

BRENDA HILLMAN

## PACIFIC OCEAN

*{a p'ansori }*

To feel emotion underneath emotion (a fertile dread  
had mixed with ecstasy, not delight such as delight

in nature but of nature - - a brew, a brink - - ; )

i went to the ocean, my hydrogen host, was greeted in the negation  
of the moment finding itself; put my hand to the surface & felt

the surface of emotion: a calm inside the prize, the gold halves

beyond the terms of argument & terrifying acts of intent. When

first people sailed in basket boats to never the place envisioning  
an ideal, did the pelican pass them as here it passes- - its fine

head of z's? Russian forts, frigates, a bit of fathom- - Drake strides  
onto land, his sailors' lives handcuffed to expectation

(a borderous dream is a dream- -)

Everything i cried out & you embraced me: First threads of life,  
paradise parasite - - & have you heard in juvenile gull-squeals (dent in

its beak) the deaf 'we are' braiding itself? Dulse, red algae,  
brown kelp

sizes us back . . . i cast myself before the mind's trough- - skin tent . . .

& the sun 'rose' a billion days in a saint's circle of spikes . . .

Was aware of your west, volcanic aperture where flounder has  
no timing  
was aware of your south; & suppose a flock of beautiful ones wanted

neither to leave nor long- -or . . . not wanted, exactly; between you  
& it: amorous blood- - (or so Agrippa writes of water's magic)- -

The 'will' before life's great cry - - fear plus splendor, fame of joy,  
internal skill to pause . . . Carbon landed in no atmosphere; plastic

(in the first sense) pre-eucaryote lineage- - a trellis before  
membranes (particular membranes . . . thicknesses-)

the sun rose a billion days like the remorse of a bachelor.

Sea foam condensed from early skins. i had a temporary joy- -  
We stand as a child in brenda's body (thought forms - theosophy)

It is a long time before they'll ruin you dumping phosphates

dumping degrees of plastic of (of of of) an I stands

kicking the foam, coughing; there are surnames of stars in  
the salt . . .

When they stood here (or rather, environments. Environments  
stood here) bacteria assembled before skins. Rods, twitching stick-

shapes, frenzied plates or disks, dismantling minerals to hoard  
fevers, in tenses- - no duplicates at first sheen. Steam stolen from

volcanoes . . . Specific families are inside cabins, laughing, playing

flat games, laughing, waves lapping to this:

*Great mother protect my mother  
Great ocean protect my father  
Great future protect the brothers  
& i saw a ring of stars in the water*

Copepods, jellyfishes allow through tunnels of bodies  
our laughter- - you are not "endangered" yet . . . One day i will be

the word "fumerole" - - pharaoh yellow of same sun, the sex of touch- -  
(probably. Probably touched.) Red tide, brown tide, young

young ocean. Volcanoes called black smokers. Deep hills' blind forms breathed into convolute curls of the mollusk (to which Benjamin

compared a living room in Paris) - - my heart closed each time i felt & when it opened we were science. Don't say lost. Ocean, we

had been your griot. Could you hear backward? Pull of the window shade, the waxen eye . . .

Emotions came so late to earth; hope passing through the what . . .

Ocean has consonants, vowels & continents; it is a while before they'll ruin you . . . Life was found, as is commonly thought. The mat

of pre-cells puffed & puffed. Puff-puff. Ha.

& the sun "rose" a million days, like a proud nephew- -

*Great mother protect the other  
Great ocean protect the otter  
Great godwit protect the godwit  
& i saw a ring of stars in the water.*

Splendor, panic in awe, fear of envy, ragged shame - - propitiatory dawns make emotions matter. Starfishes evolve: bath-mat bumps

on them, nucleic acids looking so Cyrillic, Urdu, Hangeul - - a cormorant stands by, in its 40s movie detective trench-coat. Balm

to talk to you, ocean . . . Apophatic. An ocean has no summary in tears.

Initiating curls of s~light change themselves to pre-again, blue-green algae finds carbon for breath . . . Names touch & leave: benthos,

nekton, neuston, plankton - - "eco-poetry" families of anemones waiting for visitors, pink nubbly prickles defined

to wheel the gritty mollusks in - - (poets, save the names) & the sun "rose" - - Ahem, like a civil servant . . .

You came so late to earth before life's great cry- - Summer  
in the spine, types of tides (Neap tide, violet & rare . . . )

Beige & other mists fall into footprints; a thousand skinny  
flies squint in my ear; it is a while before they'll ruin you- -

Removed my hat, my shoes. China's. Removed China's shoes.  
Socks. Removed China's socks. Shirt from the Philippines,

hair thing from Korea; rings. Europe's rings. Took off my  
rings & walked in- -not to die . . . Baptists like to merge,

shamans like to fly. Through years, the bodies- - near footprints,  
moats, with brothers, friends when i am not them;

otters' skins near Pt. Lobos- - (almost wrote logos) in furry hecate  
moonlight & further south where you take tiny raindrops to

Santa Monica's pier-legs coarse clingy beards holding mussels on- -  
Why were we 'life' & not nothing, she sang- - clans & tribes

& the sun rises like a high school reunion, wise because past . . .

Methane to carbon. Membranes assembled without air; shreds  
of light snagged cyanobacteria, plates, circlets & disks, nibblers

of sulfur, clans & chimes. We will name them siphonophore, for  
whom "the crowd is no veil," will name them miracle, twin x's,

plover, shark with pursed vat-mouth, will call them beer-can-  
off- Stinson, circumference, sargassum weed, radial gleam off

the Farallones . . . why were we this & not nothing, she sang,

she might have sung... i sang but i don't do beyond;  
i do beside. Beside the ~~~~ . . . & so on—

The tide is low & safe; water, twin energy, heard shell shard  
scales, plank & plankton in minnows through plastic six-pack  
holder looks like     ooo     except for what happened is : it was endless- -

The body turns 35, 8, 53, 81, 42 - - it graduates to timeless & drinks  
violins . . . Beach flies around brown kelp, brown of beak & burin,  
sandpiper wild in sanderlings' syllable colony, shadows

like wine in a cave in Montara after the hurt joy . . . It is while  
they'll ruin you . . . Emotions learn to fold themselves

as does ∞infinity∞ : fin in it, then in in that, i in in,  
energy & pure annihilation merge in words, it said once; it said  
that . . .

(see spice routes, <http://asiapacificuniverse.com/pkm/spiceroutes.htm>)

what about specific 'maritime routes'? i love the word 'maritime'—

First bacteria, rods in their backs, disk-stems... & then evolved  
the forked gull- feet, then love, its beulah dream of awe . . .

Century, come here a minute & let's sing for the ocean:

*Virginia, don't drown.  
Gertrude, Mina, Hilda,  
Marianne. Anna, Marina,  
Elizabeth, Lorine, Muriel,  
Gwendolyn, Cecília, Sylvia  
don't drown. Denise. Barbara- -*

A verbed set of dolphins scallop on by toward San Diego. (Hi  
Rae.) A cloud goes by, puff-, parallel to economics. Puff-puff.

Microcontinents deeper than glades. Pelagic. Love appears as  
measure, a wreath of instances- -

*Great ocean protect the husband  
Great future protect the daughter  
Specific ocean protect the student  
& i saw a ring of stars in the water*

The tide was low & safe. Lots of low laughing to draw emotion in—

Ocean, you exist as signs. Nature, you exist as ocean. Everything,  
you've become quite advanced (for an everything)- - Horizon strings,

nodes . . . Quarry jewels. Marine squall squalling on up- -  
golden colony

clumps. It is summer days in California with jellyfish, & in

the mid-Pacific rift where fish are blind, the giant squid

has writing in its eye, the song has glass sides like a diatom - -

& near the lighthouse orange lichen steps, pet apocalypse stars  
fall down . . . did did did did too, we saw them- -

Countries, drop your countries.

Paraclete gull drop signs in a ring. Poets, drop nothing;

you are asked to do the blind extraordinary thing- -

the dream seminars go on & on beside which you are

the shaking figment - - coiled life. Up & under & in- -