

# **circclusion**

**root**

**around**

**flesh**

**against**

**fire work**

**authentic movement**

**bone**



**circlusion**, n: the pushing of something onto and around something else, thus encircling or surrounding it. From another perspective, this movement can be described as penetration.

*The time to live, my love, was being so right now that I leaned my mouth on the matter of life.*

— Clarice Lispector, *The Passion According to G.H.*  
(tr. Idra Novey)

*What's made in this space are theories.*

— Lisa Robertson, 'The Seam'



**root**

*This is something about love and the state of the world, the state of the death of the world and the death of the state of the world. One aspect is a blade, the other a whetstone. Or they are both stones grinding – you – into. Something against something, this is true. Two things (hard) up (by) against (around) one another.*

as we talked soil depletion, the end of the harvests,  
the frayed thread of feeling was focusing in and out of his throat, the freckles  
covered by the hand before. Plentiful as flowers become seeds. Tried to pick  
them up, crack them between teeth and gums. My mouth instead around no hope.

His sister has just given birth and we are holding hands  
tobacco and come that shines us lying in a cloud  
naked back for half an hour naked front to  
itself against against itself against

I couldn't sleep a first night under canvas, ringing with words flung

against the fire and stars against

the circling sayings and heavenly mouths this song first:

our bodies  
against  
one another lying in the space which isn't touching

two sheaves of quiet  
lean up against each other  
of what we spoke against  
leaving up against

against itself

against itself

I think I was dishonest when I spoke, can't tell I told  
a lie with

my body

smelled

his hair, and put its mouth against

against which seemed

the scent which mouth would call a kiss

can't tell, no. Lie with my body, against

which seemed against

come into its whole when my eyes

against touch

the polyester

ceiling felt resistance

## around

*I can see the seam in the stone where it's going to tear.*

*I read of her lip split by the woman she loved just for one night, and how she encircled her, with a huge white nightdress of darkness and almost ever silence. Later I stretched my lip too quickly in a grimace and it split.*

*The seam in the stone is not where you would expect it to be.*

## i.

if I could choose myself I have already  
chosen, black trainers, dark hairs at my ankle, kissing  
you inside myself a picture and still getting used to not  
going back to school. Not ever running down a corridor  
or tube of escape but still entitled in dreams to play that  
train of lateness which echoes like the science corridor  
and still tastes bleachy in the mouth-nosed memory.

I think I've felt	something	similar
to what you	are describing	now let me
mirror that	discussion out loud.	maybe we
could get	together	how I saw
different fingers	of hopelessness	and got out

though on reflection  
not so sure I did.

I have already chosen.  
Squeeze me open.

**ii.**

I am not wishing anything. not wishing that it could be different. you know I am the own lamp

I lit myself. but in doing the light saw that that I could not get away from hands and heavy

pressing. this light saw that with flesh, time tied down hands, and this sight is touch.

I spend time holding

a room the walls

in that room something

every month I look up

forget I've seen

making sense of

the walls

an expression I fear

held up by dreams

mouthered as gender lived

binding techniques and

other people and walls

me for nothing wash

with my own soap

inking not tattooing

and this sight is touch. and walking down the hill through circles of street lamps. and waking.

three people on a tiny sofa's close: one enormous (man), one dense (man) and between

them, not enormous or dense, am not surrounded. why could that be?

**iii.**

surround is to do with not gender in  
me daily and this evening in particular. if  
am a man or woman or other was one it's to do with  
around your territory, a boy or boi  
because another mouthed  
it moved it in suspicion to encircle a pawn  
hole it wanted opening in private part

and gnawing out I am a rat thought. tender  
uneven chrysalis making out like there isn't crisis  
fold me, uneven split

call me to you calling, end a  
beckoning out words the same come come beckoning  
used to finger out direction toward me, pull  
to ward me, come, embrace below softness,  
allow me, knock your teeth out

**iv.**

Inconsolation: what if I became convinced that I'm withholding  
this from you to get around  
your withholding it from me?

If I became convinced with holding  
never stop rub out my winding winding winding  
lasso it in a cloth how it fields when it tightens

as in,

I'm going to offer you a guide to something  
you can't get into, she mouthed, ensolace (*something to do with happiness*).

v.

anyway and everything, how longing resolves itself around  
itself in fickle rings, gut flora landscape comes  
to an arrangement with pain, soothes it, tells it to go back to sleep.

it's around, anyway. I'll just put it there and come  
back to it. I'll follow another route, misread the contour  
lines to clamber, not up, but following the colour of the sky.

colour of the sky is bless me catch me. there is a way out.  
colour is I wasn't paying any more attention. nice to be back

not in the sunrise, but in city fog, adventure,  
meeting myself at dawn coming hurried out of the  
house to do some errand. *I am the errand*, I say  
and hold my own wrist, my fingers fit nearly –

this could be done differently. see me around.

**flesh**

**i.**

I know their heart so well

it climbs

its metaphors like staircases to make a lift

the centre's been removed from

outside a room I can't wait for the threshold name, its camera

the exact out-facing vibe I'll trouble time no more for

lights out. The door is liquid and a chaser down my throat, with

the same song rises before; the water

water is wide, I cannot get o'er

give me

a boat that will

beat the bounds

be upraised by

rivermouth

and carry too

my beating is loud and in sequence



amounting to;  
a granular gold. a cool midday.

some lovers are flesh, and others bone,  
some people are thoughts, others a longer narrative

**iii.**

I know my hundred percent understanding, which like the rain, gives more cover  
than necessary. A trained thought, a clutch. I give you what eyes can touch:

a gift horse,  
a far sounding,  
fireworks in the planetarium.

Making a skin crawl is a fulltime job. In what it doesn't allow is reason.  
So touch my tongue before we go south for fall

I never happened, didn't you, before

I touch myself am still flaming beside a river rope I haul myself across.  
If ever can I ask to disarticulate

the throat  
the nape  
the map  
the robber bride

who after three times three long nights comes back to warn me, tells me circle the palace  
three times. Murder nights distances. Make her come to me. It's widdershins that come  
as sounds to mouth. I should articulate. Should breathe. (Stone). Emit. (Paper). I'm  
evening out. (Scissors). Emit sounds that should be evening out.

the robber bride  
the map  
the nape  
the throat

iv.

my beating is loud and in sequence

I know

I put my hand  
holding out one  
dark is whole  
handsurround

I know

in gorge a fingering I  
squeeze  
put my hand  
light out

I know my

little hand

who made thee

your

mouth nipple mouth

my

I

put out my hand

the light out

**against**

*lover as vessel not the feeling overflow*

**i.**

presses itself to mist, mouthed fog patches, toward	
instead of outer layers of nut leaves something between	
persisted; noisettes trapped in gutters, gutted inside	against
tripe hanging tapestry, too patterned to be called around	
this district, hanging too known and tasted up	against
pasted up this owning sense, kin, kinside, keening in the	
streets who remember how to be cold	
an arc-en-ciel, up with mushroom, coffin biosphere	
mistake, breathing in mistake, breaking out, make it like the fine	
like like the fine cut of the morning, to be gold, laugh-	
-skinned, the sarcophagus of doubt and government over	against
it, bluer than the nothing. Name it. This morning domination	
is the whole world, numpty, pulling your skin away	against
flesh-knowing, airing it in the breeze. Tell	
tall tales of the harmony of the workers' movement,	
of the resoluteness of women, of water	
protectors, of a world without work.	

ii.

I always want to move, my blood filled up. I want to still and you drink a little stay. I want to stay near, too near a mouth, the mine of blood and teeth and tin and hay upon my head I

around

lie with my body. I keep recycling this promise to a binding sheet of promises, fence, skate park, out-of-hours surgery of dreams. Where cut out and manifest I weave. I have no loom., only your hands, hard as needles, fast as autumn. We abandoned locks as name for hair and used them only to push and pull the boat through, two, four, seven with a right-angled key. Opening the gates I came to say I've never travelled on a narrow boat, but I want to live in a

against

hollow way, some times, the branches fist-close and a morsel bird worms in to catch the shade. Then the fingers open, the track wet and sun is blue on sloes. Frost gulps wide as it can fist-close and wrinkling. I'm waiting for the blet

around

to open  
one departure the whole  
holding in mouth  
is it winter yet

iii.

in the morning tiles eaves drop. Nightly access to phantoms I can't talk to, even read. My genitals are silk but this silk gets pounded ground accessed and around in bracing blood. I get down, or want to, eating time, making time come out of my. It arrives me, welcome it in differently, more than welcome, ultra-absorbent, then some circulation on handsome legs, a chimney, autumn can't crack its own nut and the village's circular walk burns a small factory down with how I want gets. All the city's guns are abandoned in a grain silo here getting ready for my friends.

I put you like this      us like this      I like this  
around      against      put my

pen like this, hold  
an envelope which makes our  
arms and alcohol which makes our legs  
and ticket stubs which make our feet and nothing  
which makes our hands, nothing nothing which guarantees  
our two clean bedsheets. Cold to gold. Lean sheets. Gold, come on then  
I come home. And nothing stands down. And nothing, absolutely, the full smell  
and silks and corners of nothing nothings the silk of smells and borders nothings home.



run out. It takes a long time to leave if you get into it  
and in doing so you might arrive. I can figure  
my journey like this, from hole to hole,

circling, this round. Everything  
is interim;

Who wants to go in and out of being petrified?  
Could your hands take it, commanded to be in  
to rim granite every so often, rose quartz or tufa  
to cosset nerve endings or remove dead skin?

Interim I see you  
as a water I run into frozen so I can feel it  
and carve a holding into it. Be warmed up  
and slipping by the time I come, I mean get here,  
arriving on time.

**ii.**

And so I came awake from language, and so I sink down into it again this happens more  
than once. You can come in here. What I remember myself before waking is the capacity of  
thumb in me, me in you, going down before the dark on our knees, not humbly, but without  
shame. So there isn't a church for this pilgrimage, I'll wait outside in the cool home that's not  
mine. Outside outside the sea is grey and likely to cover everything by noon my hand is in  
her

hand is in me  
touching touched, approximate

clay, I understand I can press harder  
because it's my hand in my hand in my pocket

attending to everything's attention  
dawn is forming  
I can't believe in it

we're up like this when I wake  
its possibilities against me  
I can't believe in you therefore let me

throat  
handle      it  
mouth

## **authentic movement**

*I thought I thought better I thought in the night circlusion as I encountered waves of thought around; mine in me, me in myself.*

### **i.**

At chest height in the marshes, eyes mouth the fantasy I didn't know was mined; a hundred tight-dressed headscarfed women, chests open, white bras. See off the bandages. Movement goes further than its mindfield, further than its matter-in-charge. I had a sweet streak that sufficed, and didn't take on anything I hadn't shouldered for. But this longing to exceed itself. And the quietness here. There is no obligation. Shoulders down.

Shoulders up. I tell the same there is no story. I search a huge station looking for. And how I felt trains out with the tongue in the socket of my head. My muscle rigid and like a rigid light, scattered my face and like a muscle, focus, muscle, my chew, stop it on the company we keep. Took a bite I crunched and bled essential architecture with it, a little bone. An anniversary. Singing and party lights. In the church I conjure, still searching out, two soldiers guard the door. Boys, with nervous machine guns. We get nervous we get terminus. We hide the guns under our coats. The building as it is now swallows them.

### **ii.**

Hard to watch though I forget my position. We danced the story with a power I'm delighted on. Last night was Scorpio moon, which meant something to her, and so she wrapped herself in that. And therefore me; she said you can let go. I saw the scars on her arms she gave herself in the desert I imagined and that one day cut the words out. In my conversion she tried to tell me how she'd been raped and I said you don't have to remember for me. Skin skins, it has this power to do well at holding in whilst purpose is ignored. The sayings and the night is gone but will come over again.

Unlike a swallow, I go one round against the building, finding out how people have worshipped it so I can reclaim. I want to weep. You want to weep too? I feel about a circulation, the closest I'll get. Matter you wanted something. Skin against. This proclamation is nothing less. Tight sounding. Fist glimmered. How they go, on the tiles' brink, whole Africa, an orrery of arrows. I rose at your temple. And if you ask me, I will set at dusk. This is the write upon. How they go, swallowing.

**iii.**

I want a whole monastery of time, I want an outhouse and a courtyard and an altbau with a balcony in winter and too much to do anything with. The whale comes to town and sits on his altar and people, flocks of them, get inside, but this has nothing to do with eating. I go out. But the street I can imagine is not plain to me. And I know that right now I am missing light in my garden and am tied to it, or it surrounds me, in a way I can't grasp. And I.

And I came into a room mixed in lino and worn blue. Three windows and at one end an empty cupboard with a closed door. Let's make a project we didn't whisper, and instead danced. There's not a way about my feet to tell it. Light it created full of and no mote. Shift trace over the ground dark. Night dropped its salt into our mouths; no curtains spun the sodium around our hips. And we moved like graces built from mud. We counter-fell against ideas of pirouettes. All steady fell like a smack on the harbour. For who knows hands? And how they might resemble? We can spider out the tempo in freeway, I know that's all it is. A consolation for the disappearing light. An argument. A stream of opening blood vessels to a ruby fog. Why don't you come in to us. By us. For us. With us. Despite us. Let the cupboard's mouth suck on our dance. And swallow us. And swallow us. And swallow us.

## **bone**

*I am not happening to you, you must have been, you are not happening to me, this is a different relation; making a vacancy for mourning, opportunity for loss.*

I know my pulse my lava my forest of light my retina  
glimpses seven suns on my surface to show where  
I should not have looked and each a little more round,  
a raze of burning even in that  
gold a consequence.  
Shadow off me get it slowly.  
In different light can't say it is the same

welcome. If you felt harmony, I felt dawn  
getting its teeth into you and wanting  
all that skin for a field

and what was underneath it.  
When I say I want to be ordinary  
with you, you know what I mean by  
careful, impossible  
not to cathect and close to it I put  
my body round yours, meted

out by trees insensible, this field  
bedded seeded handed  
down in my life as you.

I'm sorry. And I won't apologise, understanding  
there's no beginning to the order I want to make  
my mark on made me marked in order I have no  
order, a syntax working on me I have worked upon.

I crawl inside death  
and live there: that's what it's for, I  
crawl inside death and live  
there, that's what it's for. I crawl

inside death I  
and live  
there there I  
live and inside death  
I live there inside  
death I live death  
inside there  
and live insideath there

in side and its spasms surround me  
upright for it, digest, and sheaves against  
where I don't have to swallow and tell them  
not to put their hand around my throat

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