

ABY KAUPANG

In our Unbuilt Bodies beyond DeKooning's River Door

I am a room rising—a rising that will not be a room.

I am being visited for aways and nears and in unbuilt chambers we appear.
Here in the slightly scene vanish is not spill is not built is forever still on the
sill of the banks. Here we emerge and disappear.

“Flocks of amber geese nest in warm tombs of your side,”
You’ve mouthed what you won’t rumor even. So we tuck our sublimations
inside envelopes.

This is a found chamber of skin—I stay here. You pace holloways of its bones.
You hide all your fine creations forged tight as screws in cartilage boxes sunk
in grooves. Here no sofa no lamp no tin by a no stove. Only reeds and blue
and sometimes scrape.

Do you know what the geese are plotting inside me? All the birds have hol-
loways beyond where we have ever peered and little fingers turning knobs on
roofs to exiting streams. You are telling me of cant-ing; we are strumming all
our plumes.

I am weaving in the dimness by the banks.

This is the tunnel and this is the runner and this is the roller steel and rusting
as dense as a limb. Here we’re ambushed in the thistles. You weave a willow
with a willow and wind them till I’m gone.

There are windows in the breezeways of our ribcage. There are shutters bomb-
ing open. There are envelopes in tiny palms in beaks of amber spilling. There
are geese shaking skywings. They are flying in and back and they are pulsing
for our babies curved here in my marrow.