OVERTURE

by Eléna Rivera
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