

## THE COMMUNITY OF LOVERS



Christina Chalmers

*The place not defining itself as a shell. Where conduit of fear is a surreptitious exit.*



**T**he TV station builds a glass surround, dodging time's contorsions. Simultaneity means I speak to you, where you are not, and I am not. Time is spindly but will make a knot, and here you'd sleep, planting screens around, with different parts of the instant. Could violence be in the stems, in the pixels of things? Contamination the index of time, where pixels jump like particulate matter blazing through, viral loads making leaps. What is the smallest unit filled with? What burden do we magnetise in the cancelled interim? The one the virus cancelled. It stops the tracks of history, as universal history turns to virus, infecting the miniscule. Immediate tarantula bite of the species. In the negation lovers found one another. We don't know if this is good.

We are in worldly adolescence of viral shadows, where we grow in time to our emptinesses. Deep time has buried itself in a shallow mud, the species is on fire like the phylogenesis of hydrangea. We come back again to the scenes of the far past, finding a time lost there and lent over to an ending. Light passes as though immediate, through your eyes, where it dances with the green shadows pooling through the curtains. This is how we know immediacy, by its signal as a light. Its essential quality falls short of making a world. And then it falls like the glassy blue of a map. Where there is a momentary correspondence. Of a razor and eraser, both blunted by an artist you never met. As dancer, it emits a steadied continuance, though its light will fade and fracture into leaf splinters bending the sunrise, bringing in its thrall all the sensations of frustration in years gone by, islands in the watery crashes of a mind. Recomposing, the tide receding reveals landmass and space, and you promise to reconnect these, like once they were. The frostbite on the hands and cold toes. The feel of wool spooling and fluffing with the moisture of ice cream, is felted in your hands, and the pine needles on a wet beach. The clay of winter. The yearning movement of legs, running as fast as you can gasp for the air not sensed by capillaries, and always stalling because you cannot. The yearning passes by with the years, which are over there, where you're not. Tears are deep, but muted, which helps you sleep, as long as the static on the

*"Voici, de l'éclat de l'instant à l'armature de la durée, la connaissance poétique qui parcourt son espace, le concentrant à la cime du poème."*

*"Do not think you have to say Anything back. But you do Say something back which I Hear by the way I speak to you."*

*"The hand of your watch went on moving. in your loss of time I found all of myself included ... This patch of sky. henceforward. was my inheritance. from which you'd pulled the clouds. and to believe in it."*

*"in fact we frame these events as a camera might. we are already scanning the footage, there down in the waves the tidal animals pretend they are having an endless life. when I walked up the stairs I heard a typewriter. she facilitated the dinner. media bring us together with distant events in an illusion that our own lives are not sacrificed. watching somebody else's war."*

**I** was doing surreptitious things. Looking out over wheat fields, I said to my friend, let's play a subtraction game. You look out on the landscape and say what element you'd take out. You become a draughtsman. I wanted to extract a "20" sign on the field, a speed limit painted into the grass. You said no, the tractors might kill the mice and the people walking in the fields. I emerged into a cornucopia of orange calendulas, white irises, and fuchsia orchids and grasses filtered gold. If only my friends would look away, I could steal a flower, which smelled beautiful to the touch. I'd stolen a pink and purple sparkly T-shirt from a girl, who was trying to find it. I kept hiding it among my things in a bunkbed dorm. Later, I'd have to deny having stolen it, and lying. I put it on, taunting. My wounded armature. And I was banished.

With the snakes the illicit person trying to leave society and take me too had killed a series of snakes and their snakeskin bodies along the rocks were like seaweed. I saw a live one and tried to kill it but the other person said no, don't do it, because there's a diver in front of us. If trying to kill the snake didn't work, the snake would attack the diver. Kill it by stamping on it. So, he took the snakes as pets, putting them elsewhere later, returning them to the fields.

Man trying to bury another man, candles all around, on the beach—puts him into a grave of pasta. Wild horses on the beach. It is almost like this is a phantasm or his dream of arriving. With my mum who helps me tidy but then is mad, throwing my hair clips all around my room. But stop doing that, I would never do that to you. This is "significant".

Throwing plates off the porch, try to climb over a hedge, my father says these are all yours because they have leftovers of a dogfood I was eating on them. The grass is so green, I try to enter it. I tried to break





monitor permits becoming equanimous zone. Static pulls your peripheral vision to the capsule time of an explosion. The ending which is not the ending of ends but the ending of beginnings.

Not yet, you say. Which ends up in no longer. The suspect is not paranoid. Money becomes bare necessity, and only then reveals its portion. A dichotomy of hunger and satiety. Sense of place. The apocalypse's simultaneity was experience, and, then, you said, the commodity. Existentially, this was fruit of a lie. But everything becoming allegory means mud. The inconsistency of objects. Antonymic passage from too much to too little... the one sends us back to the other, the one is not without a fringe of the other. The other, lover, the world. There, you saw a hydra, felt fomented and compelled by marked papers, in red pencil. Threads are drawn in spirals at the desk of the swimming pool library. This is neither metaphor nor metonymy. By the pool, draping your feet in and out of a whirlpool with gold lettering stamped above: Do Not Enter My Pool. In dreaming the nonsimultaneous combinatory all stories are real, and I take them, entering. Only you will not be there.

There is a third position which is that of having two places. There is an imperative to duplicate consciousness of the world. Not being the figure who is the guarantor of the psychic integrity of Man. The dichotomy of fun and space. Experience's distribution across space and excitement. Apocalyptic events that bespeak a kind of simultaneity. But also—a geographic discharge or distribution. In a deep contusion of the surface of time, the weather—showing its furrow, internalizes the pathetic fallacy. Until it would be absolutely true, bifurcated at the core, between the event and repetition. The person and the relation, where content and form swap places. Relatively not fallow, alive. The absorption of particles—of particulate matter—of water—of pee—of menstrual blood. The end of the world meaning a restart, the loss of depth. Meaning, not just illusion, is split between objects and mirrors. Aesthetic creation is a lower form of the mystical ecstasy, the whirlwind. Blake controls reason. But Bidel sees the texture of the steel in the mirror, and not the reflection. The third messenger, just visible on the horizon—tidings of death. The disasters they announce are material. To write a love letter to the sun. Nothing better under the sun, above the grave. A "particella" of the world of yesterday, isolated and forgotten. We try to destroy the theory of reflection, making materiality appear on the other side. Cloud cover in the tropic rain, where poles completely reversible are the compass of the zero time. The lushness of post-rain trees, the bleakness of overexposed grass.

Mallarmé shifts romanticism from poetry as memory of a dream to poetry as the dream of memory, dreamt by memory. You told me this on a screen. Emerging in the fog of a sandstorm into the phalanstery of thousands, and hearing the voices in the dream. Heavy centre of the months. Small scale of sound, and war. Time lost its elasticity, congealing to a globule. This, being written on the threshold of the year. The sun, at its highest and longest, is a paean to durability, but its extension breaks and recedes.

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*"chi detta legge è  
l'opera"*

*"Man's self-criticism  
never loses sight of  
the axiom that all that  
is real is rational, and  
continues to pose his  
candidature justifying  
it as a need for  
supersession. Woman  
has had enough of the  
ways in which man  
has overcome himself  
by oppressing her,  
and simultaneously  
deploring her immanence.  
Self-criticism  
must cede the field to  
fantasy."*

*"Each must have  
from the other cognizance of whether  
he is an absolute  
consciousness: a)  
each must put himself  
into such an opposed  
connection with the  
other as will bring  
this to light, he must  
injure him; and each  
can only know of the  
other whether he is  
[a] totality in as much  
as he drives him to the  
point of death, and  
each proves himself  
as totality for himself  
likewise only in that  
he goes to the point  
of death with himself  
[...] then for the other  
he is immediately not  
a totality."*

the plates but they remained complete. He returned. Fight with siblings.

My mother flying like a falcon all around a vale, in a widening circle, rebounds like taut string. The falconer below is waiting to talk to her. The falcons fly away to be heard less. Screen on which I'm trying to make the letters be further apart. Add 1. Add 2. A man next to me.

Breaking into a lab, something secret is spoken about various pairs of beads, letters, porcelain to go with different rooms. A man takes her aside while she's in there and asks her to make out with him. Dog-haired. Others throwing machetes at each other, a man and I. Want the door to be opened to let the crew in, they will participate in the fight. Boxed as in a viewing gallery, smash the glass. Then, door to be let into a room, a cowl-shape blue door, magnetising, with an extended bunting-type line on the floor which I know means, "it's ours". CCC4 in his pants, when she goes down on him she sees the bear toy. All of them getting married in pairs, one of them the younger sister, innocent, young teen with her girlfriend. In an open top car, driving backward. The cool one. In a boat on a canal—two young lovers. Lots of blue balloons, tied to a dog. The dog runs, makes the boat go fast along the canal. The dog turns into horse. Surfing on the water holding onto horse's mane. They said they'd meet on the rapids.



Christina Chalmers is the author of *Truant of The Stintless Sun* (1080PRESS). Her most recent book of poetry is *Subterflect* (Distance No Object, 2023)

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