

## *Karen Mac Cormack*

### INTRADOS

Here narrowness falls away as far as the need arises.

A line.

Disruption devises selves crack negotiable.

Inquiry.

If you get the drift all the world's staged *beyond* circus belief.

Wheeling about the square.

Hustle.

Rain again inside a vehicle giving the slip offers more than disappearance.

Blink of eye.

Centre.

No such thing as a "bigger half" but the deal's done.

Markings are what interrupt the *sense* of blankness, not clarity.

The arc misses nothing of its trajectory and so pulp novels supply a need.

A name too consists of words, letters in a row.

Combinations of these make the sales go round.

Literally mid-way between two.

Limbo should be lived elsewhere.

Applications line the "difference."

A season's stress the day inhabits lives.

Plural.

Remarks are made regularly in the elevator never intended for any other situation.

Conversations on stairs vary in this regard as diagonal space allows regrouping and perhaps luxurious gestures.

The cold removes things and people from the streets.  
Snow inhabits their routines as long as it increases lines to the *inside*  
everywhere.  
Planes wait.  
Roads are closed.  
Memories of growing citrus diminish in curls.  
Interiors enclose those with the means to pay for shelter.  
All the little cuts multiply cost of the healing process.  
Dishes to table sauce beside the flexible joints prone to disclosure hot *or*  
cold.  
Leftover autumn-dry leaves on a maple.  
Clock progresses, temperature declines.  
The smallness of this place intact.

City once lived in now convention makes just like any other.  
Gestures become home an embrace.  
Willed moments accumulate speed, all run together nugget.  
The work is on the wall, he said.  
Ability comes down to slices.  
Location lag as the tired blink on one scene, see another.  
Say no but yes in future is the way he went through this year's campaign.  
The choice is made for the wise and those waiting to be sold.  
No more no less.

My world (or sense thereof) hasn't shrunk, only the present topogra-  
phy limits kisses.  
What could de-limit these known fragilities and still wake to an early  
a.m. alarm?  
Crossing the "eyes" and dotting the "tease," a rebuke's case closes and  
opens here.

Purpose ebbs as mediocrity flows.  
Suicides aren't discussed, they're reacted to, usually as violently as the  
act itself.  
Take a deep breath.  
And another.  
Again, and *plié*.  
Spillage is inevitable.  
To tally and not score is a fear, indeed.

Many come to mind but stay there, gone.  
The scene's undone.  
People moving in a space sound density's wrong side.  
To pierce obscurity is an idea of proclaimed intention: *pierce is piece found*.

Take the lines to mean knots.  
Something's *not* gone astray.  
Give the means to those in the line.  
Everything goes.  
(Severance pay for aging romantics.)  
Nostalgia's the print on the bedsheets, which rubs off gradually but  
inevitably.