

a murmuring art: translations of Henri Michaux's asemic texts
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radius of an unknown world
forever encircled could: dream

emphasis on the boring end, read
how to begin the end of the thing –

read for when a
mountain
was
a world

mica
man barked
time
down and
down

you're a cascade, lightly
undefined and undressed,
mad
now
tangled of word

i, noise-light
might soften

in sprawling
would i seem just an evening under the star of sky
or could i ruminare from each side
into modern

even
after
man found cathedrals, she here helps
swimming
an Olympian end

you made a murmuring
art

your limbs

(drinking to Babylon when a fact)

you had the eternal hangover
extreme as dust
i found the perfume briefly

found the entirety of fruit, out
where
shards of your
walk go

mother—a play
her skin could loosen an
emerald

think
winter—
she lights a cigarette :::
:::
:::
:

mutters to herself,
pink sky

last murmur

of
the
foul,
warm
hunger with a motive

it was
underrated as it trembled
less of myself lead

to the feel

from the shelf
of the one who studies
through the lemon belly
a yearling
hands her a lost word
Caribbean moth
in the blue cornflower under the canopy
moves around like an earthquake
unhappy man, how come the end of sound
had color

