



# OVERTURE

by Eléna Rivera

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Eléna Rivera

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Here  
I  
Err

At the point of departure  
Again

*Heard the door open  
and waited*

The scaffolding came down

(heard it first)

Scarring left as a reminder of previous trauma

Quickly forgotten

We play music and drink wine  
go out and become impatient,  
for the next thing

Taken up by a breeze  
Floating on my back in a warm lake  
Realizing the season had passed  
without my noticing it  
The way the wind blows, fades  
The maple turned toward the water  
Shades of red, chestnut, umber  
Set the clocks back,  
clutching at the hour

The narrative doesn't fit

Anymore

I'm not trying to make a statement  
Just inquiring into the source of mind  
And the silence that extends  
when there is no hurry

Here the days are getting shorter  
Fall anticipates the lack of light  
No wonder there is a madness  
to the season (ending again)

(and too much paprika!)

The red splash of paint designates a cardinal  
The red splash like the leaves that have turned  
The season transmuted  
Turned within

Have to have a high idea of what we do  
No matter the stakes  
No matter if the writing hasn't been read yet  
A leaf is picked up and put in a plastic bag

the word floats into view

Impatient with pronouncements  
Of every variety  
Trying to convince ourselves  
Doing the "right" thing



My father gave me a series  
of plastic watches  
(In my dream)  
Thin narrow watches  
melting in the sun  
*La Persistencia de la Memoria*

Translate that

“That the withheld is the only eloquence left.”

In winter, folded over  
by its coming, the dying  
It is not so much about patience  
but falling deeply in love  
And having priorities

When the bell rings,  
it's simply time for a change

She said, you leave your work  
And you continue it tomorrow  
Now it's time for change

The gate that opens

Change is temporary even when it seems extraordinarily huge  
In a moment I went from a situation of calm to one of activity  
I heard the woman screaming, the subway passing, the hammering  
Then it all passed, perhaps prematurely so, but you can't stay on  
the same train for hours on end, soon your stop will come

Nothing troubles nothing to fear  
Underneath change things

the sky

suffice

Always questions  
At the inception  
At the edge of the water  
There is an attention to  
the way we repeat each  
and every day  
Hear it

When you get out of the paper house  
Put pen to paper, a series of bricks

eventually

If you could see the view here  
Leaves shimmer, prayer flags  
faded by the sun, wind, rain  
What did you hear the man say:  
*They stuck a needle in me and I cried*  
*Like a girl, like a girl I tell you*

Punch a hole in me and my girlishness  
Returns, so much for well laid plans and  
big pronouncements!

The day I started to listen  
The day I started to slow time  
A flutter  
Soft easy breeze  
In November  
The scaffolding came down,  
left the sparrows homeless

Between you and me there is being,  
and I left so much undone

The snow drifts in

tongue-tied

Walk to the store to buy  
paper, pencils, breath  
A kind of pilgrimage  
At that point of departure  
*(Can you sync it?)*

Drawn in your face the worries you took on  
The quick speech, the hurry, the looking out  
And soon you made it a habit, a way of seeing  
The paper was crumpled up and thrown out, recycled

“Time wastes life”

“Don't mind me. Don't take any notice of me.  
I do not exist. The fact is well known.”

Until “the creature” broke away from scrutiny

What happens to those “creatures”  
The ones we create/make

Failure of apperception

Does grief encompass vast waste  
Are we ready to admit to the strait?  
Generations of it?



Appropriated by demons  
Beckett's character plunged in her own misery  
Going to the train  
And finding little help along the way

Easy to turn sideways, walk among the debris  
Not see the tiny violets blooming late in the season—  
The change not what one imagined.  
She never got over her grief, never found a new purpose—  
That loss of a child, so many lost for various reasons,  
And we are all children still

Being taken up by verbiage:

And I thought my thoughts were the best thing ever

The arch enemy is close by

Ache

Ever so close

If you want freedom you have to

Break with the likelihood  
The anticipation of an accident  
Why live through it twice?  
Once in the imagination,  
the next time the real surprise

What matters, in the end?  
Giving comfort? How we long for comfort  
The woman in the radio play: "Put your arms around me"  
Having to ask for it, needing it

"I could not simplify myself."

Maybe we'll see something of this earth before we die  
Maybe we'll experience a bit of brightness before our body dries

Am I still following the ghost?  
She, that other host, is absent  
Scooped her up, pried her open  
The body alive, a scent of sex  
Sent her far from the burial ground  
Opting for a taste of saliva

Frost and dust at this time of year  
The thrust of a new season

The scaffolding came down and was instantly forgotten  
Folded inside the package were all the old complaints  
left behind and “Finally” and “What was it one expected?”

Infinity                      its likelihood

At odds                      with the accident

“Do not imagine, because I am silent  
that I am not present.”

The colors of the leaves of trees change

**Notes:**

1. "That the withheld is the only eloquence left." – Mark Tardi
2. "Time wastes life" – William Shakespeare, Sonnet #100
3. "Don't mind me. Don't take any notice of me. I do not exist. The fact is well known." – Samuel Beckett, *All That Fall*
4. "I could not simplify myself." – Turgenev, as quoted by Martha Ronk
5. "Do not imagine, because I am silent that I am not present."  
– Samuel Beckett, *All That Fall*