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Association

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► **Association** | Patrick Bryant
Editor-in-Chief's Choice

remember

used human-oiled textile smell — animalscent of sweat of grease of man—
backseat '93 plymouth, gray, looking up'n at'em out the window:
9 old years the sun ... not the sun the kid looking at...
warmth above the skin of his temple
set upon, glowing haze from/through, the windowpane

staring off boredom at play of sun and powerline,
now orbish miracle on black bough,
now n/ever-ending serpent — *ouroboros* whipping through fire
and forth back and over green-brown blur of trees the highway
seeking out its tail, its gape a yawning stretch of midday
into a midsummer night's camp site

snap back

noonish sun's photons' movement of brightness on brightness
laced 'round black cable to sink upon gravel lot
split by shadow — powerline veil cast upon rocks' eaves' shadows' darkness
slipping on darkness like a cloak or lover's arms or image around the self
tossed/tossing among sheets in frenzied lowgravity haze by lamplight

remember

firelight roaring like old country road sighing-pining for tired wind's
droning passage over and through engined metal vessel—
staring fixated on embered ashes ... not the fire reflecting upon itself ... the
kid
hypnotized by gray soft-fractured orange-red glow
boiling its own image

lifted limply out from flooding deep-sea forest darkness—
shyly but immanently unhinging its jaws to swallow them all:
the voices strangely singing *there's a hole in the bottom of the sea,*
there's a hole, there's a hole, there's a hole in the bottom of the

snap back

can't be that kid again within myself, my self must look without
that self no longer myself ... any instant: a shade drawn over a shade
drawn over the walls encircling the bed
now cradling lovers now spent
in exchange for a hope

for something more than the sucking draining slippage of time—
spiraling body through its senses
away from world-itself, down past all the gillish floating flakage of forms
into the hole in the hole in the black hole in the bottom of the sea, asking
when it stepped between — the light of and what exactly was — their youth
to cast them here so hungrily upon each other

NOTE: *This poem is best understood in its original context. It is part of a digital multimedia project that I created for WRIT 502 (Cyber Rhetoric).
The website is: <http://bryantp2.wix.com/writ502multimedia>*