

**Variations Done for Etel Adnan**  
**Steve Dickison**



1. When every universe is eager to break  
bending under a stream to listen  
in the great twilight functioning  
this cold all it did traps one's body  
I met a long resilience we were  
not a thing in sadness on a table  
salt an open breathing the horizon  
of one's center relations listening  
measuring the fog mountains an analogy  
to take at least one way to disappear  
as well as swelling from what storm  
the sea walked the world the world  
rises thinking a chill is being freed  
a while then taking this narrow ribbon  
so heavy what will land in everything  
we take what is to witness love.
2. Vanishing every moment other than lining up  
the rest under a streetlight to listen

heart's sirens in position to accelerate  
snow's bed in the body in us burning  
grass being a thing in this place  
a small mushrooming not breathing  
smoothed out of one's black night  
listening to light's stretching over glaciers  
to be in the time without experience  
is the way eternity has its own lakes  
hidden which side of mercurial deserts  
areas of need to find a kind of sleep  
when the sun telling my eyes strangeness  
of red bigger than any more grayness  
the ocean will erase darkness, wash it  
for love of space will be deepest.

3. Vanishing always a cup of hours  
the sage imitating the singing the radio  
which is debilitating and functioning  
with beauty an algebraic turn a whole  
creation long short worse than we hear  
in this flower of iodine deliriums  
making everything as absolute witness  
to something quieted down archives of  
what we are an operation without measure  
dealing in the mind the sky hidden  
withdrew her being in the midst of  
the world to reach from sleep and spread  
from the top of the sky flowering red sun  
over the streets thin ribbon becoming erased  
darkness with no movement we take  
what is not there will be deepest.
  
4. Inner moment seeing cinematic afternoon  
concept of impossible to listen one's head  
sending bulbs it feels all it did running  
over has become rain coals burning flying  
to be knocking in roses the breeze  
is an abyss softness revealed as night  
secret listening measuring the ground  
spring is to have been pleasure without  
dealing loss the way may disappear  
swallow the sky what's hidden from what's

hidden closing the door mercurial lakes  
of salt areas of need of sky touches sleep  
one star different from flowers his vessel  
the ocean sky on the land taking over  
not fallen in the ocean what will erase  
itself ad infinitum as answer to darkness  
darkness explodes over oceans layer.

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Reading thru “from FOG” (*Aufgabe* #10, 2011). With gratitude to Norma Cole for her photo of Etel Adnan, June 2011, at Irving Petlin’s exhibition, Paris.