

Selections from

AURÉ

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She resembles a slurred cormorant dialect, but always on time, compelling synapsis to seek the tissue of time and look through with the golden orals of your blood, your aurora... The drone-givers flower against reason. The oils are reversed. The fatal reconciliation of evening statues above the Boulevard of Apparitions, expel the glass balls of a sudden storm. The mycelia of your eyes that stain the pleasurable countenance of dwelling... She uses a knife for punctuation.

To be transparent encloses the world in transparency, extending lucid dreams. Adopted crystal of wind, *welding light to breath*, wind with its lightning in the house of cranes keeps you alive, by accident... for an accidental glance, in a passage by stars. Windows in the dead of night, exposing presence without warning. Mirrors with their wings. When you sleep it is in the photograph. A supernatural riverbed.

Theatre of the accord, the numerous, nubile tincture, her scent stays with you, a captive echo, stolen to predate the burning and staining of your lashes, filled envelopes, entered arson, and passing through cuneiform, carefully exchanging strides, fingerprints, torturing mirrors, brides, changing places, with time. And the last word whispered in the middle of a sentence... A fast word, descending. You spin madly into focus and eclipse, undressed by lightning.

Night is ovulating in the mirror, polishing eggs implanted in the earth, inside mannequins. Auré sleeps with you in mind, gathering her reflections into a furnace, stroking her medicines, squeezing out unavoidable solutions, smearing the children with shadows... The ghost of a chance, in the mother-tongue.

In the landscape there is falconry without expression, only the wax melting whispers, in the arcades, through concealed doors in the pawnshops, where tremors are unveiled, dangerous communions enacted. A recitation of veils. The double-headed antler-clockwork of nocturnal women sworn to secrecy, a dilating landscape when the awl retains an incision of delirium and ecstasy, and conjured by paradigms into a haggard state of grace, a perfected stealth.

When Auré is scattered, her eyelids scrape against the lepidoptera of a lone horseman bound by silent weaponry, illegible inscriptions. The effect of light on aspects of falling, or coaxed into lewd positions bordering on orchards, in rooms long enough to dazzle in the rising of a shipwreck... Or, the train leaving its station with the nudity of women.

Beauty ransacked and outlined by gunpowder. The eager fountain-stone impregnated by fire. Shawl inhabited by particles, held together by scent and intoxication. A spinal column for the foyer of meteors and its shadowy figures, closer to X than to the release of prisoners. The ladders of cherished females. An illustrated gesture that attends *the climb*, and *the fall*, translating desire into words, slaying into objects, across. Acts of selfish pleasure, challenged by stilts, licking, consuming, fruit...

Light moves, trawling with constellations, the encaustic solar theories enable the choice of evading capture or casting doubt, dragging the earth, planting precious water. The awakening geography of eyes, ragged shadows, invisible writing. Your vessels outnumbering and hulking with alarming alignment, rabid calculations, rendering blind by darkness, to see and glow. Auré is the sight of blood haunted by germinating doorways, aroused by entrances, she spills a fear of heights with ease, eating mirrors the way one fondles great birds.

A palpable rainforest for her feverish mouth. *“How I love it when you alter, when there is only darkness skirting the brink of disaster, on a night of hesitations without mercy, among raving silences.”* The trees are not fools. Light is the opposite of your sister when she cries for more, releasing the sap from her flickering lantern. The heat of summer is a spinning cylinder filled with silver stones, standing. She is the green shimmering, the Tamanoir, tableau noir of her breasts with their wings beating your retreat into a vessel...

Intelligence leaves insects with the depth and surface of oneiric pleasures, reversing roles identified by the tongue slipping in between. The bride of centrifugal forces. Fragrances dragged in from a distant shore, telepathic chaos stirred up in the psyche. The rubble of mysterious flying machines, which at one time were not destined to traverse the passage of time, only the pleasure of an uncertain beauty. Unnatural serpents, magnifying glances starting fires. The risk of telling fortunes, leaving fingerprints in water...

She is half water, a molecular distance speaking in a visible language. She makes perfect sense with her other half, mineral of light in touch with black clothing... polishing angles. And the other, bathing in red ink in the house of feathers, clothed in spider's milk for a season of undesirable distractions. The abyss is a translucent Samarkand telegraphing reflections off solarized bones. Bathing in black, with auguries. Shade in the perfume of sun. Consciousness drives deeper than itself, seeking an exit.

The belling of the panther for your eyes, a grand disfiguration forcing threads through opening mouths, blindfolded. A word cloned from space emits a journey lasting for centuries. Auré is gravitational and motherly when children are buried among the evergreens and moonlit arteries. She scoops up the embers, draws blood into geometric entrances. Her theatre is ghostly remains, sacrificial slumber, a pitiless disregard. The distance between enemies without sleep...

Theatre loves her, tripping the wires. Shoving the aurora through doorways. The dark-clotted printing machines of Auré, the vulgar latin scaffolding that momentarily blinds mystery, exchanging genders for weapons. *“Who glows there, swallowing light?”* Shameless, the model, un-modeled. Convolutions fading into a distant projection. Cantabrian lace aching for distraction. Subliminal maneuvers designed to accommodate erotic elegies and other caressing sensations. Shadowing the acrobats, relentless vessels. Feral dreams emulating incantations...

“The wind, leopard...” “The rain, assassin...” The book, sister to the bell-tower, gathering steam, remote from the forest, burnt by moonlight into a long-limbed calyx that spins around in circles, repeating your name, a coupling of numbers, kissing only water, savage computations. Shadowboxing with consciousness. Life is that breath of Jívaro dust blown into the face. A clockwork scent drawing blood, where indigo climbs into darkness. Crushed into light.