

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions

laura vena

Nocturnes, Between Sense and Reference

I.

Our anatomy in mouths, breaths

Vascular language of

Skin Sap Pigment Parchment

Nectared summers

Stuttered on our skin

Without sense, without clover

Sacrum Neck Peeling like eucalyptus bark

Hide-scratched by my movements across you

We vibrate and shed

Husk Carapace Vellum

Clatter of sirens

Our shells, discarded

Nocturne No. 156

: The raw material of our skin—the same

luminous parchment

Sweeping gestures along our thresholds

Neck, nape, pure moonlight

Harp-stringed spine

Leaf material, elemental compost, autumn detritus

Subtle magnification of exigent breaths

Amputates gestures

Hollows out

the center of things,

Opening internal estuaries constellations of syllables

spirant vocabularies

Still : nothing strummed across our bodies,

But the presumption of birds

Iris marked, bone-pressed

Pitch deep in

Marrow, coal and rice, cellar roots, your core
Rare in its congregations of hair and syllables

Salvaging the sea, in segments of skin :
Sand dollar patterned
Crushed into, bits of shells
Our ambiguous outlines nullify
 shadows
Beneath your eclipsing
Swollen pupils glowing like small fish
Our dark forests of apertures

Nocturne No. 61

I want to lose myself in
 this beneath water
In glimmers departing
Always with you,
 casting theories of breath, charring, shivers
Descending
Close to stars igniting