THE ROSE CONCORDANCE
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“For although this mirror world may have many aspects, indeed infinitely many, it remains ambiguous, double-edged. It blinks: it is always this one – and never nothing – out of which another immediately arises.”

Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*

“Mon cuer seul por quoi i envoi?”

Guillaume de Lorris, *Le roman de la rose*
THE ROSE CONCORDANCE
CONCORDANCE-CORRIDORS

of fountains and vanities

sleep water

of the precious

of containment

of the middle

barrette

of potential

appendix a: glosses

appendix b: details from the omitted mirror corridor

appendix c: of love and argument (remix)
OF FOUNTAINS AND VANITIES
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to left haunting no avail
of the font to left haunting no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of the font to the fountain no avail
of/fo untain

come puiz ou come fountain
eating light or eating fountain
come une fontaine soz une pine
soz le pin la fontaine assise
under a pin this fountain satisfies
soz le pin clear and sane
when il vint à la fontaine
qu’il musa à la fontaine
of alarm and fountains

that i isolated and romanced this fountain
reading in the nakedness of self-contained spray
such diffuse words
how i love words
if this word is a hood
episodically thrust downward to reveal “fountains”
i recovered
the fountain is a hood
soft material fountaining
i obsessed over its advantage
i understood fashion anew
as one single movement into depths of earth
sex’s humectant randomness alarmed me
i mirrored the rhetoric of employment
in this tactical handshake
we are “friends”
the sparkling stones of the fountain have scraped my palms
of critical and naive confusion

let’s say that in this presocial fountain we splash freely
i’d like to naively delete the deiform source
in this critically naive and
complicitous gamble with humanism
of the prefeminist fountain, gushing is essential
existence is an aromatic crease
credulous and rich secretions
and now in my hands an encyclopaedic gathering
such confusions
such praise as circulates in critically fleshy fountains
inferentially junked theologies in a pile on the floor
inferentially junked theologies collecting attributes on the floor
choosing abjection is a stance of defiance?
is this the critical substance of drank?
your art given as fleshy keepsake?
of the attribute

fashion wants to discover essential attributes
its movement like archaeology
i said one direct motion downward
no you said that’s drilling
would you develop this metaphor, comparing archaeological
sites with oil rigs?
my interest is in accidental attributes
neither to abuse accidentally nor to mesmerize
when i take off my gloves in spring
when i write to her in vain
and the vanity of cities
of fountains and vanities

fading out the fountain
vanities saved on film
i factured an urban garden on the film’s fringes
now there are american hedges vainly bordering
i heave music, its whole beautiful category, vainly
through the film
several twigs snap off the hedge
picaresque music saddens vanity
strangely enough vanity weeps in the fountain
did you think the fountain wept?
vainly wishing it were sacrosanct
vanity weeps on the edge of strangeness
vanity blurs the edge but by no means obliterates it
similitude of vanity and fountain
blue criss-crossings in the fountain
of the fountain it is the end
of the fountain hurries me
of the fountain clear and sane
of the fountain would have been fountains
of the fountain under the pine
of the fountain seated under the pine
of the fountain hurries me
of the fountain it is the end
of the fountain reflects me
of the fountain is flesh
of the fountain through love
of the fountain if you come
SLEEP WATER
“Standing small and insubordinate, he would watch the basins of the fountain loosing their skirts of water in a ragged and flowing hem, sometimes crying to a man’s departing shadow, “Aren’t you the beauty!”

Djuna Barnes, *La Somnambule*

A somnambulist rests in the sunlight in this antique postcard Touched up with maverick colours Mauve emerging in a reclining sky like an ache emerging in the authentic, splitting it

His shoes are beside the fountain’s basin and he is behind the perimeter of trees Elsewhere He is at the edge of vanishing behind faded trees clouds of green paint superseding them How like the present How colour in the postcard approaches authentic colour
The anarchy of the fountain is an absence of water. Instead buffeting violet light on the downward arc from a splendidly perched upper basin.

The upper basin is important, not unlike colour, to any notion of the authentic. The upper basin is intrinsic yet supplemental, a bird’s perch, an unattainable accessory both toweringly majestic and superfluous like a figure head whose style is a belated container. A raised basin for grey areas.

In the absence of colour the coolness of his palm cupping his cheek. Where he is just beyond the perimeter of trees. Parallel shadows of vanishing trees.

Nevertheless a confusion of styles. The ghosting and fading style engaging a felicitous anarchy in which authenticity could be a horizontal fountain if we were even to consider authenticity a perimeter.

Colours culminate in a raised basin for grey areas.
The monism of a splendidly perched upper basin evokes the venues in which we read this poetry aloud. Our mouths before the microphones. Bodies paralleling images of tall and slender fountains. How superfluous is the authority of our speaking voices. How superfluous our height. There is the appearance of water all around us. Like the torn and floating pages of books.

The anarchy of this poetry is like the colour of leaves, tending imprecisely toward the authentic. The anarchy of this poetry is an absence of books. Instead buffeting violet light on the downward arc from a splendidly perched upper basin.

Few books are read by him and even fewer read from cover to cover.

Cartilage of the reader, the book’s completion is a softness.

The somnambulist dwells in motion. In the dalliance of light on the fountain. There is the appearance of water all around.
à retraduire: de couleur

retouchée de couleurs sauvages fauves
tellement la couleur dans l’image de
tend vers la couleur authentique
importante, comme la couleur, pour toute
en l’absence de couleur la fraîcheur
les couleurs culminent en un bassin
comme la couleur une absence

of the authentic

authentic fissure
authentic fissure
authentic fissure
authentic fissure
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authentic fissure