

Untitled (Syncope) kira o'reilly

It could be thought of as a dance of sorts.
Not a real one.
Not a real body to dance with.
But a sense of sway.
A loss of posture.
In and out of breath.
In and out of you.

I'll do it once.
And then once again.
For each one of you.
Together.

I may find myself falling out of a
hypnagogic spasm into your arms, undone
and altogether another.

On the back of a seaside post card she
had written to me:

"when you fall into syncope, you never
know in what shape you might return: with
wolf's paws, the tail of a serpent, a bark at
your lips, a pelt or fur. . . . One never
knows"

Wish you were here, Catherine

Standing in ecstatic gaze on the edgiest
edge of absolute sea.

An endless spinal arching of vertiginous
rapture, almost over taken.
Astonished
and
Quivering.
Occupying a space of momentary
collapse, neither here not there, on the tips
of tongues, gone, a gasp of body and
thought, neither here not there.

Continuing to ask '*how to have a body,
now?*'

***Works quoted, embedded, digested,
sequestered, cited implicitly or
explicitly:***

Various dances by Fiona Wright and Mark
Jeffery.
Lettere amorose, Sacre, Raimund Hoghe
When will the September roses bloom?
*Last night was only a comedy. a double
performance*, Goat Island,
Heart of Glass, Werner Herzog.
Beau Travail, dir Claire Dennis.
Blue Velvet, dir. David Lynch.
The Drift, Scott Walker.
Syncope: The Philosophy of Rapture,
Catherine Clément, University of
Minnesota Press, 1994.