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## AN AWNING

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## SIGNA TURE REATS

# An Awning—Lisa Robertson—228

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#### An Awning (for Hadley Howes)

We're essentially tent-stained.

Palpably sparkly.

Reflection, opacity, and translucence join in our mouths.

Begin the play.

Glorious ignorance soaks the whole scene.

Will we love Spring with enough tenderness?

Look at the effect produced by the yellow, red,

and green awnings suspended over this vast theater.

It's intrinsically rippling.

Take everything worldly into this tent:

Collaborative fruiting!

Smooth and naked constellations!

Whole seas of fleets!

Shininess of Art!

Dresses!

Holy fakes!

All the money!

Then spawn each category of light-craving arrival.

This is often done by yellow and red and purple awnings,

when outspread above faces.

We don't know what the soul is

besides definitely curiously resplendent insouciant protestation.

Here tone is a humor in the pagan sense.

Hegel scorned the women who undertake experimental metaphysics while walking in gardens.

Sound-bleed and image-bleed. Ragweed and sumac.

We were driving the car.

I said that in my work the idea had gone fugitive.

We wondered how to recognize an idea

and as the light unfurled theatrically we talked about

the difference between an idea and thought.

We said that an idea comes and goes, like Spring or a guest

while thinking continues until death, we supposed.

Amidst this crowded thinking how do we know the guest?



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She seems to crack open time a little. She despises yearning and duration. She gives us the freedom to keep working you said. But we must get ready to receive her! Or the idea is like fashion. A portable proportion shifts.

We were driving through agriculture and villages and towns, the light slicing across diagonally It was 4:30 p.m. in late winter, and as I waited to merge onto the truck road an idea appeared dressed like Queen Victoria when opening on old file by chance. Suddenly a strange and simple thing will appear as if it had been waiting all the while: The beautiful girl with camera and heaviness of her gathered-up black hair even mournfully in the last blue hour whereas for a long time we had despaired of ever really having an idea then her swinging earring teases us. She is now in purgatory perhaps. She is, in her bare mobility, loveable and comedic.

We said probably in anyone's life there is really only one idea. Two at most.

Queenly this signature repeats.

The inversion of architecture, for example,

to show the floral surface

or the conversion of that fleeting accessory to a method.

Rotation as advance. Densification.

Is an idea the luxury of somebody lounging in the other room? I mean is it a logical serendipity?

Or does it wobble, being present comedically, then recognized by a sillage of decay, or lilies.

Yesterday the car windshield had been splattered with mud and now the clay-scrim refracted so that light came lily-like by other senses and we continued to wonder about the difference between

thinking and a lily

which is after all very slight, a very inclement thing becoming commodious only after the after the glamming.

There is a figure/field relationship between glamming and dying

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(this is the sad and bright window)
then a view of the glowing city appeared
after a curve in the road
then I craned my neck out over the dark grave
to look down at the pale coffin
dressed as it was in petals
I exclaimed how I loved it.
It was a fairly ancient city we said
it translates all of our senses.

Each day we receive the body of a gentle light, not burning. This sentience passes through our muscles to the soul, brushed by the pupils. It borrows the motion of anything in order for the female soul to be reached the vibration of this Queen being color. Light is the actualization of transparency Aristotle chanted (or was it Peaches or Björk) Transparency is melodic. Light is the color of this great, sweet, immanent, female distance. Color causes a commotion in transparency. Air is a visual instrument whispered Galen or Etel. The visual spirit radiating from a person is conveyance itself. Olivia or Cicero says the air is woven from glances. In the relationship of light and vision in the ceremony of this issuing substance we find energy, very mystical. Glamor is the true subject of the idea. We know substance because it loves.

Stacy theorized that etymologically hormones are star-slime.

Everything produces rays, like a star, promised Al Kindi

For a long time I sip from their gazes.

and Leslie. Especially internally words conceive and exude.

As wood expresses smoke and fire heat as paradoxes are grafted onto the models as grasshoppers disrobe quite sensuously in summer as a caul slips from a calf things free from their surfaces extremely pale forms

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like kimonos or curtains
in an economy withheld from duration
and so we meet the dead in our sleep
or we think in the car
with the grace of these assistants
to live as freely as possible.
The flat warehouses extend forever
(Warehouses made of cinderblocks, containing cinderblocks)
Let's decorate their city, their city, their city
with our anciently scorned thinking.

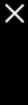
Always something flows fatally from each surface streaming outwards with smoothness from a rapid origin with thinness in many ways all at once with velocity in a very brief and moist time with minuteness which instantly follows inexpressibly with rarification so easily penetrating by gliding and diffusing with a swift lightness truly and preeminently and marvelously without slackening particularly what feels like to glow in the dark now again streaming they brush our pupils and pass into us like air like color like fingers little by little they give us the image of our bodies as ideas bobbing and melting and incessantly changing shape. We're about to convert ourselves into all manner of lilies. They caress our pupils.

Is all the epistemology metaphorical?
Ideas come as images which are not time.
They palely bounce from the deepdown coffinwood within our own unspoken desire and compulsion.
Quite free of assignment and despite the inclement representations the theater of an idea is having its breast stroked
—just enough to invert the conditions of transmission—not wanting to reproduce a friendship but to repeat it.
Hormones, like humors, are produced by light in order to unaccountably transform us.
We're shocked by the popularity of stiffly pointing-downward foliage

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so yes, we're turning tree-like light materially extending in three dimensions shooting green rays from our branches therefore it's the first corporeal form, the original cinema. Its awning casts that quivering hue on everything we ever feel: every idea is an intense duct-like repetition. Theater in the garden or in the car throws very glam petal movement. It lights a precariousness. Dawn finds us. The morning is cool.

We arrive here at six in the morning.



#### The Last Light of the Sun

Apr 5, 2005, by Guy Gavriel Kay

## IN THE LAST

BLUE

## HOUR

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Nov 4, 2014, by Jennifer Lopez

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