

THEturning

text by Martina Copely

little poem, underway (
if only for a moment

eyes yes

sleep yes yes

small
many

at the same time
their *daring*
They thy

*I rub my
against...*

*too soon
too late
to listen
give to write*

or, um.don't

But still,
(as here)
the overlap

touched on one side

damp
tangled slushy,
weight-shy

Indistinct/ness

Dimensions
?????????????
Whaah whaahaahaah whoah!

*shovel time material
into space field*

Even so
-----~
<><><><><><><><>

something lodges over the shoulder

a shrug
, once
Every
Second

on no!

toe to the ground
, the Great Turning

3:46 pm

Tick
go and

at my side put on
sudden (and its shape)

with hands Persuasion
toward
loosen
yes tell

Is? Is not
this thing that remains

Sweet now
as tending not to be
not ever or ever

haps perhaps

Martina Copley 2023

[Italics~ Roland Barthes/Catherine Taylor/Anne Carson/Sappho/Etel Adnan]

BLINDED



schmick
contemporary

we acknowledge the land on which we operate as unceded and we pay our respects to past,
present and emerging elders of the Eora Nation.

e:schmickcontemporary@gmail.com