

c r e d o

a l b e d o

A N D R E W Z A W A C K I

[SÉQUENCES EXTRAITES DE]

A N A B R A N C H

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Credo

You say wind is only wind
& carries nothing nervous
in its teeth.

I do not believe it.

I have seen leaves desist
from moving
although the branches
move, & I
believe a cyclone has secrets
the weather is ignorant of.

I believe
in the violence of not knowing.

I've seen a river lose its course
& join itself again,
watched it court
a stream & coax the stream
into its current,

& I have seen
rivers, not unlike
you, that failed to find
their way back.

I believe the rapport
between water & sand, the advent
from mirror to face.

I believe in rain
to cover what mourns,
in hail that revives
& sleet that erodes, believe
whatever falls
is a figure of rain

& now I believe in torrents that take

Albedo

*And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces*

— John Donne

1

To hold your breath & keep breathing

The bended light
a fractured pulse

Lake with interior sun

Auditing the afternoon
its integers of blue

robin's egg riffraff
scissor vagabond

Who are you
& why are you drowning

Quiet to witness
Quiet to rise

Put your hand through lexicons
of solitude & surrender

Breath that builds a cinquefoil cloud
by flooding another breath

Why I cannot remember

Intentioned anonymous

Ask me if I am
a prism

Ask where I hung
what little I own

Cannot tell sun
from shadows it steals

Ask me why I lost the way
I was

3 (Vertigo)

If wind that wastes its time among the trees
escapes itself, only to end up quarantined
by a derelict squall from the north,

and if the air turns somersaults, miming
the outtakes of dusk, scanded by an early frost
and punished for its coldness by the cold —

then, like a bullet that lodges in bone,
becoming a piece of the body,
you will not awake apart from your name.

And I will not be not a part of you.

Another one the one called I

goes back & forth
pretending not to hear

Ricochet & replica

A moth eaten garment

A dress on the floor

Never warp too far
(Caesura)

No the river is ice

Do not leave

Chauffeur my ruins

Do not leave me

Custodial white

A syncope at the heart
that rubrics in half

Not mirage do not

5 (Vertigo)

There are things I would settle
with myself. Why, for example,
as autumn unravels, I cannot mortar

myself to myself, nothing but sunlight
littered from here to the sun. By I
I mean a window, redness grazing the lake

at dawn, or an echo winnowing out
along a wall, hard pressed to hide itself
and straining for the voice it vanished from.

I mean so many windows. So much red.

So what
the colors are fading

(Pause) (resume)
from tearing astray

Updown updown

O speak of not enough
nothing

Say the wind
will hurry your mouth

toward me
& once was me

Say what shape a damaged ruse

Tell me this rip
is a wave going out

Be anagram my only

For now
at least for now

Until the dark begins to lift

Hastened from door to door

Doctor she said
it's so nice to see you

This is how I loved awoke
eyes (as in) I closed my

Tattoo (pause on the stair)

Rowing a boat in another's room
faltering under the trees

What part of night was theirs
& why

Island after island

If only edges

To share for a while

Unmoored corner my archer
my open

Pause if you will on the stair

Until the dark to lift

& like a sea that mounts resilience
minutes before a storm

her eyes & the green of her eyes

& the storms they put to grind
inside me

Leave undone the cypresses

Leave undone the salt

Leave the orange of after
& sepia flaring dusk

Leave alone the cinders

the pond & its conspiracy
of cigarettes packs & plastic

Leave the gasoline as it rumors the barn

Leave the hemophiliac sun
that wears itself out

keeps wearing out

Leave the row of plane trees
to its perfume of decay

(Someone shields a match against the rain
as if to say

go)

10 (Vertigo)

Please do not misunderstand.
That woman who carries winter
inside her, dizzied by snowfall

that won't level off — I would say
I love her, but I is too strong a word
and love not strong enough.

Whatever the winter
razors a window

Ever the clock with its nihil
& nerve

Field of (the hotel aflame)

River that carries everything off

Water as rupture water at rest

River leaving everything intact

Fold of (no) (no)

Hold me together I'm
cracking

12

The sea has not fallen

The sea has not fallen

(Offstage whisper)

The sea has not fallen

One believed in a beautiful house

Nowhere & never & falling

I brought a heart into the room but from

(Take these hands) (put your hand)

The room I carried none with me

The beautiful the broken one

Not built by any hand

Until the dark to lift the dark

As light will fever glass that fevers light