

BORDERLANDS

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I

Limbic light in the late afternoon. You wake and then you sleep.
The world is a far proposition, its resonances receding.

Something on the screen flickers.
Wiring tendrils twine, connecting this thing to that.
Lie back. Relax.

Your pillow is a soft hollow in an aquarium of air.
A vein tendrils under your skin, blue streaming.
A hand smooths your brow.

Slick swipe of analgesic oil and the sensors sucker,
kissing your temples.
Acrylic flowers in your hair.
Electrodes tucked into your sleep spindles.

You are a landed fish in a net of wires and nodes.

II

Heavy in the hum of the room, you sink into sand,
somnolent.

The ceiling softens.
Walls balloon and lift,
breathing you.

Draw in the lightly scented air.
Chloroform.
Lily pollen.

Absential, the spaces, the synapses, the things we do not say.

III

Now, you are journeying in intercellular space,
dropping deeply inward,
passing galaxies;
skirting the nodes of Ranvier,
adventuring on the crests of Gyri.

Meet me in the crannied culverts, meet me in the outer reaches.

Down long corridors you pass,
their walls narrowing, curving to bends.

At the end of tunnelling tubules, you glimpse me,
always a shadow away,
ghosting behind your misplaced words, lost thoughts.

IV

Someone is speaking.
Myelinated murmuring;
sweet words softening, sticky in the cortices.
Evoked potentials,
what we might have been.

The world is a far proposition.
A hand smooths your brow.

Voltage fluctuations fulminate in the current flows.
A moth at the window,
a figure behind the white screen.
Ghosts visit you in the half-formed night.
Gamma beta delta theta.
Spectral content in the ion channels of the postsynaptic cell
membranes.

Downstream, I am waiting for you, pooling in the limbic light.

V

Clouds gather on the ceiling,
jostling in your sky space,
lowering in the blue white.

You stand under trees that are dropping their leaves.
Convergence, divergence.

Swimming against each other on cross-currents,
I reach for your hand.
Fingers furl and frond and falter, and you fall away from me.

Myelinated by memories
eddy in the confluence.

Overhead, dendritic branches droop,
trailing their fingers in the water.

Meet me in the borderland.
Between us, emergent intangibles tendril and twine,
catching each other with fingers like flower fronds,
like seahorse tails.

Surges of ionized air.
Signals in the circuitry. Holes in the sky.

VI

Something on the screen flickers, resolving,
hoving into the blue-white light.
An emanation from the far past,
from the deep honeycomb of the brain stem.
Something stored in aspic; copal, sandarac, formaldehyde.

A boy hunkered on a beach, gazing at a rockpool.
Protocols of retrieval.
A fish in a blue net.
A seahorse in a clouded tank.

The white curtains swish closed.
Crisp cotton, cooling the light;
the sight dissolving into pixels, pirated to dustmotes.

The clouds hush you quiet as they leave.
Emptiness blooms in the air.
Chloroform and lily pollen.

Resin honeying the bow.
Velvetted seats and the lights dipping, dimming.
Gamma-synchronized, the cytoskeletal organelles are dancing a slow
turn in the air. Lips brush your hair.
One last furtive word. A kiss goodbye.

VII

Porous; permeable; holes in the sky;
you skry for stars in the ice-white.
Rock pools evaporate, rock salts blow to crystal vapour.
Solidities surrender.
Drift-weed dissolves in a cloudy tank.

A sound pool shimmers on your surfaces.
You are absorbent;
a bare awareness hovering in the synapse spaces,
loose and looping in inter-cellular space.
An astronaut adrift in the inner galaxies.

The world is an evoked potential. A far resonance.

Meet me in the borderland.
Delta theta alpha beta.
Downstream, I am waiting for you.
Pooling in the limbic light.