

# Enclosures

Jennifer K. Dick



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## Enclosure

Waiting.

Lili's hands outstretched in the dark  
realm of herself        out  
to the wet arch of the hound's  
matted neck.        She can hear  
herself in the breathing, panting  
enclosure, one among the two  
as she begins to chant backwards

—draw

—figuration—

—spinning—

—dradle—

—a—

—space—

out—

filmed over (she is)    as the pages  
once under waxed paper encapsulated  
that body, woman.    She  
leaned in closer        to press  
her eye, retina, directly  
onto the object. Thus  
see

Clown in the pale make-up. Bufoon  
—ing round and a-round her back.  
Lift object after object in the room  
with the horizontal colored glass  
bottles. Examining the octagonal  
stop. Sign of the tilts, the tattered  
“Look at the fish!” Invitation to see.  
“Nice choice,” VCR porno bodies  
entangled in that “wanna watch?”  
Want to? Want two? To Watch?  
Here the cataracts filming over the  
tank. *Talk*, he thinks, *these are her*  
*things*. Her space. Just hiding out.  
Just for awhile? “Don’t ask on the  
carpet.” The tensile drapery. Holiday  
lights blinking. Her gaze glows  
(glues) on-off-he-and-she lights  
lowers it, them, one by one. “What’s  
this mean to you?” he asks. In the  
stroboscopic lift he can see her  
mouth muttering farther and farther  
away. Follow the tide-tilt red-nosed  
bright orange painted-on smile with  
blue surf breaking against the body.  
Resistance. Bridles. “Hey,” he says.  
She swats at a fly, a gnat. Tinny  
nuisance. He’s not going for it, chest-  
thumping fist works with his knobby-  
kneed ensemble, *when the words are*  
*carved directly into the body : inseparable*  
*from*. But she misses the punch line.  
Again. The hook. He picks up his  
case, a deeply-inhaled bout of salt  
water. Cherry-blossom-scent of her,  
here. Dark hair clinging to shoulders.  
Curtain call. He backs up. Her hands  
reach out as if, yes, he thinks, sees,  
she’s noticed, she notices the space  
his absence makes. He watches her  
fold and unfold her fingers around  
the neck of it.

Lili is missing

still

mesmerized by

see

tropical angling

fish across

the cross tanked

top—teeter—troped

blank

lanky robe dotted with white

Calla lilies not composing

(compromised)

coasting by her

*Lot*

*Almost taking (taken) off*

*turns*

*Back to her (black climb)*

*up*

*(clamor) out-the-last-slide to side-*

*-le up to Lili, "she's just"*

*snow*

*sun voices bleeps down on the*

*free-*

*way "Stay your course" hears*

*bickering*

*the couple's chips unraveling wrapping*

*round*

*her waist, bent back to (salty)*

*burn*

*turned down*

Her

collared no-kiss

list

of greens

trimmed garden paths

shears

(sheer)

belted Lili tanked

Doesn't notice

the grey her

lined

discharge

A set of forms

raised

dotted

letters

touch congeals

in

to

the sense of

the sentence of

her orange departing.

\*

*Name it in language. No. A place. Wholly visual (visible). Here.*

Lili (thinks she) belongs only to the eye

Seeing (that other I) more than ever

True (construed) and alive in her part of place

Dreams and dreaming

Part of how the world

Moves her through it. She parts (departs)

Time and the world led

Lead blind

(ly) Through

Her eyes scanning as over

She should (could / would) still thrust out

Her hands to catch herself (body) (boldly)

A woman under glass (behind it) lest (within)

She be hurtled (and broken? (To break...)) (boldly)

Against the surface  
of the air.

He cannot understand her silent  
tiny too-vast-for-them-together room  
a groom in topcoat in the 1920's photo  
once her favorite. He dresses up for her  
tails and tophat, ruffly collar, leads her  
fingers to frills, to mouth.

But as he glances down into her  
blank black-glazed-back gaze she  
is forming words, a constant flow  
of language at her lips emitting no-sound.

His face stark white, stale, the syllables  
rubbing air, friction static sparks  
snapped off in the storm alighting  
white syntax incompletely formed.



*As now, on the bed, a feather, pages.*

\*

*Under the armoire, in a box tucked back in a dusted-over corner a small sampling of books*

\*

*She looks up over at him, towards through past*

*And windows, glass breaking, angles.*

\*

*Her hands carry her forward awaiting a warning. Surface. In the silence her mouth moves underwater weeds.*

(—These are the stories, Lili thinks, reaching (reading) forward, outstretched.  
Her grasp at the nape of the neck, the scruff.  
She tilts her head listening, careful for a response.)

Outside:

a woodpecker, wren

a body enfolded in a moulded round  
it's out and forms of presence  
he reaches the edge of  
the room pauses at the glass  
and thick and cold case to the touch  
as if one damaged sense would lend another  
wood, rickety attributes snap open unafraid  
of the night beyond the opened box  
while screen's a magma field foresworn  
launched subatomic particles or  
Lili in this mimeographed pretense he pins up  
curtains to see behind (within)  
that spacious encapsulation (open wide!) or barrier  
closed his inhaled gaze deeply fraught over  
birch trees, door, a hollow stormgutter a.k.a. "framed"  
irises in a Maybasket by the fenced white picket  
plucking the courage up to go in for the exchange  
a Marcel Marceau conversation by the bedrock  
forlorn border where Echo cries out "I'm hee-re, hee-re, her..."

*Can a body locate, Lili?*

Muffled by the tin can pressed cool to her lips

(Nape of her neck) Carries a secret

She requests, envisioning a set of requisition slips—white paper pile

Wonder why the images in her head don't fade?

Where color would be; where would color be

Between her (slip)?

The helix on her eye, turbine or wring

She lists movements:

Dance, flight, scribble, paint, carpenter

In her mind divide

into possible / impossible

then / now

Her hands describe a circle, sphere.

The hands forming a globe, a world

The way the drum beats in the valley

And a crow lifts off a branch

These once-startling things:

Her arms, knees, waist, toes

A catalogue (or vocabularies)

Place and now

No one's here to watch her wail  
spectate her  
expectorant and hollow dried-out cough  
the charcoal taste of longing as lounges  
(she) in the backyard garden by the pond  
Echo has yellowed hands from plucking at Narcissus  
this is the silence welling in to her  
even as the water tables lower  
drought diminishing the buzzing bustling flies  
a dragonscale of hues imbued with seasons  
recalled in Technicolor '70s misprint  
she thinks back to the hands inked over  
blue and splotched blurring the pages  
"just mark an X here," someone guided  
her (gliding) then a scratch which might  
have criss-crossed or there were only  
paths and illusions of contact Echo's  
language in (of) (only) the other as  
here Lili takes sight from scent  
and buries it stuffing her mouth full  
of dried soil

Her hands have disappeared into him, through,  
so she might wake to flares, speak a horizon, dawn, a set  
sun settling into (through) her.

He, a mirage, her  
barrage of items catalogued as sensations:

inked

Mute moths are fingered.  
There, Lili's jaw aches from so much.  
Movement this open-shut.  
Hinge of words, he.  
Listens close for a syllable.  
Batting against tongue or teeth.  
Lip-smack cheek, neck, inhale.  
Muscle of lung and diaphragm and.  
Where did the tonsils go? Into.  
A jar of fireflies, a glowing mason.  
Jug, he seems (she seems) surer.  
To have said all that can be.  
In this close-up silence where.  
Shadows come in closed he.  
Touches it (her) in between the.  
Unpronounced (erroneous? larynx-lacking?)  
And to back out click door slick.  
Slither away from the bickering.  
(Bitching) masses, these glasses she once.  
Looked through cracked panes he blackens.  
Polish to pu-pu-po-lite stutters.  
She might make now, any minute.  
Minute sounding out on the.  
Captivated wing-like tremble.  
Where even their hands have.  
No signs, language to carry each.  
Away or back.



\*

A book of salt, a listening for wind,  
a voice or hiss carried through leaves  
among this crowd of absent (contusions)  
with only her hands—wings—to guide  
him through her (to) (into) as if the key  
hole or telescope had any purpose  
in this fading half-light

                                she eyes  
him, she gives him the eye, she  
hands her eyes over like a donation  
or message sealed in red, imprinted wax,  
a raised symbol in the dark, coat-of-arms  
exploding violet, magenta, neon-electric  
through the deafening night sky,  
where, on a clothesline, close, sheets  
which would be seen as white  
rustle, entangle.

Shut—

Must(n't) he hear,  
she thinks  
must in the  
here! she thinks,  
garage / attic.

Be closer,

Hear, she does think it is  
confirms void  
misplaced  
she and the must in her nose object  
displeasure of  
place,  
Here,  
she says to no one  
in particular him  
missing, she is  
gaze  
mould  
gazed at  
objective

correlation between

two points in time  
a case / shelf  
images repeat  
in the fly's eye  
where hers are  
eclipsed.

Here,

she says, she feels certain to have

pronounced

this grid-like multitude

must have

unread books

musted /misted over mildewed

obligations

and started, here,

startled, hear

jumped

at the door—

*click!*

\*\*\*

He is informed

(informs her)

If this continues

(another,

They

those in the white

Will have to take her

coats)

Away

(those in steel cells

Because

and voices down-corridor, group

Though she cannot see

hall (hollow) (haranguing) and

There is no

others (un)like her speaking out)

Reason for her

(And canteens, and bedtime, and bars on

New silence.

Windows)

Besides,

(she shrugs)

The doctor tells him

(he tells her, informs flatly

She appears to think

he cannot bear to let her

She's speaking

go on)

and her fists are coated with mustard yellow pollen in her eyes reddening in the sharp spark  
set of heated sun at her back or the woods somber shading her called forward he  
called her forward she explains the call for the body located in stone the bones  
became this "Come" Narcissus, "out to" she Echo she Lili out in the orange of  
day-blooming at the side of hill mocking gallop or guffaw "Question me?" she repeated  
(recalled) a pond or murky sulfur at the rim catching fire the torch or her when (salted)  
he comes near more followed in the hollowed-out scabrous flight, a raven, a red-winged black-  
bird, a crow (bitterly) crowding onto her porchlight like bats at her lips running radar round her step  
out to answer "when you say I cannot hear?" Lili states "what I (you) say you (I) cannot bear?"  
why come from me, to let the body fall, against the far-out-cliff or this domestication  
question(ed) repeated (heated) in the woods the more she swallowed, herded, chased, caught  
her (self) (other) (that (this) body (bloodied)) at the balustrade (bodied) she (embodied) in  
the state of things printed hands on the unlit wall encasing (in case of) her (urgency break glass)  
say I cannot her

\*

*white petals, in a yellow center,*

*plucked and smothered the hornet rolled himself up*

\*

*In she looks over askance at him, weary wary to reach*

\*

*Surrounded by the cacophony, a single note rises to the surface of her touching. Caress. Coat. Her throat open-close, close-opening as if only a push, another's push, may wake the sound contained.*

\*

*She has read the prophecies, the fables, the myths and legends and biblical, torah-coranical mumblings and mutterings. Rats nibbling at her toes in the night, like verses and proverbs.*

(Lili thinks she knows the lies (lines) skipping forward a few chapters. She has to know how it will end, flipping to the last page. She reaches out for something she remembers leaving on the bedside table. A diary? She cocks her head, waiting for a confirmation, unable to decipher the webbing in the code, to choose her right adventure. Fingers spidering over surfaces. There is a growling in the darkness, and the blankness of these pages with their too-flat ink.)

*housing deranged wishes  
with the sound it loves  
one returns*

to anonymity, progression  
in regression, she pauses at threshold  
what is out / in, before / behind shifting  
envelope of skin, sky, eye  
the way this closer world seals  
in the ceiling as the front rolls  
cumulous inwards over her out  
sides the peel of Eve's apple  
unraveling a voice or sound if  
from her would emerge, startle, stun

in the space of the night between them, stars.

shared. where only Lili is not in the dark where she is

Rectangular air.

self asking or  
asked.

She does not feel her boxed-in scent

For.

The clatter, wings, missed,

she misses the moth-white pressed

to panes, soft-bodied messages in her ear.

He is reading her story at the climax.

images scatter like fleas culled from the woolen surface of her  
thought carving her to

Eaves rattled automatically to throat

(hand to thigh), paused

the cold (desire) to go on

“shall I?” sound some closer falling.

Book-stilled intrigue, an invitation

awaiting

stop.

*splatter of language spilling an object waited-for on the path?*

*Is the*

gets up, stumbles,

catch.



Lines wave in a flood

Imagined  
(seen?)

Hands wrap round

metronymic time  
measure itself

this / that last before horizon

pasts  
line closer bodies

bludgeoned

acclimatized reading wind-shift's season-slip  
Celsius dawn-hour

This grey fixed blue,

opening touch the

and burnt then

feel red

still lifted

reveals etching

the flip

this too-early

edge of

would she

color could be

as copper plate

one side imagines

side blank

As if a thorn in her throat, thieves to kin, to kicked habits  
Languages she cuddles close within her ribcage a set of bars  
Barriers he sees through the striped Palisades phalanges and other dangling matters  
She hands her skin over, her eye, this view greyed-out or in sepia  
That t.v.-spectator in revived color counts days backwards  
Bone to stone to this dust coughed between caught phrases—his or hers?  
A mock trial, a series of tribulations she stands before him, naked, as if  
A tribunal released to release her muscle would be only in his (her) right  
Eye a glance, a side-long, lingering, a hunger *alas* for the repeated question  
In the woods chased (chaste) “she is not,” she would repeat, repeats  
“Not to me come forth into opening,” clearing between firs  
Mustard-yellow handprints on the bark she or he followed a fallow recalled  
Protection-spell gilded over her name, unlit, lakes, streams, rivulets, this running  
After languages on the lips sulfur-smear rim, torches catching fire, her  
Answer (his) seems near(er) to it when talking of the yellowed center  
Central Narcissus system of white flower-tips trip slide unto her, the stumble abandons  
Her to herself to and from tidaling wake and a wake of, for, say, seem to, spoken, spake  
“Echo, speak!” or “came to me, run from me” in his voice why, wherefore, whereat,  
When a calamitous prickling in her eye, finger bled over mirrored water surface  
Mercurial lily in this organ, orange, day-lily, tiger, spotted propitious act of disbelonging

Fire catching and she crept back under the caught talisman the taller vase in this ceiling out and forth she calls forthright and pungent in the afternoon in the aftergarden in the aftermath of making or molten this outward branching this bounding taken under she takes herself under and wing and flyflap and the flagpole on which a white signal lets loose its howl there would be no burrowing under now now underwing in the nest still not ready for flight this landscape cul-de-sac or *clos*, she is, that is, closed or down into the cellar as if waiting for winds to pass over or stone's grey seeping into the body of clay seeping into the arc of this or the next sculpture the lawn white dusted alabaster translucent on its pedestal by the window her eye shifting as if she could see or is seen as now through blankly she is

floating in or across her eye    ~~in front of herself manufacturing black glaze sanded grey-hued surfaces~~  
~~slicked over white over the replaced sentence sentence like a wing are into the keening~~    in place of her

### Notes & Credits for Enclosures:

Page 5: “when the words are carved directly into the body :” and “inseparable from.” come from Cole Swensen’s poem *Signature*, sect 6 and 4, in Noon, Sun & Moon Press, Los Angeles, 1997.

Page 6: Appeared in *Cutbank*, issue 67, Spring 2007, The University of Montana, Missoula, MT, pp 43-45. <http://www.cutbankonline.org/>

Page 15: “Her hands have disappeared into him, through, / so she might wake to flares,” is an adaptation from Michael Palmer’s poem *Six Illustrations, 3. Atlantic Window* “Her hands have disappeared into him/and so she might speak of wakes and flares...” in Codes Appearing, New Directions Press, NY, 1981, p 144.

Page 16: “Mute moths are fingered there” is an adaptation of fragments “mute as stalks’/ (‘moths’)/ are figured there” from Michael Palmer’s poem *C (paper universe of primes)* in Codes Appearing, New Directions Press, NY, 1981, p 208.

Page 21, 27 and elsewhere: References to the Echo/Narcissus dialogues and myth are based on Ovid’s Metamorphosis, tr. Rolphe Humphries, Indiana UP: 1955/1983, pp 67-73; to Ted Hugh’s poem *Echo and Narcissus* in the anthology After Ovid, and to the performance of Hugh’s poem by Fiona Shaw (at the Théâtre de Chaillot, Paris, 7 October 2005) in actress Fiona Shaw and director Deborah Warner’s one-woman show, Readings.

Page 23: “housing deranged wishes/with the sound it loves/one” is a reordering of the lines “*deranged wishes /housing the one it loves/ with a sound*” by Rod Smith from The Good House, Spectacular Books, NY, 2001, reprinted in Deed, Univ of IA, Kuhl House Poets Series, 2007.

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