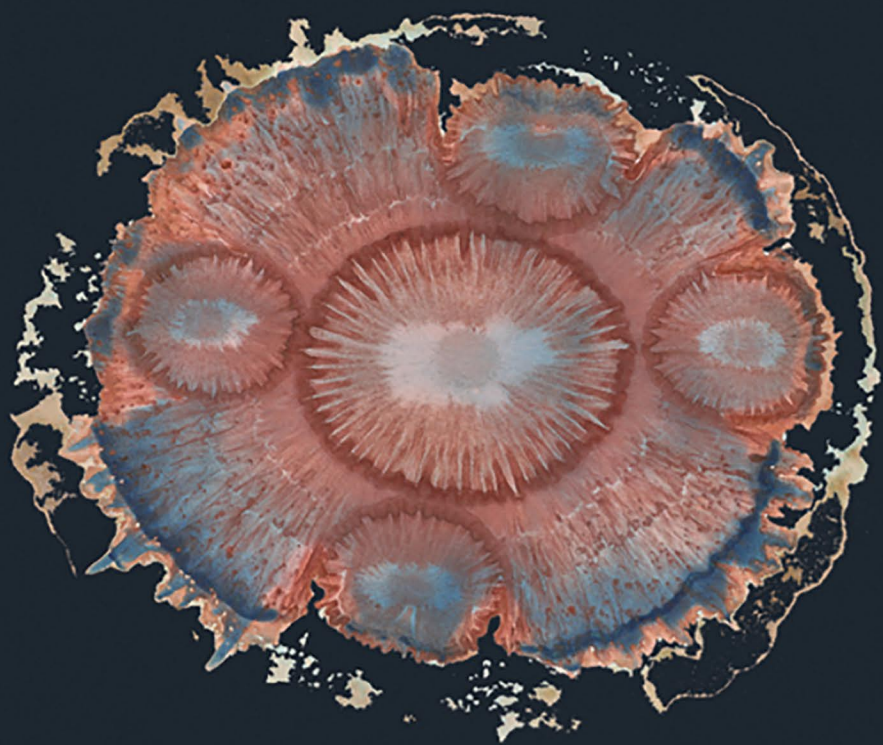


RAG
COSMOLOGY



ERIN
ROBINSONG

FIRST EDITION

Copyright © Erin Robinsong, 2017

The production of this book was made possible through the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council. BookThug also acknowledges the support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Book Fund and the Government of Ontario through the Ontario Book Publishing Tax Credit and the Ontario Book Fund.



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO
an Ontario government agency
un organisme du gouvernement de l'Ontario

Funded by the
Government
of Canada

Financed par le
gouvernement
du Canada

Canada

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

Robinsong, Erin, author
Rag cosmology / Erin Robinsong.
—First edition.

Poems.

Issued in print and electronic formats.

paperback: ISBN 978-1-77166-314-4

html: ISBN 978-1-77166-315-1

pdf: ISBN 978-1-77166-316-8

kindle: ISBN 978-1-77166-317-5

I. Title.

PS8635 O266 R34 2017 C811.6 C2017-900736-X C2017-900737-8

PRINTED IN CANADA

Souls take pleasure in becoming moist

—HERACLITUS, *Fragments*

Look at this brown day
look at this brown day

hosted by beauty

I love brown days when the green
leaves have gone back. Down to the future.
As a tree mulches itself. I could bag it away
on the curb on Thursday but I shan't. There are
minerals and gases and the ways that everything
knows. To get to the future. Born for this funeral.
Who will put flowers on a flower's grave?

My anxiety turning
from green to grey
to ash to vapour

to flocked, paisley
fractal, spiral, crenellated

and back to brown

And still it appears
to follow me but is my host –

VIBRATION DESKS

We have information for each other

The first principle of magic is that of correspondence

For five weeks drinking mountain water from the bathroom tap

Looking for the knowledge that is around

Wrapped in mountains emitting clarity while I tramp around
in the potent symbols

I invite the nucleus into this cloud of time and desire

Wearing my favourite new shirt it's silk it's red

Working on my bed

It can be done the old way or everything –

Dogs, vans, lists

And the beautiful black blonde thing of destiny birdsong

Could help you

I've been living without knowing, only knowing

It exists

The tree again, always in pieces of pleasure

What does love do it gives me courage

Green sequins in a squall

I rediscovered no purpose

Alert to the deadly elk mothers

Elements billow and flap

Threw a coin together with space

*

I walk in and I'm already in, don't give me
local limits, I've seen the elements move
through you and through the room
froths, rapids, I don't want this recycled
doom, I want a love weird enough to be a spell
that breaks the spell
who lived in this house and how many worlds?
Just as we know the universe from its folds
as this hand touching me everywhere
I extend my ends to match what is the case –
that I disappear, vanish into this touch

*

Inside its surround
folded in, I'm a fold
of it, I've never left atmospheric
borders I engorge to the point of
enfolded, I'm a pleat, a pore, a breather, a yellow
drape of it
runs through me violetly
dissolving borders to the curve
runs through me nowhere
that isn't here, and I can't crash therefore
the meadow, whoever you are
is a condition of being nowhere
that isn't ejecting only
onwards into here

*