

ISOLA

Text by J. Mae Barizo

1. [rose light at the edges]
2. [one sense of sleep]
3. [in the morning]
4. [in my dreams]
5. [i lay the blanket on the grass]
6. [blue vigil]
7. [the trees are loud today]
8. [perhaps if I speak loudly into the color]
9. [who's to say, time]
10. [these glacial expectations]
11. [and after that]
12. [blue gradations]
13. [all i have is voice]

1. [rose light at the edges]

*rose light at the edges, bleeding through
glass*

For the time being, in the interim
from hour to hour, in due time
in the fullness of time, time remains
persists, passes, endures, lasts, elapses
since it is getting late already late
and time to press away *time*

*upon the grass a flotilla of mosquitos,
tireless wings upon the skin*

For the time being, in the interim
from hour to hour, in due time
persists, passes, endures, lasts, elapses
since it is getting late already late
and time to press away *time*

2. [one sense of sleep]

one sense of sleep
is the disappearance
of the eyes

perceiving in afternoon
a slit in the texture

one day maybe
not soon i'll be able
to take trains

3. [in the morning]

in the morning
i went to the office
in the trees

(i don't mean
to be saturated
with sadness today)

i made electronic noises
even though i longed
for something analog

i said words out loud

but no one
heard me

4. [in my dreams]

(in my dreams
i am sent back
to the trenches

cold trucks
on the avenue

marking borders)

5. [i lay the blanket on the grass]

i lay the blanket
on the grass
but it is wet still

did i leave the books
out too long

i was supposed
to be writing
about time

remembering
how someone
looked at you

will there
be islands?

noise
at the center?

the now of remembering

of the future memory
of the future passed

6. [blue vigil]

another month slips by

i have many dreams but cannot remember
them

the breeze is cool on riverside
all the modulating voices

I dreamt of a blue vigil
but now i remember nothing

7. [the trees are loud today]

the trees
are loud today
thrashing through air

looking at myself
from a distance

never sure
who thinks of me
from afar

i care not for the ballet
of waves but for

the stillness of bodies
in the unmade bed

what day is it?

i fear a distance that is
insurmountable

(i hide behind the screen
which is to say i cannot hide)

8. [perhaps if I speak loudly into the color]

Perhaps if I speak
loudly into the color

you will hear it; is
it June again?

*For the time being, in the interim
from hour to hour, in due time
in the fullness of time, time remains
persists, passes, endures, lasts, elapses
since it is getting late already late
and time to press away time*

9. [who's to say, time]

(three days
already and nothing
has happened at all)

who's to say, time?

it is not the wrong time
it's about distorting time

(did i tell you the trees
are a deep green? subterranean)

10. [these glacial expectations]

I stroke softly
the outlines
of my neuroses

The edges
Only, the body
is not solid

Edges but
no center, only

an outline
that gestures,
speaks

Holographic
shape of
my neuroses

overlaid on
my actual
neuroses

11. [and after that]

***And after that what changes
what changes after that, after
that what changes and what
changes after that and after that
and what changes and after that
and what changes after that.¹***

it's my happening life without
me happening without me
trapped in this happening
bubble this bubble that i need
the need to work harder of the
bubble within the bubble to work
harder to break the bubble it's
happening within happening
kindness becoming nothing
becomes nothing is happening
with or without me happening
it's like it's like happening the
bubble to break out of with
the break out of the happening
without me in the bubble life²

***And after that what changes
what changes after that, after
that what changes and what
changes after that and after that
and what changes and after that
and what changes after that.***

12. [blue gradations]

i told him i'm not
afraid of death

but of the blue
gradations of distance

a sailboat
dots the blue

and i am exiled
from love

i think i dreamt of you
and your noise machines

an impossible
kind of music

where everything
sounds borrowed

(the book
i hid in my suitcase

along with the impossibly
soft t-shirt that said

“have a garbage day”)

¹ Gertrude Stein, *Composition as Explanation*, p. 519

² Weinberg, Alyssa. iMessage, 5/12/2020. “It's like my life is happening without me. Trapped in this bubble. I need to work harder to break out of the bubble within the bubble. Kindness becomes laziness becomes nothingness. Have to work harder to break out of the bubble...”

13. [in orange light]

all i have is voice
sirens, engines, ambulance

from so many yards

on the stoops, the trees
the orange stream

of light through clouds
silencing it all—³

the birds are louder
than everything else, even you

something spiders
across the wall

i dream of rotating
in orange light

³ Weinberg, Alyssa. iMessage 5/31/2020. “Funny that a quiet escape these days means sitting up on the roof surrounded in mixture of ambulance and police sirens, birds chirping, engines revving, music from many yards and car stereos, children playing out on front stoops, wind rustling the trees... but the intensity of the single beam of light streaming down through the clouds is enough to silence it all.”