



That Obscure Coincidence of Feeling

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Charm the pants off
dearly beloved
we are passing through
A driver unsure he is a part of himself
pressed into his private arms
A morning
in trousers
containing volumes
His hubcaps
announce the difference
Her ankles
are artichokes

Lumps in the reading
produce diplomacy as if
when the weather
is full of people
like powdered sugar
My desire is to argue
on behalf of the world:
let blue be the color of the lake
while sleepers draw breaths
near the middle of the lawn

You really know the difference
the way pillows afford
a certain view of morning
Can you make a list
of the different kinds of roses?
To swim
to spell
to essentially
be led by the hand into
the same story
with a different
bear

One will speak of the median as if
it stabilized the argument as if
the time it takes light to travel
three times in two days
even flowers don't equal
themselves
their inner life
depending on the furniture
the delicate manifestation
of what makes papyrus
behave like papyrus

Life is eating
and entertaining
the desire to eat
something less familiar
like the wind and rain
prairie dogs make
in their prairie landscape
Are they selfsame
or is it like war in a less
familiar context?

Who is your leader
and how do you know?
the three cardinal flowers are five
the cardinals
bespoke
to become a simple
exhibition of sense
in lieu of biscuits or
blue of the blue edge
of the Pacific

Who thinks about apples
and who wants apples
for dinner
whosoever considers
the leaves of the envelope open
to let the words out
standing on the edge
of the infinite pile
stumping
the pigeons

Life is a snowball moving faster
than the speed of reading
Her hands are not thinking
painted lilac
on the highway
to the Bank of America
Can you aid the economy
by dropping
or rolling the yes
Say everything is related
Say it again
like the reflex
in the tulip
to alleviate doubt

Gumballs inhibit whispers
so disposed to idioms
of intellectual awakening
Maybe this is the only kind
of business casual I can handle
The movement of ideas
is panoramic
Yesterday for example
the skyscraper
embraced the sky
It really moves me
to believe in grass

It's hard to escape
the verbal equivalent
I was trying to apprehend
on her shirt
she said
it gave me pause
it gave her
a thought experiment
I touched
under my arm
or was it a thought itself
I pulled
from her book

Were they leaning into each other
as in dandelions leaning
about to say
You've forgotten
to think
the blue thought of leaves
will never yield
thickness
or hope
falling over whatever edge
you found in your ivy
deserter or denser

Pass your papers to the left
you do not
but we anticipated
and were allowed
to consider
the mute passenger
the vista from the copier
a wavy ribbon
the television left blinking
indecision like a face
a face

Inclined, as it were,
to praying
by inventing diction
What you can see
in the greengrass
is sympathetic
a little wind
through which to pass
for example

Between window
and window washer
the point where lemon
meets the light
and in their makeshift
we plan for disaster
after disaster
Now in the close-up
the birds float
a day is longer
in the arm
than rain

There is no finer example
of being useful if never
is a plum time
for no one
Who finally realized twice
to exit the sun
when actors
leave the stage for good
when she steps
on the beach
putting pressure
on the coast

So why is the lemon
more sufficient
in its equipment?
opening another hour
in the day
there is no vagabond
or lean-to
no x in the machinery to evolve
Now I face up to the living
and absorb savoir-faire
while the poignant
nurse a pair in green ribbons

Is it December?
There must be
a more elegant approach
I am not horizontal
in the liquid
capturing the attitude
of enormous shadows
overlapping
poppies
If heat could talk
if hot was a color
it would not be red

Snow does understand
somewhere else
dark gold imprimatur
leaving the century
speaking of the valley
as a bowl
Maybe the car in its firmament
will purple
Maybe the genius
of her measure
will lift the daisy

If you have any doubts
the new
the familiar event
the sound of lovebirds
folding sweaters
in the eleventh century
Lovebirds are
to relativity
Sounds like trousers
walking forwards in milk
forgetting to think

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