

# FOURIER SERIES

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SPINELESS BOOKS



PROVIDENCE, RI

# Four Corners

Figure one: X marks the hard stuff.  
Picture  
in brittle glass. Mimesis lies fallow.

Figure two: O pens it. First  
fallowing  
fruit comes between us + our nature.

XXX

If you build a man + hurt him  
in the hip,  
they will come.

If you pose him in the pit,  
his tribe  
will worship his image

which is an image  
of God.  
A man is not a word

in the mouths of his  
countrymen.  
A man's a way of walking

+ his ease in the desert,  
alone  
but bearing our eyes.

## Four corners

Land stunned into flatness + veil. Catastrophic invitation. Those are not the same stars over the Mojave glimpsed through gravebranches of the Schwarzwald. Giant steps cross the secretaries of the interior. An apple shot off of a head of salt. We live in a chaos of the BIA.

Out there in the desert night the century was born. Navajo codetalkers hunched in Nissen huts to protect it. Duke Ellington lived in a limousine receiving signals from Southern roads. Jewish physicists built it in one place + another.

As the buffalo jump turns bison into weapons against themselves.

The native self was carved from a code of tears. Before the cross after the cross: civitas deus, derelinquo deus. The heart's anonymous water on the tip of another's tongue. Before the cross alters the cross alter the silence of the Lord.

The lost tribes were immune to bullets. They dreamed up a shirt to clothe their nakedness.

Now we are living in harmony.

# The Five Senses

## Nectarine

Between plum + peach the daring the juice peel fuzz stripped bruise styptic order of skin.

Principal organizing arm finds the fish in the wrist. Where the phalanges start a strategic withdrawal to the funnybone. To biceps the muscles cleaving. That strength.

As color a thin tort as sunset layers the world's oceanic skin riches are red dust tuning the crosshaired lyre. Not the drain of ice of silver nitrate an Ansel Adams print, William Bliss Baker's fence snaking an oil in black + white. Nightpregnant aquamarine creeps out the Pacific. Plumskin on tongue costs a short sharp shock.

In the palm fist standing for human heart it's in your hand always. The heart on a fork to brandish its juice feeding the dust.

Balm of prickly pear by the roadside stand brimming green with heads of lettuce plastic milkcrates the woman brown as dirt joining hands with the scenery.

Arroyo for the showdown walling out our romanticism. Sun's brief hour in the lubricated gap is garden is an idea of wilderness charged with yellow god.

## Le tact

the oceanic feeling flows  
from desire permission

you watch yourself shrinking  
into the body's homely garment  
the selfwool wet + warming

no mental closet  
flesh standing without bones

in olden days San Francisco  
was poised between act + potential

it was the grace peninsular  
between bodies of water we drained  
+ the body as inchoate container

eyelashes beat now  
American wings

see through me  
that you're no angel

it grieves him how we  
must derive pleasure  
from heaven's hurricanes

body holy body  
wholly suspended in its elements



I must make love to you  
at the point phenomena congeal

black frosting wings  
a murder of nerve  
bungles my wires

each with a skin  
+ the will to master it

as lief the town crier  
shouted my lines

the blow struck at birth  
the brutesong bonestruck  
tumble into your grave

I struck  
the board

she chose cochineal  
for her second skin

ruled coeval  
by a circus of women  
a man begins his dire

note well the white pages  
the feathers of friendly sin

now to take possession  
of your fantastic lineaments

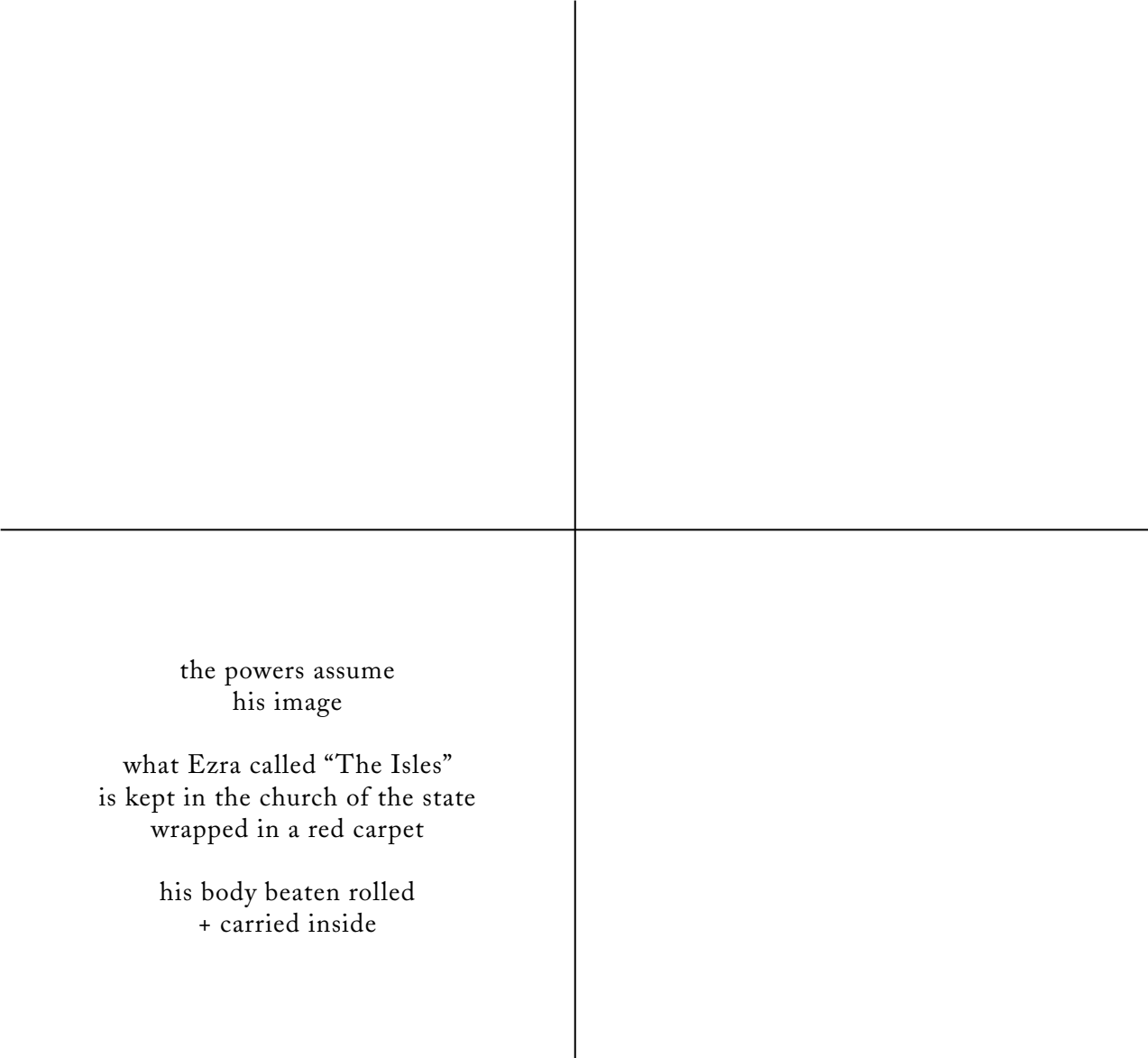
move from desire toward a place  
of death move out desire  
from the breakers the floes

stiffening in an old  
soldier

it's a prison  
make it so

pillar of spine + shoulders  
molting cored centripetal flesh  
wrists' perpetual orbit


the itchy skin  
letters scratch



the powers assume  
his image

what Ezra called “The Isles”  
is kept in the church of the state  
wrapped in a red carpet

his body beaten rolled  
+ carried inside



scarcity defines  
an economy of beauty

to suffice the greedy eye  
interlacing ear to ear  
a strict paradise of veins

the eye's capillary net of  
cones spares the rod

difficult suns star  
manzanitas up Laurel Canyon Road

here Frank Zappa + Auden  
awhile tried out idea of light  
as thing not reflecting the thing

tried Pacific in time of war  
chorded the el in revelation

beaches strewn with condoms  
teach patience

the white or black or endless  
screen absents you preciously  
from thinking I could live here

the sea discloses skin  
evidences color's gift of eyes

the made + the made-up's  
plasma

sperm collides with ova  
aborting the ancient spectra  
of stars that are not the sun

flash-frozen an embryo  
frequency

air too is a lens  
immortal scryer

feast of images  
fit for the gods  
in a single drop of water

lights the messenger  
at home in our blood

alone  
in the observatory

nebular etymology  
uncrates histories of a star  
your helium shedding its shell

I am blooming geotropic  
dust to dust

how can mere sun  
pierce your horny membrane

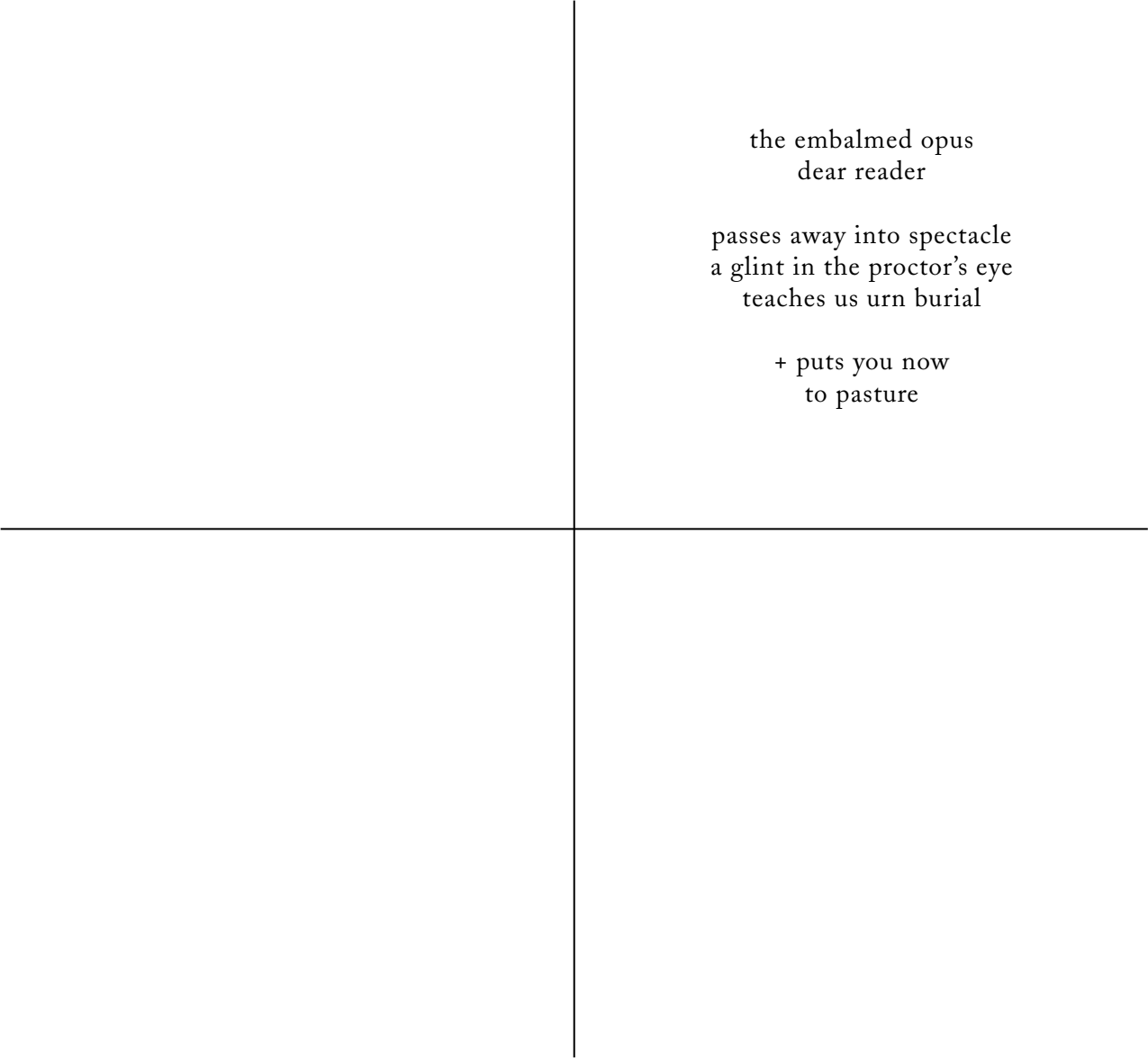
beat a castoff image  
her entire luminous outline  
from the clockbox in your chest

chest communicates  
to light its need

captured if you like  
in a frost heave of klieg lights

as astroturf composes  
a greensward of plastic shadow  
an Arden of brutal play

that artifice a skin  
on events



the embalmed opus  
dear reader

passes away into spectacle  
a glint in the proctor's eye  
teaches us urn burial

+ puts you now  
to pasture



## Luxurism

The eye proceeds by feel along the line that became Columbia. Fruit topples in our path + stands up on sturdy brown legs. Play for change. Reclined in canoes, mouths stuffed with apples, fingers dragging through the water, flies vibrating under our hats, the preying dead. Give ground. Give a taste for medlars, dirtside. Give us a kiss indigenous.

The baby bears his coin sunward upon a former lion's back. The drinkable sea in our heads.

Everything we need bears us a skin to live. Boats + boots, kings in the trees. Burn the prairie for a signal, hum the line, stay the course. I can't make you think.

Fiery reverse a chorus of rings, the ants tender with their aphids. Tunneling through the brass canicule of the new continent's days we will be representative men. The eye stands for the palm. Transplants whisper their song.