Kyntiak (for Kit Smart)

1.

The light is pink through the backs of trees

can be pines or larches or pears—

kinship terms more familiar than names which can be

distancing or diminuitivizing or maybe just disrespectful

it’s too dark I will have tea.

a smell dettol stronger than dettol alkaline toxic

not the smell but the trees beyond

can be

the clay dirt car path wood block pine

pitched rooves

belt that looks like it’s in inches

measuring land they wanted to measure right up to the drain

he demanded they measure four feet from the drain and they wouldn’t

they measured two feet from the drain but it was sufficient

multiplied 130 per square foot by 150 by something and it

had come to seven and something

the seller had asserted had said

are you accusing me of making a mistake it’s eight

2.

The light is still morning light

thin but full and not paining bright.

Kyntiak,

later poached and eaten

by neighbors, leaving the vox-hollow bereft,

jean thread hangings tangling attachment,

missing swipes,

is intent on something

muscles tighten dainty

to articulate tip.

Like citrus vapor,

the light emulsifies,

micronic

droplet flammande.

Kyntiak intensifies,

begins,

jaws opening and closing rapidly

in a clatter, like toy teeth,

except hers are needles on a wound spring

and she in a trance

flashing

the jaws very rapidly opening and closing

like a kind of chatter

the throat making an involuntary “eck eck eck eck” sound,

wound spring needles,

It frightens me until,

in the grass, a short echo sounds,

from between the blades,

and I realize:

she’s imitating a small black bird

nearly perfectly as a kind of lure

involuntarily.

Cat as cowboy, astride the white chickens.

Let out in the afternoon moon, hens,

sawdust sticking to their heels, forking.

They draw lines in the wet grass,

pushing up pyrjong.

Kyntiak,

back up,

rides the white chickens

intimate gossamers,

but gossamers require cosseting

to be expected

to survive

Now I have to close the windows since it’s after 5 and it’s already two hours

since the mosquitoes replicated and the young were born.

Nature, where encroachments and distortions are everywhere

in clime.

Train tongue to treat aspirant h,

a consonant that clusters differently,

voiced and voiceless not melded two character

plosive but single-wound copper core

th as in

thy,

I

freely

thee

take.

Too hot up top

corrugated last month to paint curdle

Too wet in the back to whitewash

or paint the doors

Too much labor and it’s not an entertainment for anyone it’s not a puzzle

it’s, from one perspective only, delight and destruct mostly, and no one is delighted

The blue scrap sitting

on the bottom of four shelves damp down mutton bone thlone,

lisp as sophisticated language

marked Castillian cottage dacha

tin-roof

Tudor.

Starting construction,

the field next door accommodates

another giant concrete

abode,

outdoor tube-lights

fail to explode

the two they I was surprised by the degree of his indignation,

that a state founded on principle could go so far into

distortion and turn. I say it surprised me

and it also made me angry.

Nuclear minority. Romulus and Remus.

Paved over utopia clearview.

Romanized orthography,

botched epenthesis, religiously-specific

garden pathology

of another lot.

Corrugated roof in the rain

too wet to paint,

Sintex yellow print,

entire green islands flecking off

into black catchment.

I switch the pump on without asking Mei

and the siphon tubes lurch.

I don’t know where they go.

There needs to be a pipe over

the waste.

The disavowal of agency in religious writing

an appeal to the father;

Disavowal in political analysis

an appeal to discusivity.

And this house a dacha south and east

outside the city limits,

the city something like Salzburg,

the Austrian opera city that Mozart comes from, what is it, Salzburg,

ringed by mountains like a berserk

Maypole

microtonic

mistaken for something

that could support empiric

outposting

instead sustains

a rural health mission

The light is fading;

the bed is mading.

The red light atop the black plastic

speakers’ subwoofer beats in waltz time,

jaggery candy

striper,

Morse bill

of lading,

Ezekiel

trading.

Heart beating,

bp-bp, bp-BP!

repeating

reap.