

ECLOGUES OF MOTIONAL SICKNESS

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MOTIONAL SICKNESS

That I would visit written Time, writ time, twistingly to love at the accident. Sentences came as exception, if they came at all, and again drawing me back to the Falling / aslant. I spiralled, shavings of pencil, some core thing lost all the better to sharpen. In the anyone, anywhere of a spiral, the light unwinds and fallen to work so sweetly, nearly water, call it opacity's hibiscus coming to Fall.

Is it that cops chase the comrades of leaves and the law is deciduous
in richest, exquisite shades of such fall

~

Wherever in Sparkling, ersatz, closest to come here.

Your pencil angled against these days, works into the texture of loss.

The medial* made visible in a viral sensation of what Body is on windowsill, wishing at 11:11 for the blossom of a global air. Go walk or figure. Preserve your rivers.
When I piss in the copse beside the necropolis I collude with the dead.

[vocalional "vibes"]

Itself that careless, the way you scream is a form of acumen and needed now. Angel, like something else as a man. Nettles, then nettles, landed. These stones could so easily fall, and caressing such hands in the mosses, their loosening sculptures of moisture, the water arranges.

*sting

VAGUE DIURNAL

Get as far out as you can, oh gosh the otherwise love and would you believe the Synths she wore, a sort of glistening inability to seem relatable, a sort of omg the falling in rundown.

[listen]

I is a shimmer of landscape, the glad hills settle in plural. Your prose requires UV protection, a chamomile speckled of adjective.

Bluey (I) go by diary, seem like pixels to scoop a little more of the Myriad, this way, clearer than clearest.

Peachy becoming the purple render where Road is approximate to such sunlights as the oil spill shines of. Once the fallen is pencil you become simply feeling, smooth in the spill of / Angles and angels. I as italicised coming to form

BOULANGERIE

Such is the ~calamity of olive.

SOLAR CROCHET

Again in a global air, the cherry shade Heart was bracing. Had you, over the long June days, leaden pre-emptive the sagacity of midsummer twilight. Kissingly, this progress to say of hemisphere we have blazoned the surface of a nestling Rain. It is a pastoral sensation of either

Nettle, or juniper

threaded, hatched & yellowest, through the roots of a season and somehow the work remains imperfect, gestural, to be hung from a window, slightly stung and serrated of line

Catching the light will fade a colour. Furlough recalled our harvest, pulling yourself gladly over the sapience of a prehistoric internet. [...] Kindest finance to offer such spurious labours to next; I invest in only the air, thirst for email and the slowest lag of your heart, your heart, your heart gone numb.

ROSA

Do I wake or sleep, etc.

Between disciplines?

The trouble with being born, as the song says without saying. *You wake me up cold for a linden*

Lacking limbs to begin with, there is a pause owed to a Bodily hold,
alone at my window. Being sustained in the months of ruined economy,
metallic dailiness, had I known then only such fucking quantities of
beautiful email; the Trouble with planes, how your voice was a
geometry arranged on my retina every eve, a perfect recall. Flew
over

*accident of midnight afternoon, fetch me a tray of the various Milks
& ices, sonnets. It is a Brilliance to fester the inbox to glitter
and as anything stands my fingers make Trellis of shard. Hard word
of restless deferral to soften.*

f. writes, 'so "the kissing" is a fractal'.

Last night in pollen you read me the poem.

MELANCHOLY DESIGNATIONS OF "ENVIRONMENT"

Labelling her voice, one would only say 'longing'. The clematis
across the Road is shining already. There is the sensation of being
reborn, HERE, and not as a problem so much as this or that élan how
felt in being reborn here. That Girl, my mother once said in the
fable, is a DOLPHIN. She might have said delphinium. The notional
blue of the fourth dimension / is kitsch. All of us 'out of place'.

*I would have screamed in the equal Arabesque of the walls, had made
of this paper*

A chamomile, 5G. Had the birds in their sexting recalled the same
feeling.

Sweet dull refrain: >Where is my heart?<

Unfinished by human license, trill, the Room is forgetting in X
dimensions. Skin grows fat on the cream of its Code, dustless
languid, you work by layers of synth and reasoning chord. It is park
time, to slip for the larkspur climbing the blue in Theory

I dream against trestles of pronoun. The otherwise infinite sings in
me, notional, so delicious to be the asphodel nourishing a name for
itself.

And the government gives back / At the miserable edge of hibernal
prairies

Only unnameable blue. Pluck
a cursorial pear from the hardening garden.

It is schooled, a vile purple

*Such curated Episodes of want / You watch for the vanishing fin
as starlight is appetite*

*

small expensive,
temporal Plant.

TECHNO EXCELLENCE

Poisonous clinamen of Myself. Who is to go 'in nature' a Zoomy
relief
would otherwise sonic
in strangest

The forestry clearly shining
not owing to the similar flower I want now to turn
this natural watermark as the meadowing upgrade of
territory

leaps

EXT: Autechre undecidable of endless winter the manicured firs
acquire a solace

e0

Such imaginaries of gigabyte / alacritous focus!

Tears are a clear, secreted Liquid accorded to basal or reflex
peal of larkspur. Past this softly
and placeable, the horses lace a wild étude of muscular intention
for us, and only us
in the aleatory of such waiting
I name you, I bloody well name you

after the larkspur was a paragon rain

ROSEAPPLE DAYS

Everything in the screaming glasshouse continues
the crushing
[corolla]
the Crushing us into bliss

is spherical, the white-scented rose fruit
Tropico for tropical
{I see you outside
so presidential}

say we could only stay here
say we had cooled to a pulse

My back
to a future language
reflects

LAP/TOP

~***~

Reality cuffs 'us'
to coltan Halos of decibels

~***~

KLEE'S HERBARIUM

And you'd stay on the page you'd otherwise Exit

To cultivate reference, pinkie the tape to a crawl
so lagging a theory of cloud
in South Carolina, ekphrastic
reveries on topical Light

All fallen assemble

"It leaves"

Life in the ocular migraine

A living geometry

Bronzy ecstatic in place to Refresh, pressing this
only to Fall

A DREAM IS

Sometimes the menace of Turquoise.

SPLENETIC THE SOLITARY

To portion a malice, dark-hearted our Neon
forks us
Showering down, soundless larvae
glitch in blood
to a glow Worm, ever so earnest
prostitute the Collared dove, new terms of service
The prussic acid of eloquent, weak Solution I see you

Running the rain of the Morning down

*a sporous arpeggio
causal
a sporous arpeggio
casual of species
a robin elicits your palest arousal*

These us in coolest the are is a butter

[spread after spread]

I walk through the fridge in such capital
frosting my proximate
tomentum intelligence

[tinted red]

feathering, stillness,
feathering

*You pull it all out
reformed like ice*

FLORILEGIUM

A general assembly of porcelain bunnies, overlooking that twang of a
pond the asphodels drowned in.

[Quietly nibble]

Asphodel, larkspur, almost April
cubed in my iris

I like to set these texts apart.

EMOTION SQUARED

My phone in a state of permanent access
memory lies
deepest the mineral stain is twofold

*Clicking 'their' future
the ersatz strings
pull (as if we)*

Protect the applaud you just go there
in the old Viola symposium

These days
so winged
my broadest sense of the rain
is rosiest, well-read, love and informed.