

# ВЪДЪТИ

Lital Khaikin

*“Our science is from the watching of shadows.”*

—Ezra Pound

To sink entirely into this dark lung, is all.  
As land before footfall, earth rests in silence, un-anticipating and significant.  
Endless interiors, expanding one into the next – contains an entire history of emptiness. All  
the world a magnet.  
Heavy rock –  
    plates dense with metal and hardened liquid formation – a constriction – wrapping  
    over tendering surface announces a secret collection of matter pierces the surface of  
    land from within some deep centre – a coming to  
that urges darkened grains to the surface uncluttered with the shatterings of bone,  
before the soil warmed  
with trace of blood and marrow,  
  
planet as it was before it knew meat.

*the shadow does not move unnecessarily  
out of own – by self is  
a stillness that no matter generates*

stasis does not give of its own momentum – not by the strange laws unless suggestion from  
the future quickens out of a quietude – but for the vagrant particles that come – unexplained  
shapes [des mains] envoi of days, holding the shape of a tomorrow – holding the hand of a  
sun – that wandering gardener who rakes the earth who grates against the hairlines of  
thoughtless order, a stream of germ – finding ground in unintentional design

– the sun that forgot to set one day, left the sky brushed low and near to dim  
a view that collapsed out of a canopy  
the land stretched into rock a clenching jaw a pillar into plant body that is made for reaching  
– [and forgetting root]  
SOL           seeped into dunes that know only submission,  
folding to the hot air spread across the flatbeds of pressed sand that bakes and cracks in its  
sleep  
a mesmer shell cupping the horizon that sheds itself  
drawing new lines thin an order for a world a grey-black sheet  
– shadow before the eye divides a darkening that falls, indistinguishable still

movement is sign of necessity that is an othering environment to seek difference  
to prove existence as spilling out of matter shell and give reason  
ici est là – here is here is made here

a first idea for living, to let all sensation become breath, thoughtless rivulets  
that erupt in quiet pattern, because there could only be  
one another following – a flow  
the suggestion for a rupture – that exists on assumed completion of next breath – an in  
between being, as if this is enough – before waking between knowing, without a knowing –  
assume a cloud, assume a nebulae –  
so, be endless was formless was an intuition pushed out of divide of other non-life into a  
moment of [what-must-have-been-life] excavating the depths of form, must have happened  
on a composition

[arrive at necessity – dis accident – into a shape]  
a small material is an orphan  
[is the unity – the open system – all cause]  
origin, one point fold into the first form [proven-to-be-life]

How life explodes from these strange uniforms –  
what must have been that burned out of mute rock skeleton sphere – what sentience must  
have been awoken suddenly for the earth to brim out of its silence and thought possessed  
the inanimate giant to burst against conception –  
a sacred rupture that was so immense it could not be contained within itself. beyond the  
atomic, beyond the material particle,  
force that encompassed form and energy

*a promise of water, the softness of priori un-cogito*

Ocean contains lakes beneath the waters.  
Brine lakes, settled from tectonic shifts.  
Water beneath the crust that coats the planet, the black basalt floor.

This must be the oldest water, untouched by bodies,  
save these unchangeable creatures that know  
an alchemy of sulphur was given chemical to balance  
sanity into body – poison into a rightmind – gave  
chemicals that couldn't pronounce –  
most didn't know at all – sent rivers  
into blood red turning world outside into fish – that it would bring calm,  
that it would still storm that had come all at once though screamed for the storm to not to  
end to not – water that drowns when once we were contaminants

we breathe old air that hums with electricity and is tense with fear escaping oceans that are  
[taught] with matter – that we could be like the worms drinking poison, bitter tincture before  
oxygen, before freedom  
could exist because there was no word before  
a window could give a world out of lightless ocean  
before could be known by a light rising thought  
word give a body to a thought become prison

light that reaches the ocean floor –  
the smallest particles have mass  
drawing towards a landing, making

light falls,  
necessary

