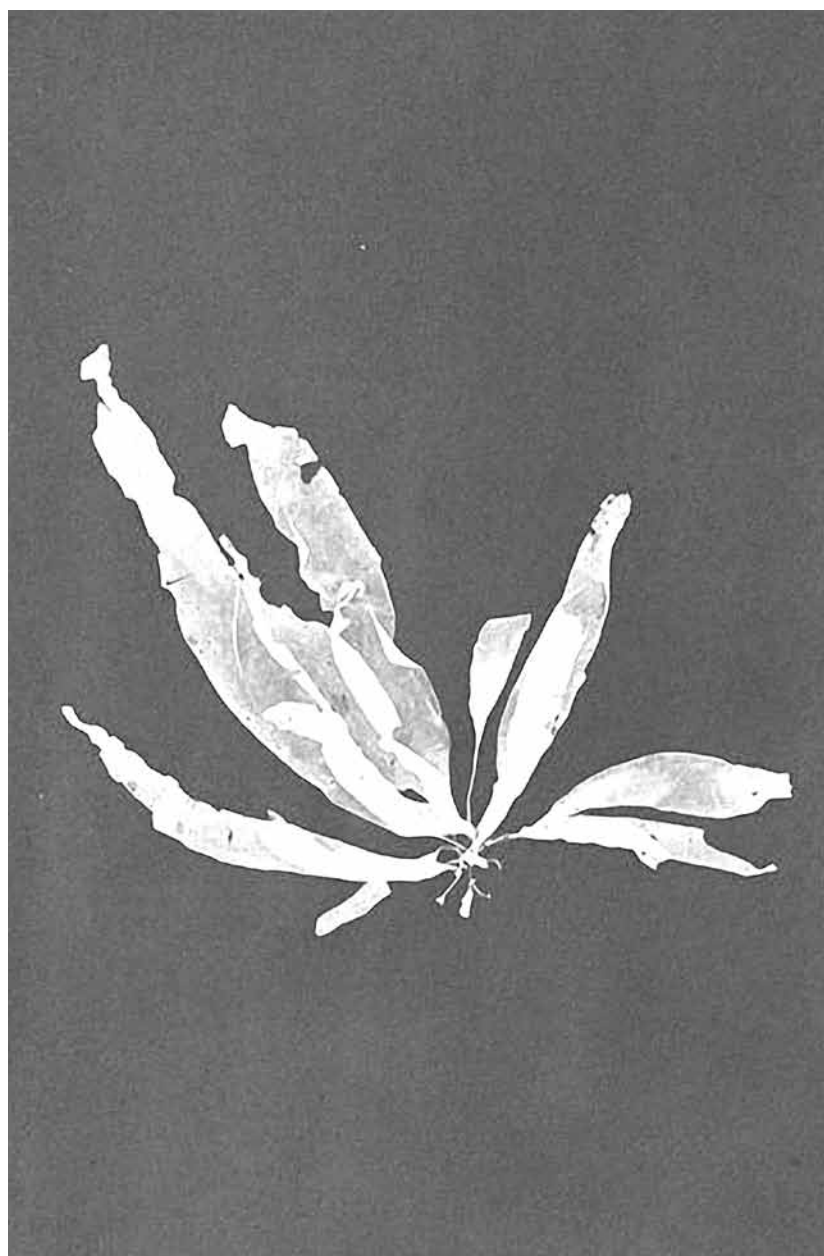


Light Light
JULIE JOOSTEN

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Wind

The wind is a tongue to watch or touch.

In it, a post with a hole bored by a beetle and three holes fissured by drying. A violet trumpet vine extends a tendril, gentles into a hole, withdraws.

Were the vine an animal, its motion would be instinct, the tendril's spire turning through ellipses of thought.

Proof anticipates direction. It is noon repeatedly, sky repeatedly. It is wind repeatedly, the moon rising or setting in declensions of light.

To infer an existence.

Thinking, by analogy, of fossilized plants, of how little of life is alive in the world.

How in a little hole a tendril may keep its point for twenty hours perhaps, or thirty-six, then withdraw.

We extend to accompany the plant.

We sway in the hatchery, learn synchrony from the silkworm.

Tenses forget to pass or pass imperceptibly: silk moth above a mulberry tree, caterpillar on a leaf, white pupa bending moonlight.

How fruit drops in a concordance.

A wasp crawls from a caterpillar cocoon.

Your eyes bend the light in your hands.

A surface to trace with the eye, to trace the eye with.

To grow by looking. Little peering efforts unexpectedly given.

Shadow of a hovering kestrel. Purple-starred hepatica. A rough sea.

I lick fog, taste evening. Invite forgetfulness as a way to perceive you,
to let hepatica become a sensation without thought: a purple sea
spreading in sunlight.

Here I feel myself there – the other side of the sea.

A kestrel's shadow hovers on the sea's surface.

Quanta of light move in waves over the sea, move the sea to the horizon.

Purple is a horizon extending the sky.

It seems not an earth-sky.

To think of attention as moving without trying to be moved to shadow, hepatica, sea, to purple or sky.

Rain falls on the sea and forms a night field of circles glittering idly in moonlight then dissolves into sea surface.

To give attention to what does not exist.

Here, there.

Ghost Species

Henry David Thoreau would describe the seasons, listing the flowering times of wildflowers around Concord Massachusetts (1851-1858).

It continues today: the data, the occasional field, the wildflowers, declining.

Temperatures warm, and surviving species flower now about seven days earlier than they did in the mid-nineteenth century.

Species sensitive to temperature have been best able to survive, best able, perhaps, to maintain synchronicity with other plants, pollinators, and predators.

The ghostliness of seasonal change, an orchid coming to flower overnight.

Species unresponsive to temperature have decreased in abundance.

Lapsing species become, for a moment, ghosts, place-faithful, they persist after the ending of their environments.

Exiled in stillness, then, in a moment, slipping out of life.

Wind Scene

Zhuangzi (circa 370-286 BCE) writes of an Old Woman with skin “as bright as snow.” Asked how she achieves her childlike complexion, the Old Woman answers, “By clarifying and decanting day after day, little by little I perceive the whole world, things, and even life itself as external to me. They no longer burden my vitality. I live then in the transparency of morning.”

To keep by purifying, life eludes its own grasp, is fed.

Breath by breath, thought by thought, an incremental withdrawal leaves not nothing but an openness that assumes the gradualness of dimension.

There, vitality comes and goes.

The Old Woman takes shape around, is the shape of, a gentle wind passing through the pear tree.