

“If I call creatures into being —
that is the abyss of my mercy.”

sayings are known to be true
and not for any better reason

we’re elementally conversant
with our beginning yet notably
less articulate than yeast

there’s mercy at work in our collapse
catastrophe micro-doses us
in time to react, so that we can
believe we’ve saved ourselves again

this might not sound like prayer
prayer disdains me to let me pray
to beg prayer directly as author

*

as the cause of limitation,
mind never tires of claiming
it is language that’s deficient

phonemes cause consciousness
nothing could be more creative —
the poetics of all else
clouds are a metaphor for no clouds
not a fault but an adornment
stanzas are a cupping of hands

as if it was not there before
that’s what I’m absorbed in!

even if it was the word of God
the grammarian viewed any
sequence of letters or sentence
as an obstacle of God’s word
which is destitute of sequence —

to manifest through dissolution
a withdrawing of the sequence
back to our home in the spoken

zoo closures during pandemic
saw animal birthrates rise twenty
five percent — a reverse image
of our encroachments-as-the-cause

... into language we *think* is ours

Conquerors of the Coronavirus,
we did it again: quash the wild
that lashed back at its ingrate guest
vaccine convenience versus
virome indigeneity
coming out on top of the sinking
soil of hypnotic poppy fields

keeps us from paging back in time
back in body mind and word to
our consummate encroachment
causally underlying its kin
seizing the speech offered as gift
in indivisibility of
nature/nurture our Creator
Parents we put our feet on backwards
step onward deface the face game
the name desecrate the grace tout
the buyout of that which made flesh —
each arising word is holy
holiest its impulse to be

o opob obope obopens
impedopen impedopeniment
impedopulent obstopening

knotoclops knotopenence
knotobstacular knotpopulant
knotpollulutant knotpollen

knotpollenopenitence
knotpolypompomnipotent
obstacular obstopulence
opulclopcycle openoclop

*

I never know what they’ll look like
poems on a page the worst cliché

I’ve always been ashamed to say
God’s name *I Am* other than *Am*

‘I’ doesn’t age it witnesses
if word is god’s only attribute
why should it matter *which* —
word is the face, word is the name
without which, no closing of distance

not name of something or word for —
name that doesn’t name the word
the proof is in the power
what I’ve just done has been said
this is what those whom god through-spoke

no adoring deeper than wonder
whether it’s the name, word or the sound
concurrent with none of the above

We do adore embodiment
until...

as water becomes a bubble
a body

a flame the size of a rice grain
outshining a thousand suns

*

a few dozen sounds in our care

sound, like us, means what it is —
speech coma if ho-hum distinct
from so ham ham sa so ham um

at-each-other’s-throats as it is
why sing the said say the song
because we’re so helpless god is
mother father or no one

what-is before it was, is known
as the sound of the letters now
rising before we know what to say

even matter is invisible
I became too afraid to not
be saved, then too unafraid

when I’m finished writing I’ll write
what is

the unknowable god I know
the knowable god I love

exuberance of closing eyes
equal to the force required for
waking from coma of ego —

see the letters free of sequence
'T consolidate the cosmos

heart so vast a syllable can cross

*

without equitable economics
real will remain remotely sealed

what is is wisdom made manifest
what is and what is made manifest
are wisdom although the two don't
involuntarily equate

the word for which is 'tremulous'

the moment as all that was and will be

*

schwa is our om, I'm god's tv

it's time for my lust to shine

'what' is immortal. Statement, not
a question. Don't think about it.

the vagus nerve is our ear

language as we know it is derived
from language we can't conceive of

the way a drum or drumming sound
appears when people are transforming

we don't heal we hold space open

*

the thing refers to the name

god is great but prayer is greater

missed opportunity to be kind
slight lapse in daily diligence
drone strike killing the innocent —
of slight significance for one who
is not tending to sanctity
but untuned middle ear muscles

what you can't hear you can't say

skin differentiated
from ear, not ear from skin
we need to hear to listen

psighchochophizzlcl stloughstough

the image of God is made out of ...

the same who's always changing

so are our sense perceptions
representations, feel sorry
for the solidified, alibied —
those who have watertight stories

psighchochophizzlcl stloughstough

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