

GENYA TUROVSKAYA

**FROM LISTENING MACHINE
WHAT TIME IS IT THERE
NIGHT**

FROM LISTENING MACHINE

in memory of ATD

We stood together, wine-warmed, in the rectory gardens.
Peacocks screamed. Dusk slurred into night
 in a transitional season. We didn't hold time
to its particulars. Matches scraped, flared
 their modest incandescence. I know it is coming, you said, waving
toward the sky with the dancing point of your cigarette's ember.
I am—I feel I am—walking into a storming rain of meteors, and the souls
of those other poets are falling, falling—they plummet
 as long-tailed comets through black space.
When will a meteor fall on me? No one is spared. No solace.
Look, there it is, whipping its tail with the maniacal intent of a spermatozoa!
You laughed. Coughed. Fell quiet.

FROM LISTENING MACHINE

O Last of the Species, says
 The Listening Machine, how it lusts
 for its own kind,
listless with grief, the shape of it,
 skeletal, wet
with the saline of its sweat and tears—
 these hobbled curves, these knots and knobs
 of its singular spine—O
 Shipwrecked Alien! O
 Last in Line!

WHAT TIME IS IT THERE

What time is it there, in the afterlife?

What are the customs of that country? How do they take their tea?

What are the mechanisms of delight and melancholy?

Are there beloved animals always at hand?

Is there a nature to overcome or fight against?

What is the quality of form? Of formlessness? What forces
push the light from ultraviolet and infrared?

Are there burdens

of thought and speech to carry over

thresholds? And are there harbors

to welcome ships of new arrivals? Or do they fly
or float

or sink like parachutists

from some great vague height?

NIGHT

Awake at night, I misread a *wild lioness*
nursing a baby for a wild loneliness

A Wild Loneliness Nursing a Baby Captured For the First Time

Was that the white dove of annunciation?
Or the serpent — fanged, forked, uncoiled

in its stealth, its own wild loneliness?