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## "The Seed Vision" (*from* Flet)

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# Joyelle McSweeney

## The Seed Vision

The seed vision runs like rain or money into the periphery. The lachrymal ducts are like blue cut jewels gazing on the seed vision: keen and escaping. Something ails our colt. Something ails the half-assed thunderbolt or the path the current takes through a flame-colored cord looping through the narrow lot. At the corner of dust and dust, the big girls hunch. Their hair scraped back is a thoroughfare of sight. Their loose bright jerseys. Get those girls inside. The rain shower is a shower of gold is an irruption through the keyhole is: seed money. Enter: cloud of smoke. Enter a hole in the roof that lets the Dove in. A whole that includes the roof, that is, the Seed Vision. The milk arrived sweating in its wax. It wore the stamp of its family of family farms: milk-riddle. It sweats in its skin. It sweats in its rind. It won't give birth in the daytime. It won't give an answer. It won't make a sign. What is it? [an egg] What is it? [a missile]. [An envelope] [A capsule.] [A shudder at the door] Blood riddle. [One shoulder shoved in.] Day riddle. Rattle and wrack. Adjust the baffle now fumble with the boom mic. Hup! The cow rooted up the vision now lodged between its horns. It can't see it as it pulverizes the market stalls and café tables. It treads the waiter's toe. Back in the kitchen garden, the tuberose and the fat roots fly in skirts of dirt that flip and subside, momentarily covering the disheye of the camera like a rogue's or a child's eye: Under the skirt am I. Now swatted aside. We've finally got the contraption working. We've finally got the picture up. On the barneye side of the doublewide, the horn of plenty splits, a showcase staircase. Carpet floods down. It's grey in this take, but in the mind it's split red like a lip. It graces the split level. It graves. It's gold like a sock in the eye: seed vision. It

splits in veins. It lifts in vents. It's a wellmade dart or volute: Five hundred dancing girls in lockstep pick their way down the divide to the plucking of strings. Plinth plinth. Here the current splits. Here the joiner, the jack. The coupler. The co-axial and the double-axe. Pick, pick, adze. There's a place for everything in this white-white van that has the pluck of four horsemen though one-fourth the pick-up. It's a floating Nation it's a one-horse town that sleeps with one eye open for the other in the head of the brother under the water or the brother walled out.

Tap tap, that's the hands of the dead, that's a blind man wandered off a page, or that's the rain, rain-delayed in the frame-by-frame, a diamond vision, darling, that'll halve the cost and double the price. Mirror-effect. Lake-effect. On the lakeshore, the blue-eyed condominiums are grinning; at their shoulders, their green-eyed sisters sulk. That one has a diamond head. That one wears the plaque of a victim. Look closer: their missing panes. A pendulum blade, a scimitar slices down between the eyes of the sleeper but stops a breath from the bridge if her nose. A hare's breath jerks frantically away on a nonsense path soon hidden in the nonsense of the breakdown, the overgrowth. What city is this. Laced down by empty roads, clever clover knots. The sleeper sprawls in her loose garment, she stirs. The seed hovers, huge as day. It has a clasp, it's halved, dicotylid, it has a valve, it's an engine, it's information flattened and veined inside the case. It's balanced on its slim side, it rolls like a plot device, like something that will explode. A button to engage its mirror, powder to spill and spend. See how it clots and coats: bold. And see how it retracts. It's complex as a mall, as a will. As the dancers withdraw, the set retracts. Like the mayflower: compact. It's closed for the season, to the public. Clicks and flits out. Pfffft. It's the plan.