

mani

roberto harrison

for Jackson Mac Low

“into the light no real self
persist in that union forever”

Jackson Mac Low

1.

you in a village of light

you on the ground in the morning

you in the waking of clouds

you counting one with an egg

you inside others in songs

you with the panther of darkness

you who built magical mounds

you passing time in a spiral

you bearing ancients in rain

you in a pulse that calms paces

you in a passionate petal

you in the future of matrices gone

you who are kind in the center

of flowing migrations

2.

a hand with its
moor, the wave
gives one to its
measure, its freeze
that the pallid goes
under each
without faces, that it
sees. that one is, going
together within
an open frontier.
one to it, and one to a
door – one
to an animal
going to call wide
a sea. of one gift
you, gentle in a
Gulf that each
sees in meaning,
the simplest one
that the word of
steep canyons, a roast
that an ancient
without time giving
reasons, When
connection – given
the link, its
because a little, one
counting, the one
open to presence
when cloudless
in two meetings, one
meets a page,
gone.

3.

animal pictures
that each grows
toward making
a light. a light that each
was given color, the
rain separates its
real, real with trembling,
a soft visit, its visor,
two in the sun.

El Dorado

five went to the hand
cut on an earth of
circles, the cloud born
under each revolt –
that horses,
that a wheel,
that the corn,
in a counting hut, in
the mountain pass
takes
a mother
fleets
spinning, their
soft step that heals
in two, its own
subject, that is
a felt shower. make
done, make the warm
in his. in his encircled,

4.

fire – Ready, the fleet
that each hole in its
mudra, clairvoyant –
sharpened edges, each
neglected on the year, no
catch, no fish on wide
acres of piers that shine
under the hand of its
light on this. an air of
lungs on one that has heard
under his, under his new
warm standing. that is
the new there when
he was and is to go on
for then this, this coloring
to WHEN, to the field of
its of
and his of
and her –
to hear it. to hear the wave
and shattered molecule,
softly is one, is two gone
to this. a choice in
the second,
that his hearing,
that is the nugget,
hands on a plain jacket
as hair folds to THEN, to the
storage deck that heart ashes
dissolve, to THEN in messages
that an error,
that his two wheels make under
a long tunnel
of delivery –
flute gone
to the reel in pointing
of a song, a ready line

stepping through

in pixelate turns

the fields

remain. its one

radio syllable

seven

in the twelve

clear skies. plain

angel

5.

to a widening underground
to his three tones that a willow
hears
in the beacon that a lake on
exits and balloons
under the young decimal
hats. that is his, that is the color
of one body for evening
in the floor becoming big for free
when each has an equal sheet
that a meteor – his, on his
close wood that a breathing follows
loops.
in the pole listening outside
a short sleep to
give again, to the inside,
twice – when there is more weather,
more trace that a wandering
goes to in its waking, and the pure
that has one over this. one over
the less than number
more than each
crowd hand
when is this when
in a field
that his warmth was
in its one, his is
to the instrument
and the path and the
sacred heart
of his that has one together
with one in a blossom in light
becomes its evening
in the daytime too

6.

from the chance that you
build a clearing
in a pile of nettles
with the green of a jewel
in the streets looking up at the sky
King Kong in the city
sewn shirts for an absence
sights filled with planets
with tears for the spring
breathing a diamond
in the camel of winter
writing a letter to Nature
in each gone direction – here

frozen currents
on a gravel beach,
on still stood rivers, filled with glows
the fish collect.
beside a break in whiteness
pass the skies that fill a spark
with canceled letters, a pole
in ceiling cataracts and marks, sprays
that leave its island one beside the sand
of nullified intention, an incremental flood
collected on the water wave that reads
with random shadows
each returns

an ocean twice, a ridden foam,
a serial in winter tied
to irises, Ludlow's plain
increases, blooms the backs
of exits, elemental
planted strings of numbers.
irrigations
of a hand
of beacons worn,
red light a light of color
on a saddle's horn.

coasts with ships, a phasing violin
removed and added to his one
that cells renumber
yellow wicks and rain. weaving traces
still beside its black and calm
a coloring, an open mouth
a hot wave on the ground.
seeds that end a home of circles
edges planting caves, a wheel,
an undone turn,
an endless arrow plays its shimmering
through bridges, twice

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a count in light,
a wide stroke, with a feather
that the woodland holds
in breathing, the
magnetic dust
on a colossal surface
bouncing places, in a movement
of the wind

7.

spiraling inside a light of mountain
steps, the beaches new with tortoises,
the cusps of wounded
making deserts
a reversal of the boot.
a braid that presses soil,
a night passed over, in the marking
of a door. an open

secret breaks
into the whole
of making arrows, parallel
inside a field
of cane, hitching
the absolved
and killed by visions
moving through,
a moon
the bicycle
that stands.
the straw
is unresolved. the place
for answers
is the same
as possible,
as tunnels
pouring
through the ditch
inside Morocco.

isthmuses,
a root
that heats the mouth where lakes
and drones that songs revolve
to stand with summer bicycles
along the kites and hills that sails
remove, and plant to fill the pier
outside the chanting, oiling, ice of winter
standing by the wall. the openings
that move a train
beside explosions, speed and twinning
through the sidelong fields
that hold a meteor
with newborn light,
calibrated skins inside a growth
of phases, drops of swelling
in the thighs of sitting down
with carcasses
sanctified by radiance and method
to the truth of interrupting automatic
shells. WHEN the house that morning

made becomes like any other shimmering
relation, like a last one carved into a ring
and wading under many layers of a desert
womb, the filled and nameless, a dust
inside the matchless hand that lights a sky
into the cupping sound of an escape, THEN
what the frail inside the trailer bends
with will amounts to radios and spring beside
the sound that little patches fill
a speaker in the bed that wills its end
and wakes to treble on the surface of a state.

his hands what light will move again the winter

his stateless weather for the sun

8.

the river of one moves
its deer mask sparks
and a yellow line
that the sheet
opens hands, his face
clear skies by the water
in a room, the door a sign
to a socket of electric
cadences and nectar by
a noontime radio, a shirt
that flaps the floor
and stays within,
an equal tone
that the fading
of etches turns
to a sediment
outlined
with new tables. calibrate
and dissolve, like research
spread
on the tubing
that the language of attire
negotiates in cases
and a switch
that willows pull
by palms
with integers and infinite
relations, like a breath
outside a woven picture
for the stories
of a woman
in a man's
reversal, there is
an astronaut
who's ripe for sunspots
in the lasso
that the spring
revolves around
in rain
and kiwi skins. with eight
by handshakes
and a fuse
around an entrance

from north
to south

through color
and rain

in red
beside
the sun

that a river holds

9.

in a wandering, the whole –
light and red
of mornings started
by the Run without
a sky, its prairie undergoing
stillness – fed – a log, a rain,
a motion reading palm.

without a range of dots
inside a Western road
and swerving every line
by lemons, cuts
and undulating deserts
that the robes of cities
grow upon and reason
for a place that heats
its services for chance.

the magnetic of a color bar
inside the door within
a metal frame, a wooden
ark inside the bed
that creaks with starlight
in the soil of sheltering
a lake with visits,
in the dream that takes
its words from tunneling
a motor, buried songs
that push into the sky
without a hand to plant
again, throughout
the land

the serpent
in the nest of wood
that cuts a word
into the phone that ears
return before, alone
without its surfaces
a living nucleus
more steady
than a knot, rivers
fed with bridges, eggs
rolled down the aisle
of a machine
that weds the white
with rain and anarchy,
the domes
that flood under
the salt
that kindness
and humility
shoot forward

through the stars
at night

a palace day that shines with gold
a people from a fold of ancient light
a song before the tree

10.

of of the where to winter whole in a Safari
in a Savanna in a morning in an ON
a rake without a field a planet only
gone in only one

in when the WHERE is WHEN
a column of the flood
around a sun
to go in two
and into water,
one when then there was
with an etching of the letters
on a ripple
in a wander
of the street
with one he walks

a net
that throws the foam
inside an aftermath of corners
making knots
around the sonic
spiraling and poured upon
that sits without
a door. he does
inside the keys that thunder
makes a sound
in silence, in the calmness

that the openings
around the shores
and birds
make more than empty
through the waves,
and more than each
can soak into a river
filled with corn
and fishers,
and the dragonfly
inside machines.

a pressing down of sand
on winter fronds
and rapid pictures,
draws a map
unwinding spaces
of the wordless
catches, stood beside
a field that's filled
with spheres
and pliant waving
reeds around the pupil
that the movement

of a concertina sound
in icicles
can make to warm
the sediment.
it scrapes
ascents to moonlit
prairies
in the herd
of webs
that warm the faces
of a scientific
gaze of velvet

nights

11.

a skin is planted
for the spring
that never folds
into itself, or holds
the face
of next to nothing
in the gravity
of continents
that flood
with empty shells

a door is opening
the straw
that matters most
to hummingbirds
in clouds that leak
into the summer
of a parching
heart that stays
outside
of circulating words

a ward is empty
of the lungs
that mark its wells
with last goodbyes
extinguished
in the time that settles
for a Host
of pain
and satellites
inside of red
beginnings

a flood
is filling burlap
for the Ecuador
that basements call
into the giant
screen of incubated
wires,
for the announcement
that a people
have a man
in two

a choosing through
a crisis
is a nectar
for the carrion
that fondle flowers
in expressions
that the common
walks away with

in a coat
that's filled
with heat
and money

an end
in unresolved relations,
not a database
of bodies –
Running corn
that fills the variable
of light
with zeros
pouring moons
that promise us
a dream
of one that moves

12.

there was one
to give another one
a cleansing storm
in tropic
flows, it Runs
and breathing it
and waking it
the dust
of ending number

a cross
of negatives
in weaving
down
inside the morning,
sliding
its one edge
along the pathways
of the light

another spring
for animals
the wind
when waves
of ashes
hold among
a quiet song

a sound of water
placing all
the portraits
of the tunneling
in circus
lands, and serials,
a murmur,
field of *cumbias*
in a key
of country moss

the riot
of a cavern
in a room
inside
a wood

without a line
a voice
a sleeping letter
through the fire

straight up
to all
the parallel

the pearl
and driven
in the wilderness

a presence
for a palace
here
with us

