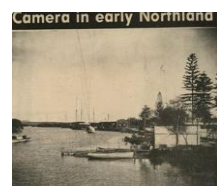


R i v

e R S

p E I L₂

john geraets



Oh dear, a colour book

All beauty, resonance,

integrity, exist by

deprivation of logic of

strange position. (John

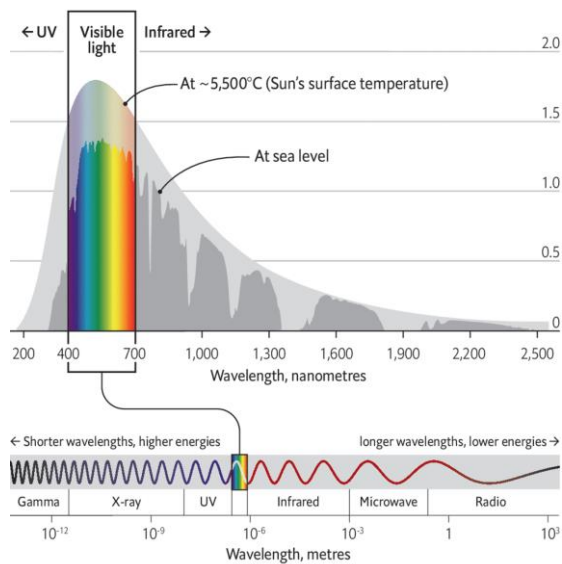
Ashbery)

Papañca – word

net.

The shape of a hot body's radiation

Light intensity spectrum, by wavelength, watts per square metre per nanometre



what the age

wants said in its

ear? What does language

do? Why produce

what the world

has not asked for and needn't

be changed by?

Brief

RIVERSPELL¹⁵

Words have nothing to do with things I know or don't know. Am I dead? Is there a more-or-less *alive*, more-or-less—anything? Why count tears when they have separated from the eyes in which they have formed? Why tears at all?

Interregnum i: 'The definition of what was jazz and what was not began to blur'. An angel at my table. When I look across the field, my eye laid down as a lake and on it ducks haphazardly landed, splashed and sang. Tell me your place (where you exist). What goes on or happens here in privacy is where I am: my driveway. 'A black man who lives like a white man', Miles Davis, sure cool dude.

Even when I am praised, no idea (they have no idea).

The blackbird asks, 'what is air? wherefore levitation?' The taillight of the helicopter surpasses the aura of the moon. The bird persists in thinking that it has something to do with the moon's vivid rotundity. As if two objects belong together.

The blackbird is the tree and the tree *is* the blackbird, saith drear wineberry. Saith *makomako. Duple.*

Interregnum ii: 'More and more [what] I'm interested in [is] finding one [little] aspect of classical music [that might be overlooked] in every other piece of music and imagining [that] that's the [whole] world and [just] blowing that up and saying [okay] this is a [whole] universe. This is a [whole] musical canvas; this is a [musical] spectrum. What if the point of the piece is—[what if] there's a combination of a *polyrhythm* that's an interesting weird rhythm and [what if] that [interesting weird rhythm] is [just] the [whole] world?' (David Lang, *Cheating, Lying & Stealing*)

Off piste? try Julia Wolfe's piece *Lick*.

The sea is remarkable. We saunter to Okupe from Riotahe, bearing strange rocks that tear at crooning swells, a sundering of virtue. Water soothes over the sand, where pebbles bundle back and forth, emissaries knocking on another world's door. From which enter a pair of oystercatchers, prodding, scuttling back, one holding a diminutive shellfish in its beak. Guercino's *Et in Arcadia ego*.

Related, one beholds the flushing outside Jay's Destination Dairy his *Arc de Triumph*, a jangling of red colour, like his native Gujarati tongue. Another summer, another pivot under puckered lips. A dumbfounded thrush thumps a chest from its address-box atop the ruddy mass. Who said, 'history's trash'? Who said, *wristiest slaughterman December?*

*Beating not its wings but above the highest
leaf the thrush bares a yellow breast to the
rising sun, fulsome in praise, chants:*

who imbibes knowledge

is (in turn) imbibed

*PROVERBS FOR MEDITATORS*¹⁶

i

Effortless ness is a place I occasionally occupy.
The squabbling mynah doesn't abandon its
branch.

The worm is a casual creature with an
alimentary canal. One sentence fed by me and
the result is a welter of confusion. *Breaths
away?*

No Direction Home (for a worm).

Adagio?

I thought of you when you were not here.
This and that other you, I say *two*, because
somehow I cannot say they're *the same*. This
me, that you. Numerous pronouns, one
predication.

What on earth was that?

Mind you, quipped Donne, dwell closely into
another's eyes, loved or unloved, and you see
your own eyes blaze. Things matching up,
multiplier-effect!

Or: The point about fractal is that it indicates
a chain of possibilities, iterative rather than
profound. Time forms a base of recordings,
though it crashes obeisance.

ii

Blackbird you wildly turn tuft after tuft on the fresh mown lawn. Do you consider that we are in search of the same treasure?

20 plus 2 plus 1 years together, you & me— nothing else fits completely into this most particular delicate prized numeration we two!

Unsettled, rumbling like Vesuvius within my cell, I feel for my fellow meditators. How clear it seems to me they'd rather listen to the sounds of the vaunting tūi outside in the branches, preferring a mellifluous shadow to be beatified.

I cannot even well write a sentence. What do you mean put something of *myself* into it?

I too have felt unconscionable love.

iii

I keep eyes downcast and the irises in pale bloom in the garden that Ruth and Andrew planted are a blank to me. My iris and *those* irises!

Waiting outside for an interview with the teacher, I observe the ants swarm over the broad concrete path. I realise their fixed sense of direction is a contrivance. *How maintain direction in a given sentence?*

For the ant, for a sentence: No Direction Home.

Who would give my poems of today to a poet long in the grave? Yet his or hers I read again and again and again.

Nudging the pines at the boundary, a new moon surrounds itself with a nimbus that

seems set in stone. Derisive of symbols, yet I feel my heart *blaze*.

iv

The invulnerable tūi, wings tucked and torso scraping the ground, cries 'Look mum, no hands'. Inside the meditation cell, similar in hue, the same bird hangs in my mind on an inscrutable narrow thread.

'Peter Peter', calls the mynah in the evening. He has the thought that his friend's name is important. The thought occurs that one of them may have contributed the title to a recent song or to a clothing catalogue. Neither of these things calls home *home*.

The blackbird stops, looking abruptly up at me, and smiles. Who does it think is seeing

and who seen? Whose eyes are straight, *whose* crooked?

The tūi, in half-rotation on the slender flax stem, enjoys the earthly realm where it resolves to remain, wondering whether the fact's sufficient to pontificate upon or how else to spin it.

Existence = Agitation + R (always a capital).

v

Does $f(x) = a_0 + \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} \left(a_n \cos \frac{n\pi x}{L} + b_n \sin \frac{n\pi x}{L} \right)$ render an answer?

As the magician flips the cloth in her hand,
suddenly a tūi appears: the white apron upon
its throat, a question-mark?

Then introduce time: there while it has
purchase (pose a question). Hence 'lost in
space' and identity as a remnant, holding
what it holds.

Since my previous circuit promenade, back at
the start but at a different juncture, the
meditator pondering the water that runs
under the wooden bridge is gone. Has he
evaporated? Has he taken the answers or
questions with him, I wonder, or I am the
remnant? Or is something different—or
nothing at all?

The experience of my body occurs in thought.
Yet my body is not something thought. Or am
I back where I began: arriving doesn't leave
leaving, leaving doesn't leave arriving.

Bactrian,
Dromedary—
halves,
wholes?

'Next' is a strange word. 'Akin' too. Two
humps or one? Take tūi or huia. How
distinguish them from something that lodges
between them, like an extra syllable?

Mind you, a language that includes a word
like 'abatement' isn't all bad, irrespective of
the number of holes left to tumble into. A
word keeps the house of language well-aired,
like a window that the breeze keeps looking
through. Enter, pause.

RIVERSPELL¹⁷

It is fair to say the dandelions open their parachutes on the grass area above The Bluff. Two kererū hold hands as they pass the deck where I watch them. Already the discarded pōhutukawa filaments gather in the culvert near Jays, while the branches continue to disport a certain grandiloquence.

The woman in the dinghy leaves puddles of radiating circles in her paddles' wake, never recovered. Combating the same forces, the kingfisher returns to the rock it had quitted moments earlier, shaping a U in the air. This tide is designated 'low', but that word has other applications, as in *either/or*. The trunks of various trees are festooned in colourful doilies and wool hangings, fair return on a season of ruddy pōhutukawas. A young dog wants to chase the kayakers on the river but is restrained by the tethering rope its master holds. Who mentions a 'play of strings', musical or otherwise? Beethoven's *Große Fuge* complicates the demeanor of things.

The couple on top of Dundonald have their sprinkler running. Through the hose runs time and the remembrance of time. The past is held inside and the blackbirds hover on the outside, relishing the prospect of abandonment.

The daisies Karen has placed in a Japanese vase on our windowsill are seen leaning over the path below Annette's residence. Still-red blackberries and orange montbretia share the sloping bank. I see a blackbird sitting on someone's letterbox, and earlier, elsewhere, ducks in a threesome frolicking arse-up in the ebbing tide. Where are they now? How characterise good and ill according to spacetime? The blackbird has no choice but to maintain balance. The ducks—a collective—has little choice but to measure the world. Anything and everything. Does this man know *shi?* Trust him—

Peach Cove. In the turbulent water a rock supports a single unflowering *kahika*. The impact inclines to the sound of the motorboat's *yessing*. 'We draw richly on our experience', remarks U Jotika.

Twice the kingfisher shapes a U, silent until it lands and reiterates *kwe kwe*. I am in the middle of a hollow—

Poetry is the moving of things in their own way and the moving of things (the way things move) on their own. *WU*. [无]

Who needs a flag on Everest?

Meanwhile, small wavelets radiate out from the catamaran motoring towards *Te Matau a Pohe*, strike a stump in the water and change in frequency and direction, surprising the birds at the water's edge, *surprising* me.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

RIVERSPELL¹⁸

John Leigh Calder hits the bass strings on the paved bricks outside Daisy's Cupcake and I think of the many times I've seen through things. *Musical notation? Stonesfall?* And then faces are brought to me and I see nothing, moving bones, tear-filled draperies: addresses elsewhere, unwonted benefaction.

As is the pink flower wobbling on its stem. I notice the wind—hardly the flower, which does not move.

Who needs a flag on Everest? Who needs thoughts—*fuck!*

Nor does normal exist. On the canvas awning beside the green house the poplar leaves have started to gather. Annette, with her snips, hand brush & broom urges them onto the narrow earth strip beside the concrete path, where piles form. We reminisce, without clear sense of what time invokes, about showers of rain and the seasonality of the leaves' usual dispensation, this year premature.

A ditch, not a creek, not a river. Atop the Norfolk pine at Pataua North, where I love to swim in the big surf, unwatched, an orange road cone is on exhibit. Two things, alike in shape, unlike in girth. *Airborne*,

like John's Cupcake melody—and like the birds prancing at Okupe—this: a pair of toddlers, on short legs they chase after the retracing waves. Their long beaks spike at the sand until one extracts a diminutive shellfish: feeders feeders. But not before they steadfastly outpace the next wave spreading itself like a tablecloth on the beach—delectation, hardly a crime:

no plates needed! Are the ocean & the oystercatchers & shellfish on a continuum, emitted from John's fingers or from a performance of Beethoven's *Große Fuge*? Adherence is a faltering:

open shells litter the sea edge where my thoughts wilfully scatter. This is my mind—

all the while, by the time I reach Brighton Pier, the lights are extinguished. In neat letters on the sand beneath: 'Seek respect not attention'. The moon & sun & tide each have a particular provenance. The beach is barking at scattering birds that keep wanting to return—

this does not predicate the insight: this is my mind.

I sit quietly in heaven's domain. My ears register the clinking sound of the ceramic furin, hovering under the eave with its fluttering red tassel. The tassel makes no sound and the sound resembles the tassel, no more.

Is there a hole in the ground? Or in the letter
U? Why empty holes? Why emit sound from
them?

Papañca!9

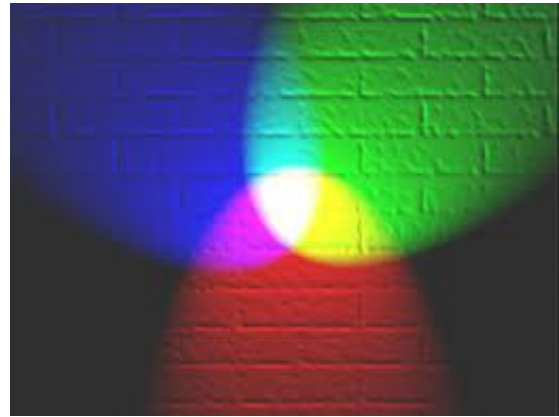
I tell Annette, who dutifully tends the Zen steps and hedged path I frequent on my walks, ‘Here I never get my feet damp; they stay clean & dry’.

§

Tail bobbing—something chases something near its centre—at every turn—tīrairaka.

When red and blue light are combined, the result is magenta. When green and blue light are combined, they make cyan. Red and green light make yellow. And

when all three primary colours are combined, we see white. Tail of tīrairaka.



Interregnum iii? What draws me is exuberance, tupelo honey (Van Morrison, an *ido*). The fantails duck and dive in their aerial domain, scantily furnished, their *playing field*. Much gainsaid: let the crooked surpass what's straight. Delicate tīrairaka.

§

A leaf is not a bird and a fantail *is*. A blackbird counts on a rock as key support; yes, a *blinky-eyed* rock!

Nothing wanted above its head! Or a singing rock below, why not?

§

(i) Akin to a fist or a bunch of fingers or the itinerant eye of tīrairaka, the oak brandishes what it cherishes: budding leaves.

(ii) The blackbird who occupies the middle of the mown lawn outside the Aquatic Centre is marveled at by me *as I pass*. Which of us is the more auspicious, we wonder at the same moment.

(iii) Tīrairaka is intent on making something of itself. It's like when things come apart and you see only *bits'n'pieces*? I smile, say nothing.

(iv) Spreading fog adsorbs the light. *Things thin to needlepoint*, saith delicate tīrairaka.

§

You would think now is hardly the time for the white plum blossoms to fall and stick firmly onto the leaves of the agapanthus, ornamenting them.

Or this: the curious sheaths of blue and yellow that mantle drear Parihaka at first light, kin to *delicate* tīrairaka.

§

(i) One moon? one starry planet? Together they are heavenly bodies that this September guide the locals and visitors to Parihaka, sweetened Bethlehem. It is a strange courage you give me, *ancient star*. Our feet march on heaven's incline.

(ii) The helicopter unloads its 'monsoon' bucket on the path they're repairing after the recent dry and rains. What explodes? Is it the flame tree or the tūi that floods the tree in song? Even for things to happen a millimetre apart or a fraction later is determining. Why does *this* happen? It brings comfort and discomfort in equal measure.

(iii) From then to now the moon has inched higher in the sky. To me the incline appears unimpeded by what is otherwise considered a great weight and gross rotundity.

RIVERSPELL²⁰

MONDAY

I arrive at my room at the centre. Same tūi, different me.

Is it the same ant that sits on the narrow ledge near the shower? When I turn on the water I see six legs frantically adjust and the body hunch, everything's akimbo. How can this point to advance?

TUESDAY

There is no fixed relationship between a word and its emotional content. A word is not dead because I say it is dead. And if someone takes it from me, thinking it's a corpse, or I'm a corpse, what have I lost or it gained?

If I say the world is devoid of meaning the emphasis is not placed on either word. Of course, the same applies when I insert 'I' before 'd' in 'word', even when the sound stretches: the word spins on a new axis. Or if that 'I' is actually an 'I', as agent, then all bets are off! After all, commodification takes a microcosm ('word') and transforms it into a macrocosm ('world')? And things pop. What I'm getting at is *portentiousness*, when one writes as if one's some kind of a genius, irreplaceable like Wittgenstein.

I plus I plus 1 ergo sum. The sentence, like (the word) world, is to be liked.

WEDNESDAY (early)

This morning in the valley the sun shines and we are enamoured. It is hardly the first time, for any of us, so early. And yet we feel a special

delight, a subtle squeeze of pink from a tube, haphazardly applied. Like Kim Pieters.

Walking to my residence, on the branch I see a finch. The sound I hear is the sound of a sparrow. Are the finch & the sparrow one or two? Truth's *duple*. §.

WEDNESDAY (late)

Ways of looking and emptiness apply to poetry as to anything.

A poem is empty of everything it is not. It is empty, when viewed as an outside thing. Inside its own emptiness are words organized or disorganized. It is a whole; it is parts thereof; it is parts; it is without parts: Mallarmé's *le blanc souci de notre toile*. The poem is everything there is: it brings attention to the possibilities it

manifests or ignores, both of which are effervescent thrilling the mind. Kim's mind.

The missing half of the letter *e* (the *other* half) wants to (play the part) of an entirety and flesh out all those waiting sentences! In the §nd nothing matters much. So, at least, poetry thinks. Much of anything.

Dare one compose an 'Od§ to Coherence'? *Au pieux mensonge?*

Compendia of local flora (I'm thinking Joseph Dalton Hooker) render the task adaptable to catalogue and other forms, rich in identifying features, much illustrated. The actual walk takes me elsewhere. Several tree ferns have lost their heads and wander aimlessly, nikau palms are packaged in all sizes, the stream and path edges are strewn with them. Kanuka, manuka, totara, tanekaha, intermittent cabbage trees, personable enough. Moss forms a matting on

the wooden bridge, with a trickle of clear water beneath. Notwithstanding, I cross it:

some burn worn cats
burn worn cats some
worn cats some burn
cats some burn worn

Whose splayed hands?

I am struck by this thought: what if this is hardly happening? I'd likely be called loopy. The reason I stay confident is that this one said the other too. In the same sentence. In/out of the world.

What mechanism brings this about or are they even mechanisms? To put a word before or after another changes everything. Like—is there more to them than words and—if so— what? One needn't crack a word to get at the inside of its meaning. As if meaning could stay hidden

or make a quick getaway if it wanted to: 'I'm whatever Gotham needs me to be', saith Batman.

THURSDAY

To rely on numbers—or script—to define reality—lunacy, surely? *Or—breaks?* How clarify non-lineation? Archaic life, figural-whorl. *As—in—hardly—blue.*

FRIDAY

A dog barks. That's it. Fetch.

RIVERSPELL₂₁

*i.m. rob burbea
unholy interest*

Interregnum iv: Elizabeth Bowen's 'feelings for **House** have "a touch of the subjection" that any woman—"unless she is first of all motherly, which I am not"—feels for any man: "the desire to be towered over spiritually, intellectually, morally". The **house of truth** is the movement of air through the open window, not the house. Nor is a house. There. Actually.

Am I to be sentenced by my own past? Are you to sentence me? Where's the point of *lip service*? Whence trapezium?



Eyes ingest frog. The frog forages, slickered tongue. It leaps from here to there. We think. Thought occupies us. We belong. We tip right over. And out.

What shall we do with introjection? Fake triangles?

Boundaries are what wars are for. Things shift and can be disputed again. They are shifted and disputation returns. *I love raw*, said the backward warker.

Fuck you. I love you.

No, my past lies before me and I've expended my future. I cup my hands for time to trickle through, like pink dust in Aunt Betty's egg timer. Who said Victor Vector? 'It can't be one and it can't be many?' Hey, Jude. Like spilled juice. Or something bursting, swollen inside skinned sausage.

Like I said, never two. Or: having said a bike, I walk it off, like my first taste of the cookie

jar (that universal **house**). Its relationship with almost anything that's said. *Two wheels*.

The Collatz conjecture: every positive integer, with rules applied, ends up in a *four two one* loop.[§]

[§] Choose an integer: if odd, multiply it by three and add one; if even, divide by two. *One's back!*

RIVERSOUTH22

Interregnum v: Poems need not encroach on thought (aka Koch), like a river, nor transform or extend personal life (aka O'Hara), like a storm—saith a third New Yorker, John Ashbery. Three's troika: *inveiglers extraordinaire*.

At Naseby Pond, a pair of paradise ducks departs, cracking an image in the water. This small oracular lake:

Lip. Flat.

Curve. Lid.

Lid. Curve.

Flat. Lip,

once a mirror indulged by a princess or her daemon, *forsooth*—now a smear of lipstick on contoured lips, purview of minstrel larches. Stop, go.

'At *Te Tautea o Hinekakai* spray giggles in the air, tightly laced. Placated by rocks below, the water becomes level. Nearby, a robin and wren dispel their minstrelsy songs, one up one down. Like falling water, they vacate themselves in an unforeseen display. Escaping bodies in the form of sound. It's like the world looks into a mirror and doesn't recognise what it sees'. *Check the refrain.*

One third of the willow leaves and another third on top of that drape the trees at Kinloch, where two of the three daughters of the founders perish again & again in the icy waters. On the Greenstone Station loop, red beech, totara, lancewood, fall into our eyes—we walk the leaf-laden tracks as far as *Lake Rere*, where a century back lovers sojourn—forever, as do we. *The direction of the water is undistinguishable*. A grass bank, dandelion flowers, thorn bushes, a hovering dragonfly, another two, a small yellow-banded frog that impresses its body on the silt or hops towards us, fixed admiringly. Before a descent to Elfin Bay, the body pauses at the jetty's edge, before plunging. I mirror myself. I am not a waterfall or a bird—*nor a corpse*.

A third of the leaves on the willow are yellow, a further third half-yellow, those

remaining are still green. How can anyone be provided a part of something that's falling like these leaves? Is yellow syncretic? And what does 'follow oneself' entail? What of pursuit?

In a thousand-worded description I recount only my eyes. Whether walking the path at the lake fringe at *Te Anau*, labelled with the names and images of planets, or the concrete path around the seesawing *Hatea*, my eyes close with an intention to reopen, more-or-less satisfied with seeing. Things in themselves are certainly strange.

Ferlinghetti dead at 101—at 701, six hundred paces along lakeside *Te Anau*,

ebullient *koromikos* cascade in green
googlies—Mike Oldfield overflowing in
performance, Montreux 1981?

Unexpected suddenness. Spot. Dot. Drill.

Lip. Flat.

Curve. Lid.

Lid. Curve.

Flat. Lip.

Belly. Stir. Occur.

Who (my) counting belongs to?

Adynaton.

Four.

There is the scent of the gum trees, at
*Piopiota*hi. In the rain, I observe the drips

§ 'I will not reason and compare: my business is to
create' (Blake, *Jerusalem*).

migrate in runnels to clear a path down the
windscreen. Blake, who had an eye for such
detail, falters at what he sees.[§] Reason
languishes at the bottom of Jacob's Ladder or
in Elijah's chariot ruts: messages heaven-sent
in godlike radiance. Here at *Piopiota*hi, we
ponder recurrence; words like 'perky'.

One thing I see in the blue sky is the yellow
moon, infused in blue. Everything is blue.
Everything is yellow. Previously, at Curio Bay,
among oystercatchers & plovers, I encounter
petrified timber and brown dock plants along
the yellow-eyed penguin walk. Is yellow a
syncretic? Are our lips always this colour when
they meet? Are you me and I you? Are we
two, like a pair of eyes, or like a robin and

wren, conjoined songsters? Languishing in
Elijah's fiery ruts? Curiously parallel? Or just
curious? §

My face spills in the water & I remember
Janet Frame at Eden Street, where Karen and
I *reside*. Lynley enumerates the *décor* of loss
and retrieval, a librarian's lot. Family 'linen'
surfaces with the original linoleum under the
living room carpet. *Not-for-renovation*.§ The
tree grows in the water & behind it I see a
single red light glowering above nothing, a
blank sky and a tree or a bird bereft of the
sky and flight, lost among the elements. No
blue, no yellow.

Even the tree wants out. It begins and ends as
grit between my fingers, my language use.
From nothing to nothing else, grit to grit,
fingertip to fingertip. Jim Baxter's house at 30
Beacon turns the town the wrong way
round, where the beach at Brighton washes
kelp to-and-fro in crumpled watery waves, in
tumult escapeless. *The hobbling*.

Another, in *Lan Yuan* garden the maple lets
slip a leaf onto the pool of water, where its
faltering dance ends, in the manner of all
things that descend or stay put, light as air or
still as water, neither disturbing nor disturbed.
To hell or to heaven, down or up, place to
place, in place, unmoved or in-between:
leaves are shaken, left intact, passed, past or

§ *Kintsugi* decor?

present future.[§] Not so much as wishing for what is happening.

flickering lights either side of the pedestrian crossing, no walker's witness.

Given the approach of cows in Putāruru. What's drawn them together? A stemming from harm? Or matching a blue & yellow leaf that falls dancing from a height?[§] At milking, Lynley's father tunes skybound concert radio in the cowshed. *The tuning?*

The shadow of the *furin* ribbon flutters silently on the back of the chair.¹ I say shadow but I see it due to the light (I see) in different measure. This morning I observe 'moon', its orange flask, flat and bright and flat and dislike and the intermittent

[§] *kintsugi* encore?

¹ Or see *Riverspellis*.

RIVERSPELL²³

Day 2: Suffused in thought, my mind is its own prominence. Consonance in disarray. Notwithstanding proportionate effort to counter the slipping thoughts and loss of a happier state. Even alone I am alone. The afternoon brings four hours' deliciousness inside. *Mine!*

I am my own accident. When Rob left the centre, the giant kererū whistled quickly into view. Swerving closed-chested onto the branch over the footbridge I occupy on two feet, it gestures it wishes to whisper in my ear. Forget it, I say. In missing something, we grasp at 'carrying nothing across'.

The later part of the day *is* its own accident.

(ii)

Day 4: Reality goes deeper than *being*, or vice versa. Nor is it a Summary. Even the names of the Buddhas are best forgotten.

(i)

We filter time and call it natural.
Consternation is in our own filter.

Day 5: Accessibility more than continuity for me.

Thinking this moment belongs to *this* moment is a blunder. To identify [with] it as such is [even] crazier [still].

Ti-ti, you-me, saith tīrairaka, thinking of us as a sacred twosome. *Duple*.

My breath carries your fingerprint. Prints on lake water.

What more can one give than utterest beauty—say, in a poem? Poems posit future dimensions. They inhabit sanguine architectures.

(iii)

Day 7: How to work effectively with this compacted internal stress? It belongs to no-one, not even me.

Experience is inevitably harmful, yet I would not wish harm to be so. For any of us.

Believe me, it's entirely dispensable!
Immediacy hardly so.

Ravisher?

Ravisher?

Longer sits intermittently, through-body base feeling, warm and yeasty. Examining the body in this way is useful. Tomorrow the change will be interesting.

Day 8: Sought perception of *piti* is a real fabrication. As is the perception of *anicca dukkha anatta* in physical sensations.

Which one's 'barer attention'? Nothing immediate, thanks.

CALLOUT COVID-19: ἀναπαύω²: to give rest, intermission. 18 August 2021.

² **anapauó:** to give rest, give intermission from labor, by impl. refresh

Original Word: ἀναπαύω

Part of Speech: Verb

Transliteration: anapauó

Phonetic Spelling: (an-ap-ow'-o)

Definition: to give rest, give intermission from labor, by implication refresh

Usage: I make to rest, give rest to; mid. and pass: I rest, take my ease.

The above journal ends at the eighth of a 20-day meditation retreat, cancelled part-way through due to a covid lockdown.

*Interregnum vi: MAGICMIND*²⁴

Thinkpastpresentfuture. Thinkhiddensky.

Papanca, says the Buddha, enervates. *Where am I?* may be asked. Wheredarknessstarssun& moon*don't*shine. Earthwaterfireairstarssun moondarknessformed&formless—all—all—*kerpouf!*

Spinpotterswheel. Still, consciousness can't desert thought. 'Sheregardsthatwhichisnot thereasemptyofit, what remains, she comprehends: this is because it is—until that too goes' (paramānuttarā suññatāvakkanti): 'Whatever material form past ceases undergoes change "has been" is-its-designation' (see earlier). Dialectical corkscrew (avipallatthā).

Go—go! 'Purity's not down to views learning holy vows ascetic practices, Māgandiya, nor their absence'. Body—rupa—exists when—nama—feeling perception intention contact attention—reaches out—ask any newborn!

Tangle-within tangle-without.

Nama, folks, is a piece of cloth, rupa's another, consciousness's their thread, crave's their seamstress... 'A Tathāgata does not conceive a visible thing without sight or something-unseen-or-something-worth-seeing-or-a-seer'.

*Magician*². 'And when, Bāhiya, you will not be in-it, then, Bāhiya, you will not be here or there or between'. In a world where snānābhāvo, vinābhāvo, and aṁṁathābhāvo are de rigour, nothing survives 4 long.

Let's be clear. Seen through, mesh mesh, tiger gauze—neither attentive nor not conscious nor no horizoned nor not. Nor not too. There's a tune!

An image, reflected in a mirror, you consider: 'I am', 'me-I-am'. Experience spoils—māna—. Ask Magritte.

'Could there be, for a nun, such concentration where she will not be conscious of earth (na

pañhaviṃṣi pañhaviṣā^{ṃṃā}) nor water nor fire
nor air nor infinity of space nor infinity of conscious-
ness nor nothingness nor neither-perception-nor-
non-perception nor this nor a world beyond—
& remain conscious?'

Beware: *Tyger tyger burning bright...*

'That sphere should be known where in the eye
ceases and seeing fades, the ear ceases and sound
fades, the nose ceases and smell fades, the tongue
ceases and taste fades, the body ceases and touch
fades, the mind ceases and ideas... *kerpouf!*'

*Relinquishment to of fades.*³

Epithets are phenomenological, not
metaphysical. Where there's no 'putting
together', no 'falling-apart'. Hence Nibbāna's
apalokita (non-disintegrant).

³ Where water, earth, / fire, & wind have no footing: /
There the stars don't shine, / the sun isn't visible. / There
the moon doesn't appear. / There darkness is not found.
/ And when a sage, a brahman through sagacity, / has

realized [this] for himself, / then from form & formless, /
from bliss & pain, he is freed. (Thanissaro)

RIVERSPELL²⁵

Interval's a portion of our ongoing consideration. You mean *immune*? Immune is important. It steps outside of a sentence. Not *Ian Mune*. See how the mind attracts *detritus*? See a person with the name Immune Detritus. Include them in a tale of *intrigue*. The Right Honorable Immune Intrigue Detritus, at their service, ma'am.

⁴ Consider a moment a dot in a series of dots or a cardboard box in a row of boxes separated by nothing and stretching to infinity. Which is left, right, up or down—a dozen surfaces, if you include both ends and inside & out? It's baffling, a single moment: *nowhere land*. And, if you attribute an abstract 'inner quality', where does that leave you, apart from misfortune? No membrane. O I'm dizzy.

ur? Weirder things have happened. The world recedes as it tiptoes forward. When does a blossom say it has blossomed? Who is a king or queen? Boy and girl? ♀ or ○?

⁴ A qubit represents a zero, a one, or both values simultaneously (Nasa).

In 1985 'Bob Dylan Goes Deep' on *20/20*. All I notice is his hair, lush, move the same way as the green foliage behind him moves in the unsettled wind. The camera pulls back, washing colours, and the pair of men is sitting on a park bench, framed by a rock wall and what looks like a satellite dish. In the background a great dane slops down on all fours. The young interviewer is prescient in their questioning. Bob, occasionally nonplussed, perhaps at his own instigation, is perfectly sincere. I like him. When asked about musical 'phrasing', he responds, mentioning the Beats (Corso, Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti), also jazz trumpeter Ted Jones. Bob mixes 'both styles' in an entirely singular language. Singing's one thing, he says, but whether it comes off on paper is another: 'I live in another world | where life and death are memorised | where the earth is strung with lovers' pearls' ('Dark Eyes').

Whangārei's inconsolable helicopter circles overhead, landing or sometimes not landing, like a scroll, as is its wont. It barely touches the air or the ground or the ground or the air. Delinquent busy bee.



I look at what I've written in Michele's *as far as I can see*. Only the 'I' is capitalised, and I recognise nothing of what I've written. This

strange misbegotten supposes that the same thing seen with two pairs of eyes has at least two versions.⁵ I look at a cat and I see a *sphinx*. Why should I care? Why should anyone care?

Lipsync

Each intake of breath is climactic, each lap: what the lips *u-t-t-e-r* ain't a matter of threaded letters. No *reductio ad absurdum* here. In that sense, a word is more than breath or stroking in a hole, marooned. Given the right circumstances, one's mouth fills & is emptied. Stopping half-way risks floundering or a fellow swimmer's water-rage. Moreover, a word in a sentence or a mouthful of air or arm-strokes, measures the length of the medium one's body's in. The aim is to stay on

course. The body flips [*sic*] at the end [*sic*], equivalent to a colon [*sic*] if continuing, a period [*sic*] if terminal [*sic*].

Lipsync

Reprise: One can't say man and land are merged. Is continuity a seam that runs through successive instances, thread-like? Two outsides joining with an inside? How else separate before'n'after—that is, things-gone plus a vague beyond, with a carve-out in the middle? Or, why's continuity determined only in retrospect, after something bad (or good's) happened? And why do words in sequence form a complete sentence? As if they are *bits-n-pieces*, threaded, with spaces between, punctuated? O I'm dizzy. *Nowhere man.*

⁵ *Since both origination and its absence are disproved, verbal statements are impossible: Santaraksita.*

RIVERSPELL²⁶

As it did before, Jagers Road leads to a path that leads to a path that leads to the sea. On whose sand a pair of oystercatchers call to one another & retreat to a small rock in the sand, as Karen and I approach. One hides behind the rock while its mate stations in front, a decoy. Soon they are together again and there is no rock. The rock has disappeared. Time has disappeared.

My one lane is the sea,
where sensations are inverse.

Interregnum vii: Did someone say *Lost in Space*? Dr Smith's pathetic gambit ('The pain, the pain...') and the robot's thunder, 'Danger, danger! Will Robinson'. It's that simple—to wallow in a pathway towards death, a bewildering presentiment, or a beloved prospect nurtured in one's heart or deftly tucked behind one's ear or into one's back pocket—a *lining there?*

Low in the sky the dark shape of a bird passes from left to right, drawing in its wake the curtained sky, an enormous blueprint. Directly above the bird, at the mid-point in its trajectory, hangs the open mouth of the moon, and nearby a 'morsel'—the thing that tethers a calf to its mother in Bodh Gaya, and Venus to the moon high above Whangārei (see *Riverspell*).

The lady from Hikurangi sits on her stoop with her cacti and flower seedlings. The couple of dollars we give her return a small cactus plant, a couple of green stems with clusters of spikes on them, forming a line of dots to be joined. Three years later, the same plant resides on the sill in my study. The original stems have turned fractal, with stems branching from additional stems. A second bright red flower droops from the plant like a flag snapping in a windless room.

The constellation of things does not accommodate (the past) (the present) (the future), in that order. Like three directions with no way home. Neither experience nor language knows how to break off from precedent—it's all we have, like a flag on a pole. She wants to break up the meaning and vitality of words. Their mannerisms, their wantonness. Their mooching demeanour. *As if that's a proper word!* Like:

Exeunt.

RIVERSPELL²⁷

I thought a sentence was something to accomplish, like Rob's completing his fifty lengths of the pool, done on time, or my or Annette's lesser forty, on time too. Mathematics helps, though it doesn't impose an answer, like the pool. One turns heels-over-head, only to have to start again.

The finger I place in the glass finds itself inundated. I had thought it was a ballcock, rather than an accessory. A fateful imposition.

Curnow's gaze is out to sea. The sea forms a mirror and he is featured in it, observing himself, little realising that the world's flat except for the introjection of his thought. How much time elapses before a reflection produces waves on the ocean? How full is a glass with water in it? Sometimes called sloppy'd'y'ock, & dipped into? As if the sea were a contoured pool, with both ends ablaze.

Something bobbling is not designed to support the architecture it is given to carry.

How does a New Zealander favour quiet contemplation? I think I'm responsible for the world that's about to happen. And you want to trust my word on this? We dwell in perplexity, admits *Huang Po*. Reality is unassimilable. Unlike the melamine or the zopiclone that Rob imbibes in order to improve the pattern of his sleep at night. The question is not to have a master or to not have a master. The question is to have a good master: *Alain Badiou*.

A dashing pair whizzes across the path from one oak tree to another. *Backclimbers*. I can't tell which is pursued & which the pursuer. At their throats shine question-marks that flight can't resolve. Immoderate, end to end to end.

A ball of spittle at its throat, the tūī catapults earthward from its flame tree

rampart. Their partner, sequestered, renegotiates what extends between them. It—*they*—settle the meaning of words. Like establishing a home.

Escaping tūīs, I pass Annette, who, for the first time, discloses true pleasure in the occupancy of her body. 'Own' isn't something that belongs to you. It's a thought that gathers in places like Descartes' palms, housed in flesh. Like a black & white tūī on a black or white or brown branch, near ruddy flowers, burbling questions that flout sensible answers. Nothing much to say about that.

'For example, the thirteenth-century Japanese monk Dōgen is studying in China. An old cook from a Zen monastery said, "To study words you must know their origin. To sit you must know the origin of practice". Dōgen

responds, "What is the origin of practice?"
Cook said, "One—two—three—four". Dōgen
asks, "Why use words?" Cook said, "It's a
start".

RIVERSPELL²⁹

Will dying distinguish me from all those who have already passed away? What prevents me from seeing them? Not to mention those whose lives are still to come? What prevents my adverting to them? What does *born* entail? How does anything end? My mother and father paid scant attention to such questions, questions of numbers.⁷ They are no more, predeceasing me, predeceasing you and all those living and yet to live. What is their number? *Sloppy'd'y'ock*.

Those who write meaningful sentences risk the lives of others.⁶ Meaningfulness (for those like me) will dying distinguish me?

⁶ 'Take a sentence of a dozen words, and take twelve [individuals] and tell to each one word. Then stand the [individuals] in a row or jam them in a bunch, and let each think of [their] word as intently as [they] will; nowhere will there be a consciousness of the whole sentence' (William James).

Whichever number you're trying to illustrate, a group of six rosellas spins dizzily round drooping power lines, reducing background

⁷ 'Soon the solemn mood / Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame / A permeating fire: wild numbers then / She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous / Sobs, subdued by its own pathos' (Shelley, 'Alastor').

trees to a stretch of green or yellow cloth, theatre-like. They perform against my chosen background. They *are* the background to something that emerges, like a 'special screening'.

Ryokan: 'in Zen tradition, numbers surpass reality'. I seldom wear shoes and sabine is a *colour* I can aspire to. Like a notch in the wood where your tongue sticks out. It stops you saying too much, counting on anything much. *Saliant Zen*.

It's said the past depends on the present as the present does on *it*. Likewise, the relationship between the two of them and the future is considered saliant, notched at the place where your tongue sticks out.

The way Bill's blue hydrangeas open into the air, occupying it. For me, when I open, I am aware of a certain resistance, theirs *or* mine.

The word 'culprit' is not what it implies. Neither derives from the other nor does either give rise to this incarnation. That's what free agents are. It is designated the entire language of our insouciance. Whether a queen or a ruffled flower, culprit balks.

Everyone has a crutch or another's & that instigates a multitude of behaviours, literal as well as figural. An array. Words like 'culprit' assume they're worlds apart. I wasn't born yesterday.

Physicists find structures on the other side of spacetime.⁸ The 'user interface' dumbs things down for our survival, eschewing heaps. Gödel: any consistent scientific theory is necessarily incomplete. Canter: there's an infinite range of infinities. Precise concepts culminate in dissolution. Truth exceeds despair, and reason fails. Qualia are granted—and we're off.

There is no outcome until there is one (Hoffman). I don't love you until I do. 'Hello'. 'Bring me the cat from the cradle, and bask it in the sun of your dreams'. You are as black as the shade of a Moor, an Othello'. 'And I call you "Vasco", so that others may know you'. That is what saying does.

⁸ In amplituhedron theory, locality and unitarity arise as a direct consequence of positivity. They are encoded in the positive geometry of the amplituhedron, via the

The past depends on our present choices, just as the future does on its own. There are more directions given in this bi-directional arrow \leftrightarrow .

singularity structure of the integrand for scattering amplitudes (Arkani-Hamed).

RIVERSPELL₃₀

January and already the poplar leaves plaster themselves like children onto the Zen steps that each day are attended to by Annette. Intermittently, she disappears, while the hedges are shielded and appear again; and leaves flatten themselves onto the concrete path, for no apparent reason.

This happens near Bill's place, where various hydrangeas pop among leaves like oversized blue bulbs. When I see them, I am reminded of Annette, who regularly attends the Zen steps, and is nothing like either Bill or the bulbs or shielding hedges, or the flattened leaves, though she cleans the steps. *Where angels tread.*

Rosellas pierce the desiccated wattle branch on which they perch, substituting their own foliage. Angels in kimonos emulate lacquered leaves, vice versa, they leave little for others to say. Like knives out of their sheathes, slicing the desolate wattle in the norms of its existence. I liken her to a *very* tender angel.

Interregnum viii: 'The situation is really rather dreadful', Popper complain[s] to Gombrich,

who effectively has become his unpaid agent and secretary in Britain. 'I feel that if one has written a book one ought not to be forced to go begging to have it read, and printed'.⁹

Reality's crown is for sale (Hoffman). Like curious forms that appear & emulate a particular resplendence, albeit briefly. And you are preoccupied with yourself. You plaster red & green plumage onto the leafless wattle tree. I search in vain for something seemingly the *same*. Annette's *tender* witness.

⁹ 'Social media analysts talk about the half-life of content on a platform, meaning the time it takes for a piece of content to reach 50% of its total lifetime engagement, usually measured in number of views or popularity-based metrics. The average half-life of a tweet is about 20 minutes, compared to five hours for Facebook posts, 20 hours for Instagram posts, 24 hours for LinkedIn posts and 20 days for YouTube videos. The much shorter half-life illustrates the central role Twitter has come to occupy in driving real-time conversations as events unfold.'

This morning the heard sparrows are no more than a fluttering of wings. Did I say wings? Or a 'deposit of unimaginable wealth in the sky'?

Language, unable to provide me with a final solution, remains a bubble I blow until it pops. Like a fateful blue hydrangea.

What punctures the pretty fantasy is the reality that only the top 5% have plenty of income and wealth. The top 1% collect around 20% of all income and own 50% of all financial wealth, and the top 10% collect over 50% of all income and own roughly 90% of financial assets. The bottom 50% of households own less than 1% of financial wealth and the bottom 90% will discover how much of their "wealth" is phantom when the stock and housing bubbles pop.

Markovian dynamics. Entropic time isn't necessary, a mere artifact of perspective. Forget theories about everything:

1. What it feels like when you hit your finger with a hammer
2. not thinking about much in particular
3. for example, a red lotus bobbing on the surface
4. or a bobbing hydrangea.

Each reading encompasses certain before, re-rendering the past. Reality is incorporated into this game. Einstein, who didn't grasp black holes, also didn't know this was the death knell (limit case) to his theory. You come to learn from the limits you create. Gödel informs us that no mathematical formula incorporates complete truth. Truth spills the container.

Wallace Stevens knew something disappears at its edge. John Ashbery knows everything reappears, regardless of where from. He glances down at the lake. The lake considers itself a microcosm of heaven & earth, ringed with blue-feather angels. It takes the shape of a cloud of intellectual discretion. No utterance occurs beforehand and so I say it is a necessary exculpation. I explain it *as such* to Annette.

I said to her, 'I don't know if our being father and daughter works for us'. She said, 'well, given genetic evolution, how else do we approach such an impasse, nature or nurture?' To which my reply, 'let's be us and you be the I you wanted me to be and I be the daughter'. It unravels, an exculpation, surpassing Stevens' shimmering weft & Ashbery's *langue-parole* reconnoiter—

—'oh, at last', utters Professor Nima Arkani-Hamed. You minimize action and maximise choice. Kaput determinism. 'You cast them into radically different clothes, parading them'. 'It's spacetime & QM have to go, let's not speculate; other ideas can be stars of the show'. 'Protons are messy bags'. 'Gluons go in and come out somehow altered; two in four out'. 'Similar simplicity was there'. What you manifest hides all else. New forms arise out of what wasn't clear anyway. We're looking for a different question to which these scattering processes are the answer... *Gulp*, it's a maximalist thing.



← The Bluff
PRIVATE ACCESS

← Walkway To
Dundas R

ENTRANCE

Ways of looking and emptiness apply as well to anything

A poem is empty of everything it is not. It is empty of itself as an outside place. Inside its own words organized or disorganized. It is a whole of itself; it is parts; it is without parts. Perhaps Mallarmé's 'les blancs frappent', so enticing! It is everything there is: it brings attention to the manifests, which are effervescent & thrilling to