



DIRGES (CONET 4.33 – 4.42)

-JAMIE TOWNSEND-

Dirges (Conet 4.33-4.42) is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial – No Derivative Works 3.0 United States License.

To view a copy of this license, visit:

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/us>

Distributed by Jamie Townsend
through con/crescent press, 2009 (CON003)

1. *pink noise*

(...)

interference

beating

polished copper,

silver,

iron,

a finger cross

tuned metal bars

hand [wooden mallet]s

etched in
stone

(..)

arrows lightens

the deck

[a missive]

of tiny candles

upon small ships

the bodies are

lowered, thousands

(.)

lengthwise, then laid
upon a censor

the bones of a patriarch, carried 400 years upon their shoulders

cased in hammered gold

en-

seraphs,seraphim,

strange portents

2. *lost reel*

streams of calliope drew the boy across a field over water and
stone

the sight of flapping cloth, fingers, the vague menace

of pastoral

null,

drawn to land

then

encountering
widening

hands

black hair, mouth

the laughter

no other

reason

deal with
dirt

sun

loose

amber

eye

covered
until

last sight

3. *consider what it means to square the circle*

air condenses

which is our liberation

reversed

more frigid in zeros

scattered throughout

four corners polishing their surfaces

ones—

seven numbers repeating

these are her words

a dead voice looped and

disintegrating

4. (*approaching a state of absence*)

cover over with cloth, un-

bound

scored wood, nails

our bodies' concavity

pushed inverse at all angles

5. (*common prayer / folk song*)

titles and the terms

reoccurring

lines

unstrung

vowels

elliptic,

an advent in sway,

we compose a chorus

pass notes within the

round

(join, sever,

wave, shape)

I I I

slowly, lowered to the ground

6. what was said, is said, and will be

it is lost

the one moment

clarity

7. the physical evidence is heard

bending

to an inconsistent shape

communiqué

the song will be a torn veil,

ragged cloth

ink bleeding through paper

withheld

-bell-

a message sent

9. *Residuals*

microdots, lingual specters, the voice lifting at each line's conclusion

expressing a ritual, insistent in its hidden

purpose

unspent

10. *Metaphysics*

sometimes the word

the murmur

just enough

con/ crescent p r e s s

Nicholas A DeBoer

Jamie Townsend

CON003 Philadelphia (PA)

www.concrescentpress.org

concrescentpress@gmail.com