In Conversation with Maurice Blanchot and Helen Frankenhalter

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from THE LANDSCAPES
WERE IN MY ARMS

I

We’re outside for this image, hugging the hedge—the only green known to dusklight. It’s neither a quick dissolution nor negligible mist when our pictures echo in, echo out: a vague house, a cradle trimmed in signal static. We’re standing among a diaphanous rampart draped indifferently over horizon. Here, after we’ve weighed always and often like deceptively similar river rocks in our palms, discarding the lighter one.

II

I speak “hymn,” and outside the music touched water rings, like a river birch, you think yourself a bold building. This could be called ‘the right to crenellation,’—that shallow, cycloptic glance, how you speak yourself no closer than a stranger, or like an infant’s uninflected babble when they’ve just been fed.
You imagine abstractions to be free of figures, but what is the green thinning to a halo if not birth? Midnight water blathers on the causeway; two bodies, confusing their difference, spawn the orange of sunlit organs. A field of leaking color is as naive as blood paled by milk, as the bent figure, turning figure, bare-breasted figure resisting a sitting portrait.

When the eye is first bombarded, how might we delimit our trope to an electric field. Take, for instance, any landscape or botanical visitation in a dream: hovering ice, a canopy of blood oranges ascending, or the canyon's descriptive union with a gash in the skin. A layer of mint on magenta upends Easter's shiny commerce for an open curtain, violet's libidinous invitation.