

From Anomia: Fragments Toward a Grammar of Endings

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Dans ces poèmes, Wilcox invente un continuum spatio-temporel du corps et de la place occupée par le corps en tant que site pour le baroque. Le corps devient étranger et invite à l'invasion tout comme une forteresse. L'occupation se transcende lorsque la chair devient papier, une lettre, et les organes s'éparpillent comme des feuilles de thé. À l'intérieur de son récit insomniaque, le désir corrompt ses propres créations, des visions lunaires et lumineuses du corps planent et la mémoire est plus concrète que l'épiderme.

I summon them through my stillness, and they come to me, brisk, furtive green. I wait, contained finally, in the small room between the steel bed and this cotton blankness; this white sheet my last letter to you. A bright light overhead to illuminate its clear grammar, its stark metaphor. Intently now, they come to me, footfalls loud as gunshots into this last dance, clean hands sheathed in rubber. A jury of stainless steel. Deep voices brushing the microphone, my final kiss. They pull back the sheet, fold it carefully.

The absent stethoscope. Knives so sharp I could moan, I lie naked on this cold table and they enter me, these blades, with a lick. Residual tenderness in the hands, as though I still might bruise, as though my blood still might be summoned to the surface. I imagine their touch to be yours, my sweet Aidan, and my legs part slightly into their hands. Longing toward you through this stillness, that I might hold you while you read this, that I might hold you while I transgress your throat. Against the clumsiness of our fumbling hands I imagine precision, careful lines drawn across your body with this scalpel; I remove a layer of your skin in one sheet. To excise your love for me this way, to receive, at last, a letter from you. An epidermal love. To hold it up, translucent white, beside the quiet red of your stripped flesh.

They skim my breasts, cold damp rubber like an unwelcome dawn, and pull apart my chest. They make me offer myself to them as I did to you.

Tugging softly at my organs, palpating, admiring their resilience. Powers of divination, they imagine an end for me. Organs scattered like tea leaves. A cloying belief in the possibility of closure. Traces of gunpowder tunneled through the roof of my mouth. Sharp lines written up my forearms. Smudged bruises, ropeburn around my translucent throat. Shreds of skin under my nails. Or, quieter. Whispers of sleeping pills in the lab work, insomnia of the blood. The kiss of a plastic bag deep into my open mouth. As if they could learn my story without the warm narrative of touch.

My stilled blood eavesdropping. Droning voices, such long words. My body mapped into a stream of syllables; it is a foreign tongue to me, the words crumble into meaninglessness. I hear only the sounds in your name, constellations of phonemes illegible in a black sky. A vision of your body luminescent before me, lunar; a memory of the crescent of your hip pressing into my thigh.

They reassemble my body like a clock.

Feudal, I offer myself to you with the harvest. Your vassal always. A cornucopia, opening towards you against you, a last surge of fecundity before the cold strikes. A scythe in my hand, I admire the strength of this, your grain, before I despatch it. I would hold it up to you, this scythe, I would admire your visage reflected in its sheen, I would press it up against you, against your seigneurie. (The cobbled dirt catching your blood in spatters, a portrait of your fiefdom.) My lord, my love.

(I would take you in your manor against the cold walls, and I would taste the salt of stone on your skin, I would push your head against this stone, hard, until I feel it split, a ripe autumn plum.)

You, you would take me here, in the cropped field, stumps of wheat like needles, a phantom rustle of the wind through the guillotined stalks, here you would make me your domain.

I, your velvet vassal, towards winter.