

The Procedure of a Feeling

because it was a full-throated ease
omitting no opportunity to present
just because it has been
the folds of the way
a four nookèd track
you have to say 'snap'
at the right time
study and contention
harmonious inflections
time repeated its four qualities:
attention, erasure, drainage, the breath
a hare writhed, a horse flung, a crocodile licked
emptiness dulled the opiates dry
what divides each note that way?
what song of shorter faster ones?
the fifth quality: the word from which we get 'consent'
sentire meaning 'a feeling'
body be my teacher
body teach me
so ashamed how the body might do it better
we must learn from the body
the body is ancient news
so beautiful and desperate everyone writing to the body
I sat with my body
made fun of it
no body has written as good as me
I don't care if you like it

(I could care for you)
I don't give a shit what is commended
(you could care for me)
the poem accumulating sweetness answered me:
thousands of people in the English speaking world
had read hundreds of poems about nightingales
but had never actually heard one sing before
they began to evoke poems
buying vinyl records of birdsong
the human the human
how it chirps on the moon
that we might find it by a bird
with the code for its own demise
beauty and desperation (the errors of genre)
send this on or die (chain letters)
people love watching cooking programs
programs about redecorating your living room
how to get the best mortgage
we want to know about process
how is it done? we want to see change
cooking programs as the successful bending of the system
to the creative will of the people
I enjoyed cooking programs during the most alienated period of my life
I'd watch the instruments laid out
the sounds they make the clarity of use
the blender the fork the knife
the garlic sliced
the fire taking up combustible gas
the butter melting the spices pinched

their powers
so powerful
zhummmmm pitter pitter shpahhhhhhh
zzzzzz I turned to the screen
darkling I listened
totally surprised by this change
my delight in the cooking program
'You are quite aware of the distance between the cooking program and feeling
something. You nonetheless insist on the cooking program'
a name
that witching face
unbidden from the wood
like encountering an interface so exquisite you can't believe it's not real
although you also know on some deep level
it is the realest thing you've seen in a while
I placed the locket on the desk
the desk on the wall the wall on the house the house on the floor
each object rose from its location
the biggest moon in eight long years
the warmest February ever recorded
skills multiplied
my face fell apart my hands were left
I pushed them against the shore
smoothed the edges died to think
all the chatter left my mind
I didn't even notice it leave
I remembered parts of me
behind the knee below the sun
the fingertip

the mouth of a slender glass water bottle
light fidgeted
summer crawled under a rock
bubbles winked at the stream's brim
the river's mouth stained white
energy cracked through the chimney
Sant Adria's thermal energy plant
sounds like a man banging an anvil close to me
when people are not being brave
when the fragmented day
when work inflames
when a lack of work looms
when the cleaning the cleaning
I whisper lines of poems to get to sleep
bring summer in
I was in a heavy mood
worrying about how to get everyone I love
a visa
confusing that with what I want
and I was alone
which is really a form of social isolation
I talked to friends
their advice was good like 'ask for concrete things that can be accomplished
bearing in mind time'
rocks bowed down to the sand
the ramble of clouds the tram ride
shadows urged the sea to roll
an outlook cracked
the books on the bookshelf were fine

the sounds of the kitchen were kind
the kids in the classroom wondered
the *mujeres, lesbianas y trans* did kung fu
the institutions held meetings
where all the words were attentive
all attention was desired
all touch was petitioned
all obligations were respectful of our time
if this poem's not that good it's not my fault
it is the films of Barbara Hammer's fault
or John Clare's *The Progress of Rhyme*'s fault
it is the iron in the clay's fault
the chalk the water the humidity
if this poem is weak you can't blame me
in the middle of the night I replied to a member of the audience
who left the cinema angrily in the middle of Barbara Hammer's
A Horse is Not a Metaphor
the artist was sick with ovarian cancer
her horse got sick at the same time also cancer I think
the footage suggests they accompanied each other
through treatment and recovery
the horse's eye
they get better together to ominous cello music
close ups galloping hospital beds bracelets
stroking wading in the river
the strength of their muscles
the conditions of life of a domesticated horse
parallel the human experience of sickness
of being at the mercy of an infinite number of checks

illness and health are blurred
a horse is not a metaphor
because the artist asks herself:
what am I going through?
which becomes what are you going through?
but not what are 'we' going through
which is why it is not a metaphor
nothing is transferred over to anywhere else
the man had muttered 'amateur'
the next day in the protest my banner read:
'I have learnt the way of looking by heart
but I can also read the films of Barbara Hammer (thank you goodnight etc.)'
I am connected to an infinite number of things
in anger, constraint, fear and movement
surfaces are the essence of what I'm talking about
without words
I made all the surfaces mine
got into the logic of the surface and started organising
a recycling bin here a desk there
moved all my loose files into one folder
I took off my top
I like being alone
when I cried on my route many times
when I have tried to cry but tears don't come
I say is this crying a connector or a blocker?
sometimes crying has the function of avoiding something you need to get on with
(a blocker)
suddenly I was behind the cry
in a room called bedsit

before I was born
my question frozen out to sea
my question escaped me
surrounded by silence small bits of work
we'll help you
really? I have always wanted a teacher
I don't have a style or it isn't independent
I don't have a single skill defined
it doesn't matter you can have fame now
like setting out to tick off jobs
but finding the whole day lost
so my poem was distributed
despite the lack of garden care
stories of family where no-one was
I found my way back to poetry
hope turned on zooooooooommm dahhhhhh
there it is
still mine
I had a few friends to guide me through ambition
at first I would hide
thinking I had to choose between poetry and life
but there were books inside my house
my mum liked to read
so much she read a book a week
she was always chatting to me
she wanted to know what I thought about things
everything else was cordoned off
the rights of poets and nothing to me
a title I still feel ambivalent about

I have regretted showing it around
where pictures promised of the future's powers
and the past's magic
I felt excluded from this image
I went on a march and thought again
in spite of everything I still do this
sound poured into every shallow
deep winds organised the sea's greens
an attitude flooded the stretch
no matter what these words sound like
they come from my chest
my heart totally plugged in right now
talent swelled
it was our ancestors who listened and who we loved
and who we deleted when they became
anthem, courtship or group password
let them push and push while I push on yours
you have to assume this poem exists
because of all the parents I have parented
and all the parents I've had
the number is finite (the body's duration)
the possibility is infinite (the body's durability)
not consuming exactly
but among its stuff and channels
I laid around lazily
without a sense of loyalty
loving partners, friends and strangers
pulling the network close to me
committed to its confidence

knowledge moved to the centre of my stare
visible in my stormy mood
how I'd look just beyond you
even my enemies couldn't distract me
I still worshipped this stuff
fighting for indifference to be discontinued
that was my fight when I was young
I was just being born when I was aggregated
the curse of unfeeling
who was that who turned its eye and replied
it was warm when it was cold
I was creating it
I felt so much love for all devices
I was reckoning with every letter on my keyboard
I really loved each one
now everything that is happening online
behind every family a locket
beneath every face a frozen lake
a loved one's eye a child's eye
painted on the surface of an elephant's tusk
after Albert died Queen Victoria wore
a locket around her neck
a photograph of him on one side
a lock of his hair on the other
on her wrist she wore eight lockets
a lock of hair from the heads
of each of her eight living children
lockets were also given to women
forced to leave their children

at founding hospitals one half used
to identify the child the other half used
to identify the mother who'd have to present it
to get her child back sentiment
is for some people identification for others
I still have the right to feel
I can still speak as well as the greatest men
the elephant begat your royalty
I feel much better every time I say that
thank god for electricity
I created my own electricity for my thoughts and I kept going
it's like when you turn your phone on I get ready
zzzzooooom dahhhhhh
by morning things get difficult
updates yourself yourself the audience
I started to get more work
that's when I really appreciated friends
as I needed less I needed them
when unburnt feelings stood before me
the heaviest rain a hail storm
I felt like the roof
beauty smiled at me
friendship the paycheck
as soon as I thought it there she was I even loved her name
I wrote poems for her
my ambition turned to her
the only opinion that existed was hers
but obsession tried to hoist from love
something

all the qualities I liked I couldn't pick for me
it took a long time to get
that love has nothing to do
with knowing everything
I left her alone so many people have
mistaken love for fame
but they were wrong about the economy
every self-cohering line
all narration love afforded
every act of centering we're listening
the economy
so sadistically dressed-up
as your ideal parents
exclamations many faces
I basically know everything
desperation I hummed the sound
blazing beauty cruised through
a sweet location fell on me
a falling winter on my face
rest made of sheep's wool
one thought took me
neat
I mostly married poetry
check on me
be my parent's voice
it happened not at work but of its scarcity
help me poetry
the way in this town people talk about work

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