

The Falls

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THE FALLS

Étrangement et singulièrement j'ai aimé tout
ce qui se résumait en ce mot: *chute*.

—Stéphane Mallarmé

The snow is falls.

—Clark Coolidge

The streets, the falls.

The trewes, the gifts, the gavels.

The coming down, the first part.

The winters, the nights.

The grifts and runnels where the strewn leaves fleet as they leisurely spin in a lazy rotation. The slip, downstream, of debris before logging, submerging, and instantly plumbing.

The sinks and leads; the leeds and patter.

An articulation of movement (the closed vista falls into the camp of enclosure); the previous prospects; the cast of the ground — the planes away to the distance-vision's limit's strain.

The dregs of the ebb, the drain and quick suck through chameleon sand; the pervious screen of coarse sand and water-worn stones.

Into place; out of fashion; out of favor; from grace; into line.

The engraved; the names in their cases.

Heavy rain and a sudden passing.

The tributary branches and leaves.

The obligation falls to; the debts fall due; *la chance oblige*.

The flaws; the rifts and slips; the stricken faults.

The palt as blanched leaves tribute the stream from their boughs
suggests a strict, unpredictable pattern.

The distributed spread, the parabola's concavity. *Le cadavre
par le bras*. The dead; the wind; the free.

The randomness of dice as they fall.

Whole flocks of leaves panic at the breeze, skimming the pavement
with a scraped escape.

Some trees, even unheard, unseemly, beseech.

But the puppet is graceful because its limbs are what they should
be: lifeless, mere pendula, and they follow the laws of pure
gravity.

The pull at the cheeks as the lips turn down — the
protruding pout at the sudden conclusion.

The check of the pawl.

All the manifold catastrophes — the point of fracture or collapse; the moment of capsize; breaking waves; changes of state (melting from solids; flocs from a colloid; aggregate stages: to precipitation from high humidity, from a coating to a drop, a bead to a drip; the slip from waking to sleep); each limen of a system — follow exactly the same mathematical model.

As when, suddenly, all rivers are downstream.

The balance on the verge, from the lip, to the cusp, over the crest, down the bifurcated fold to the saddle of the buckle — at any point a plunge could fall further.

The rest depends on the sibilant difference between a fall and a kiss (*baiser*; *baïsser*), on the meaningless coincidence, the chance event, the lacking logic, on an empty accident, devoid and useless — the confusion of *casus* with *casus*.

In the same way *chance* descends from *cadere* (to fall), with its unexpected reorientation, given over to gravity, in motion beyond our control.

That random, repeated link between falling and chance finds its rendezvous again in the French *chanceler*: to falter; to look as if one's about to stumble; to tumble; to slip; (of the memory) to fail.

And yet again, in German, the sheer coincidence plays out: *Zufall* (chance); *fallen* (to drop); *Falle* (a trap, a bed — what one falls into).

(In) love; (a) sleep.

A lost night's rest is not a catastrophe.

The empty, the hollow. The dead, the free.

Compared to the person I love, the universe seems poor and empty. This universe isn't "risky" since it's not "perishable." Carnal love, because not "sheltered from thieves" or vicissitudes is greater than divine love. It risks me and the one I love. It hazards.

To aim at a mark, to wager, to guess.

We are always falling, but sometimes we forget. And because there is motion, there must be emptiness, yielding and accident. Atoms plummet through an infinite void — they rain straight down, perfectly vertical, with only occasional swerves.

As when, on some september night, in the air, you can feel the end of something and the beginning of something else: a peripeteia; a recognized crisis; a *climax* — points in the drama with a sudden reversal.

A *trama* serves to plot the path to which the warp is at any moment wefted, along the lines of termination of the web, formed by the last weft-thread driven up by they lay.

Just as each beautiful day is also a meteor (*se estrella las estrellas*).

Until the moment of collision, some portion of unforeseen motion partitions the distance remaining.

The tea leaves, the cake crumbs — the sound of a bell, the smell of fallen leaves — the chips as they may.

With blue *cærulea* stewed as a potion, *catananche* (*asteraceæ*) blooms in the brew. Infusions are taken as slopes speeding sleep. The sugars dissolve; the dyes diffuse; the thyme embitters as it steeps.

The blossoming losses accrue.

Cupidone blooms from mid-june to late august — the tender perennial grown as an annual, seed-sown in soil that drains.

Then the sepaline drop, the wither.

Everything rinsed out, bleached pallid and spoiled.

The achenes, the scarious bracts. The cast and the

blanched.

The nights; the made weathers; the winters.

The precarious, impending and staggered.

From the scabs to the scars to the aches.

The slid and the lanced.

The wrench of the branched clastic carpals in catch.

The scales and bracts frame bundles of stamina bound by their
filaments.

The fathomed petals scroll as they dry.

Phosphates drop while anthocyanins rise.

Maple stains the sidewalk after showers; burnt-earth red remains in
soaked ghost silhouettes of frozen, settled smoke.

The back and the back on; the rink of the belt.

The sifting of fells. The tympanum for tapping of iron and
slag. The gothic drop of the fault.

The victim to.

The vitrified refuse and calcinate cinders; the furnace soot.

The foot; the particular tread; every ambulatory moment;
the other shoe.

All the lymphatics.

Each particulate in every suspension.

The spillway, the mud spew, the quicksand. The draws.
The fill from the point of extraction — the drays in
translation all the way to the very point of deposit.

The mudflow; the glue pour; the asphalt rundown; the
endless displacements; the concrete overflow.

The outwash; the melt and the runoff; the watershed.

And then — as one's downward gaze pitches from side to
side, picking out random depositions of salt crystals on the
inner and outer edges — a vertiginous keel.

The sudden declivities, the vague inclinations, an
inaccessible precipice; precipitates.

At the edges of the walk the slate of the paves of the path are
halved. Notched, cut away at a bevel, the slabs, chipped and fit,

nestle into each other with a mutual overlap.

The total pitch and batter of the bank. The flag and the drop of diminutive bends, from the sinister chief to the dexter base.

The sinter and leached reach of scoriated recrements, sedimented lees.

The beleaguering leak from fothering failing.

The further back; the so far behind.

The forging, forgetting — the spans of the gaps of what slips from the mind.

The indiscriminate scarp of the hills; the crest of the slopes; the cast up and cupped inner sides that envelop a ditch.

The hollow of a vessel, bowl, or drinking vessel.

The hollow of the waves, the breast, the depths.

A sinus trims the border with a cyma.

The seech foams the border of the bay.

A search forms the order of its finds.

Above the iris the cataract attracts a glaucal mist.

A fine spray of the drew, from the falls, scrimms the vista with
whisps.

Cascade descends straight from *cascare* (to fall), a synonym of
cadere, from *casus* (an accident, a chance event), all miraculously
unrelated to the Spanish *cascar* (to shatter, to break into
pieces) — the result of an accident, from which *cask*, from
quassere (to strike), from *cassus* (hollow, empty, devoid).

So the cask anticipates the crash from its fall, the shatter already
before the slip, its telos in shards, in shared forms.

And then I can feel, on the tip of my tongue, the angular cut of the
shattered word.

Chapped orange, the rolled lip of the leaf cracks to split.

The calyces shed, heralding the breeze; the seedpods shiver and
tinder with the set.

The Danaïde heald their containers in endless unintended
libations.

The somber coincide; the serious factionate; the somatic weights.
The season sinks in and shadows itself in the foundering.

The ombrian curves scale probable rainfall. Statistics allays the
uncertain.

To cause dust to settle; to quell; to bring down or unravel.

The swell of a curtain, from irregular currents, curtains.

Hail, hastily, gavels the concrete in a rapt tattoo; dry pellets pelt the
petals to the pave; they scatter in brief rebounding Brownian
bounce.

The ice as it falls; the onding, in passing.

The span in collapse; the mermaid; the one gift.

The stifle and puzzle: embarrassed, perplexing.

If you would have come to meet me, I would have run toward you
on the platform, right next to the track — I would have done
everything so as not to fall.

But the body itself opens the chasm into which it falls and falls
away from itself — a *katabole* — projecting the ground on
which it founds and founders in its tumble.

The spread and the splatter; the links.

The ferruginous, interminable, frozen sound; the rink run
of inlets and slews.

The terminal velocities attain; friction's equivalent of fluid drag
balances.

The slow exuvial slough.

Glossed drops depend in a frozen drip from the whitewashed
platform, rust leaching in spots and breaching the bleach.

The scaffold, the lattice; the framework, the catafalque.

The downward, sickling sweep of the falx, in reap.

The peduncled skull in a forward arc propels from occipital weight.

The mean part of the dura mater divides and descends.

The martelling peen.

The sickening smack of the skeletal impact.

The weight of the matter. The cut of the deck, the crack of
cement, the concrete, the fact. The momentous; the met.
Some sharp edge of a platform.

The whole in slow motion. A crushing blow, a heavy stroke

— the held at bay.

The cades, the *cadeaux*, the cascade.

The bailed to bade. The fated to fail.

The structures crushed to a fine granulation.

The dust to the plush, the pills to a powder; the pulver, the pollen, the dander and villi. Every last grain to the ground.

The molars, incisors and canines — the vaginal process; the jugular fossa; the mastoid — each down on the lip.

The lashes.

Type after the strike, back down to its basket — free felled as spent lovers collapsed to the bed after coitus — keys dropping like wasps in the autumn, stunned after the sting.

The vespers; the wisps; the tomentous slips; the hairs in the hollow of the back so fine they cannot mat.

The downy; the down; the pubescence.

The pinions.

The descanting frayed; the refraid; the descent of the leden;

the burden of song.

The flittered pines; the flattered pate, the pain.

Foliaceous strays in soft flutter to the lawn. The cancelled;
the littered; the lanced.

Leaves weave a lace-work lattice on the grass. An intricate figure
of expected, unpredictable scatter traces a persian carpet of
the probable; in the strew and spread of statistical pattern, the
stochastic, clastic, distributed plot postulates its own hypothesis.

Then, the compulsory crush: the pestle of steps; the must of
the crumble. The dust of dried sage between fingers.

The heeled seed, spurned; the sweep of the arm over fields
in cease with a supinated palm.

A wing or a leaf in catenary swing — indistinguishable in
the dusk. The inevitable rush of water in its seek.

The scoria, talus and scree.

An owl feather drifts between listing stones.

The linear, persistent, acerose sting of the sudden conclusion arrives
at the end of some long-held opinion.

La tige fluette; the fluid; the flood.

Those threaded sleeves that leak the pipes that link.

The sink of blood. The sag of tissue. The soak into porcelain cracks and between decalcified seamed ceramics. The pooling to contusion. The bags that hang in shadows under eyes. The lacquering stanch. The blackening scab that granulates above the pink; the reissue.

The fissures, the faulting and slips.

The chutes and flumes; the flukes.

The persistent assault of the season's caducous rebuke.

Between the seas and these tearwaters — scant difference.

Acanthus curls over itself, wrought branches fraught with verging leaves.

Carotenoids surface; anthocyanins surge.

The flourish of the cadet fades as a paraph; the signature traces apparent remains.

Harbingers harbor some crypted gifts still. Certain residuals, for some unknown reason, have lapsed as the willed are cast into

receivership.

Above runnels and grifts, caduciferous boughs taper and twist;
their torsions tear the air; vine-twined arbors herald the season's
loud praise.

Wasps sklent to scent the caltrop's nectre, alighting.

Stems slender and spreading, the plants' blossoms powder under
lanceolate whorls of bracts and inflorescent umbrels.

The systyle columns sustain their close companionship; they stand
too close and yet refrain from touching.

The corrective entasis deceives. The unseen curvatures perjure,
beguile and charm.

Hair down, waving and helical from the least humidity, everything
loosened and looking so undone, she echoes: the mermaid; the
one gift; the bridges failing.

With undulate pulses medusæ sink and swell. They taper down
like ink let drop in water.

Where a drop that sinks while still suspended to the surface by
some tension attenuates, it flutters to shape medusoid vortices of
various graded forms: the threads suspend; the cupulate chute
ribbons; the little bell begins to ring.

We think of the bubbles in a liquid as rising, while forgetting that they simply mean some other particles are falling to take their place.

But rather than speaking of a synthesis of rising and falling one should speak of a continuity of the aesthetic form that does not allow itself to be disrupted by the borderlines that separate rising from falling.

The new lover: arrived from everywhere then. The new lover: departing everywhere hence. A spondee, a dactyl, three trochees.

On some cool morning one finds the petals of a moth orchid morbid in the pot.

The wasps to cold are lost.

The fever, by degrees.

The final foot drops.

The cause of to much slepyng dothe come of great graueditie in the heed thorowe reume.

French oak, in ruin, rinses dissolution to the roots.

The rot of the cabinet, the fox of the cards.

The catalogue dorms in its own disrepair and despairs of sustaining
its index — all the references to succeeding words or groups,
now lost in a deep, or even a deadly late sleep.

The proper names; the nouns and the pronouns; the words
in their cases. The nascent; the crowned; the decided.

The hidden, defrauded, the into obscurity — the dimmed.

Shadows are the spells cast by luminescence.

The rain is fell in divisions between downs.

From the cut to brushed cinnabar to desiccated yarrow the
osteomance leaves heat cracked scapula as the sortilege abandons
cast plastrons in middens.

The cluster of the stones.

The parceled by lots.

The throes, the throws.

The forecast rains — tomorrow or some other day, at
some uncertain hour. The drawn; the drained to bay. The
clouded over lower.

The roe deer fallow at the field's burnished edge dusk along the margin of the wood.

The should of the derivative.

The shied of the lanced from the hand.

The slive of the tide from the shingle.

The volume dropped — place lost — closed, in a doze.

The board to the book by a cord; the single-fold scored, the sheaf of loose pages laid loose on the gavel.

Leaves macled, the sheets of the tome that has sunken and risen, that submerges and rises, buckle, unbroken, uneven: their crink and adhesion; their translucent wrinkles; the drains from the flood of the sizers' seep of asymmetrical, redistributed concentrates staining. The boards warp, containing the waves of the brittling, impliant pages.

The cast of the timber. The tumbled, autumnal, in turn.

The faltering grip of the late leaves' caducity, compulsory, gives.

The ruins, the sluice.

The thorns and edges and yokes and ashes. The wends of
the branches exposed to the wind.

Bare rocks outcrop from the treeline to the rim; ochre scrub-oak
scumbles the slope; gabled firs comb a scrim above the rust-
blush of dry-brush maple — intercalated birch dispersed in
mustard dustings trim; green still lingers in the basin, screening
the creek.

Within weeks, powder from these boughs, in periodic veils, unfurls
diaphanous sheets.

For now, afternoon sun on spruce bleaches blue as a snow-coat,
even in autumn.

Broom flowers waver over the swale's weep.

The grape harvest; the cold mist; the frost. The low clouds
and fog.

The frim boles bled; the grim drip of the spiled.

The spoiled, the ripened, the sliped.

The swept, the wept, the swapped.

The borrowed, the lent at accounts; the lented and bowed.

The missed.

The plumbed.

The slumber.

Seasonal rates darken and densen.

A wake of grain eddies down the lathes.

Rain streaks stretch the length of the window, counterfeiting
prison bars. The solemn drops unfurl and assume. Their
carceral architecture simulates in silence.

A violence stimulates the plicature, which scars.

At minute intervals the ombrographic panes record the rate.

Rain doesn't form the only hyphen between sky and soil.

Lenticulated drops bead from stratified rocks.

The ground shows an interest in shadows, which cannot own it but
are nonetheless holden.

The sleavings surface grain.

The fell of the pelt displays follicle patterns.

The palt's patter slows to a gradual halt.

The atmosphere condenses on the glass. The context presses as the day passes.

The carcels drop away along the focal plane at calculated rates.

With asynchronous hesitations the parceled droplets race, staining as they clear — along parallel tracks of sprint and stall — the record of their peers.

Rain lank along the pane incarcerates with a humid kind of solitary confinement.

Thin delicate fluting trims channeled supports.

Torqued branches make for a cancelled touting.

Shaded slaths and swales weather, their vertical planks planed with the grain. The roe shows an arrangement in a system of nesting: short stripes or streaks on the surface of the timber winnowing.

Reels of birchbark back-bending outward from the top in fibrous papyrus rinds peels. The sycamore slips to give up its plates in irregular patches of mottled, inelastic abstractions: light olive to whites gradating from greys among creamed coffee browns.

No shade from any plant ever more lovingly lovely, soft and sweet.

Élan vital laves in its visible vegetable forms: tacky dew pearls the tops of the leaves with small droplets; pitch binds the needles of a pine; amber tapped between bark wrinkles weeps: the bleed before woundwood; the wondrous seep; the dark molasses sap that traps small insects in its torpid downward drag.

The felt of the pell; the patter of the palt; the melt of the matter; the cease of the held; the gradual halt.

The lot, the duty, the task.

The streets; the falls; the ruse.

The gins and brikes.

The plastron fractures from the stress; the plaster, in wraps, arrests; it settles to set the break from the slip from the tripped.

The sinking church is flooded by the lake.

Abreast, aboard, astern.

The out; the off; the in with; the onto deaf ears.

The lease due; the pleats down, the lace. The pleas, the implored, the misted gaze; the leas between rains. The

overcast smoothed against fray.

The felt.

A modest bodice gauze roughs from neck to gorge.

Draperies in paintings dispose with artful disarray.

The piping; the ribbing and rideled.

Rows crimped from the shirring cascade with a ribboning trim.

The strips and folds; the form of the fluid; the cut of the rivel; a ridge of felled seams in their ranks; a lapped inflorescence of ruche in its waves; the rhythmic flow of the wove as it hangs. The intervention of a robe, arranged.

Soft satin-backed silk of crêpe-météor makes a curtaining undulate drape.

The broken, the braked; the brocades. The stays to the flanks.

The stoppages — blind stitched, and metered. The fate in reserve.

A needle dropped on a floor lands between planks with predictable play.

Calculary lots clot accountable, lacunar gaps.

The rasp of a thimble; a throw of the dice. Anything temporal.

The slow approach of the dusk, crepuscular, precourses diminution for this beautiful day.

Then the disastrous, constellated, crash of the stars.

The heavy stroke, the crushing blow.

The stones are dropped by the tide's retreat.

The cathedral founders (*engoutté, engloutie*), swallowed by the billow of the lake.

This morning, the swale: drained, descant, decanted.

The plagal cadence in a long decay, with a held sustain, with the tempo grave (*amabile soave più*).

The staves of the cade, the cadeau, the cascades.

The frozen sound in its endless suspension. The trust in an echo.

Arches, in series, diminish down vanishing avenues, ravishing.

With only thorns adorning their bush-branches roses in lines align.

As lope the days, as leap the eaves.

The seas, with leisurely seizures, sheave laqueat, saline-sized heaves
in slack measures.

The inframince difference between oceans and tears.

The desperate sentiments and serious aches; the cake of the
sediments; certain evaporates; all of the salts.

The air to the ground. The ground to a halt. The lowest
place; the connate water; the fossil sea. The cognate,
complacent.

The abruptions of the shaling husks and failing flesh of
liquiscent fruit; occasional eggshells on grass shafts in
shards; the insides of shallow concavities naced with glare.

A certain volume, a beautiful tension, your sweet soothing
tone. Any series of words with the same inflection.

A crystal text; a petrified shell; a stone on which reflected
light plays.

A stone from the surface of which the sun was reflected.

The play of the glare on a rock; a prismatic crystal.

The light from everywhere, always obliquely.

The comfort of knowing that everything else is also beholden to laws we cannot yet explain.

Not so much a pull, perhaps, as a kind of thickening of space; the slight lessening of a glowing, slowing in its passage.

Gravity in waves, with the natural wake of a gait; the tilt and the pivot and pitch.

One consequence of a Lorentz invariance played out.

Two spheres from a tower in Pisa.

The essence of sculpture.

An alleged name for a covey of flight.

The sun to the horizon, daily, it seems.

(each beautiful day also a meteor)

Now love trying to tell us what science has always kept saying, what
all physics comes down to: everything, everywhere, falls.

About ones ears, to pieces, apart.

The far behind. The in together. The always short.

The lac of the resin.

The decident conviction.

A system's limen.

What little was left of our shed summer skin.

When casual chance is taken as causal, happenstance change is
seen as a symptom. And so the coincidence reoccurs, this time
in Greek: *symptom* comes down direct from *σύμπτωμα* (chance,
accident), from *πτωμα* (a fall, a misfortune).

The love-sick, still; the sill of a sleep; the sell of the page;
the swallowed pills; the stake for a stroke as a pell.

Clamped tight to the grillwork, the rusting bell's clapper from
peals to damping retires.

Chance is defined by desire, though not necessarily every response
to desire is by chance. Anguish alone completely defines chance

and chance is what anguish regards as impossible.

The loss we cannot yet explain.

The spires drop, engulfed in aspiring mere.

All of the glass, in each antique window, flowing down slowly,
miming its silicates, spreads at the pane-frame like hourglass
sand.

The dust has, the silt do, the dew will, the snow must.

The glance, the glaze, the face. The eyes upon, in averted
blanch.

The reigns and regimes.

Not to mention: the ships, the towers, whole civilizations.
Everything decadent.

The permanent home.

The saw of the beds of unballasted tumbrils; the smack of
the boards on the cobbles; the tempered, the timbred.

La signature reste demeure et tombe.

The written; the set; the put. The buried; the solemn; the

given.

The serious, heavy and pregnant. A ceasing to speak.

Rain, also, punctuates the space between ground and air.

The continuous chthonic longing; the endless tug on every elevated body.

What seems to say: *it falls; it shades you.*

Love acts as a kind of amnesiant, making us forget that emotion, including its own, is completely soluble, however slowly, in time.

And more, what Orpheus hadn't remembered: the gravity of Hades — how the earth would have pulled at her all summer, its claw tracks scraping downward in their dermal drag; sunken parallel staves raking the swell of her breasts and the chuff of her hips and just barely the cusp of her shoulder — the smooth lipid shine of stretchmarks like fine rag-paper scored with a bonefolder.

Eurydice at the earth's core, pulled equally in all directions, relaxes — suspended — with zero apsis.

The song of a burden; the leaden descent.

The Claude-glass-cast of the lots at dusk.

Vertebrae, vertical, turning, compressing. . . spondyls to
spindles responding, rachial.

A spondee, a dactyl, three trochees.

The truce, the rifts, the gavels.

To cast for the penalty, the verdict, the judgment; the
sponded arraignments.

The strips of the field thrown into divisions.

Par une chute ou par une remontée, par une glissade.

The striated bark of rues engrails the border of the park. The
marbling arrangement of markings in the lignous grain
radiates — nested, concentric. The gravel, in seams, sorts
between slabs of cement, settling with a certain sad calculus.

The cutting from the slip.

The sleeping places. The semen; the increased risk; the
cementation of the sheets.

A small shoot taken from a tree for the purpose of grafting.

The listing; the sleeting; the steeply oblique.

A crystal lace of frost, by dawn, still lattices the lawn; it melts to
mat the plumulaceous base of feathers from a screech owl found
among the fallen tombs and darken, before drying, the bed of
old recumbent stones.

The roots of pines and cypress net the catacombs.

A pruinous glaze hoars the granite rims.

The cast of the lots; the chance to be lent.

What is left, is over, or remains; the remainder, the rest; the
ruinous share.

The relict land left by retreat of the sea.

The dented margin of a sheet of water.

The regime of the rains.

Sprigs of lavender wave, bowing and beaded.

The lands blanch detent, completely possessed.

The rain — before decidence — dashes. Its files act as syntax
between atmosphere and earth.

(The rain in hosts is not alone).

Each meteor metes the distance of the day.

Falar shades, not far, to *fallar* (to speak; to rule in favor, or against) — language seems to change daily, modulating with all its continuous alterations.

The quick crash; the coming down; the conjugate base of the soluble salts lends an opiate low that's so soon out of time.

At the end, as they say, “out of luck,” meaning, perhaps, *without* good fortune, or *born* from fortune, or *beyond* the realms in which chance and control still make sense.

The fence posts; the pales; the ranges erratically skewed.

The weight of the static; the plush.

In a very dry atmosphere, from early fall to late spring, film becomes very readily charged — and in this state it attracts any and all dust.

Then the headlong rush; the coming to grief; the sorrowed regret.

The streets, the falls, the astonished becoming.

The festival effigies burnt; the sprankling, scintillant, shift
of the embers; the ashes and cinders.

The women; the skirts; the laps. The speaking, the lacking.

The rumors of the dead, the rustling.

The cries, the hawking about, the calling.

The falcons from the cliffs, waring into the gyres; the
swooping of broods from the lathed escarpments, from the
chipped and roughly squared crags, in a circling swarm.

Falsetto voices counterfeit, bankrupt and wanting.

The remembered scent; the density; the dance; the scant
difference.

The rests and accidentals; the remains; the reminders.

The wrong hands, the sent note.

Un son de cloche, une odeur de feuilles.

The sialagogue trigger; the pavlovian pucker; the slaver.

The sleek and the rigor.

The perfect fit, tongue in groove, of tenoning ends.

The sap runs; the runes; the reans and excretions.

The ubiquitous bead of droplets that breed by absorption;
then the filming: the surface's swell against tension — the
ratio of dynes over area now approaching nine-hundred —
and the surfactants spreading; then the wash from the let
go, the let down, the overflow.

The astonishing applanate end of dispersion.

The clasping; the clapping; the paragrêle's mesh. The
pelting and fell.

From the grasp; through the fingers; to the floor.

From the cymophanous surface undated, more slowly, to
the rim of the deeps.

Sweet, of a fair colour, thin skin, clean faltered from haines.

The ocular scale; the Damoclean hang of anger at age.

The skin petals, *à flor de pele*; the deciduous tissues.

With each thrust, the breasts, dependent, adhere to the wave-laws

of liquids.

Spine arched, head twisted back, seeking a cataglottic clasp — *baiser*;
baiser — she pauses.

A certain amount of slip, in short, is necessary in order to obtain
the thrust.

Particles of rust dye the difference — ferruginous, entropic —
between the pitch of a propeller and the distance it moves
through the ambient medium in one revolution.

The lachrymal, salivous, hidrotic and micturant — the colliquated,
apocrine corpus in excerning fluxure diffuses in flush to an
organless flow.

The catamenial charge charts calendrical measure.

The perspirant mador resudates, transuding.

The mucinous bet against friction, the darkening swell, the
dusk of the tissue.

The soak and the sponge and the seep and the pool.

A lubricant sleeves the lips down over lips.

The slowly sapped and lactescent mucus; the mescaline

musk; the de-escalation.

The sheen of the salt-sweat, the sluicing to thighs, the carefully powdered and carelessly pulvered now ruined or washed-out in runs. The streaks down the dustings and facings, the finish made spoil; foundations veering in sheets from the stress; the silt of mascara in mirrored-out deltas; the vial distress of every false, sheer veneering.

Ejaculate in splatter the length of the back.

Haligraphy's minims: its strict cancellations; its blurring and tinting and careful gradations.

The damp sheets, the creasings, the stains in their layers.

The real character of these lines is apparent when the crystalline constitution of each grain is considered; they are not cracks, but slips along planes of cleavage or gliding — a movement of ions, in one layer, over another in a tensile stressed crystal.

The faulting.

The dice as they fall.

Of the tongue; from my grasp; of the pen in its writing or copying — *σφάλμα*, in fact from the Greek *σφάλλιν* (to err) and miraculously unconnected either to *fallan*

(German: to drop) or *fallere* (Latin: to deceive).

To miss the mark; to love you; to make a wager.

The idea of invasion, an instance of inroad, or incidence of incursion, of touch.

To risk falling again, to relapse. The for; the forward; the back on. The ruts, the grooves (*rainer, rainer*); the flood at the forest's edge, knee-deep to the girl with the orange lip.

The swollen, down-turning and bit.

The pit, the spring, the loose.

The mercury; the sudden gust; the pressure.

The young horse, stumbling.

The plunge, the plummet. Stray plumage wafting in a switchback drift.

The fled, the fledged; the fletched and flected down.

To come up, as it were, accidentally.

To fall after, of a dream: to come true. To come to.

Someone who, dreaming, says “I am dreaming”, even if he speaks audibly in doing so, is no more right than if he said in his dream “I am falling”, while he was in fact falling. Even if his dream were actually connected with the pull of the fall.

Dream may be a derivative of a *drug* (like *slip* or *fallere*: “to deceive, to delude, to elude”).

But it is remarkable that no trace of *dréam* in this sense appears in Old English; yet it is clear that it must have existed, since the Middle English form *drêm* is regularly derived from it, and could come from no other source. It seems as if the prevalence of *dréam* ‘joy, mirth, music’, had caused *dréam* ‘dream’ to be avoided, at least in literature, and *swefn*, lit. ‘sleep’, to be substituted.

Verwirren, verwunden; wondered, bewildered, in error.

The trauma, the met: a dream of the wound.

The web-end warped in the draft, at any moment wefted.

Nods and somnolent drops; surfacing to paresthesiac shimmers.

Quick startle of the hypnogogic twitch. And then the puzzle of its irresolvable uncertainty: did the dream of falling follow the spasmic lash — the mind’s attempt to

account for its body's involuntary, myoclonic motions —
or was the stifled jerk the body's poorly paralyzed, barely
animate response to the dream?

At other times it seems our mass increases; we wake pressing into
the bed as if pushed by invisible weights, or as if there has been
some local, anomalous spike in the gravity — but perhaps we
are merely just feeling the fact that even asleep we continue to
fall.

The sleeping person is tumbled about; and when speech has been
once written down it is tumbled about.

But even when shaken accidentally, jostled at random, everything
falls into a kind of rhythmic movement, resembling dance.

The pitch of the tope.

The bottoming out.

The bottom out.

The drift, the slip — inclined, asloped — the lull, the lay,
the bring; the slide and wax and rock.

On a hill we continually fall.

The perspective's reflection elongates inversely.

There is a cathedral that descends and a lake that rises.

Or rather: continuities of form from forms of continuous borders
conforming confound.

The summits in storm dissolve.

The shattered; *im Schatten*.

Askance; ashore; a chance; a cross.

The fulled and the wrought, by rolling and pressure, with
lees and with size — what lies, fibers open, as a text in
compression.

In the drizzle at the bay's edge, from the fog along the shore:
rainwater equates the piles of the pier.

Plain targets found further down, pinned to painted poles
— the took; the once taken and no longer towing.

The tiller, the fellahin, the towline slackening. Here the
river's impassible, impassable downstream. The slaking
water at rest between tides.

To happen, befall; to fare well or fare ill; to fall as a lot or a
portion.

The marrow, the mourn. The wan lunar decrements. The
long dropped quarrels. The scruples.

From the bone to the yarrow to the thrown, wasps dart among
catananche; the leaves of the Sibyl scatter in the draft — a
sibilant shimmer of aspens in quiver along the bank brank, their
rachides branching, reaching, embarbed.

The showers and shadows, their coincidence. A missile, a
bowl, some other object; anything opaque.

The gliding sink of the shafts in flight; the stochastic try;
the chased and the nocked; the bolts, parabolic, in their
course. Forgetting, while calculating, that the vertical
vector is parsed independently.

When the center of gravity is moved in a straight line, the limbs
describe curves.

Emotion's asymptotic intensity trails, tailing — a calculus of
feelings over time.

Time independent of mass.

Everything equally, leveling, falls.

The escaped; the unclasped. The held, and let slip. The no

longer held. The missed and no longer beholden. The let
down; the let go; the felt.

The molten; the molted; the felled and the folden.

Felt understood as the past-tense of *fall*; *left* as the past-tense of *leaf*.

The aroused, now recumbent, back to sleep, detumescent.

The evening breeze falters.

The event comes to fall.

Heut oder morgen oder den übernächsten Tag.

To miss the mark; to love you.

To come to pass, to this.

Today or tomorrow or some other day.

In love; asleep.

Chance, obliging, chooses the dancer — her stammers and tumbles,
the rhythm of her steps.

The broken, the cast.

(but you didn't, but I did)

Some time, I know, I will have to let this drop.

Today, or tomorrow, or some other.

Chance is what falls due, what reaches its deadline.

The randomness of dice; the risk of desire; the slip.

For a while we forget that we are never not falling.

In love, as sleep.

Any day now and it will still be fall.

- “Étrangement et singulièrement....” Stéphane Mallarmé: “Pages Oubliées,” *L’Art Libre: revue artistique et littéraire* 1: 4 (1 February, 1872): 53.
- “The snow is falls.” Clark Coolidge: *Research* (Berkeley: Tuumba, 1982): [1].
- Passim*: Emile Littré: *Le Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* (Genève: Famot, 1977) and John Simpson and Edmund Weiner, editors: *The Oxford English Dictionary* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989).
- “The articulation of movement (the closed vista falls into the camp of enclosure).” Gordon Cullen: *The Concise Townscape* (New York: The Architectural Press, 1961): 106.
- “La chance oblige.” Jacques Derrida: *Signsponge/ Signéponge* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984): 70.
- “Le cadavre par le bras.” Stéphane Mallarmé, *Un coup de dés jamais n’abolira le hasard* (Paris: Gallimard, 1993): np.
- “The randomness of dice as they fall.” Cf. “C’est l’aléa, la chute d’un dé.” Georges Bataille: *Sur Nietzsche, in Œuvres complètes* (Paris: Gallimard, 1973): 85.

- “The puppet is graceful because its limbs are what they should be...” Amy Knight Powell: *Depositions: Scenes from the Late Medieval Church and the Modern Museum* (Cambridge: The MIT Press, 2012): 202.
 Cf. “so sind alle übrigen Glieder, was sie sein sollen, tot, reine Pendel, und folgen dem bloßen Gesetz der Schwere.” Heinrich von Kleist: “Über das Marionettentheater,” *Sämtliche Werke und Briefe*, Vol. V (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag, 1912): 200.
- “Manifold catastrophes [...] follow the same mathematical model.” Cf. René Thom: *Stabilité structurelle et morphogénèse: essai d’une théorie générale des modèles* (Paris: InterEditions: 1977).
- “Suddenly, all rivers are downstream.” Cf. “De pronto, de noche, al mismo tiempo, todo río es río abajo.” Julio Cortázar: *Prosa del observatorio* (Barcelona: Lumen, 1972): 31.
- “Compared to the person I love....” Cf. “L’univers, comparé à l’être aimé, semble pauvre et vide: il n’est pas ‘en jeu,’ n’étant pas ‘périssable.’ [...] L’amour charnel, qui n’est pas ‘à l’abri des voleurs,’ des vicissitudes, est plus grand que l’amour divin./ Il me ‘met en jeu,’ met en jeu l’être aimé.” Bataille: *Sur Nietzsche*, 84.
- “And because there is motion, there must be emptiness....” Cf. Diogenes Laertes: *Lives of Eminent Philosophers*, Book X, trans. R. D. Hicks (New York: Loeb, 1925); Titus Lucretius Carus: *De Rerum Naturam*, Book II, trans. W. H. D. Rouse (New York: Loeb, 1924).
- “Each beautiful day is also a meteor” [and subsequent variations]. Cf. “Un beau jour est aussi un météore.” Francis Ponge: “La Mounine,” *La rage de l’expression* (Lausanne: Mermod, 1952): 143.

- “The sound of a bell, the smell of fallen leaves” [and variations]. Cf. “un son de cloche, une odeur de feuilles.” Marcel Proust: *À la recherche du temps perdu*, Vol. I: *Du côté de Chez Swann (première partie)* (Paris: Gallimard, 1919): 242.
- “Infusions are taken as slopes speeding sleep.” Cf. “L’eau noire, l’eau lourde, l’eau mangeuse d’ombres [...] elle était là, elle fut là pour moi tout de suite, avec son odeur terreuse de vase et de racines, son sommeil dissolvant: digérant, infusant lentement les feuilles mortes qui pleuvaient des arbres d’automne [that black, heavy, shadow-eating water (...) was right there, right in front of me, with its fragrance of mud and roots, its dissolving sleep: digesting, slowly steeping the fallen leaves that would rain from autumnal trees].” Julien Gracq [Louis Poirier]: *Les Eaux étroites* (Paris: Libraire José Corti, 1977): 17-18.
- “Tender perennial...” Cf. Leon C. Snyder: *Flowers for Northern Gardens* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1983): 122.
- “One’s downward gaze pitches from side to side...” Robert Smithson: “The Spiral Jetty,” *Collected Writings of Robert Smithson*, ed. Jack Flam (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996): 147.
- “And then I can feel, on the tip of my tongue the angular cut of the shattered word.” Cf. Jacques Derrida: “Et je sens alors, de ma langue, l’angle coupant d’un mot brisé.” Jacques Derrida: “Fors,” in Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok: *Cryptonomie: le verbier de l’homme aux loup* (Paris: Flammarion, 1999): 73.
- “If you would have come to meet me...” Cf. “J’aurais couru vers toi sur le quai, tout au bord de la voie,

- j'aurais tout fait pour ne pas tomber." Jaques
Derrida: *La Carte postale: de Socrate à Freud et au-delà* (Paris: Flammarion, 1980): 197.
- "Katabole." Cf. Rodolphe Gasché: *Georges Bataille: Phenomenology and Phantasmatology*, trans. Roland Végsö (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2012): 60-61.
- "Ferruginous, interminable, frozen sound." Marcel Proust: *Remembrance of Things Past, Vol. I: Swann's Way*, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff and Terence Kilmartin (New York: Random House, 1981): 14. Cf. "son bruit ferrugineux, intarissable et glace." Proust: *Du côté*, 18.
- "An owl feather drifts among the listing stones" [and subsequent variation]. Cf. "strigis inventae per busta iacentia plumae." Sextus Propertius: *Elegies* Book III, vi, l. 30; translated by W. A. Camps as "among fallen (i.e. ruined) tombs," *Propertius: Elegies, Book III* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1966): 81; translated by G. P. Goold as "found among sunken tombs," 131 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1990): 273. *Tomber*, as it turns out, is entirely unrelated to *tombe*. Falling links only by accident to graves, despite the homophones *au tombel automne*.
- "La tige fluette." Cf. "grêle, un peu glauque, simple, ou plus tard très-rameuse; feuil. et involucres linéaires, aigus; ombelles à 2-3 rayons dichotomes; involucelles lancéolés [...] Tige fluette, étalée, très-rameuse; feuil. linéaires élargies au sommet, tronquées — échancrées, presque à 3 pointes; ombelle à 2-3 rayons; involucelles lancéolé." Auguste Mutel: *Flore française destinée aux herborisations, ou Description des Plantes* [...]: (Paris: Lebrault, 1836): 159.

- “The sink of blood.” Cf. Bon Iver, “Skinny Love,”
For Emma, Forever Ago (Bloomington: Jagjaguwar
 [JAG115], 2008).
- “Between the seas and these tearwaters — scant
 difference” [and subsequent variations]. Cf. “Entre
 l’eau des larmes et l’eau de mer il ne doit y avoir
 que peu de différences.” Francis Ponge: “L’Eau des
 larmes,” *Pièces* (Paris: Gallimard, 1971): 78. The
 connection may be reinforced by the idiomatic,
 nearly anagrammatic association of *larmes* (tears)
 and *amères* (bitter), with its scant difference from *à
 mer*.
- “The signature traces apparent remains.” Cf. “La
 signature reste demeure et tombe.” Jacques Derrida:
Glas, Vol. I (Paris: Éditions Denoël, 1981): 6.
- “Stem slender and spreading....” Cf. Mutel, *Flore*, 159.
- “They stand too close and yet refrain from touching.”
 Cf. “Ils étaient comme autant d’incendies qui se
 fussent épris des maisons, contentés d’exister près
 d’elles sans les étreindre.” André Breton: *L’Amour
 Fou* (Paris: Gallimard, 1937): 79.
- “Ink let drop in water [...] a drop that sinks....” Cf.
 D’Arcy Wentworth Thompson: *On Growth and
 Form* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press,
 1961): 72, *et seq.*
- “The little bell begins to ring.” *Ibidem*, 74. Cf. Marcel
 Proust: *À la recherche du temps perdu*, Vol. VI: *Le côté
 de Guermantes* (Paris: Gallimard, 1921): 165.
- “But rather than speaking of a synthesis of rising and
 falling....” Paul de Man: *Rhetoric of Romanticism*
 (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984): 287.
- “The new lover....” Cf. “Le nouvel amour [...] Arrivée
 de toujours, qui t’en iras partout.” Arthur Rimbaud:

“À un raison,” *Œuvres*, 203.

“The cause of to much slepyng dothe come of great graueditie in the heed thorowe reume.” Andrew Boorde: *Breuiary of Health* [...] *Book II, The Extravagantes* (London: W. Myddelton [i.e. William Middleton], 1547): folio xx, chapter 64.

“Caducity.” Cf. “*Caduc*: qui est sur le point de tomber.” Francis Ponge: “Le Carnet du bois de pins,” *Rage*, 96. *Point de tomber*: about to fall, but also, equally, the absence of falling — to be on the verge or brink of falling means one still has not fallen yet.

“Rain streaks stretch the length of the window, counterfeiting prison bars” [and subsequent variations]. Cf. “La pluie étalant ses immenses traînées d’une vaste prison imite les barreaux.” Charles Baudelaire: “Spleen,” *Œuvres complètes: Les Fleurs du Mal* (Paris: Gallimard, 1918): 114.

“Rain doesn’t form the only hyphen between sky and soil” [and subsequent variations]. Cf. “La pluie ne forme pas les seuls traits d’union entre le sol et les cieux.” Francis Ponge, “Végétation,” *Tome Premier: Douze petits écrits* (Paris: Gallimard: 1965): 101.

“The ground shows an interest in shadows, which cannot own it but are nonetheless holden.” Cf. “Nullam verborum *tenebrae* et *tenere* synonymiam intelligens, sensus originisque cognationem vidit in *tenebrae* et *nebula* — a *caligine*.” Josepho Furlanetto: *Totius latinitatis lexicon*, Vol. IV (Prati [Rome]: Giachetti, 1845): 290.

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in tenebrae et nebula — a caligine.” Josepho Furlanetto: *Totius latinitatis lexicon*, Vol. IV (Prati [Rome]: Giachetti, 1845): 290

“No shade from any plant ever more lovingly lovely, soft and sweet.” *Cf.* “Ombra mai fù/ di vegetabile/ cara & amabile,/ soave più.” Nicolò Minato: *Xerse: drama per musica* (Andrea Giuliani: Bologna, 1657): 1.

“The sinking church is flooded by the lake” [and subsequent variations]. *Cf.* “Il y a une cathédrale qui descend et un lac qui monte.” Arthur Rimbaud: “Enfance,” *Illuminations*, in *Œuvres complètes* (Paris: Éditions de Cluny, 1932): 221.

“The intervention of a robe.” *Cf.* Emile Benveniste: “La Notion de ‘rythme’ dans Son Expression Linguistique,” *Problèmes de linguistique générale* (Paris: Gallimard, 1966): 333, *et passim*.

“A stone on which reflected light plays,” [and subsequent variations]. *Cf.* “Une pierre où jouait un reflet.” Proust, *Du côté*, 242.

“The comfort of knowing that everything else is also beholden to laws we cannot yet explain.” *Cf.* “Letter and house seem beholden to different physical laws, but they are melded together by a shared gravitational force, a third reality, or field of meanings. The letter, by contrast with the house, isn’t weighed down by the laws of nature.” Patricia Crain: *The Story of A: The Alphabetization of America from The New England Primer to The Scarlet Letter* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2000): 214.

“The essence of sculpture.” *Cf.* “An object hung on the wall does not confront gravity; it timidly resists it.” Robert Morris: “Notes on Sculpture: Part I,” *Artforum* 4: 6 (February, 1966): 43.

“What little was left of our shed summer skin.” Cf.

Death Cab for Cutie: “Summer Skin,” *Plans*
(Seattle: Barsuk [bark47], 2005).

“La signature reste demeure et tombe.” Derrida: *Glas*,
6.

“Chance is defined by desire....” Cf. “La chance est
définie par le désir, néanmoins toute réponse au désir
n’est pas chance./ L’angoisse seule définit tout à fait la
chance: est chance ce que l’angoisse en moi tint pour
impossible./ L’angoisse est contestation de la chance./
Mais je saisi l’angoisse à la merci d’une chance, qui
conteste et qui seule le peut le droit qu’a l’angoisse de
nous définir.” Bataille: *Sur Nietzsche*, 134.

“Par une chute ou par une remontée, par une glissade”
Gilles Deleuze: “Un manifeste de moins,” Carmelo
Bene and Gilles Deleuze, *Superpositions* (Paris:
Minuit, 1979): III. Cf. Gilles Deleuze and Félix
Guattari: *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie II: Mille
Plateaux* (Paris: Minuit, 1980): 122.

The dented margin of a sheet of water.” Cf. “La jolie
nappe échancrée du golfe.” Honoré de Balzac:
“Seraphita,” *Œuvres* Vol. XXVIII (Paris: Béthune,
1840): 19; in English in *The Works of Honoré de
Balzac*, Vol. II (Philadelphia: Avil, 1901): 6.

“Language seems to change daily.” Cf. “La langue paraît
s’altérer tous les jours.” Voltaire [François-Marie
Arouet]: *Selected Letters*, Ed. L. C. Syms (New York:
American Book Company, 1900): 164.

“In a very dry atmosphere....” Joseph H. Coenan:
“Processing of Reversal Film,” *Photo Technique* 2: 12
(December, 1940): 33.

“Un son de cloche, une odeur de feuilles.” Proust: *Du
côté*, 242

- “Sweet, of a fair colour, thin skin, clean filterd from haines.” John Mortimer: *The Whole Art of Husbandry: or, the Way of Managing and Improving of Land* [...], second edition (London: Mortlock, 1708): 264.
- “The real character of these lines....” Ewing and Rosenhain: “Experiments in Micro-Metallurgy: Effects of Strain,” *Nature* 1542, Vol. 60 (1899): 67.
- “The girl with the orange lip.” Cf. “La fille à lèvres d’orange.” Rimbaud: “Enfance,” *Œuvres*, 219.
- “Someone who, dreaming, says....” Cf. Ludwig Wittgenstein: *On Certainty* (New York: Harper Collins, 1972): 89.
- “The sleeping person is tumbled about.” Cf. Plato; *The Republic* Book V 479D; qtd. Rosamond Kent Sprague: “Aristotle and the Metaphysics of Sleep,” *Review of Metaphysics* 31: 2 (December, 1977): 231.
- “When speech has been once written down it is tumbled about.” Cf. Plato, “Phaedrus,” *The Dialogues* Vol. II, trans. B. Jowett (New York: Random House, 1937): 275.
- “But even when shaken accidentally....” Cf. “Und daß oft, auf eine bloß zufällige Weise erschüttert, das Ganze schon in eine Art von rhythmische Bewegung käme, die dem Tanz ähnlich wäre.” von Kleist: “Marionettentheater,” 216.
- “Here the river’s impassible....” [*et passim* these passages]. Cf. “Comme je descendais les fleuves impassibles/ Je ne me sentis plus guidé par des hâleurs./ Des Peaux-Rouges criards les avaient pris pour cibles,/ Les ayant cloués nus aux poteaux de couleurs.” Arthur Rimabud: “Le bateau ivre,” *Œuvres (op. cit.)*: 123.

“When the center of gravity is moved in a straight line, the limbs describe curves.” Cf. “wenn der Schwerpunkt in einer *graden Linie* bewegt wird, die Glieder schon *Courven* beschrieben.” von Kleist: “Marionettentheater,” 216.

“Heut oder morgen oder den übernächsten Tag.” Hugo von Hoffmannsthal: *Der Rosenkavalier: komödie für musik* (Leipzig: August Pries, 1911): 144.

“Today or tomorrow or some other day.” Cf. *Ibidem*.

“Chance, obliging, chooses the dancer.” Cf. De Man, *Rhetoric*, 202.

“Chance is what falls due.” Cf. “*Chance est ce qui échoit, ce qui tombe.*” Bataille: *Sur Nietzsche*, 85.