

PARENTHETICAL ELSEWHERE(S)

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for Gustaf Sobin

“only words could
catch words: keep them (our-
selves inside them) from the flagellant whirl,

from being wingbeaten into the else,
the ever-
extracting where.”

— Gustaf Sobin

EOS: AN AUBADE

...crumbling, gathers

limbs writ in

stone-water

shadows '

sibilant frost

flowers

the sun through marble-air

...rippling, glittering-gray ribs

say that

there are several openings

to the sea, and I

am with you, and I

listen intently

and bending wetness backwards, a lone

rose

answers for me

as daybreak stretches for daybreak,

a thousand relict colors of green

and sand sound and drift with this lacuna that is lyric.

ARS POETICA

lifting the iridescence collapsed in their throats,
you light rifts into gravity. the fragrance in false-scents
leads you to oscillate through air-hours,
to track the wind, the rays of hair that must be our own.
you leave the grace of cracks
visible and venting for verbing.
in that phosphorus light,
you curl, mis-
spell the sight of leaves sounding
into a-perfect grammar,
enjambing the temporality of angels, that re-
verberation committing to flowing parentheticals.

AMBER-FINGERED ALPHABET

we've seen the sound
of moon-beams twirl,
seep, through flesh,

your buoyed wrists
at dawn,
blushing, now,
their unwordly suppletion.

name us
grammarians, and I'll make
thighs from your midsummer.

give us
this amber-
fingered
alphabet that
threads thaw
along your midsection,

so that in May,
we may spell
your blood
as the holy burn of bronze.

yes, here,

there

spreads a numb
swell
of syzygy
inflections.

THE DISTANCE BETWEEN RESONANCE

re-sound
each flotsam, lunar
syllable.
pronouncing,
tracing, I
look to the last
somatic light,
and to the one, long,

dusked

corpus-strung *vōcem maris*.

CARNAL MUSIC

*Les âmes y seront à musique.
Et tous les intérêts puérilement charnels*

Souls, there, will be set to music
And all interests childishly carnal.
— Jules Laforgue

Insomniac rose,
pallid marrow,

now your soaked carrion

paints limestone,
pants bedrock.

the beyondless blows
blue

through thoughts' roughly

imagined elision-images,
“I’s” in-betweenness.

there is some sort of *savoir*
in a refrain,

into this milkiest of evenings,

that is, this first snow of winter in which we feel
your sub-speak,

where

sea-foam eclipses
the modality of lost names.



an inflection

dreams of its own music through

its own

refracted

flesh

as your whirled petals,

like eyelashes suffocating in moonlight,

let loose from those digraphs,
slipping further from the consonants
we, now, string together.

PARENTHETICAL ELSEWHERE(S)

For Dr. Mark Anderson

tick-
tock
tense(s)

aspirate

a pulsating

infix,

a perpetual
descent.

candlelight, lavender,

in bottomless
blossoms,

hue
as they hear
their name.

paresthesia
in the left leaves
of Mallarmé,
Donne,

the garden-paths of Sobin,

sea-bent H.D.,

the plosives in Catullus.

there

being

no tick
without tock,

recitātis

what the anagrammatic echoed,
which marginalia shimmered,
a becoming-auditory blown
through parenthetical elsewhere(s).

A COLLECTIVE COUNTERPOINT

let sleep
spill from sea-blossom, green
in snow.

dreams are born in the skull,
music in the skeleton. and wild
sententiae follows the wind.

notes of assonance, the hyacinth's syntax
buds in Hopkins.

cutting into compounds

we explore what pastures
stretch:

morphemes, phonemes,
in which land will they roll?

strewn flowers, will you carry
the scent of lovers'

suspended bodies?

springing up
in silent letters, will you tell, make visible,

the collectively felt sound

of counterpoint?

which syllabic animals graze amongst you now?

the sky tending to its pink, frame

by frame, turns its light onto burials,

onto the shimmering elision

of the-everything-said,

the pulsating, in and out of focus

chiming of unfurling.

with faith in marginalia,

in the fringe of the mother-tongue,

let sleep,
green in snow, spill
from sea-blossom.

DISJECTA MEMBRA NOCTIS

*And wild desire
Falls like black lightning
— Ezra Pound*

a fugue falls

on our moonlit limbs,
my mouths, your pores,
our ooze into vestige.

and a lungful of wild desire
opens amid raw roses

as all tendons, every larynx
thrusts against this blazing erasure

which breathes
our blackened
breaths.

HAZEL

...runs parallel

to cadence,

inflections

to in-

carnations.

the ruptured,

shivered

scents of the sought,

those

which

espalier

the sky

kinetic

...

and

the hazel winds

here

like passive voices

who
reverse, verb,
and never
reach
their subject...

FUGUE

PRELUDE:

Distance
Dappled with diminish'd trees
Spann'd with shadow every one.
— Gerard Manley Hopkins

death is first felt

in the warmth
of the mouth.

On the Stroke of Tongue:

drink a forest filled
with fatigued moans

—a tender *crunch* in dark gulps—

remnants of flesh-mists
between shadows stride

the milky way they line

a breath-wrinkle

On the Stroke of Crunch:

death is first felt

in the warmth
of the mouth

for flowers budding in glint

sorrowful-still
shades across skin

skinning and skimming

until it glistens
in *hush*

darkling's deceased gravity

rings the sky
in a cognition

as an ear wrings a sputter-
wring letter

death is first felt

in the warmth of the mouth

*On the Stroke
of Glint:*

sweating space

between bones shrines
the yellow stain in a smile

a punctus contra punctum crunch

*a mutter the pitter
-patter of that sputter*

a misremember rings

glaucoma to glow
the insides

of a far skewing sky

its tattered ribbons

that far skewing distance

dappled with

diminished thoughts
spanned into slants

upon the scape that follows the land

where death is first felt

in the warmth
of the mouth.

LAIC

I remember homeostasis before

it turned to speech
in
shallow graves,

before a REM-ember,

in flammable veins,

then.

Quickly,

atonia amongst the lilacs' atonic *lilac*

quiver in anagrams.

O infant simulacrum!

O claustrophobia!

stand solemn and spell for me

violet light in flower.

fold, once more,

into the tides of scripture,

before the breaths preceding sleep
deafen the distance to heaven.

SILENTIVM

Silence played soundly on the one;
it chimed; it furthered; it clicked across the square.

France first called these

Clochers

to tick until the plague struck black.

In this same village, perhaps,
was the first use of the word.

The spring sun of Autun
opens the pale fountains, the windless shutters.

It breaks from Gates of
Ivory.

It breaks from Gates of
Horn.

Such a light may open the door
to all the bedrooms in one's life.

The wallpaper, the dimensions———laid out in the lightness
of passing steps,
their eyes
lead their movement along the street.

He sits by the window.

There's a pain in the room
he mourns in the streets
he remembers the way to get the blood off his sheets.
There's mourning in his chest;
there's a pain on his hands.

This lightness of steps
lay in an arabesque.

———
Silence played soundly on the one;
it chimed; it furthered; it clicked across the square.

Haunt

has an undeclared origin,
peut-être du français, maybe from the German.

Vignettes from his breath
fog up the window.
mannerisms devoid of faces:

a naked knuckle cracking twice in succession,

the rain coming in, one day,
but he cannot say when,

like a hand that waves in the darkness of a room
solace in the conception of a shadow.

They circle the Clocktower
turning on the hour
he notices how their shadows
alter on the dial.

He sits suspended in a haunt without
a remembered origin, in etymology
that no longer stains.

*Blood turns to red, blood turns to light,
when it's no longer yours,
when it flashes through a cut
or is fixed in a corpse.*

—

Silence played soundly on the one;
it chimed; it furthered; it clicked across the square.

Reverberation

Reverberacion

Re verb rationem

The chiming and furthering

of the rain

that he knew:

He sees the light pulsate
and the stones in the street soften.

He hears the bass of the trees
and the day in its stillness.

He watches them turn

and turn

and turn

in a sarabande of *slish slosh*

on soil that yields
so fluently to youth.

NOCTURNAL

a rose-moon

risen

among white lavender

unfurls its even-

tide. her hair shatters,

transcribes bird-songs,

a phrase

through paratactic boughs, that is,

the way silence becomes

light

pouring through

stained glass,

that is, suspended

there

among the lilies' ellipses.

counterpoint within

the soil drowns

in the dew of its own echos,

laments its own

substantive desires.

en plein air, I sing of them.