

Eric Baus

Dear Birds

dear birds,

say "a lisp in the surface" is the quietest sister. tell me house of splintered voice. align to her gloss: *if the bluest see through kindling, if a cinder finds its way*. call isotope alarm, the antidote for oxygen. wake me to her longitude, a safer razor than speech. say i'm frozen jawbone, talking picture theory, seeing the sediment in a sudden drop of sternum.

love,
cartilage conduit/cobalt fever

dearest sister,

when i said *tell the radio i am sorry* i was using my dowsing voice to sound your broken water. a paper crown tracing your nods to thinking dust, the smallest feather tools. the serum you smeared on my antennae was enough to triangulate, to find your faintest mercator, but i can't see a difference between the shore, spilled iodine and fissures in a sinking craft. i'm marking every corollary, blowing on the husk of a burned out circuit.

love and latitude,
in full regalia

talking picture theory: It is better to burn the garment(s) and throw the voices back out and sign with our own unloosened, free tendrils: our *plakas*.¹

the radio i am: A camel moving through the muck in a glass of table water.²

iodine and fissures: mine me for my ivory, make my bony method sound

the quietest sister: or call morning phosphor in a grasp of sent pigeons

¹ Juan Felipe Herrera, *The Roots of a Thousand Embraces*

² George Kalamaras, "Mirrors in the Medulla: A Coroner's Interview with the Exhumed Corpse of Gerard De Nerval During a Delayed Autopsy."

dear birds,

i'm broken to my circuits, a shatter of your syntax in everything i split. this morning i woke up in your prism voice saying *bind me to your pages, keep the blinds closed*. when you said my orbit in the current tongue was done, i was frozen in the clutter, a camera failing to close both eyes. you say your wings will reproduce well, but why are there so many cracks in my monocle, so much secondhand ink still left on my instruments. if we are lost to the same circumference, siblings of stranded glass, wardens in a spilling body, why can't i diagram the phrasing of your limbs.

love,
planted periscope/embossed appendage

dearest sister,

my most buried wires tell me we are thinking of the same fish. talking to ourselves in tandem. the scab on your left hand a polar star, an opening in rock and a splash of weight. tonight i found a torn photo of your palms on my thinnest sounding board, my sugarless blessing. while you etched "the statue takes a skin" in my greenest screen, i crossed myself after every negation, saying *build me out of fallen leaves, barter me for driftwood*. when you scattered iron filings on the lines in my cheeks, i could feel the exact temperature in the house of bundled fibers, i could hear your oldest rain hitting the ground.

love and voltage,
hold the railing

siblings of stranded glass: see the difference between each anchored craft

in the current tongue: the quietest gesture; cleft in the house of removing signals

embossed appendage: a lens for resisting the sound of static

frozen in the clutter: call this turning solid, plaster in my pores

dear birds,

when you said *etymology is a swelling epicenter*, i wondered how your letters would sound if i spelled your flares *locus* or kept the points plotted on crumpled paper. if half the word *floaters* is ghost cursive, a way of asking for three more minutes of filament in the last watt of a lightbulb, where is the place between gradient and gramophone in my pinhole glasses, my mouth cloaked in mumbling. you said hearing my older voice was like loaning flour to a cup of sugar. i'm all out of order, looking through the blanks where your eyes used to be.

love and lumens,
glare on the window

dearest sister,

i can feel your digits in the stoppings of my watch, a cast of your shadow in everything i count. you write me as "asterisks sparring over unclaimed zero" but why is your appendix so full of holes, why am i frozen whenever you speak. when you used your graphite voice to say "parlance is leaky, grieving rock," a thin line was drawn across all my divisors. when you asked me to watch the place between loa and lobe in your cargo ear, you sounded like knuckle was tonsil, as if finger meant fissure.

love,
stenciled scale/spectral extremities

my older voice: an instrument for increasing the strength of indigo

glare on the window: the prime meridian; renders all distinctions lamb

your appendix: loophole enough to admit an interlocutor

grieving rock: the pain in my sheets won't go away

to collide a body unused to dropping

she writes me as “the breathing machine sketch” or “carves of my wooden”.

she says *in the museum of articulation, sister minus sister equals brother* and i see her thinking mouth is a way of being modular.

if multiples mean a shrunken form of seeing. if three begets a second kind of speech.

she moves another mirror to track the closer phosphors: *that's not the only facing way, turned out eye.*
every letter standing in a slit open rain.

she thinks “paraphrase the medicine” is an instrument of remission. talking to a half-heard sibling in the skipped frames.