

TELLING MOTIONS

Revolving drums, revolving drones, carriers
Mapping the light trappings of a loss of resolution
I resolve to revolve in the realm of telling motions
For instants the incidents of coincidence at a distance
With lily light lies letting levels slide
A floating vessel side slipping against the tide
Teeter totters, seesaws, back and forth... back and forth
Drifting and shifting on a rotating schedule of skids
The gist is mist or moist with the tumbling twist of telling motions
The puzzle of puzzles is presented through sets of swollen notions
That swivel off the light machine, calculating error as an entrance
The shadow of a word from the glass wings of a housing
Is cast in darkness, setting in motion a sonic vision
Through systems both nervous and circulatory
With a balance beam, the diver, bit by bit, bit by bit,
Room reconstruction
A turn of events with circular breathing
Adds an air of tumbling willy nilly
From signs to sighs things go the way of pressure...
The path of least resistance
Mistaken identities and mixed metaphors are mumbo-jumbo
At the core of a boring book with splintered words
And enterings of dust
A scatterbrain scheme to simply dodge and weave
While boxed boxing terms tell telling motions to collide and generate sparks
Floaters and bobbers were born building histories on the fly
In the light of sound substitutions
The grafting of the glancing shivers and shunts
Casting reflections which are gathered and gone over
A true wheel within a wheel, pivots, crosses over, switches back, turns in on itself
A spine of light binds and blinds as telling motions turn

Bill Seaman 1986