



The Recife Plectrum

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DUSIE KOLLECTIV
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Brooklyn

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THE RECIFE PLECTRUM



cuíca squealing target burning
creation spaceship one
when it arrives
to converse with spirits
the mineral consensus
through thirteen centuries is founded
gelatinously spoken
through each morsel tongue
right behind the spleen
an if and when fragment
wherever there are five
heart shaped boulders
thudding on the lawn
it belongs to the eater
of sunset water
a thrown into reeds baby
washed up at that bend in the progression
where you've given up
the last sluice
and you know you're going to
have to enter the music
to stop this drain

•

let me in to address
the thoughts on the leaves
a red purling light
you remember
all of our spells
our harmonic solar hexes
two fuji apples
sit on the floor in translation
focusing beams
I imagine scythe cutting
through apple foam
my heart whirl whirling
cut and see look shoreline
and two misfits
who have somehow met electric
pervious and avoiding
palatial hindsight
the mouse purple sleeve
owl at twilight over the green held dunes
and when he's dancing
to the name of an unknown bird
covered with strings
her hair cloud is another bright spot
the sun itches in owl light
slowly then
each crustacean vibrates
home the diptych



animal unknown to science
implanted without
 blue haunches
 the trial a vivisection of hard work
 and pluralistic bloodlines
this is the thought dear reader
 that the antiphonal note in colored ash
 is just a blip along the timeline
 harbinger death
 where I was greeted with an arching white Hello
 and blue hammock sputters
that quilt sonic uprisings
 each simulacrum looks
 out the eyes of another wax figure
 hopeful but with a sewn mouth
 say this say that say this
and the quiet heartbeat you hear through plastic
 is a metronome
falling through the pinkly painted quasars
 of a sorcerer spun universe
that playground on the left side
 of the overgrown eyebrow of the caveman
where I found a priests diary and drank it
 the vibrating heart was spinning
then foam dried along
 the lord's white dreadlocks and with the wine
it was wine the dead velvet
 she said Horizon from the shower
elaborate phrases on her eyelids
 like unfolding ferns that through the window
brought out the lavender
 in this night sky

DEATH ROW CHEF

— *after Bern Porter*

I dream
when the seasons change

fluxed between myself
and the weather in my abdomen

and here the fusion of hysterical molecules
deciphers two souls

and horns collapse
up the same white frequency

Instead of stepping into the street
and knocking people's hats off

the blast is taken apart
so it can be seen in pieces

and each piece the flicker of an eye
reading one word to another

and each flit like a bird's neck
cannot slowly cannot slowly reveal

the great cleaning product in rocks

In derby hats in wheels
 on chairs instead of chairs

of wigwam hats and the quiet people in there
around fires
 listening to the crush of asteroids

against each other and cracking toes
 and waiting on a porch for the host to return

and flat hills over imagined bones

and imagined bones
 forever cracking under the earth
 the red earth

and thoughts that can twist up
inside you like worms

and any good idea
 has certainly hurt someone far away

and he too imagined bones sifting up
 to us as the layers recede

through the great cleaning product in rocks

It is hard to leave even
 the things that despise you

for despite your attention
 the animal's grisly tusk
 can be used as a sword

and every voice has an other
like the symmetry of two buttocks

o yes
 like a rotation of horns

because our affiliations are sensitive
 because they are sometimes booby trapped

TWO SUNS

1.

You form the plucked language
of inquiry,

the of and of part of etcetera,
where the smell of two columns,

where imagined loves,
are fingers drawing scars in ash.

A conversation in a new language
with a beautiful deer,

like spinning under a dome,
forgetting your body's weight.

You said that I must first learn
how to love

and be good with the green lay of terms.

I had been chasing
the answer to the turning flame's tongue,

listening to O Bando Do Sol
when you spoke.

Because in order to hear it,
you said,

weaving nimbly
around the comings and goings of this world,

you must be lured to the verge
of death,

and some people don't make it back,

go too far out to that other place
of two suns,

one rising over this land,
and one flickering out over the other.

2.

I come at you nightly,
a cloaked and evident sprig.

When I try to sleep, I see
a black girl in a white suit

and a white girl on fire.

I will say anything for love,
someone to recognize as I leave this world

where the raft sits for you too
through each scale-beating syntax,

a blur in a photo of the grand canyon.

In four hours I will reach out.
You may hide your face in my neck,

a thin cloth between the cut
and the harmony.

I'll leave with a wetland, its stock of mosquito,
anaconda, panther, piranha.

I will start pre-human so there are no mistakes.

Coffee colored water, when the inner shields break,
do not blame me.

3.

That for all the look away in his eye
the well-oiled path.

There are all kinds of gravies out there.

Of building up facts to create an argument,
of light spreading down from a scepter
of narco-stillness.

Like a repositioned rhythm on the beach
of her eye,

the radical nail poking out
of the unrecorded grove.

She wants him to beg her to come back,

having burst through the surrogate forms,

and if he lets himself go down that road
there's no waking up.

He keeps the zim-zaum mirror inside this room
to protect the other room from ghosts,

the room behind the wall
depending on the night voice.

4.

And even
those times are different morsels ahead

or thin segment light leaking out of the brown doorstep parcel,

the thing I look for is more important
than the thing I look like.

In leg are the morals of upstanding.
I woke up in a windy arch.

Because I do not seethe down here
even under the hot breath of short days.

What time did you send me to,
and what rocks are perplexed with green dominion.

I know all of my footsteps bloom verdure.
The light in a can soils my feet.

It is twilight.

We are not allowed phone calls here under the covers,
she said,

though I do so appreciate you writing me.
In tropical germs, the spring of circumstance.

But here
opposing creatures might swim in, guys,

through the lather, guys, the lather.

5.

Everyone rubs his feet together
before drifting off,

nerves like the decisions of anorexic saints.

Dandelion behind the ear
for protection from curses.

A smoke drifts in through the throat

on the night before the moon
flicks this southern hemisphere
with the catapult of winter.

In Argentina
defenestration occurs.

Outside the airport an ancient aviator
waits in bronze.

From the light eyes
we buy shampoo and sandals

Everything's good? Yes, I am well.
There is flan in the silver fridge.

The children in the library,
the uncle in a speedo with a revolver.

Alone together for different reasons.

She loved the old stonecutter
down the road. A black dog,

a German Shepherd
bury coconuts on the full moon beach.

He wakes up one morning—the smell in her hair,
the morning skin on her neck smoldering.

6.

From each half of a maracujá
the sun drops upward.

Two yellow birds swing around the wood,

their bright skins not yet knowing
how to ask the question
their keening curves in from.

Tuned by hands that throw so much salt
as to be forgotten in wishes,

their *-ness* plucked like strings,
an other toothy sphere.

The sun drops upward
through blurred knowledge of death
and its environs.

Thirsting an invisible,
each memory spider flickers his web.

7.

The sun across the water, wet dogs clawing—
a formula to cloud the eyes.

The ruffling sun
tattoos the sand's legs with surf.

We watch sun showers glimmer
from beneath a eucalyptus eave,

loving each coconut frond's lazy bend.
The enormous white fish,

its slow heart clipped with a blade glint
in a blue shack by the ferry.

Rain plows over
the elaborately carved human stations

cut bright green from the flora,
our carefree routines and heat slack.

The roads cancel out their destinations
furrowed and bustling with mud.

To find a bone in the grass, the shells
let out a love-like gas

and to enter us, a sky quivers.

8.

The jungle is a Portuguese helmet
green-stitched with ayahuasca.

A whale's eye socket takes eight men
where the loggerheads build their nests.

At the leaf's tip
we feed the neighbor his own pig,

start giving away the Spanish neighbor's dogs.

Little moss grows on the side of the palm tree,
and the black dog buries coconuts in the beach.

The ocean covers them for him.

Agata knows a song about whales;
she is waiting for mermen.

Four years old,
she has seen a wolf eat a child in her travels.

Sticks poke from the sand
where the sea turtles have laid their eggs.

We love simply breathing, breathing,
and no one must convince us of anything,

9.

Hustling like a sidereal dog in the darkness,
I did not run into Stuart Strange in the jungle

but laughed barefoot and muddy
in my natural juice.

At every entrance,
questions of riders in blood colored boots.

She said I want a sandwich made out of you,
the way you collapse into my fur

and come out the other side
buzzing like an ancient telephone.

By the end of your life, an expert at boiling water.

Rib, sun, carapace,
an artful work being done.

Life is now real dirty, parents.

I knew my doom by his shallow grip;
it was like a distraction of clouds.

10.

When I ask the dried
but vibrating stalks of floating, half-human shapes
what feeds us through the styrofoam bits
and oil colored sand pleats,
rice sits on the table,
and whale bones slick with blackout
rise from the seaside dust like a monolith.
Ribs, giant skulls—
its all colored with love, I swear.
Yet the humans misname the swaying body
and throw threats over barbed wire
at the blur behind canyons.
I know I saw different colored eagles
down there, biting an inch of sky with each squawk.
They won't let you damage my aesthetic
or call anyone over with special moves.
The oil tanker bleeds black stars.
Seagulls hang a blue cloth over a man
like puja.
Let me hear you say Deepest Longing.
The sand bugs reply, "It is all talking to you
like the air through a maniac."
And the swimmers pull their new bodies from the waters
like a lost gun.
"Do not listen to flowers," they say,
"little segments of dead love,
the pure science of the past, where extinct tongues
radio in from measly dust."

11.

Eye splintered and ear whirring
I pull into the old capital's dog light.

Matches are sold
on the beach's blank finger,

Tupinambá spills
from the rattling vessels,

and no hell-bent child
or man selling dresses on the afternoon sand

bores into the sandcastle's elaborate spokes
and turrets.

The molten portion
of some divine armor

sweats on a surfboard
out beyond the tankers.

Wherever they unbuild sciences
we will dip our organs to taste the sauce,

nights itchy with imagined hotel bugs,
while out the window our moonlit possessions.

12.

He had to buy a Mangalarga
for the drug lord,

landed in the trees

singing Lamento Na Selva,
fur on the underside of a leaf.

The capital burned, and he hid
from the bullets in the old hotel.

He could hear the wet boards sizzle.

Cesnas dropped in the green bushes.

On the third day out of Recife
a blind man in a white tent,
scared of his own blood.

He knows where in the chest to push
the needle,

the spell to bring someone back swinging,
a shadow in his tropical helmet.

13.

I had forgotten about my life
for some time,

I realized,
on one of those mornings in town

when people scurried through the rain
awning to awning

as if hopping island to island.

Then the sunlight hit the page,
the gorgon of my eyes
in their personal steam

beckoned in ballads,
in theological romance,

like bees in the grass
around where we'd spilled a coke.

I took action against magic,
against the burden of politeness,
and its scent of skulls drifting in
through an open autumn.

14.

I cross
the red bridge with you,

say hello to the family
crushing red crabs into paste.

The cacao trees stand beside the red house
heavy with telephones.

The albino fishermen
pluck fruit from the trees.

Their boat flickers between existing
and not existing beneath them.

The horseman put sunscreen on his friend
like a dark palaver.

I don't believe the soil
loves everyone equally yet, he says.

We leave for the island with a hole in it,
our thoughts the parted thighs.

I look for shells in the curling beach
and find nothing.

Drinking whiskey from a coconut,
we laugh through the island's mouth.

15.

Dog of my youth, run at the screen,
and say whatever comes to mind.

Is it true that a marker makes belonging?
The buoys, the ocean's slow undress.

Is it always night in the computer?
There are germs on the beach.

The dog was so timid, the letter deliverer
thought it might be her dead husband.

When you get old, shit happens.
Skin is a blurry lineament.

Most theater hinges on mistaken identity.

The hard plants still grow in the sand's
pluperfect mouth.

Teach your body
not to go down there.

Ice cream, driftwood,
the halves of a bee.

The blue skin that much slower every time
you wear it.

We can't believe you're alone here,
Horseshoe crab on the Oregon Trail.

One cloud passes under the other.

16.

I see every bone in your body,
plumb wetlands in my Salvador vest.

Our ancestors starving since last October.

The thirst for percussion can trade phalluses
and peek out of the moon landing.

We watch horses at the pyre.

I bury my hands in a glass of water,
then fold you into my smile.

People work long hours
and flood the web with promiscuous activity.

The adult world is the child's world,
just flat and gassy, father.

Lacking any elegant way to end it,

the good old boys wave to each other
over Spirit Economy Lake.

Lagoa Azul is a puddle in the grass.

We fall out of brown bread, mixing cows
and their butter.

Dusie
— /100

