



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
2012.
DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Heather Thomas

Vortex Street

She inhales the scent, holds on to the bridge
to keep from floating away
on Vortex Street, the dusk

is slit with prisms, the dead
children are chasing fireflies

light refracts upon entering a drop
splits upon leaving

an old man breathes into balloons

braided with wind, the river
sheds its eddies

Rising and crossing
our bodies had a sacred geometry

chains of octahedrons
and four oxygens

scaffolds of light

we thought we needed to add something
time, knowledge, more form

the past heaped up and hoarded

A dark corridor in the afternoon
drives her back to the house of glass tables

he is listening to
the bells of empty glasses

filled with vapors, the street
moving across the darkness

the river hidden in fish
the windows filling with trees

first one side of the body
then the other, crisscrossing

the distance between
brocade of the waterfall, phoenix and deer

We pass back through
the slits on Vortex Street

old man, old woman
craning our necks in a vast cloud chamber

downstream by the columns supporting the bridge
the dead mother gathered her children's shoes

geese rustled their wings
the onrush of spray

was the signal we needed

we spun through the eddies
held on to the air

Postcards from Vortex Street

Postcard 1

We dared to scrawl our names in chalk.
The beams still bear the marks

across a current of walkways,

maps of sticks and apps we made
waiting for ourselves to show up.

Children gathering our bones
asked, were they dancing bones or sad?

(no motive for the metaphor)
The world never was in place.

How do you want this day to live?
My friend saved a packet of seeds.

A bowl of oranges under moon,
the path between my brows

unearths a burrowing owl
in desert aquifer, salutation

to the rotating oceans.

We were waving not drowning
in the heart's magnetic field.

Imagination is a force: occupy.

Postcard 2

Torn from earth and toppling
its leafy head

akimbo,
crack of falling limbs,

the rumble
and crash into river

exposes
a labyrinth of roots,

flung black ganglia
under freak October snow.

I start the day trying not
to hear myself think,

breath on the page
turns itself out in the street

where the trees were for you,
the whole of the wideness of light.

Have I gotten over myself
so I can reach you?

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Postcard 3

Mapping your voice
draws out the sound,

roots upended in a mess
of arteries, twisted cords

once knitted into ground
that's now a wound

we have to travel,
linking knotty arms,

listening to wisps,
to water. In the mirror

ropes between the stars
slit open those invisible

intersections.
Suppose a lattice springs up

muddy from the eddy
as it climbs and we

stare down at the moon,
brilliant in its bowl.

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Postcard 4

Did the universe align in tawny fire
for the last ghost flower,

the dusky sparrow with a backbone
like the last tongue of ice

stretching down to Russia across
Siberia's Laptev Sea as it dissolved?

Does a blazing star still begin
in the ground as button snakeroot?

The orange moon rises to white fire
when farthest from us.

In midnight rain I drew the curtain
on a buck leaping Vortex Street.

Drenched antlers flashed in the streetlight
my roots untangled, some dark corner

burnishing the light. The older it is,
the fiercer the ember.

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