
appearing & disappearing
like an aural clepsydra

with me
staring
with a dazed liminal fervour
from an opened turquoise hamlet
with a blaze of 7 vertical feathers blowing across my outlines

I say Solea
a ring of moons above a tripled field of doves
a black tableau
a streak of magenta
a prefigurement in wheat

as if a cold terrain existed on Venus
or a gulf of neon descending on Io
then various assortments of night sand on Pluto
being the various torments across the chain of non-existence

we both partake of turbulence
psychic ambits from the sun

such is our simoom canton
like a fissioning weight at undetermined scale

alive
in half light & carbon
we exchange with each other as electric proto-creation
our penultimate forge being a galaxy or a universe

depths are transcended
eddies magnetically erupt
as action remains rooted in the causeless

Solea as mercurial Hurqualya
an algae of limits thrust before oblivion

our aureate double bodies
suspended
like translucent equators
like powdered carnelian
being 4 suns linked
inside the core of a blackened clairvoyance

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION (1956)

by Yukio Mishima

trans. Ivan Morris

I remember an episode that took place in Kyoto towards the end of the war. It was something quite unbelievable, but I was not the only witness. Tsurukawa was next to me.

One day when the power supply was cut off, Tsurukawa and I went to visit the Nanzen Temple together. This was our first visit to the Nanzen Temple. We crossed the wide drive and went over the wooden bridge that spanned the incline where boats used to be launched.

It was a clear May day. The incline was no longer in use and the rails that ran down the slope were rusty and almost entirely overgrown with weeds. Amid the weeds, delicate little cross-shaped flowers trembled in the wind. Up to the point where the incline started, the water was dirty and stagnant, and the shadows of the rows of cherry trees on our side of the water were thoroughly immersed in it.

Standing on the small bridge, we gazed absently at the water. Amid all one's wartime memories, such short absent moments leave the most vivid impression. These brief moments of inactive abstraction lurked everywhere, like patches of blue sky that peep through the clouds. It is strange that a moment like this should have remained clearly in my mind, just as though it had been an occasion of poignant pleasure.

"It's pleasant, isn't it?" I said and smiled inconsequentially.

"Uh," replied Tsurukawa, and he too smiled. The two of us felt keenly that these few hours belonged to us.

Beside the wide gravelled path ran a ditch full of clear water, in which beautiful water plants were swaying with the flow. Soon the famous Sammon Gate reared itself before us. There was not a soul to be seen in the temple precincts. Among the fresh verdure, the tiles of the temple roof shone luxuriantly, as though some great smoked-silver book had been laid down there. What meaning could war have at this moment? At a certain place, at a certain time, it seemed to me that war had become a weird spiritual incident having no existence outside human consciousness.