

Dissonance, a palimpsest
to be spoken in the round

I
Pulse

metronome set
clack clap sss sss tisk: steam
I imagine a door with a hole
cut out, right where the
belly is so you can see it
balloon and button stretch. Out-
side the real window is a constant
digging: the digger's head descends.
The only things we're missing are:
the table with the stethoscope and
instructions,

"wait for someone, wait until you hear it, wait until it becomes yours too"

And the grandfather clock always kept wound.

II Ripple

When I was young we would go for walks through the field behind our house and into the woods. There was a small pond there, just beyond the treeline that had gravel piles around it. We tried to learn to skip sand-dollar-shaped stones. Or throw big rocks high into the sky until they reached their tipping point and gravity brought them down. I was most interested in the ripples.

III

Tide

Tides: moon, sand pools:

run run running on tiptoes,

frothy popping foam, tracing

into ridges, and valleys

allow for channeling: the glossy

wobbling cheeseman and its

halo blinking at you.

Always pulling down.

Left are basins, glass topped pools

Contours, swings. Did you see or saw it dart,

slow moving sloth arm with feather dancing fringe?

snow prints of the sea.

Now sinking:

What causes a stone to split in half?

IV

Echo

boomerang, yo-yo on the horizon line
out farther than you can see and then recede:
Back to its source. It has its own coordinates,
Which it happily conveys to you: warp, wind, peeling.
A spider's web of sound:
Like scales
Falling from eyes
And into dragon-fly-wing-sacks of
paperkite droplets full with pendulum swing.
It's all a membrane, with a dusting of disorientation.
Wink into canyons. It winks at you.

V

Balance

That giant tree reached over, as it's
base muscles stretched, club
house leaning on folded beam points. When
it's time to limbo, your knees are supposed
to bend and your arms hang down.

People walk differently around things that are balanced,

and wombs, and caves, and dreams.

Especially, because bones carry memory labyrinths
and we're always worried about wheelbarrows tipping.
But if we let them, then our "spine goes here" and our
27 day-old skin shadow can finally see stars