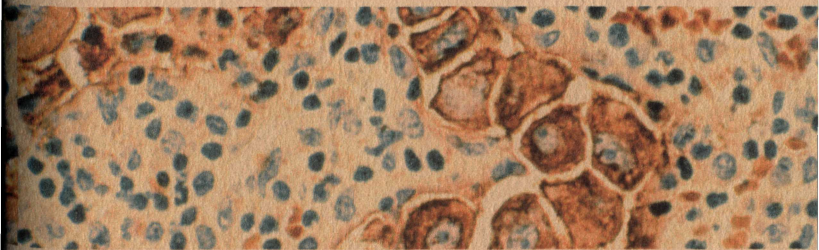


Material

Isabel Sobral Campos





<https://soundcloud.com/nodearsmallanchor/material>

for best experience play in soundcloud app

In memory of Celeste Otília Barreto Almeida Dias

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in the bract of the withering

scarlet void mastectomy
in the breast of a bright

poinsettia inflorescence
in the colorless collards

roasting familiar

after
a husk

on the palliative wall
hung in family albums
only children contemplate

Opaline simulation

crossfire

a new way out of functional opalescence

obscure in the centrifugal dotted eye

rotating image of the evermore abstracted space
sapped of figures and sound growling like a damp
dismembered figurine

seemingly burning consuming
worrisome bubbles purple and black luminous

a slow screen-image
nimble deriving gladness

color-grille where I could not distinguish shape from sound or reflection

Plugging the airways
of our film

The sailors wore parkas

On the deck gazing starboard
and the starfish entering a dream

There "aquatic flowers" later learning
their names –
crinoids
cucumber fish
blue-purple menace

Something of a tremor
Will you drift and sway?

mechanically

over under
undecked contraction of light?

Beams writhing through perforating punctures
of neighboring eyes

The woman I was waiting in the negative image of the cellular print
ink-block carving the nerve ends somewhat

Focal lights
styrofoam bliss
aerially strewn
dead calypso's

extraction of pigment
through solar reflection
coagulates visibly

voice 1 says "I'm following the gadfly to its origin"
"I want to be clean" voice 2 says
"an underwater filament"
"alkaline like the Polar Bear"

scrabbling for light in the pulsing
opens anfractuous road
of sedimented moving cracks

figures fall into image
drop-like to the deepest
amassing pigment

emphatic ictus
on dreamt body
navigating

"what's the color of venom?"
"verdigris marble cinzano"

"specular"

undulations on the cervical surface
generate reflective cracks
and day fades into a pang

how to smooth the grain of vision
like a brailed memory of the past
I don't want to touch

I watched the movie in solitary confinement
somatic fears most powerful then

amidst the craters the blue imprints
of buoyant planets
rootless cosmos of levitating caryatids

worlds without pedestals
punctured by formless twinkles

whirligig thigh sensation
gyrates degradable body
unfurls cellular misprint

finds haut-relieves
in the planetscapes
in the framboisid clusters

the thinking cell spiders
webs of antediluvian
strands leading to beings
alone eating porridge

Seductive cut walling the hexagon
or a refulgent streak
beneath the mouth
its filmic route in defeated
sunsets rears pale contortions
of dissipated rays
infusing the bent dahlias
with byzantine visions

progressive wirescapes
podding the millennia

with visceral streams
in bulbous currents
warbling the interstate
with fuming breeze

The cut projects into the landing
of side body in otherwise empty
calculus of palpable pit

a blood clot in the bulky sheets
bone-hard carcass
melting leap
smearing the frontal cut

in the lateral view the face spiked into auras

Her glowing head I watered
maneuvering fear

The very bottom ones
where the sun gives
and the moon takes
the ground becomes
self-image

So difficult watching her walk in that fearful

mottled dress hardly swaying
in sag full of intimacy

I watered the last shard
"and in the missing name"
wolfing became genesis

It didn't begin
To start beginning
pick me an animal
I can enter
with a spooled heart

as if washed and groomed by twilight
wearing silhouette I once identified with

Pluming antennae
the wolverine
brushing with scent
and ragged reprieves

and the stir-less elks
flushed summer coats
bedazzling frictionless

for Ricardo Reis

The face was fresco
The slanted eyes peered
across dimensions in the other side
my moving arrowing through time

Filaments / gauzed clouds
specked night's sky
in acquiescence

and I thought

The blood caught up with us
The cells are wielding the surface
The mucus has jellified
and on the blind ice congealed motion

Between holding hands letting go
the stream howled beneath wind
dispossessed rootless tangle
hungering near leaf

Pantomiming roses, suckling feet
the tamarisk brushed within

red lobes
eardrums deceased

without ballast in the wet sod
without words you heard

the terms of our beautiful cirrostratus
bleeping across macular surfaces

I was grove
but delicate
hurrying intentionless
through wholly new hours

in a flash the sunrays
tattered nothingness
soliciting a holed intention
only to fold in rashly kneel

Hand to left ventricle
ligaments agog
calus descended

The cauterized sensation
slipped from its dormant state
palking as if finding no one yet

I touched my arms to see where I was
inside the mundi like a spearing lark
as the tree on my home screen
tested the limits of its cage

turning, I saw

Thorns journeying round the neck
Fumbling paired buds circumstancing
The waist as yet entirely still
The eyes against subliming

Crests lowered in cowering mood
leaves' lining
on the other side
the lonely spirits' vibrating sway

A talcum trail
led a faltering hand
over the blob of darkness
made
dressing in garlands impure
as my nakedness fluidly red

Coded with glances
calico furred
the grove I was
augmenting between rocks
framing trees and springy soundlets

My hand slid through animal beds
hay leafy branch stone beds
cove shade moist grass beds
coral beds raying fishes
as world gaped and waded

Incanous body
whitely woven
mouth cylindering
that spangled opening

peg-less and bolting

There were crowns I said
girdling sky-snippets
while you formed place

A polymer heart beats inaudible
frail and steep in wavering strokes

like a mountainous crackling

digits / forensic troths / the youthful capillary

or infinite raspberries
drupeleting in fog

for Lara

I

Blood is fact
mobile truth diluted
in the collective vein
the factual transparency
of indomitable substrate

mirror of truncate density
frayed cervical
embossing the mask-like
attributes of our world-space

"Before being born
people are constructed"
like symbolic premises
across scant lobotomies
tattering the prime rib
of a faltering mammal
or a torqued chorion
twirling through space

II

For various reasons blood
made her ask the question of
origin like an unsettled lapel
in need of tampering fingers

relayed in slabs
dew-hunks
in foraging moods
virgule / spasms
newly acquired vocabulary
shadowed beneath
blind spectacle
the transmitting gesture

Collated artifact
inducted mime
the message on the knotted seal
relief sculpted into air-beam

fallen rims / sheens
noises / midges

I saw the melons on a drafty doorstep
rise of sunlight over filtered spring

sarfed kiss / wild spurt
/ spar

The intentional labyrinth
a cone-like undulation
rending the bottom
where syringas drift
the spruces rest in
alkaline fissures
/ caulk rashes

The melting meshes wrapped
around my skull
agglutinate in terrific patterns

According to Baudelaire love is a surgical procedure

limping
severed bellybutton
colloid
removal
of spinal sense

I saw inside your belly as I walked by the ward
drooling unconsciousness heeling the lost appendage

Here, take my kidney's aura
the blood used to be finer
and my feet have tired of –

Immensely yours breast removal
founding scarring

Secure the nape during fall by
clasping your bony hands
with non-excised fingers

Pheromonal hunks
snatched cartilage
for mummified rune

I take your body
leaving the leftover me
as loving leverage

Forever in bloody spirit

A flurry gauze of shame
illegible aqueous ink
spelling the droughty
mandible of non-violence

The brackish body
fumbled through
unconsciously fallow
reticence

and a splash
of mucous fell
from the whisk

Acknowledgements:

“Coded with glances” and “Incanous body” were previously published in *Bone Bouquet*; “Plugging the airways” and “Focal lights” in *Smoking Glue Gun*; “for Ricardo Reis” “for Lara” “Collated artifact” and “A polymer heart beats inaudible” in *The Scrambler*; and “Her glowing head I watered” and “It didn’t begin” in *gobbet magazine*.

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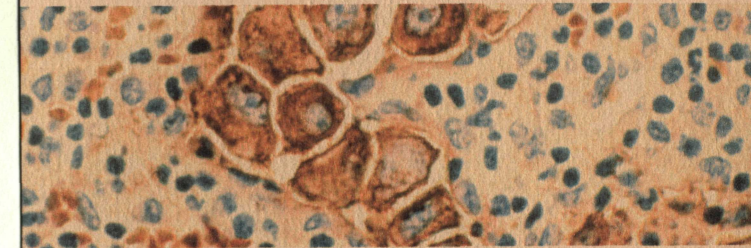
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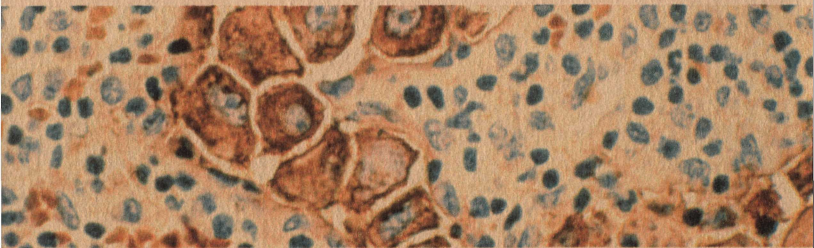
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