Enclosures
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BlazeVOX  [books]

Buffalo, New York
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
Back to her (black climb)
( clamor) out-the-last-slide to side-
le up to Lili, “she’s just”
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.
*  


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...)) (baldly)

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.

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

Rectangular air.

She does not feel her boxed-in scent
self asking or
asked.

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 carver 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.

Is the

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

gets up, stumbles,
catch.
Lines wave in a flood

Imagined
(see?)

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, this too-early
opening touch the edge of
and burnt then would she
feel red color could be
still lifted as copper plate
reveals etching one side imagines
the flip side blank
As if a thorn in her throat, thieves to kin, to kicked habits
Languages she coddles 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
“Well 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-smeared 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 clôsa, 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 arc 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 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.


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Enclosure costs have been drastically reduced in the July update for Android/iOS/Kindle. MAC players please refer to a version of this page from before July 13. In the zoo, buy enclosures using construction materials and coins to house animals. Currently (v6.8) there are 48 enclosures in Township. Start a Discussion Discussions about Zoo Enclosures.