

**EMMALEA
RUSSO**

MAGENTA

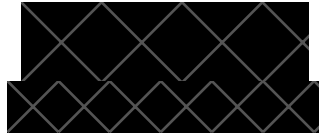
Also by Emmalea Russo

G

Wave Archive

Confetti

Dedicated to the public domain.
This book is for the use of anyone anywhere in the world
at no cost and with no restrictions.



ASPHALTE EDITIONS

2023

CONTENTS

Freezeframe (Winter)

I. ORDINARY PARLOR

The World of Cultured People 19

Soul with Rectangle of Light 22

Off Season 23

First Red 25

Landscape with Bright Red 27

I've Seen the Stars Drip Blood 28

Caravaggio and Baseball 30

Artform 33

The Light is Leaking 35

Zorns Lemma (1970) 41

Medieval Theory of Light 42

The Far-Near (Film) 43

Split Still Life 45

Seascape 46

Grow a Simple Soul 47

35 mm 48

II. SAINTS OF THE DOUBLE ABYSS

1. *Body Double* (1984) 53
2. *Two Cities* 54
3. *Sunset Boulevard* (1950) 55
4. *Close-up* 56
5. *Two Cities* 57
6. *Illuminated Man* 58
7. *Sunset Boulevard* 59
8. *Recall* 60
9. *Training* 61
10. *Two Cities* 62

III. THE TERRACES

- Wait* 69
- Wait* 70
- Wait* 71
- Wait* 72
- Wait* 73
- Ahh...Youth!* (1991) 74
- Pepto-Pink* 75
- Sunset 1* 76
- Sunset 2* 78
- Sunset 3* 79
- Sunset (Blocked Light)* 80
- Sunset (Prism)* 81
- Sunset (Upper Purgatory)* 82
- Sunset (Gift Shop)* 83
- Sunset (Cutting Room)* 84
- Sunset Kit* 86
- 101 88
- Mothlight* 89
- Mothlight (Left)* 90
- Mothlight (Right)* 92
- Valediction* 94

IV. PROCESS RED

Magenta, purple — do I blaspheme?

H.D.

Freezeframe (Winter)

No, that's winter hovering over stairs.
At its back, ocean. Blue ground below
red sun above held by its opposite white.
Hands peel eggs, drink from ceramic cup, smoke
cigarettes, tilt, lift, flutter in the film
playing at the en

trance. She reads a medieval
guidebook on how to grow a soul
simply or grow a simple soul. *Not easy.*
First, the film plays at its own pace
then again and again
gain slower until frozen.

She doesn't know the man who belongs
to those hands whose hands
the film sent rapidly or *maybe she does*
from hot to cold and back again. Winter:
cloud-slow posed between upper
and lower vaults.

Winter
hangs then speeds up, makes fast bright
her body and books, tinting the room white-
blue. Its pieces she freezes. See. See:
there's prophecy
's seeping line rhyming with the past it
got conceived beneath. She watches and reads
the forlorn and manic mystics whose hands
were held by a higher winter as split
instruments. Steps to grow a soul simple painted
white
red
purple-black

accordingly, up there: an ordeal too
brightly lit to talk about, recall, gone.
An anemic red settles gel-like at mountain's
base bringing into bas-relief summer's
white heat. It rains as she eats, watches movie,
looks at images of Lazarus getting raised again
on screen from the dead. The soul gets fed pre
views through its own dents. Nabokov's *magenta
and mulberry insides, and the strange, not
so good sea swell* with winter enter.

The city empties. Its salt-fat hinges
thin. Wings on gulls make wind after wind
against all hair of locals, faces red-blue with cold.
Winter flew then froze, pale. Old. But made too
of what won't spoil. So made it dissolved its own
frame. Pool: closed. Its cover shimmers with
SUNRISE MARKET sign from above and above: sky.

Sky:

white as a screen, floor-hard, sharp
as a beam images pass over, though.
First flat and smooth then grooved,
a forehead creased. The color just beyond violet,
before red is hard to get, to see, Goethe says,
but it *does* appear. Sudden simple as old
ecstasy newly issued.

I. ORDINARY PARLOR

It seems that a film is anything that may be put in a projector that will modulate the emerging beam of light.

HOLLIS FRAMPTON, "A LECTURE"

For it is an aperture, like a spark, which quickly closes, in which one cannot long remain; nor would that soul ever have authority who knew how to speak of this.

MARGUERITE PORETE, *THE MIRROR OF SIMPLE SOULS*

The World of Cultured People

I remain here
where dark rings pool
 an image
Tooling around at speed
Nauseating and equivalent
You were tall
Sick and lovely

Sobs along the side
Of my
 Self-
 Abandoned
 Body

Slice the light
Grew

I'm asking you laxly laxly
Air stuck
Epileptic-like
Inarticulate wardrobe
Jerking thusly so
Is body prison?
 pissoir?
What?

Days or frames go
by this murmuring spot
You're insane man
Maybe not
But these regions are
 Acrid heart
Breaking and bright

Colors on this chateau
Warm from scab-colored shot
Into this ordinary parlor I was brought
A flashlight

I could not distinguish anything
Alongside rooms without numbers
Gunshot
Dumbstruck and star-shaped
Were your brusquer features

Fabricated
Does God show
Your or our or my
Aching eyes
A world composed of lightning?
Waiting on zinc roof
Obstinately for you

This will go
Toward
Dawn's most leprous part
That carriage-drawn direction
I wanted to reach but
Could not for
I'd left the world of cultured people behind
For incandescence and whatnot
Your astral stern and cranial vault
I'm bouncing back to infinity through
Though
 Although
Suffer
 We do
Thicket
 Sanitarium

Guillotine

 Opening
at the summit
 where

Images coincide
 with movements

Eyes dunked in red

Seemingly moving
 they move

Where gestures without carrying power

Go, this

Is the size and shape
Of light dangling laxly
From a hand

Soul with Rectangle of Light

My soul is a contract
unbacked by images. A merger
or a fold, part flat beaux-arts roof, part
 second floor gothic home be
 low a glow(er)ing cloud
 pregnant sleeveless heaving.

Trashed erstwhile white rectangle
of light from which film grew. E
ternal storm frowning into
paradise's E E E
mergency Room.

Off Season

Galen's medicinal crustaceans
Get cooked alive in a red bronze pan
On the eighteenth day of moonlight
Stark hotredliquid
Animal newly meat'd
Boardwalk excrescence
Red spots
Red powder
Philosopher's stone
Mystic's soup
Coup de foudre
Screen-dyed
Ember-filled windowsill
Stilling
I sit here
Fin amor
Distilled
Inside a red book on the table
Andre Masson's paintings
Tending to spasm

*THE BEACH IS A FEW BLOCKS THAT WAY
THE SURFERS ARE RUNNING TO THE GLASS
SURFACE OF WAVE THE SKY IS BRIGHT RED*

Woman walks through walls
Bent back smudge
Tested the medicine
Spat it out
Tried again
Hans Bellmer's hands
 Hans Bellmer's hands
Near his lumpy girl doll

Fuck, what are you staring at?

Fingertips wire-wrapped
Flame-colored cloud
Unmappable

Get away from here, go!

Against what you defend
Your equilibrium
Ball and socket

Huh?

Hans takes a drag
Then I go
Error begets eternity

OK OK...

Hans lives the rest of his life in Paris
Then I go
An old woman
In a red embryo

First Red

after day split
red entered
 cock's comb
 macaw
 starfish
 sick
medium cadmium
as i speak to you
of this lit-up listlessness

with my two hands flailing
up and down and head
emptying clear

out as he who is you,
a shade half-decayed on this
our hot and dry day

is now a hue. is all
mood. wind-thinned.
rinsed. blown

closed. closed
was the sun under
day *split*

open then red flew
from its mitt. overflown
full tho ravenous lit.

here's a chair you can see
but don't sit. a picture's
infinite bits. or cinema:

its sudden dreamy
anemia. *name*, you ask:
Emma-leeee-uh?

you whose darkness light produces:
(red recedes. serene green to sudden
blue) i missed missed missed you.

Landscape with Bright Red

Leave me to my deficiency.
My desirous dense nauseous mess.
Ignited a tourmaline sky
around my hands and head. Read John
Donne, Marguerite Porete, the rest
settling as day years downward
rotting into red.

When lifted-lowered to the spot
where action happens: scribbles
of hot red which cannot be re
called collected

after
and after

I re
call collect land
scapes untired and dense.
Delirious decorous
this late scrapes the DELI sign
hung so luminous low outside
my window flickering venetian
red into my cooling corrupting down bowed head.

I've Seen the Stars Drip Blood

Look! the minimart sign its light fall
ing droplet-like o'er asphalt and hands

up-close trickwork sky
eyes see red because green

recedes?
received

you and you move steady the pen
gets ready with my bad hand drugged

drags across red-lit sky semi-rote,
stoned, baroque Soaked were the stars

above the sign and broke.

You steer the car around th'lot
so bizarre Love mixt up, stirs coffee

with credit card Is love war like Ovid said what
Ovid saw Arrows and sorrows

Obscure hands get laid on mortals and gods
mutinous and rude alike under red

red line which is the sky You get in line
buy lotto tickets Convenience plus

Art of Love under sky-bleached sac-
red arena you approach drenched

RED conquered
RED glimmered

Ovid saw stars drip blood, 1st century
BUT WHOSE? your hands grip the wheel I see them

close-up up up like we're in in in
a Robert Bresson film someone's watching

What happened? Nothing
First we're still then moving This is not

not not a movie Your hands spin faster
so fast they get still

primum mobile
as you peel peel peel

I'm with you, very near
the stars drip

brillianter than any
chandelier

in the rear-
view *look see here:*

Caravaggio and Baseball

Caravaggio paints *The Decapitation
of Saint John the Baptist* (1607)
John's slack red cloth falling, falling
off–

a red as red as Monet's cathedrals
on repeat red as Delacroix
etcetera, luxuriously
gone
hello–?

you've got the head and neck
of a saint centuries ago
on a gramophone painted red
Mondrian plays jazz as of late
red was that real portion of earth
weirdly huge in fields spirit-hung
plucked lines shoot space
into you–

your
dagger-like and blunt
medievalish windows
original cinema's
bent-back smudge

your runs
batted in I lean forward
toward th'field
where images
switch
hitters
where you

list,
list–

Lazarus-like, bizarre
in museum
in cathedral
in stadium
I was spectator'd
you're centered
in the green here
against blankness: *The Raising of Lazarus!*
Salome with the Head of John the Baptist!

the baseball rolls
the dog drools
dressed in red
I am rooting
rooting
for you–

obliterated, dis-
possessed, posed, a trick
light gives in to
your chiaroscuro
Supper at Emmaus:
red again is that you – (?!)

moved, moving
loops around the town
in New Jersey
Martyrdom of who?

iron oxide, red ocher

sick umber, shadow
with occasional flash
of red or gummed-up
yellow equal to flesh
crushed, horizontalish–

1986: Derek Jarman's
Caravaggio dead from lead,
heaving, heaving
in the far-off distance
smoked middle screen
of television's
sucked-on image
again beheaded

leaving the field
broke, baroque's ex-
aggerated mo-
tion here's a plate
in fact a platter
a head rests on
slow motion
clothing X'd out
ball spinning faster now
and you–you're
walking off

Artform

I longed to be a philosopher
But fell long

In love with words of images
Or images

O words and towards
Towards the world forms I from

Fell low to the luminous glow recall
Lit slice of pie I tossed

Into his mouth across a long
Hall of light (no film plays

At the end of this night)
I search his image as it spins

Spun eternal yet moveable
So stringy dispensable

Disheveled was my line of poetry
Whose sun was a gob vanishing

Dark room
Of his mouth then gut-

Or sky- ward here is a line
and here the sun

It fell from
Some *inspired knowledge*

Distant object o
Hiccups!

OK
Philosophical contemplation

I wanted to sit in
But could not as win

ter split down the middle
Distracted de-distanced

Rinsed and wrung
Got shoved

Here is the eye which is the start
Of love

Here is the mouth
Its end

Both blue
Both red

Let the stick of butter melt
Let its image spin

Begin again

The Light is Leaking

i.

In the dark room and mylar
In antechamber, pupil

Lo and hi,
Higher, I look for you

Simplest soul yet
Intoxicant
Shit
Ornament
In this frame you are not
Though maybe in the next
Frame the next
Frame where
Film turns red

Light
 's leaking

Of the two moons in the sky
Only one I can find

ii.

The day before our electricity gets shut off I watch the rain stream fast through bedroom bulb. My eye hurt at its back corner where the brain or the soul distends camera lens. I watch the leak fill the light. I watch it go all the way through a mountain, melody, area of almost gone ecstasy. You were content in the dark but I (crying) called the company.

iii.

In the red glare
The light leak made
I stand
Where the film burns up
 (No electrical tape)
Around edges
Of screen
 You can see
Where the light-tight
Chamber breaks
 And breaks
 And seeps

iv.

In the beginning
Before images
It was unseasonably warm
I felt alarmingly well
The light ripped
Two marshmallow snowballs
At the minimart fell like lightning fell
Satan an angel at the beginning
And so *bright*
An image formed
In the unseasonably warm
Chamber not yet lit
Swear I felt the light rip
Noncaloric
 flutter
This minute gets zipped-up in
Emptily
 I approach
 What I see
Zodiac's majestic office
(Moving me)
O sanitation o sanity

v.

I hear only that sound
Of what moves me
Through heavy machinery

OK find a thing to sacrifice
Onscreen
He who like you

Retreats re-
Treats re:
Instant onyx heat

Prior to all of the above
The ocean spun wheel-like
Sucked us in and up
Sure and blue
Cocked to one side
He who is you
 Starfucker
Flying beyonder
Delinquent cinema
 Arriver
Tar-covered near the oblong eye
Of the storm
You showed me the image
Where I tell this form
Drunk on what's
Lit almost
Blueish

vi.

The raw meat is also light
A chamber for making
 Shutter flicker frame
The meatlight spins
 Shutter flicker frame
We reach together the reel's end
At the party I pass over
A madness whose light the flesh
 Shudders spins round
Near the Hollywood sign's vacant mound

Zorns Lemma (1970)

I can't believe this is happening
A face split in half
One side speaking
The other side speaking differently
This is autobiography
Hands peel oranges, cut cookies
Get run over by water
Single tree in bright white snow
Strip of ocean lit
Come quick!
I can't believe this is happening
Released suddenly from burden of counting
Matter cannot be emptied of form
But light
But light!
Day spreads
I'm still in bed
Light writes this text

Medieval Theory of Light

13th cen. experimentum
some matter is opaquer
than other matter
mysterium tremendum
i miss your light
passes through accordingly
coupling with matter i miss
you tremendously

while some matter is opaquer
than other you are the opaquest yet
at the beginning was a light form without matter
maybe some matter is opaquer than other matter
mysterium tremendum i miss you
13th century 21st century tremendously

The Far-Near (Film)

From day's decay night rose

Into a hum rapid mechanistic or mystic

Though you are gone you speak to me clearly

Push your voice through machine-thin

Medium deficiency

Reed from your scenery

Through wintry mix I ride toward

I address you near

Glove compartment, dashboard

Film cannister closed

Over Moravian gravestone

MYSTIC LIST

levitate

nosebleed

stigmata

trance

egg blast

chalazae

repeat

(H)IS FARNES (H)IS GREATER NEARNESS?

You who engine oscillation between

Reason Love
 Far Near
 Rot

Permanent Oblivion

Sun

Whose image stills now fills the tin entirely

Split Still Life

1

Outwashed by Malevich-white
watching soap opera in
the living room my spoilt eye
emitting (in)finity
of tints sinks into silver tinsel.

You walk in. Your paint-covered hand
sluiced in television. My silted hand oscillates.
Low-slung sun rinses us. Oblit
erates the plot sudden swift. Our day splits.

2

My eternal hand burnt by sun.
My perishable one nonplussed.

Seascape

Courbet's wave to the left
of a real wave outside mid-crest

winter's this peeling trompe l'oeil
in the corner, reverse side

of framed painting i stand before
blinking

snow-dumb and psyched
a line that was i or firm

ament's eccentric'r part spinning
snowlike over hot sidewalk

grate i melt between the declining
wave and the one that stays

Grow a Simple Soul

made from a substance un
diminished by subtraction.

its less neither less *nor*
delinquent eerie vertical

iridescent white square of sky
moves cold over me *more*

on this horizontal boulevard
in New Jersey. a film strip

modulates energy. in the end,
nothing
but sea deleting
what sea seizes.

35 mm

i see you at the edge
of a rinsed beam

of street then never
again ever ever

dot in snow-fuzzed dis
tance trance-
inducing but

THE BEAM OF LIGHT UNMODULATED FOR AN INSTANT is placeless
cuts

my words
as they whirl
breakneck into the white bright beam
towards you

II. SAINTS OF THE DOUBLE ABYSS

From the beginning, a pathetic amount of light lit up the pocket, 'lit', too strong a word, still, enough to draw you toward it from the waterway, to your phone booth grave, because the nearly invisible alteration in color—from below, it was a dime-sized deep grayness amid the black—was enough to catch your reptilian eye.

BRUCE WAGNER, *THE EMPTY CHAIR: TWO NOVELLAS*

Writing words, words, more words! Well, you'll make a rope of words and strangle this business! With a microphone there to catch the last gurgles, and Technicolor to photograph the red, swollen tongues.

SUNSET BOULEVARD (1950)

1. *Body Double* (1984)

Doubled,
final green palm gets bronze

against spraypainted pink sky
sunbacked fog shuts ceramic angel

up in the faux graveyard near machine
for imitating a camera rising over a voice

STOP! we lost the sun anyway
so gone but the vilest death

is a basin for day's remains and anyway
not vile enough this transcription?

totally defective, OK? defunct¹

1. *Body Double* (Brian De Palma, 1984): opening credits pass over pink sun, palm trees, fog, statue of angel, graveyard, actor lying in coffin, howling wolves. In her *Memorial*, Angela of Foligno (1248-1309) says: "I could not imagine a death vile enough to match my desire." Later, a vision issued from drowsiness, which she then dictates to Brother Scribe, who adds: "What I wrote is a short and defective version."

2. Two Cities

i got made in one city. unmade in another.
for what do i grieve u wonder.

i clung too hard to books and men. Saint Augustine
groping toward garments of light, angels, etc.

to answer your question from up there
i grieve two things: end of episode plus

lack of salvation. my tongue neither clipped
nor prolix. light between leaf and empty

tree it fell from floods this, proving th'two cities
are always anyway mix'd.

i was a soul *say*
minorly on the outskirts draped in red
see-thru i remember earth *all too well* days added to days
i wait at the base *i wait at the base* and loop what's razed²

2. At the bottom of the island mountain of Purgatory: Ante-purgatory, where Dante meets Pia de' Tolomei, murdered in secret by her husband. Having had no time to repent before death, she asks Dante for prayers so that she may begin her ascent. In *Purgatorio's* fifth canto: "Siena made me, Maremma unmade me," Pia says.

3. *Sunset Boulevard* (1950)

So like a lagoon
dripping from top of frame

was the street its headless palms
lining me diagonally. Going

to where the light makes
images. *AN OLD-TIME STAR*

IS INVOLVED. ONE OF THE BIGGEST!!

I begin to shake. Beholding the man's blurred face

as he floats in her pool from below and starless
as tarmac *WANT TO HEAR THE FACTS OR NOT?*

What is the cost of a pool, a shot?³

3. *Sunset Boulevard* (1950) claustrophobic sidewalk shot: SUNSET BLVD. Then roll, then roll stop. The street's falling fast from top. We're going to where images are made. On a hill between virtuality and reality. OK OK OK...

4. Close-up

Green square of ocean
whose boards prop surfers

wrapped in neoprene. Lean
towards powder kit at rest

on wet sand in fore where blue eye
shadow, red blush, foundation

and a brush to apply all of the above
to my face, sunk. Sun then stars when

night falls, uniform music
and cosmetic nuisance.

True *in* false? *Seared*—Love Excessive
and Love Defective buttress a roof where

spring hides its rot inside a close-up.
I decline!⁴

4. In the late 13th century at age thirty-seven, Angela of Foligno experiences her first vision at the Basilica of Saint Francis. She cries out and falls to the floor convulsing. Later, revelation comes from staring at a particular portion of flesh in a close-up her eye seems to die inside of. She pens cinematic descriptions of arm, throat, and “that small amount of Christ’s flesh which the nails had driven into the wood.”

5. Two Cities

For hours it was the hour

just before dawn.

[Music video scene] Jake looks at glittering things. Here, Norma Desmond is a gate, a star consigned to ever *READY FOR MY CLOSE* flash fixes the image covering the person it splits.

Here and there, where light's younger embers lift *up* disappear into the spaceship-like house above

the city, a city.⁵

5. *Body Double* (1984): During the music video scene set to the song "Relax" by Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Jake Skully becomes a porn star as if by divine intervention. A Norma Desmond lookalike stands on the stairs. Jake is staying in the octagonal Chemosphere house in Los Angeles, built by John Lautner on a concrete column (5 ft. wide and 30 ft. high). The home floats over an impossible location.

6. Illuminated Man

a message
masquerades

grace?
gate?

flesh dazzles your script
as the lovers (*us?*) double

you're creepy and lovely so
*what are you going to do again?*⁶

6. In *Body Double*, Jake watches the porno *Holly Does Hollywood* high above the city. His eyes get him into trouble and solve crimes. Holly Body, star of *Holly Does Hollywood*, comes to the house above the city and looks into the house she was formerly dancing in through the instrument that was used to look at her. Now someone else is watching, too. Jake zooms between sky and earth via incline train. Holly takes the stairs. *Body Double* posits two worlds. Not heaven and earth but movies and pornos. Like the smoking and non-smoking sections in restaurants of before, they exist alongside each other and constantly mix, but only one claims it's free of the other. The movie (*lurid, seedy, like a cheap porn film*, as one commenter puts it) reveals the pornographic seed that other visions grow from. A regular watcher of TV becomes detective, star, visionary. The eye eats and shoots and then learns to see as the screen, meteoric, becomes a scene.

7. Sunset Boulevard

to view the scribe
place mirrors on gray-blue concrete floor

of pool, an encounter
mediated by laws of light more peculiar

than you
as the sky pinks, delete

image and sound
by the clapperboard sync as I write you

before the sea recedes
un-ecstatically mine was the sunburnt body

bobbing atop fluid
I've seen the stars drip blue on the head

of you
whom I now look at the screen through⁷

7. Angela of Foligno i.e. *the saint of the double abyss* was given access to two things: suffering and glory. The light's low, lower than the body, at the bottom, bottom of the pool. *Sunset Boulevard* opens with our dead narrator floating at the surface. We look up at his body from the floor.

8. Recall

in the ante-chamber, half-water
half-air with the other delayed, deficient, late re-

impoverished light's *weirder than the sea I thought*
I'd left entirely but I recall (when miserable, missing,

gone) a happy time with *he who did what? with who?*

the sea's thicker parts put me
together and near the end, there

was a castle. am i better than Emma
or Francesca? when you're back

in the world, help along me. at least look
at the burnt sienna Rossetti gave me.⁸

8. Recounting her affair in *Inferno's* fifth canto, Francesca da Rimini tells Dante: "There is no greater sorrow than to recall in misery the time when we were happy." In 1868, Dante Gabriel Rossetti painted *La Pia de Tolomei*.

9. Training

This is the oscillation we're stuck in.
Try counting to ten. I spy three camera-
men in the dyed stars of the mountainous
shadow rising as Georges Bataille reads Angela
of Foligno's visions on the train, eve
of war. I ride Los Angeles Metro
(pink sky) into baroque trance, gone from
my usual spot. Fur coat on. Eyeing
someone. A few moves. You? Over. No. Oh.
Our terrace at this hour turns the secret
color between red and blue. I see three
flies cover a still-slithering worm when
the train doors close. Nausea's magenta.
The saint of the double abyss bathed a leper, drank the water after.⁹

9. Muscularly, Georges Bataille describes the darkness which is not darkness. Hold and release. This is the oscillation. Agree? Begin by counting to three. Three cameramen in the dyed stars of the operating system go blurry. On the train I read Georges Bataille who claims: "...*sacred or poetic* moments, which die, leave on their disappearance diverse residues." Your stare thickens the secret color between red and blue. Train doors open. Nausea, magenta, yellow, red. Train doors close. Angela of Foligno says: "As a small scale of the leper's sores was stuck in my throat, I tried to swallow it. My conscience could not let me spit it out, just as if I had received Holy Communion."

SUNSET BLVD
sidewalk under
scab-picked sky
Pepto-pink glare
behindHollywood
sign *sigh*

10. Two Cities

Emma

says this guy

who looks

who looks

a little a lot like

I would like to see

you one more time

in the arena th'arena

between the camera

and what captures it

or the screen

behind the screen

as it *peels*

see?

lovers are pillars

on either side of vine-covered

house a camera bears down on

as an onlooker clocks

the pair from his dealer's window

you and me?

subtract from the white

rectangle of light

the sky gets dubbed
doubled

the lovers swim
sunning

toward sky
like a ceiling

by the poor light
ineffable and true

unrulier than any
pool *fuck you*

we two float
beholding again the stars

from below
fused atoms

at their cores
near your dying eye

chore coat on
recalling (when missing, when mis-

erable) a happy time
under a classic

low-mass star
which eats the sky

*what do you think
you're doing?*

rebeheld you
near the vine

to the side
of the Hollywood sign

lovers were
stars dripping blood

into famouser
versions of us

out of beat
first there were faces

then dialogue then
upward toward

cameras burning
sound's phases

an old time
star's black

pool
doubles

vision
to prove

somewhat beautifully
before descending

as ash into
a decades-ago

Hollywood
and under it

those cameras
those cameras

move the pool
into your hard hand

melt *melt*
what earlier congealed

flashed
flashes

hell is red
young starlight's blue

we were made
of varying degrees

of the two¹⁰

10. An image's eerie mercy greets us twice. None the wiser.

Goethe's last words:

MORE LIGHT!

Angela is met with the *ineffable light of the truest poverty*

GOODBYE???

First there are faces. Then dialogue. Then we get lowered to the luminous camera turning and turning around a face as an old time star's shimmering pool twins vision while a mystic speaks of a dingy *light beneath this*.

MORE SOON – E

III. THE TERRACES

And of that second kingdom will I sing

DANTE, *PURGATORIO*

Wait

I left the crueller sea
But still, words pool My proximity to yr ab
sense gets a new hue

DEGREES OF DARKNESS

Color is a space the dog speaks to then swallows
gray pool at the beginning middle end of *Sunset Boulevard*
hidden (in) the recorded wor(l)d? Speaking from other side of the film
where light is time recorded then dispersed Thursday's
degrees of desire rapidly (by yr absence) multiply
this pigment's gradual capacity for trance where
oh, there: close to the bulb whose emanation spins years:
1310, 1950, 2020 but yr light
's *so off*, hello
??

Wait

In his book on color Goethe demonstrates what he means by degrees of darkness. light gets pulled through the prism to spit back subtracted colors: magenta, yellow, etcetera. Colors run down, get minor, knot up, halt clustered. awash, thundered, run over and through and through. my soul's dirty foot waits @ the base of the mountain for you in nausea-inducing oscillations

of decay and what's slick
back-lit by evening's
yellow-red thusly
drunk

on what is not here available
stacks of violet books below full pack of cigarettes.
overlaid with gold smoke. going towards the place where souls
whirl into words.

Wait

nothing nothing nothing plus everything at once
is what this vestibule we're held in may eventually show us.
to my left, the sky's forehead. even it cannot forget the body.
push past the convulsion upward toward
portions of the other zone or maybe *his* flesh up
close. zoom, pan, cant right cant left. dirt-lit, semi-
finished.
(can love get worked out, Kant-like, as a system, no or yes?)
violet ardor amour (thick and thin), armed, armor, ars ars ars
(cars driving
fast past our terrace)
but the street is gravelly where I read,
walk, and see. unsmooth un
finished eyeing me.

Wait

wind-lashed
and singing
under winter-
bright acedia

we walk up
to the derelict cinema
orange sign on strip mall
near Laveta Terrace stairs

lights as we go
trashed, baroque
scab-colored hue shoots,
lisps, installs itself

as air between
you and chair
i hunch over
cigarette thins

lower stratum of the body: red
upper stratum: blue
today: violet-heavy
vices lit by virtues

Wait

Are we dead or living
extras in a movie?
you in red, me in blue
along mountainous
flush of terraces getting clear
as an angel's hair from this angle,
tinted purple-blue. such heavy piles of books we move through.
black with magenta lettering, flat-lying with red poppies, motorcar,
pines, blue inkblot, cashmere pullover, mouthfuls of sword-like fog.
still. it is a little winter on the mountain. that we are gone
but following the world's laws proves what? when the sun sets,
sky fills in and up with black-red. i think day done. in my eye:
our years our words shattered, spun.

Ahh...Youth! (1991)

though supposed to be closed my eyes abscond
here's a pink bunny beside Mike Kelley
stare at seven toy animals see
a row of fluffy mugshots whose plastic
eyeballs do dangle derange in the wind
I fall in love with Mike K. nauseously
and cloudily, eyes half-closed so sea-green
when green recedes. i am given some thin

secret syllables to hold like the lie
at the center of a cloud DISAPPEAR
in the eyes of the animals. GOODBYE:
contracting and spinning is my fine seer
spun spun spun & when it's done the red dye
at the center makes globular the sun

Pepto-Pink

Pepto-Bismol appears in Paul Schrader's *First Reformed* (2017) an otherwise non-pink film which tracks the ecstatic descent of Reverend Ernst Toller (Ethan Hawke), a minister struggling with illness plus crisis of faith mixt Pepto-Bismol w whiskey. The soul's a gut, a tunnel to somewhere Pepto-Bismol and whiskey stay separate

As they swirl his voiceover quotes the BOOK OF REVELATION he abrupt removes the pages he scribbled in a pigment o gray-pink delirium he's cracking. Word Warhol wanted on his grave: FIGMENT!

Sunset 1

Reading was impossible lovely and violent
as excess light met by certain medieval mystics

gut-pink simmer over
wilted cigarette held

by a man on a screen in winter
then repeated until

bouquet of yellowing
green from winter springs

i do lunges under
Summa Theologica
Edmund Spenser's Poetry
Marguerite Porete's *Mirror*
every Michel Houellebecq
Athanasius describing Antony
wandering monastic and thirsty
air-stuffed, eerie-thin, sweating sins over
Andre Masson's red decapitated head
Courtly Love under Ovid's *Erotic Poems*
World Lit Only By What

according to Marguerite, SOUL must die 3x (at least)
to get born truly or did i misread? REASON is dumber even
than LOVE and LOVE's iron turns into charring force of defunct
faculties which are *retained* however SOUL *abandons using them entirely*
SEE? dust dust dust (*what about the iron will of poetry?*)
LOVE's apparently working *in me* but *without me*

sunset's rhythmic procedure sets fire
to evening's hidden hymnal

making me see-through
for one minute, maybe two

Sunset 2

Even my teeth shook
as i got somewhat glamorously
shoved through broken
projector @ full exposure

sun and 35mm. i mis-
understood, was a mistress
and object o knowledge. bent
under m'head's wobbly ministry.
i'm there waiting emptyly for you
flipping thru *Cosmo*.

Luxurious almost-viole(n)t.
defeat reason by

Re-re-re-

Opening w/ pocket knife
a field into which eyes seep
redder than sky under which
navy nail polish chips off.

Lung-pink
line spread

between blue
and red
soundlessly
fuzz-out
to matte
you arrive
and then

Sunset 3

Day's albumen
yellows
from inside out
and down down
drawn by a renaissance
mechanism as imagined
in the middle ages
ruinous, pious
glows redder
at the top of the terrace
i slide down-up
élan vital(?!)
severed flesh
sick bed ambiance
practice of joy near books
on medieval ritual
lit by sun in *Body Double*
this deformed message
shaping your big hand
under the credits a desert slips
superambient, *is this thinking?*
organ of what
ex nihilo, *maybe*, escapes
spring from summer
receding as i zoom in
eye is hand (?!) in this instance
holding cigarette's
degraded band
corvette rounds the corner
ash is what the work
reduces to (worn
down and in
to central simmer)
after red dragged the day
OK light said *away*

Sunset (Blocked Light)

Hey you!

casting a fucking shadow
what're you doing un-
translucently

one oscillation is eternity
th'other: buoyancy

tenant of a TV screen
one and one and two and

Soon th'climbing
will cease

mutiny's exquisite sentence
ending scenically

Extracted my own heart's
root electrically

a planet's orbit saturated
by a star it falcons

unknowingly around
Watching this movie on TV

ecstatic ending scene's redder
than i remembered

around your head i spin
spun anchored and
anchoress spinning undo

Sunset (Prism)

by degrees of darkness and light, color gets spun, saw
Goethe, a heretic, pass darkness through the prism to receive
light. Goethe, a mystic, passes darkness through the prism. it g
listens. here's the cross section, turn, the
smoke over which the frame escapes delinquent.
but listen. what he speaks into (a pock of orange stars) existence
's stippled. i: here with you, a spot far from your image. then:

with your image, far from the thing which froze it. you pass me
through the prism. screen
's melting melting (into) me. blue crayon fadeaway
on blue Cadillac interior under navy blue sky, velour-soft
but creepy-lofty under fuchsia screen dotted with green leaves,
Paradiso's too-bright rose stadium soon. first: sky, tree, car get
medium-lit by what's purged.

Sunset (Upper Purgatory)

At the upper mountain in the airshot hole of cell
I woke

Between a yolk and shell
Delirium animal held

You at the edge
One of several

Ways to hack
Hew suck sweat

Here's a line of
Cosmic bullshit

My eye falls from
Then real magic

Poured
A fineness on

Sunset (Gift Shop)

Porously as a girl
I smoke in front of a medieval shop
Souvenirs with Gatorade
I pose as air
Gets thick
Fills th'sky

In and in

Germinal joy at the Jersey shore
Where Mary Magdalene's hair descends
Near the plastic bucket
The light disappears in
War-spun glass jar
Of love and porcelain stars

Sunset (Cutting Room)

film ribbon runs ~~me~~

over

cutting

process now

~~me~~-off

get over it

I run

enucleated

eye

sun going down

epileptically

he was

a piece

of cinema

subtract

subtract

white light

we climb

circular

ly around up

thru

Sunset Kit

At the spectral edge of a thicker century
my voice is held manically

(fin'amor)

all mirrors
smash except
one inside this

(hold pls)

yellow portion
of eye greens
where sight sucks
how the yolk seeps

con
per
di

verted
terre verte

terrors
recede

(a flash)

expends our ends

(a magician)

speaketh into existence
an eye emits light and/or
gets met with it? Light:
a place and a kit

pour bottle into vessel
did you or did you not

(a friar)
(an alchemist)

(incantatory)

cross paths w/ roger bacon?
mix-up chemistry
soak it
pour water away
largely ignored by contemporaries
sickness unto
indebted to robert grosseteste

(a lightning flash)

spread across water

(a conductor)

in bed reading roger's magical letter of art and nature
*when inanimate things are moved rapidly in the shadow
of dusk or of night, it is not truth but is fraud and deceit.*
what are y'carrying out in the face of th'fucking heavens? tho,
certain figurations in this physical world fast moving marvelous.
greatest devices, those purified (not destroyed) by fire, i'd yet to find
but as my eyes and eggs dissolve, eyes and eggs onscreen multiply

Titian's vermilion below oblivion blue
cloud-fine, gray, wing-like robe rising
with terrible orange my eye closes
over a stranger one window over as his image
extravagantly
baroquely
departs
up-down-
down-dice-
like above
dash goodbye?

Mothlight

i rides on wing
pull thru
blinding
light become bulb

o wings

beat *beat* as the star

mediator crosses into

torrential whirling gulf

between sound and sight

skips flesh

where music

tortures color

most hues X'd

what step is this?

what kit? which set?

have we been annihilated

by Love, Marguerite Porete?

yes and yet

Mothlight (Left)

Hacking away
at page

hard-

boiled cinema

warmly warmly

dissolve lung-colored

light you shrug

unmoved

& slung so on

& soon

& here where

i think

so hard about

the moment yr hand

shoots
from its wrist

that i stop thinking

entirely (which anyway

was the electric aim of this)

stare unflinchingly into TV

narrated from a beyond

pruned gray by water

chlorinated boulevard

place where movies get loud

blotted out

bloated

floating and speaking

after death in a sparkling voice

there could be a kit
to make an image with
you could walk thru it

Mothlight (Right)

Watched the movie *Variety*
Whose sea is that sea but 1983

Flamingo Hotel
Parking lot dirtyclean

Your crucifixion tattoo covers you almost entirely
Now I walk in shoreline's colder footage

And there you are
Soul and muscle an image covers

That's our sea, our TV
Lids all fly off containers

High-tide eyes lens antechamber cornea
Thicken lower rung of ladder gilded

My photoreceptor my nerve fiber
You get held in the dented light

Of yesterday's thick moon by our TV
Our very sea

Where my eye rose into the pock
Of inked light at your center on coincidentally

A Sunday's wrung out holiness
The rinsed frame rises

Your hands move as you speak even as you look dead
Into the water your two hands folded now

Folded thusly like you're in a heady movie
But this is not 1983

And this is not *Variety*
This is real life or a dream

And that's our fuzzy sea, our
Rolling TV

Your hands floating in an egg-shaped space
Wonder what it takes to reopen th'chamber

To raise the dirt-dappled spirit
From the bed

Here's your cock which rises then falls
Near your tattoo which when you breathe moves

Tilts inflates OK we'll go to the strip mall after
It's a date the moths re-glow over and over our sea

As the leaf's stem needles the light
Cameraless, relentless, less

We sit on the bed watching TV
And beyond that, the sea

The thing is to be the bulb
That you

And the moths and the leaves
To be the bulb

You and the moths and the sea and the TV
Rise again against

Valediction

under world-(s)mothering sun,
i found you. there is nothing
to return me to. color wheel's world-
dented loop i'm already in and moving
through. encountered you however
thoroughly, asked after your shadow
which was sometimes mine too. in the lot,
under stars, below permanent spring, you
are parked between torpor (low glowing blue)
and the warmer joy it's torn from. between
sky red and ocean blue you depart into a new hue.
you steer a glinting pickup truck around
the gravel lot. to the side: manic ocean's highest
tide pauses to long dissolve. so long.

IV. PROCESS RED

It is found red in its first coagulation, and in it lie hid all the flowers and colors of all the minerals.

PARACELSUS,
THE HERMETIC AND ALCHEMICAL WRITINGS

Just prior to passion, a hair after despair.

A fire pale reddens as you enter but *not* through any door or window.

With very little inertia, a mixture. A tincture which made a distinct form.

Quick to heat, we had to do *something*.

To *yeah contain the whirl*. Metal red in color. And over time and over time, ever-active muscular slab of air's flimsiness greens. For now, we are here.

In the red-pink scene. I zero-in on you hand

held tenderly by magenta as it gets stained by the red it flings.

Put through the ringer again vitriolic, pocked with holes.

We were in Hollywood.

Then: New York.

Then: purple-red space between, static-clinging where it was whispered by a mechanism I never beheld: *the ultimate blue is red*.

I arrive after shaking, see star-doubled self held by your hand or was that *something something*

airier, a presence merely

onscreen? messed-up

hair of a saint

wishful and vividly dawning

on me like pee, annoying

and metamorphosing quick

into a mad thing rhyming with how you speak

Cosmic nonsense? *Plenty*. But the egg, even when beaten and swirling guts-like in ceramic, is eternal. Correct or incorrect?

With your dingier hand, you smoke and ash.
Your other hand's all contour floating over red imitating silver.

Into our zone, the red comes too fast. We talk at a rapid pace as hands
we feel to be ours move the most ordinary objects into whirls until
they become irregular, amorphous, stoned.

A pony roams in the O
of Ozarks, Orion, of O,
where's the place without time, pace?

Shoved into magenta:
blue
yellow
black-green
spun and seen
in the ceramic mug
the word is *ecstasy*
souls mixing mixing
a little hilariously meta
physical, far from therapy
or safety but nonetheless
heralding what exactly??????

You're over there now, and lit. Cocksure, talkative, and distant, a half-
troubadour from the internet. A vision I beheld first as yellow, then
a second time as red, and now again as that quick tint between your
moving hands and black background. *Yeah, I'll hold.* I know the I is a
lie but still, it's a vertical route to sky and lined with movies I've seen
previously. *Still here. You?*

Could've sworn I found light without heat but wait, no. That's TV.
Here you are, hi, hello. Mad exalted, set to fall from—

a salted screened-
in image of sea
and *not* the sea
you think
i'm addressing you
against or amongst
a whole boulevard
of angels, light-sucking
and dumb

Purple-red is the antidote at poison's center. Then further in: a telephone from way back or whatever defunct device I can hear you against with my left ear pressed and pressed...

at the edge of every operation: a color plus endless numbers.

Stained glass windows

move then turn medieval-blue

framing yeah, some *bullshit*, new

but drawing up and into the magenta-gray end-beginning of day?

Your hands hold me as I watch them circulate, shake, cradle a Francis-Bacon-like blur of paint I believe to be me crouching just out of frame.

The hue just ate you.

Me? left to solve the problem of waiting at the hour just before dawn at the gate.

There is a hotel room, a window framing almost yellow sun, Norma Desmond, other celebs, and a map of an ancient vault below glass ceiling that's allegedly holding us, as chemistry experiment, in and up.

Sudden, you're back. You see me. *Yeah. You'll deny it. But.*

The freeze-framed instant holds our tongue.

The hands purple. The egg white. The cigarette tilting earthward and the film reducing to ash—rubedo, magenta backdrop, stalled. Rapid now—and pushing, sure. Into a thing seizable by neither of us. *Even if. But have tried.*

It's unspooling.

We go to the party.

Dance and stare across its luminous insides but I see only a wall playing *Body Double* and *Sunset Boulevard* on repeat, then excised.

You bump into me. *It's fine, fine.* By what chemistry you arrived here and saw the entirety of the movie play on a dime-sized surface, neither of us can guess but the cloud filling the room in and covering the bodies of the almost-blessed is *red*.

David Hockney speaks in his Los Angeles studio, smoking cig after cig and staring into the clouds as they recoil then roll into me.

Here: dingy beginning of a word not yet penned plus flat blue of pool. A blotch of flame bubbles to the surface. *Want a light? Did you hear about so and so?*

I stare into the cup you hold. *I don't care. We can go to the movies or not. We can eat whatever you want.* Here's the white nonsense we burned off only seconds ago. *Who's driving? Car's interior: aggravated color of a gnarled tongue. Exact location please? Huh?*

Lump sum of both coasts plus the view from the 7-Eleven on Pacific Coast Highway I was driving towards you along then *pause. Halt! I'll meet you, meet you on the I...*

white blends into sky
chemical-thick chimera
of whofuckingknowswhy

For a couple minutes straight, I cry.

The tears tinted purple-red—poison, yolk, bread.

Now back toward the stuffed ashtray falls your head.

Shh. Here comes a man. His mouth moves and

So what're you thinking about?

Where've you been?

What's that you've got in your hand, head?

Friend, now black's gloss totally overtakes me plus the screen I'm seen on. Zero footage left. Wattage? Pink-red. *Yeah, whatever he said.* Heading into the sunken blue of calm despair towards a leaden end. Into the raucous world of images *message sent.*

Outgunned only by the rate at which we rend...

that's the ash the word reduces to, a blurred line of almost-flesh. Lit stroboscopic, ridiculous. Then a perfect circle of light at the center of black. And a figure. *O! here you are again.*

Tinted red.

What's that you're working on? Archival and womb-like, hidden in the spit, sickening magenta link between flesh and spirit, a divinity hid.

Had to cut into the muscle to reach the light it gives. But no, no not literally! *We're only two minutes in?!* Barely an utterance, just camera

shutter. Then sudden crisp pink-white of shirt nearing the wrist.

Your two hands ringing themselves out over the vessel that's *this*.

I don't give a shit. OK? I really
filing cabinet over lulling gray
monotony of passing whole days
this way before you get ecstatic--
beside yourself
the *you* of you
gone, going astray
into some distant
turbulence I couldn't have let
descend into the vintage ashtray
at the film's end

The color seeps from the room into us, *fuck! strobing into the stones,*
alone.

And so handsome. Held suspended tender on the screen *like the warm*
lake we walked around before, well

I wait for the lull but none comes until we're both bathed in a cold
quicksilver, released for an instant into glimmer.

cooked the cinnabar
red pan
drank liquid that oozed
dragon's bile or
cochineal eyewash
over you
I solved for
your words as they
hissed into me
riddling the dross

and metal'd in the red
libidinous
unio mentalis
plus such sloth
along sunset blvd
it's summer again
reposed but stop
stop, wind-dark
din overtop the glint
a hair above bullshit
matter's secret?
you lasted then the blood
flooded us
flushed the whole opus
like we were on acid, backed by
a passing into the next zone
unencumbered diluted
and shining, two ravens against gemstone

You're *totally mad*.

Red.

Now purple.

Blue-black.

What step is this? What lack?

You drop your coat at my feet. *What am I supposed to do next?*

Light smacks against hot sidewalk's strings of gum.

Processed into purple-red from the center we search for

light spreads, spins, spun, sped up, *is (yeah) already dead*

egg squeezed in your palm, eternal and small, Rococo so as to fit into the aperture, reverses us into April. *Fuck.*

Cinema raises the dead but Marguerite Porete speaks of an aperture before and beyond ousting that *not so good sea swell* way back at the start.

Made of what cannot be spit-covered, split, screen-lit, printed.

At the margins: something's burning. But *yes and yes*

do hurry up! More light, Goethe says, and then

magenta loops what we thought was through.

Hollis Frampton speaks of T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" when talking about his 1966 film *Process Red*, a poem which he says TENDS TO SHIFT DECORUM IN EVERY LINE. Cyan, magenta, yellow, black.

Pop! The body a gory recorder stretched into an X the soul gets simple against.

Farness and nearness collapse, electric red at the center of blue

le nient

Place it in a lixivium until

red

where light's still heat

and in the end, fire and flame

seem one. *The hardest thing*

to devise? nothing at all,

at the movies
drunk on
nothing's here
but closed cineplex
top of head
camera lens
hour of necessity
holding a city
with one hand as the other
goes toward a white square of light
from which we may subtract
to get the image, then back
down into the cement

you give me a gift via mediary
I listen at the edge of the century's
heavy metal as you lift and lift
what love speaks creaturely:
this is an emergency

SOURCES

Hermetic Definition, H.D.

Process Red, Hollis Frampton, 1966

Pale Fire, Vladimir Nabokov, 1962

Theory of Colours, Goethe, 1810

Story of the Eye, Georges Bataille, 1928

Hands Triptych (1933-34); *The Doll* (1935); *The Red Embryo* (1948) by Hans Bellmer

Amores, Ovid, 16 BC

Zorns Lemma, Hollis Frampton, 1970

De Luce, Robert Grosseteste, 1225-1228

The Mirror of Simple Souls, Marguerite Porete, 1300

Waves (1870) by Gustave Courbet

Purgatorio, Dante Alighieri

Complete Works, Angela of Foligno

Guilty, Georges Bataille, 1944

Ahh...Youth! (1991) by Mike Kelley

Sunset Boulevard, Billy Wilder, 1950

The Empty Chair: Two Novellas, Bruce Wagner, 2013

The Magical Letter of Roger Bacon, 1200s

Mothlight, Stan Brakhage, 1963

Variety, Bette Gordon, 1983

The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to the editors of the following journals where some of these poems, often in earlier versions, first appeared: *Expatriate Press*; *In the Mood Magazine*; *Periodicities*; *Tagvverk*; *Warm Milk*; *Word For/Word*.

