

Virtualis

Topologies of the Unreal

David Dowker & Christine Stewart

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Patience arrays its strategies.¹ The blue sky faience
and the startling flows. Tincture of days passing.
Rapture of plant consciousness, suppliant plaintive
refrain. Sidereal inertia of the earth return posture
and the vibratory distances between dreams.

9

This time the vertigo is temporary. It effects a textuality
of sex. Brazen conjure. The medium is palladium
and hypostasizes. Its valence sighs
and lies upon the periodic table, maybe
radiant agency.

From the premonitory depths of the firing. A beam
of gauze hovers, pale northern glaze veils. The surface
of the lake of serene gleams.

Crystals, larvae, buds . . . *gemmules*.² Or
-ganiforms with felt hats and vivid fringes, fungus
tumuli. Reticulum of Her thought-fur murmurs.
(Something about this urn of a world.) Quivering
trepresence within the furniture. These retinals
and nerve-wing things fluttering about
the telling.

¹ "Patience details its follies."

² "I might have seen all that this single ray awakened of crystals, buds, and worms, in this beam." Arthur Rimbaud, "The Pool of Beth-Saïda."

gladioli my fetishes

My frenetic bent
was your ambivalence.

My spent intensity, your civic dissent.

12 And so I knit the fetish splint.

For phantasy is virtuality and I cannot resist
the insistence of its undulations,
its mirror site, its oval portal⁴ – near
tar and error. Flung far

into the nether, the imaginations
are left to their own inverted devices
– apparent acceleration due to
time-dilation. Really
an eternity spent climbing the asymptotic
beanstalk . . . or shall we make a bee-line to
the blossoming? . . . (pre-) destination
over there.

⁴ “My phobic truth was your discipline. My lush obscurity, your citizen lips. I prod this fetish twig for my fantasy is velocity and I cannot resist the liquid of its pronunciations, its oval site, its mirror.”

flesh plumb

The taste of theory in the back of the throat.
Bitter sediment, *seulement*. Golden seal upon
parchment lips. Tongue a quiver of slippages.
Glottal stop, not. Concave effacement.

Lattice

dowse

in the presence of such displacement.

Litmus viscera discipline. Sorrow is round
but emits sparks when squeezed.

Hybrid dynasties of carcinogenic saffron blossom
across the apocalyptic centuries. Carmine tines
of the migration into light –
another bloody mistake, mistook umbrage
with fruiting bodies in likely nightshade
and the hallucinatory lines of flight
of radicalized capital.

in aphasia

for Rimbaud

Imagine the figure seeming.
Imagine the figure singing, coming.
Its face, a nascent egg.
Waning, wrinkled forgetting – sad, eh?

45

Ash transfixes it
in the fields of id²⁴
– yellow corn pricks its angst,
the skin akin to ink.

From matter to baffle.
It is a slow takeover . . . incremental
exposure. The whole thing has a distinct odour,
humming. The sharp smell of summer's clearing,
coming: an orphic buttock, a swollen hue –
in tangible slabs of absence, fissures of absinthe.

And the finches bunch,
in its labial abutments, singing,
sighing as if nature were affable
or preternatural. And it's
eating – a genital nibble
for the cannibal bit. Her head's
the adorable detail, listening to
the sound of a snail.

²⁴ It is insurgent & outside precise eidetics.

the occasion of this artifice

for Baudelaire

It loses the object
because the object is not
lost . . . It sleeps . . .
acedia (a deep snooze)
in the demon noon.

51

It curves to the in-folio of owls
gnarled on a damp tongue's rose²⁷

. . . a baroque musick drifts down

. . . clutches its fleshy husk,
sings to the fervent cities – disperses
history in the non-neutrality
of a louche human
(the subject assumed).

Our melancholia is just
plush and uncivic.²⁸

²⁷ Read ruse (or . . . finiculate).

²⁸ As Ophelia's arse – anise please!

the starry pantomime

The body is plural,
a congeries
of metamorphoses
– its engine
is difference, its dermis
absurd – a hinged incidence
in a terminal display.

57

In the topology of its sleep-
induced inflorescence
a red vulvic ruckus
of mucous (mobius)
– a slime trail to
the underwrit ruse
of snail and skull (all
atypical lip(id)s encrypted)
. . . in a discrete laboratory
of forgiveness (Her forgiveness):
corpus mysticum melusine.³⁵

³⁵ Salome is seen . . . with a saint's head on a silver plate.

theriocephalous promise

which brings us to the inadvertent curvature of the argument

62

as if to mitigate

untime

-ly sightings

due to a porous

chronosphere

(posit deft logic

circuits or bit emit-

ters perhaps)

the Sphinx sits,

disconsolate, in-

fernal riddle

withheld, in-

communicado