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**TITLE MATRIX**

*for Eva Hesse; for Vincent*

BROKE AT—

The history of intention is chaos concealed in skin.  
From the gulf, I ingest the metrical romance of hallways.

Experience is an animal feeding in this place.  
I am near hair. Raveling.

Sunken sky of undoing, your whiskers  
your pores arouse models  
of animals. Vegetal, heavily  
history, graven  
a mural so veil-like in the natal silence  
abstraction easily dispossesses intent.

IN SKIN

I reflect we  
an accusing set [forms  
gather but won't join] the eye.  
I plurally extract to survive. I'm  
dying, dying rhymes with me.

## LIKE A ROAD

You can have all the sugar you want if  
that's what you want. If you want

the scent of you to click in my mouth.  
The length of the rain.

[Will you look back?]

The shine in my eyes appears as your mouth. Obligating  
admission. An obscurity  
of roads feminizes the morning

the open illusion that you keep moving  
in order to impress. [Each day falling  
like another dress.]

The experiment quivers.

## HUNT OR SWIM

Where I am seated there is no seat  
for the messenger, cognate  
who hardens to names.

Flash of Gothic in glass.

I wake strongly in a glass house

rattles mood hot

## RINGS

I am green and blue and nothing other  
than a kind of distance from the earth.

A quiver of thoughts  
condenses and rains on earth's likeness.

Time only measures the edge of my sight.

## FUTURE TREES

Spring crops are bits of  
knowledge, purple  
drips in the great palm of land.  
Smear it, it turns  
to sex [space-deepened to mind].

Your "fuck it"

Little screams  
in the rings  
of drips  
from the faucet of  
the sink. My muscle is one thigh I see.

My onomatopoeia spit.

## PUPIL

Roots wind upward, they ghost, they radix. Obliquely we are plural  
we are seaweeded in unmotherable forests. We  
are commonly dead toward any forest's remaining.

## FALL READ

Succeed to strongly neutral water.  
The glass is shining from its root  
on the table.

Ecliptic organ, musical nothing,  
a drawn arm crosses a divide  
made of breath. Influence  
bending her toward future trees.

## "FUCK IT"

The visible crumbles from a thicker  
wall. At the window  
eyelashes rich with establishment  
look back horse-like with calm.

Who are you the mirror stains  
your footsteps with variation  
the statement of questions.

Are we so lost? So genetic? One gesture  
carrying a thousand reflections across  
a life into the crucible of its illusion?

Is the last equal part just earth?  
A wall made of human presents?  
Like bruises we pulse whenever we notice.

## DOOR

The border is a contract with attention. It slips  
open yet you are alone, negotiating

your love of a stranger. Masks notice  
the similarity of our non-occasions. They are in love  
with this freedom no one can possess.

## A LENGTH OF MATTER

Of death or of the embryonic [inside  
lost to dividing].

Both sides whisper the purge...  
to be outside loudly green and blue, dirt squawking itself  
a tongue.

Green turns to gold, is  
neutered by beauty, then wrong.

A single desirous rib dubs an arc into being.

## BENT THREAD

The *what* of my ego is medical plaster dust.  
A herd of motes drifting from a piled  
fourth wall. You watch me

and your coherent air presses down on me  
and your fear of me becomes the loss of a cloud.

## DOORKNOB

Speech arrives like [turns of] the sea.  
Each is a dress you hear being put on.

The potential in daydreams  
the kinetic movement of letters unsent.  
[What if you came? What if you left?]

Am I thinking only to excite [this]? This [if]  
I increase in a  
winnowing fashion  
like a road. [If I]  
step with care  
out of a slamming  
sound. A door  
into a door.

## TOUCH TO TOUCH

My privacy, one more lost life  
that you interrupted with peaches and fire.

So important to you that I admit that ate it  
I of no-skin, with the downy skin, in a lost life.

It's dark again. The placenta of insight shines  
across the floor slowly curving over the shut  
door. It will not hold out the night.

## HOST

Bellysick with Time—you fucked the clocks.  
They that have no sunset in their mouths.  
Their lightless glow illumines garbage skittering the tracks.  
Their soul would steal the words right from our —

Never mind. Already broken at its spine  
the story propped on my gut.  
Bent thread.

I painfully populate the sentence's leash.

## CITIZENS OF EARS

I interpret the crawlspace of late  
morning  
Out of necessity of air.

The clear sky that strips us of our pathos.

A lack of Romantic gulls and drones as if  
in service of the gasp's  
turn. The sky so clear, one disappears.

And the pressure, confused, flees into our faces.  
The train doors open to accept us as sum.

### A PALM DEFUSING

His or my forehead was burning  
a spring:

a face like a question I'm under.

Kaleidoscope words I am murals  
so mistaken that the mirrors hide from me.

[I'm not your mirror, look at yourself  
I said, you know I can't mean it.]  
The magic of our variations is like song  
bringing any non-occasion to its—

flush the vine grows heavy on. A tender  
ribbon

a fuse.

### TEETHING

An adoption like a road fluid with beginning. A long silhouette on the  
land, belonging to no one and chained by shadows of our language. A  
snake behind us is the road being the shadow of the snake you give me,  
as the ring on my finger indexes.

Story of a road that is a country within itself. Will you keep chasing me  
to find what you learn?



## PURPLE FAUCET

The sun is a pervading female scar  
 whose receding is a wound. It grows towards the visibe  
 like earth from space. Like you

every day descends and opens the house from its base. You,  
 the plural, the scribe, the  
 scraps and the archetypes  
 seed  
 and the silica earth glows hot with glass roots.

## THE ABSENT PUBLIC

Whatever is unseen is a cliticized "to be"  
 is a past mutating the edge of belief.

A garment drags behind its tongue,  
 lung, fugue, rung, song.

Tenuity's evacuation: the long way to say zero sum.

## DAMNED VARIATIONS

Old, indefinite selves climb from the root  
 to the face of the mouth. A screen catches them.  
 Can we meet? Or are we just passing through endless walls of what we  
 think is the same time?

## THE ROMANCE OF PORTRAITS

Beyond intention, closure rides to and again, away.  
Clamors of gold explode autumn softly downward.  
Wet planks of forest pave the sky, emotionally.

It is dangerous inside. The lustre of a glance can blur  
itself across a lifetime. What kind of excess am I  
to posit a host to the crawl space?

## BREATHE

Give it a name.

A *what* finally free as the breeze, as all plans  
exceed themselves into  
the simplicity of a period.