

KIMBERLY LYONS



MAUVE

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Mauve

The afterglow on a movie screen.

The flicker of black when afternoon is done.

A shadow in the words mauve and ambiguous.

A lake of fog seen at 6:30 am

in September under an airplane wing.

This dawn cloud is a violet bath.

Ambiguous may qualify mauve which is ambiguous already.

Not black or brown or gray or purple.

Starts to become something certain.

Stop striving after whatness, I tell myself.

Mauve in a certain mood darkens

rain that falls more slowly for a moment.

Time is ambiguous and you pass into winter

one rainy Sunday night on a Friday late afternoon.

A quality of sound is midnight and the dark is mauve

before turning on the lamp

bathed in the brown sparkles of night.

Mauve. An old-fashioned word
kind of French and Department Store.
Like outré and lingerie.

Ambiguous and Mauve are cousins to Maud and Ambergris
These days mauve is sandstone or eggplant
Though really it isn't.
Realize I'm "there" amidst overflowing shadows
differentiated from twilight
by the spreading blue circumference of a reverberation.
The color of hydrangeas you see from the road
on a stranger's lawn at dusk
remembered at 5:30 am, the most ambiguous time there is.

There is a mauve chill over the trees.
A slight blue light around the edges.
I turn off the lamp and see a halo.
A tilting orb.
Something wants to go on
in the ambiguity of its substance
in the shade that fills the glass
which truth to tell is green and yellow.
A citrine kind of honey swimming pool.

The unknown particle lifts its blue.

A cluster of loosestrife by the road.

Blue darkened with blood mixed with night.

Compared to the nothing, mauve may be a net.

I'll read the dust, leaves, sticks and spider webs,
dirt and broken old plates.

Over in the corner the spiders continue to weave
time into geometry and spit into string.

I guess September healed me but I don't know how.

Lavender oil, plums soaked in salt and valerian.

An old woman crosses my path in an indigo cape.

The wheels of her cart squeak all of the way out of sight.

If I'm healed it's

along an ambiguous continuum.

I realize that mauve contains all of night

present in every moment that you look.

A young man in a beret walks by in a mauve shirt

past the loosestrife. He is in a poem now.

Poems take their animals from the sky.

Kind of creepy actually but isn't poetry creepy

like mushroom networks entangled underground.

That's why I was glad to see the purple door
up ahead in the air.

Which part of yourself and how much will you give
to what is up ahead in the air but already
'here'.

I hardly will spend five bucks on a pen.

Five Bucks. The best amount of money there is.

You can buy an egg sandwich in a New York deli or chapstick or a
candybar.

Or a pen. A mauve one with sparkles.

Like the little girls use.

The contours of afternoon pervade as a jumble.

A bee comes looking into the glass,

the cup of tea and shadows.

Busy with the search

and glad to get some sugar.

Well, who isn't.

Now he lands on my hair

and buzzes something in my ear and goes away.

Go through the door he probably said

or you weren't here yesterday

or I have a plan.

So absent I didn't notice the absence
at first. Sealed over. Something in me was
eradicated one night.
Since I don't go there every day didn't notice.

Anyway, the stars may emerge soon
at least in a children's book if not here.
Yet I'll look for them in the west when I go out to take out the garbage.
Where the empty high school is and the train tracks.
A mauve car passes by driven by a woman.
I don't know what that signifies.
Four doors on wheels.
She is heading north.
She looks tired. Hopefully, there's a fountain
ahead and small yet copious snacks.
Stop hoping the bee says at his busy
distance. Make it happen.
Another mauve clad human goes by on a bicycle.
She's oblivious to her designation.
The flow of days are complex. It's hard to discern
the details. Forget the details says the buzz.
But there is no bee.
Only air becoming variable. Oh, there it is.
Comes when called

and elaborates that it's the overall pattern
that should be noticed.

I must discount this bee's advice
as three silver cars meet at the crossroads
and stall in the glinting light and then go forward.
If there is a mauve to this sky it's in the ambiguity
of cloudy, windy, sunlight, orange and green.

Late and early. Age of Aquarius.

Or almost. Just a few thousand more.

A loan that you have to pay off.

I saw the low golden moon last night I just remembered
for a few seconds over the trash bins. Some seconds still
and some swift.

Most dissolve, machine-like into the grinder as pellets
if you let them. If you don't pay attention.

If you do that's a very different story as they say.

Who are they. People of the Augustinian Age. I just read that today.
Unsure

when that was or where. It wasn't Augustinian everywhere, that's for sure.

The bee has really gone away now. Into the cool of afternoon
shuffling through dried grass and salamanders, inky binky and boo.

Blue comes in when clouds move away,
But, not blue, not really. One of those grays.
There's an infinity of grays.
But I'm in a mauve mood and have been lifelong.
That's more than a mood, that's your hometown
on some planet where the dust is proliferating and fires burn in the west.
I feel ambiguously about my hometown and it feels the same.
The wind is getting big brings hooting laughter from somewhere.
Overnight things turned to brown. Clay-like.
To my surprise, a red leaf falls down, winey and with green.
Love calls and says: I'm wearing your pants.
The Angelic Function of Being offers the book
Then, three people meet at the crossroads. She holds a cup of coffee.
Unmasked. They must have forgotten. Forgotten what day it is
in the month of Tishrei when you offer a goose to St. Michael
and pray for help. Help. Help me. Help us. I say to the stars.

The bee seems anxious. Who isn't.

The sun slips south and speaks in the morning with a long golden tongue.
Laps the counter and last night's wine glass.
Licks what's left and then withdraws into silence over the lake.
Surely a bee knows all this is coming
and counts every second

in a bee way which is infallible.

Not erratically, like me, gulping time.

Looking for a match or a gizmo

in the cloudy gloaming.

I kind of wish John Keats were here. He'd be fun to talk to,

have a cup of tea with, mine not good enough for him,

but still. He would joke and laugh.

Offer playful advice. The most polite person

you'd ever meet, probably. Deferential to uncertainty.

Who would know a thing or two about time. Time to go,

he says, gently uncrossing his trousered leg and putting his timepiece

in a vest pocket. Won't you stay just a little longer, I ask.

But he's gone. Only two dirty plastic green chairs

and leaves relegated to the cobwebby corners

and the sound of sirens.

Yes, I am sure I was sick without knowing it

like so many. Gushing now

in a froth.

Full of myself.

September curtains limpidity.

Each moment with those slight turns.

There goes my friend from 7th grade
walking down the sidewalk.
Now she's gone into the trees.
Maybe healing brings back into view
into possibility elements in abeyance.

That's what being sick was, lack of access.
Frozen in the minute one labors to the next
as though climbing stairs in a shadowy hallway.
Some cannot find that door on the left.
All the particles rise from the ground electrical with color.
That's what I sensed before dreaming and poetry went away for six
months.

Now the guardian of the threshold drives by in a black truck
listening to the radio. He sees the bee and I in his rearview.
The little tree twists in this ambiguous
unseen, fitful partial portion I'm allowed.

Thinking is mauve in the evening.
I hear someone say: Perhaps the key is jammed in the lock.
There is too much in there. Too much indeed and empty as well.
As a well. Who has seen a well. I've only seen one.

I see the word spark in gold on black.
Wait for it though children cry in a house
and the leaves wither greenly.
A light over a doorway is compelling.
Men on bicycles flit by.
Crows are haunted crying like that.

Who was the young Asian woman asking me for bordelaise sauce
when I was a waitress. I was trying to make it with strawberries.
Not homemade, she cried. Then,
I went to work as a diver cleaning sludge in a pool.

Tea is mauve also.
I slowly remember memories are pods of purple.
Knotted rosettes. "Cups of chrysolite"
Writes the poet.
The words are translucent like an x-ray.
There is Citron Vert
in the air today, which is wet, leafy.
Transmits, but with obfuscation and opacity.

The bells sound dim, distanced.
Gray. *Cendre* is a word in the French Color Dictionary.
Meaning mauve but less involved, less intuitive and emotional.

Mauve is made by water in the air.
Where am I? Somewhere near. Within.
I'll recede at noon. Chrysolite cup sparkling on the periphery.
That orb that comes into view all day.

The future is a movie. A throat of lavender dust.
Is the future even determined. Or, what is the future, really.
I should ask: What is the present.
A summation of possibilities, a bouquet of mums.
Blood tinted and ochre and orange. Everything on fire.

Love of the process the alchemist said.
No matter the outcome.

Now the leaves are clacking and everything dims
when the sun falls. There's the cloud.
More movement and change. An acceleration
of shadowiness and cool I can feel. What was green
is black. Crows call.
An emergence. A big hunk of white cloud
shaped like a huge skull.
She shall be absolved, I think. I don't know why.
Late quiet afternoon dog's bark. A drill.
Light shifts. Voices.

The point of convergence.
The skull has floated away.
A whole mountain range moves into view.
Late sunlight on treetops. Formal.
The terrestrial undulation.

Mauve window
Seen through bright green trees
disconcerts. Cool evening inside bright day
now beckoning. Alludes
in a certain way to a dimension.
Sewn together spheres.
I look through the window through the trees to another window.
Blue dissolves and there is nothing there.
No there over there. Not now.

Dark sinks in steadily.
I'm the ambiguity.
I fell asleep in some kind of way
in the mauve ocean
and woke up here in autumn in the rain
which today smells of cedar and something
sour like that pomegranate juice in the fridge.
Blood red, sticky, a substance rarely used.

“Be careful with indigo” a voice said.
To find a way through sharp amethyst facets
of crystal through the six sides of the star
every certainty dissolves in its fire.
Is uncertainty the opposite that is flickered in and out of
one invisible pool to another.

Rain still falls from the polar region. A melt, an alchemy, a vapor
that washes trees down.
A level whirls imperceptibly.
A violet wave stripped of garment.
The rock of the particle.
An intimation. Such an old fashioned word
used as rarely as pomegranate.
Or mauve.
Thingless yet not or yet is.
Peripheral flashes.
Day One of the Alchemical Wedding.