

MATT TURNER

**MOVIE
TRAVERSAL**

MOVIE

the moment of
a room

momentum

as soon as the door is opened

*

her swanskin
the fragrance of frangipane

TRAVERSAL

the first of
many hot suns

a hot
sun

as
helium goes up, an independent body
(we'd established this)

thesis across the bocce field:

*

there are four ways to
gossip

like this
first, general verses

should be brief
newsworthy texts

the point that
fire produces
heat

these

sit down

they are yes

they are

*

we aren't here

put down my copy of WAVE 9

in a moody way and
why bother

*

abrupt levels of fluorescence

bad, bad motion, in a
motionless face

*

keep me from sleeping
and leave

*

sandsea. I
switch on the rigging lights, recall
the deck

standing asleep
skeleton of some bird

*

left to
remind me that

is

rock *is* in the air

furious
that evening

in the garden
shielded by evening heat

*

every afternoon driving to
colors

*

like a child staring ahead at his face
nothing to in the years to come

you are
like. Here

what it can be in
both is

*

always the lightning
begins

*

they
must

potter, pot, wood, chopped

primarily verbal
secondarily visual, verbicovisual definition

puzzling out a birth
grab nothing

*

driver's side
door open

burning forest outside, laugh
because I can't exit
I keep driving

in the middle

*

later
the parent
grants
a body to
the boy

reasons
it's a trap

*

a Taj in
safety, an oily taste

a handful of people
in the clear bottle

one sitter, one drinker in mind, one end of time

everything looks
familiar, the most
obvious

the days
I spend
circumambulating my stupification

crouched, reading like a monkey

the cage, the
exotic temple

a couple of tealights, empty
except for wax

yellowish
vestiges on the headstones
graphite, a push

in the bag
goes in the pile, a
few pages in the notebook
notches in the
blank page, ready

*

time is running
up to you
is a question:
if it's lovely, say
it

under the parasol
a
grave, ballet shoes
three pairs, two left
messages not sent by
piano or anything

coming up
squeezing back
sliding away
a thin line of land
and a parcel of
blue sky

an accent from
a small
town
living a
day
feeling like
a lot of
names
I'd never heard of
who'd been
a god, in
particular

not love but
for a god

[foreigner
crossing, a
split
tongue

the crowd gathers
off, all I can see

would
and one
cut off or not

*

take a
length of
what can be cut

two halves
in sight
rejoined, indistin-
guishable

*

fuel is
set
fuel con-
sumed
by the
things

*

a séance that makes this gulf even greater

[what does it
take to
retain
your past
name

the one
letter

advice: none

clothing falls
off, weak
from overuse

tucked in, a
last plunge

I favor death

*

facing the
crowd, apart
from the
grave, under
a catalpa tree

the roots
in the
ground

*

steal into
wealth, call from inside

dash out of the grave, run
off

[a young
man becomes a
ghost

replies I am
who asks, who are
going

I am I am also

a complaint:
to carry

I'm new here

what I hate is
human spit

*

to cross water requires
a lifetime

lo and behold
there's no sound

no trust

on his shoulders, sold it
unparalleled

a child is quickly born but
can bear it no longer
sneaks in to look at
what you betray, beg
for forgiveness,
the structure]

figurative speech

*

another brutal
entrance

*

better love, the
wheel: the
house is pulled out of
the flame

*

fluently,
an image

dark glimmer, un-
substantial

*

the great
built
universe, library

an intuition whereby
the future itself is
its object, is
just