

# Iconic Memory

*I. Author R. Solnit – II. Iconic Memory – III. Yellowknife – IV. Die hard  
V. Ockham proposition*

Author R. Solnit said that silence strings to personal spaces; that landmarks release the fill to an exchange space, branded with the signature of the everyday economic spin. The split between incipient, tinted, a dense texture of the visible/culturally marked, in overwhelming fuzz, is never as sharp as when you take a leap, outside of the twirl; from reflective to encoding there is a land mine, treacherous field with buried down reminders, iconic remnants of the void. What is arising it's a-new knot filtered to an audience that is overpowering in its consuming power: the will to step on ward from a clear landscape in full duality of the discursive edge, of the split second. Breaking news with dual grounding in the minute of reflection, the recourse to acknowledgement, the inhabitants expanding over emptiness, to geological ground. What is securing in the retreat to new beginnings other than

It rained on the water, waving crest on the reflection that creates you in the street running on the pavement while light hazes chasing straw arrows into the numbness when the hazing gray light

\*

Grey wolf fur into trade dating the haze in an arrowed narrowed your non being in distress with / along the fork bring the hay through the needle's eye

\*

As a shade walked by, pacing itself into a cube structure of the diamond impossible because curve dropped one wall with a foot distance of her; Barley to upper string concerto muted by screen scribble of the hour. It was countdown in the paced grass like *gauchos*—cowboys walked away after the adjourned with round table in mixed shadows un-released if not contained by its stop sign, its fugue rugged self—elixir of the nauseating

\*

## II- *Iconic memory*

Remind me of when I don't forget  
upon closing a window for you to bring  
up my name associated to a set of car keys  
objects over the counter, an apartment number,  
skin for tattooing the flashes of memory,  
traces that I inscribed over an elicited identity.

It is a sign, sign of the times, period of reminiscent  
iridescent light under a decaying bridge you are  
chasing the flash of memory, images printed on stone,  
trespassing linkages, bonding with the unknown, born  
to the now.

Imagining you retrieving the letter, driving under the  
bridge where glass was visibly forgotten from the icon,  
the rock, a totem pole.

Over a horizon of nascent memories, printed  
images that were rewritten over the stone of rebirth

In time, in history.

*III - Yellowknife*

Midnight summer in Yellowknife  
round view cut it edges  
orbit, to a new year  
of windblast, far eye  
spread ice away and  
down the flow, in days  
of danger tipping by the  
lodge for the second person  
your question addressed to the  
wooden-like, surrounding cones

When you travelled north  
You throw rocks to the sides of  
the edges  
gained in a second  
to a non-scripture  
question  
on the funeral pile, vessel

unopen missive  
quest to identity.

In verses that overflow  
the seed of life in mirrored sky under  
tin—roofs, house of the now. Ephemeral desires / countering eyes  
on green grass, sliding down in lieu  
a drop, under the morning sun.

IV- *Die hard*

Die hard in the middle of the circle that you though has been laid  
Out for you only with the key into the subject locked that pondered  
Wanderer in lines printed with dust—ink melting pot.

\*

The hitherto likes social media is a blade awoken slide  
under the *manto* carpet with an eye open  
to the opaque

Remnants in present state  
where the ocean  
crest  
shot  
upon

\*

To the rising tower, a game is a game  
what left you in check throws you to the edges,  
not, board chess grain, protected  
by the moon guard.

\*

When left in doubt, laying bridges across crystals  
on the air sticking out the vape your breath clouded  
in spite of a limo  
that lasted a breath  
in  
&  
Out

\*

A key rewinding towards reality back to a realm bottom ground  
fragile awakening in the signs: a reminder of the experience sleeps down  
below our imagining, engravings from the underground.

*V- Ockham proposition*

To place the Ockham proposition over a spectrum  
Spiraling downwards, when the *ocre* paintings  
Inward painting into the core of a knot, cut into halves  
Split at the cost of your train ride.

\*

Mapping down a connector  
Walls that teared apart the moment in the crumble  
Instant seconds to boundaries reestablished in a newer landmark  
*Neveros* clear the never ending retreat

\*

Sandstone is not just any colour  
a shade to illuminate middle of the day  
your directed focal point shimmering green heart to the isle  
of the dog  
surfacing imperfection when my skin got in the why  
question side to the yard  
falling  
in  
next  
eyeing to an  
open sky

\*

*proposition*

It is in the proposition  
to become  
define yourself

breaking point at the exact point  
in the process of becoming,  
being authentic to your core  
answering in  
pronouncing vows  
tie you  
authentic

Poems

I.	Author R. Solnit	2
	It rained	3
	Grey wolf	3
	As a shade	3
II.	Iconic Memory	3
III.	Yellowknife	4
	In verses	5
IV.	Die hard	5
	The hitherto	5
	Rising tower	5
	When	5
	A key	6
V.	Ockham proposition	6
	Mapping down	6
	Sandstone proposition	6

VI.



