

ARCHITECTURE II

Jocelyn Emerson

Assurances—the way in our absence, things repair themselves:
the old barn leaning, birds nesting, allowing a common good
to arrive sometime after. All along, a life
of endless etceteras.

Can music be split open to reveal age, cosmologies:
something about generations of families and the end
of ages? Then one reaches to turn off the tape,
getting up for a brief walk.

What then is the purpose of measuring this world through reason:
at the finality (smooth finish of the quartet) only
more particles—still *divisible*—then sadness,
and no questions anymore.

*And the tongue then burneth fiercely, and the parched throat is inflamed:
the beauty of the eyes . . .* When is one no longer listening
to a fleeting sound (to intervals of distance)
or those distances between?

In longitudinal waves, I've learned to hear a displacement
increasing between the compressions and the rarefactions:
all through this darkness structured more fully than light,
space and time beating level,

and corresponding only to the diamond in the eye.