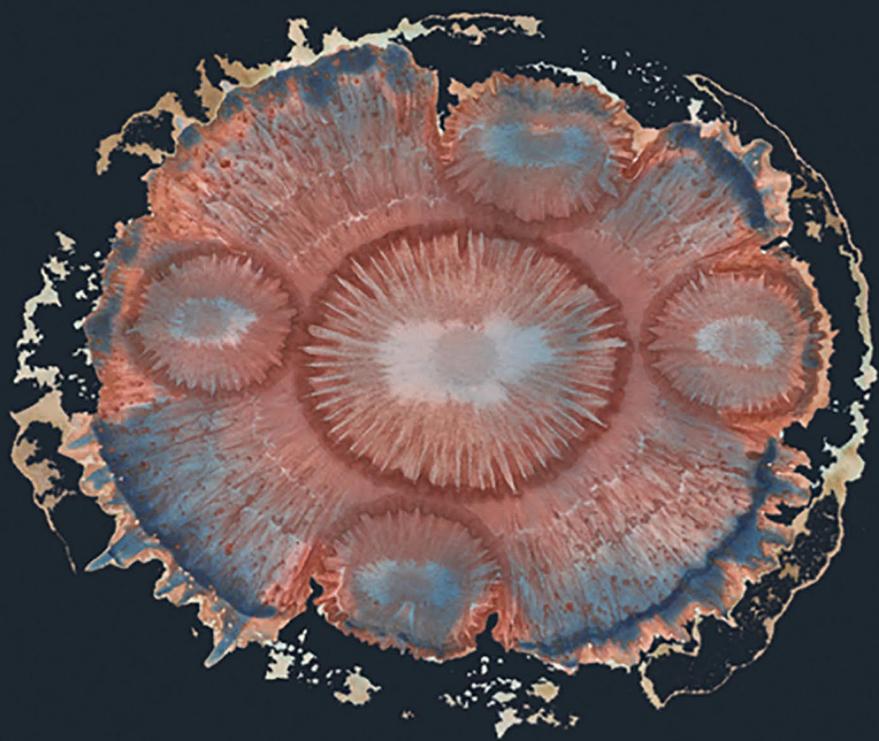


RAG  
COSMOLOGY



ERIN  
ROBINSONG

FIRST EDITION

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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

\*