

NOTE

The following poems were written as a game of telephone between two poets. The first poem was written by Sarah Burgoyne then and translated from English into English by Jessie Jones. The translated poem was then sent back and translated again into English. And so on and so forth, resulting in six poems. The effect was one of perfumed disorder, a slip into the swirling vortex of shifting signification. A panic attack of language.

The six poems were then flipped and reversed in order to create another type of translation: a palindrome. Enter and exit the same space, like sand pouring back and forth in an hourglass, not to go unchanged, but to experience dimensionality.

1

in the supercell's flash flood aggregates dislodge & flat fragments of concrete
the tulips & the physical you & the wind on the sidewalk are so squall line
spalling happens greet me in bow echo up the island highway you go & I am
somewhat too plain with just the traces the lemon the pretty sticks the onion
in its bowl growing are nothing precious come see me

in a flash stream aggregates flow fragments of tulips & physical wind
on the pavement in the crisis line a shift happens salute my harriers
up the island highway I will go a little too bright with only steps lemons
rather than onions in a bowl go anything of value come to me
the phone rings &

in the cell's super flood aggregates flow & flat concrete debris & tulips carnal you &
winds on the sidewalk at zero hour peeling occurs meet my rainbow
on the highway you go in a little too bland only a trace a lemon
pretty wild onions in a bowl grow nothing costly to see my phone ring &
while I cannot answer

in the flood's super cell in the loan & move nearby material is beautiful
the physical wind along the way where the squall line spalls welcome to echo heaven
you & me & anything are the only available lemon lightning fat grows
do you need a lot? come see me the phone rings & even if I cannot answer
there I am so there is something there

2

flood of the sky undresses shedding small garments
like the plated heads of tulips the natural you a walking squall
rippling sidewalks yawning all so so *wave from the mouth*
of the echo like you know to fear the drenched phantom rolling down
the island you first & then me climbing in a little too easy
climbing out with only scraps of compost cracked twigs half a red
onion praying face down in a bowl maybe it's an arrival maybe come see

fluorescent pool of rinsed suns brittle darts of porcelain piled at the bottom
wind's skeleton stirring the surface restless in a slip of panic & static
everything sticks & my chin tilts to meet it *pay homage to my falcons*
& their streaming shadows flung wide to capture rejoinders I am a bit
too closed to be plural to radiate citrus & sting you raw in the going
I mean too much to suffer singularity but I can ring & ring the line shiny

cellular bath of flux & reach mess & reach their fragments floral as the litany
of *your* ragged heel dragging over the pavement to a crux waiting wants me so
mind my phenomena swerve judiciously to avoid mere semaphore practised ticks
& swings lemon branch guiding us to green to acidic elegance equally layered
& closed the window open delivering spring basically free
calls in calls compound until you answer

flood of mirror clarity released & borrowed steps accumulate hardware
for building living & exercising power over the sudden gusts that dissect us
permit me this quiet eternity where we are anything but nothing the last fat
grapefruit spitting pink lightning bigger than all my need come see it
fascinate & flash I'll be here & here & then there will be more of me

3

as the sun sets *its tangerine silk across your face* the sun slips *in red silk flooding*
hello / each piecemeal striptease my tulip headslung *who you are, really*
a stood-up storm still moving sea-wracked sidewalk a well I'll need a parachute for
(not great) my love's flood talk my love your move scared into the same sight
my parachute / a sunk bride & the land, there at the end of the crawled down sky
it's so easy get down with your fists of trash to the flint floo half a bottle
holds my measly onion prayer *papery heart of maroon flesh grown from brightness*
here it is see it? yes, let's

star of clean fire in the negative space of burned out suns in the galaxy's photo-memory
& the ice shards at the edge of the lake the bit of blood in my palm for having held them
the glass-blown night mixing me *my body's surface after touch* sorted in the light-fall
electric & what I come to see, looking up only *hail my parachute* with its nubile shadow
whaleboned to catch visions I'm a little shut up to see it only one way to drop a lemon
in the lake in my manowar vogue *what it does* I meant it all a sad kink
but I sounded it out across the setting I sent it out in rings

when it's dropped (can't get it) it changes things & I can't get it my petal mind
petitioning your flung walk bruising across my crawlspace to a t it wants me too
so watch it my phantom limb move carefully *my alphabet's complexer* moving
around you, my repair my wisteria syndrome I twin myself to acres
as sky's earrings as night-flowers folded in the rolled down season
a fountain of it's all that can afford me o sound & sound never-echo
please answer

now you see it let out the bird *I lend myself* to the stairs which have gathered you
so you get it & can choose the sweeping wind moving you still *let me keep this*
zero, at least where we are fat with everything, my owl striking at my field of nerves
larger than my thinking gut sometimes *come feel it* supper's scream
in this talon & that flooding flight death-bent & full of noise

4

noontime blood moon ascent of your face *mandarin peel grin*
pared from soft teeth & helix tongue *the self, the self spreads* good day / take shape
small by small accrue flora *woo me* let loose the world's flurry tempest
on its hind legs stewing in ruins somersault through the target (imperfect technique)
& feed hungry speech with more hunger for forward alarm of identical visions sounds
balloon girl / come out the land improvised by your advancing eye *elementary creation*
slide down the chalk cliffs throw off little violet sheets of flint primordial burns
flaring & closing invoke gravity's notice & *bottle clarity so we can both see it*
the end is called the ocean do you know it? so go

scrub mars of its heat constellation of petrified rubies note the glaciation of feeling
a throat in a morning lake hematite entering the slick dive the firmament stirs
when I rebound through it *gone-body roaring* cascades of electricity see through me
salute my genes their sexy phantoms slipping through the bone sieve I'm too tiny
in the open for another hand to undo me to crack the countenance of a liquid desert
in my finest titanic *did I really* sure viscera escapes through pleated lips
looping breakneck & only until my idea of the sky sustains life

falling revises (nothing) won't be entered & my feathered appeal can't reach
neptune's floating bruise basements open beneath *lead me to water / make me drink*
the whole of my reflection so I am it alien arms & tungsten eyes tender advancements
my metaphysical repertoire orbits a better you but vines beckon for more malady
more for miles blue-jewelled origami blooms from the horns of it nightly
seeds packed in a dour soil *a reservoir of very* herald the between & suck of forever
cowering in repetition humming dig me up

get there first unleash the locusts *I surrender my personas* glide them
up the escalator to your multitudes you take every shape a somnambulant weather
making days dance amidst stasis *let's sustain perpetual birth* where we are jupiter huge
in our transit, lead vultures piercing the shy fervour outgrowing this intellectual rapture
in waves *we will arrive at all* in the mouth of a toothy hunter weightless & spotlit
insistent on singing ourselves hoarse

the sun-hound's galactic do-si-do I ascend to hoard it, my acidic hysteric, rising my
 statue of statues coils words sun, mood me add up, bland star *come get*
 my weather today's a thousand plummet, my riot dogs toss in vibrant trash
 burrow Icarian there just there fed with alien speech *get* the day's dichromatic
 bipolar *birthday baby, it's you* susurrate whorl, expand me I am pieced to bone
 at sun's showdown sparking amethyst electric (what's in me) this connoption
 set it in its sideways case the plasticine sea end it in water *slip slip*

I polish the red marble under the sun again & again at noon static star-chain
 of hot stone invading wooden categories gone cold looning ripples over dawn
 over my street of liquid ice red rust streak, cure my blood the pact I make with air
 when I resist it fantastic crack of my left-shell, mowed down shower me in voltage &
 I disappear sing a dirge for my matter its pleasant false arrangement sound beats
 time through the heart's chalk flesh cleave *reset* larger now looking
 for more bones to grow me the mirage is unequal & that's that I broke
 the hallucination's marble to get in it my offal (truly you) suck out the marrow
 look up again again again

still down here but lower still grounded but deeper I dig so I can't know it tar me
 to catch me assembled by a planet's blood streak the cellar's dirt member I need you
 as my sentinel head bowed to the puddle beside the lake familiarity of a gone-body
 to wait out dying's muscle memory *whose is this?* my hydra arms my eyes
 of heavy stone (I'll kill myself reaching) to launch a more memorable me regrown
 across insane oceans spewing paper swans packed in colour this is love the vortex
 of it, vacuuming the black hole exhumed

I beat you to it a plague with wings dipped in honey good to eat send out the insects
 to spew my attitudes I whiteflag my anima backing down to catch you the dream
 of the ladder is stasis a stalled upward motion you fit it clouds sleepwalk, not knowing
 what they do to me I am in day somewhere, mirroring I move slowly (the galactic thought)
 kidnap birds to populate day's gorgeous caustic this thought, outgrowing me eventually
 in moving folds the yip of the dog enters as noise only I insist

robot blue parhelion promenading the blind spot sour lunacy, scale my stony portraiture
 with a reel of the sun of the word I rise into my likenesses puncture the collective I &
get down let time leak from the tip of a needle my canine rabidity thrashes in vogue horoscopes
 stars Sisyphean in utter plummet *focus* the now vulturous choked with damaged language
 I say *get down from* the day mid-sink communal & halved wholly *pass it on, why won't*
 suspiration dissolve me face by face radiant in galvanic tourmaline what's left of mine
 sliding toward waves moulded by hand you can see fingerprints in them *my gold rings*

I tumble the sun buffed smooth back & forth noon to noon stationary flame
 riling rivers of brilliance warm keeps the terrible terrible bitter rise of street noise levitating
 at the red light conclude the cure of me the softness come by force cut my hair & I
 shrink four inches *trust me* & I cease my best face resists creation oh adorned
 fissure turn down my inherent wattage dunk tank me in thrill & see how I dissolve
 in tense I fend off what music marks its fun sick echo when the hour strikes *it hurts*
 the grand skeleton overdressed the mirror & the miracle uneven receptacles
 for fantasy's smooth edges that is, my radial irises more gruesome than I thought
 hunting down colour & sucking it dry draining it white

until & when I look burrow in & look neck deep before I can see me below deeper
 than deeper than I can dive alive tomato bright bloodstream bringing the basement
 to the eye *thoughts pool* & die muscular deaths high-brow head bent narcissus
 the body a slaughterhouse that swallows the crash whole *it is all part* a hydra
 a jade hand waving holding my head up too high now to lick the low tide
 technicolour seaweed dragging up the line the light all mine luxuriantly auroral
 cold chirping waves evincing the romance of the void vacuum clean the infinite tied

with a winner's mood candy-coated locusts hand-deliver headaches what appetite
 sweep the black flies from my animus chalk outline their fleeing silhouettes retreating
 to the point where the escalator folds mechanical privacy at the heart of ascent
it resembles you asperitas undulate unaware of their effect I'm up there somewhere
 a mirror slowly fogging over the galax absconding through the two-way glass
 with an envelope of rays mind blooming from the peat of my soft scalp
 its vivid edges cannily flaring this entrance abhors silence & so must I

so I must abhor this silent entrance its vivid edges cannily flaring mind blooming
from the peat of my soft scalp glass with an envelope of rays absconding
through the two-way slowly fogging over the galaxy i'm up there somewhere
a mirror asperitas undulate unaware of their effect mechanical privacy at the heart of ascent
it resembles you retreating to the point where the escalator folds chalk outlines
their fleeing silhouettes from my animus what appetite sweep
the black flies candy-coated locusts hand-delivering headaches with a winner's mood

the infinite tied vacuum clean of the void evincing the romance cold chirping
waves all mine luxuriantly auroral seaweed dragging up the line the light licks
the low tide technicolour too high now to hold my head up a jade hand waving
it is all part hydra that swallows the crash whole high-brow head bent narcissus
the body a slaughterhouse muscular deaths & dying *thoughts pool* tomato bright
bloodstream brings the basement to the eye alive can dive below deeper than deeper
than neck deep before I can see me burrow in & look I look until & when

white draining it more gruesome than I thought hunting down colour & sucking it
dry that is, my radial irises uneven receptacles for fantasy's smooth edges the mirror
& the miracle overdressed *it hurts* the grand skeleton when the hour strikes
its fun sick echo in tense I fend off what music marks dunk tank me in thrill & see
how I dissolve turn down my inherent wattage oh adorned fissure my best face
resists creation & I cease the softness *trust me* shrink four inches cut my hair &
I come by force conclude the cure of me bitter rise of street noise levitating at the red light
warm keeps the terrible terrible stationary flame riling rivers of brilliance noon
to noon back & forth I tumble the sun buffed smooth

my gold rings you can see fingerprints in them sliding toward waves moulded by hand
what's left of mine face by face radiant in galvanic tourmaline suspiration dissolve me
pass it on, why won't the midday sink communal & halved wholly I say *get down from*
choked with damaged language vulturous the now *focus*
in utter plummet stars Sisyphian thrash in vogue horoscopes my canine rabidity
let time leak from the tip of a needle *get down* puncture the collective I & I rise
into my likenesses with a reel of the sun of the word my stony portraiture sour
lunacy, scale promenading the blind spot the robot blue parhelion

I insist enter as noise only the yip of the dog in moving folds this thought
outgrowing me eventually kidnap birds to populate day's gorgeous caustic (the galactic
thought) I move slowly I am in day somewhere, mirroring what they do to me
sleepwalking clouds, not knowing if you fit it the stalled upward motion the dream
of the ladder is stasis backing down to catch you I whiteflag my anima to spew
my attitudes send out insects good to eat a plague of wings dipped in honey
I beat you to it

exhumed the black hole the vortex of it, vacuuming this is love
spewing swans packed in colour insane oceans regrown across to launch
a more memorable me (I'll kill myself reaching) my eyes of heavy stone
my hydra arms *whose are they?* to wait out dying's muscle memory familiarity
of a gone-body head bowed to the puddle beside the lake I need you
as my sentinel the cellar's dirt member assembled by a planet's blood streak tar me
to catch me dig so I can't know it still grounded but deeper still down here but lower

again again again look up suck out the marrow my offal (truly you) to get in it
the hallucination's marble broke me & that's that the mirage is unequal looking
for more bones to grow me larger now *reset* flesh cleave through the heart's chalk
sound beats time its pleasant false arrangement sing a dirge for my matter & I
disappear shower me in voltage fantastic crack of my left-shell, mowed down when
I resist it I make a pact with the air red rust streak, cure my blood my street of liquid ice
looning ripples over dawn gone cold invading wooden categories of hot
stone static star-chain at noon again & again I polish the red marble under the sun

slip slip end it in wate the plasticine sea its sideways case set it on
this conniption (what's in me) sparking amethyst electric at sun's showdown
I am pieced to bone whorl, expand me susurrate *birthday baby, it's you* bipolar
as the day is dichromatic *get* fed with alien speech just there there burrow
Icarian my riot dogs tossing in vibrant trash my weather today plummets by thousands
come get add up, bland star sun, mood me coil words statue of statues
my acidic hysteric rising I ascend & hoard it the galactic sun-hound's do-si-do

ourselves hoarse insistent on singing weightless & spotlit in the mouth of a toothy hunter
will we arrive at all outgrowing this intellectual rapture in waves piercing the shy fervour
where we are jupiter huge in our transit lead vultures *let's sustain*
perpetual birth a somnambulant weather making days dance amidst stasis you take
every shape glide them up the escalator to your multitudes *I surrender my personas*
unleash the locusts get there first

dig me up cowering in repetition humming herald the between & suck of forever
a reservoir of very seeds packed in a dour soil origami blooms from the horns of it nightly
Blue-jewelled more for miles beckon for more malady but vines orbit a better you
my metaphysical repertoire tender advancements alien arms & tungsten eyes so I am it the whole
of my reflection *lead me to water / make me drink* basements open beneath neptune's floating
bruise can't reach my feathered appeal won't be entered & falling revises (nothing)

life sustains my idea of the sky looping breakneck & only escapes through pleated
lips sure viscera *did I really* in my finest titanic crack the countenance
of a liquid desert for another hand to undo me in the open I'm too tiny slipping
Through the bone sieve their sexy phantoms salute my genes see through me
cascades of electricity *gone-body roaring* when I rebound through it the firmament stirs
hematite entering the slick dive a throat in a morning lake note the glaciation of feeling
constellation of petrified rubies scrubbing mars of its heat

so go do you know how? the end is called the ocean *bottle clarity so we can both see it*
invoke gravity's notice & its primordial burns flare & close throw off little violet sheets
of flint slide down the chalk cliffs *elementary creation* the land improvised by your
advancing eye *balloon girl / come out* for forward alarm identical vision sounds
feed hungry speech with more hunger (imperfect technique) somersault through
the target stewing in ruins tempest on its hind legs let loose the world's flurry woo
me accrue flora small by small good day / take shape *the self, the self spreads*
pared from soft teeth & helix tongue *mandarin peel grin* ascent of your face
noontime blood moon

full of noise & death-bent flooding flight in this talon & that
supper screams *come feel it* sometimes my gut thinking larger
than my striking field of nerves owl, my everything where we are fat with
zero *at least let me keep this* moving you still & choosing the sweeping wind
so you get it you have gathered the stairs which *I lend myself* let out the bird
now you see it

please answer never-echo o sound & sound *a fountain of it's all*
that can afford me in the rolled down season as night-flowers folded
into sky's earrings to acres I twin myself my wisteria syndrome you, my repair
around moving *my complex alphabet* move carefully my phantom limb
watch it it wants me to a t across my crawlspace your flung walk bruising
petitioning my petal mind I can't get it it changes things & when it's dropped (I
can't get it)

I sent it out in rings across the setting but I sounded it out a sad kink
I meant it all *what it does* in my manowar vogue to drop a lemon in the lake one way
only shut up to see it I'm a little whaleboned to catch visions nubile shadow
with its parachute hailing me & what I come to see, looking up only electric sorted
in the light-fall *my body's surface after touch* mixing me into the glass-blown night
for having held them blood in my palm the bit of ice shard at the edge of the lake
& photo-memory space of burned out suns in the galaxy star of clean fire in the negative

yes, let's see it? here it is *grown from brightness papery heart of maroon flesh*
holds my measly onion prayer half a bottle to the flint floor get down with your fists
of trash *it's so easy* at the end of the crawled down sky & the land, there my parachute / a sunk
bride scared into the same sight your move my love my flood's love talks a well
I'll need a parachute for (not great) sea-wracked sidewalk still moving the stood-up storm
who are you, really my headslung tulip piecemeal striptease hello / each
the sun slips *in red silk flooding* as the sun sets *its tangerine silk across your face*

- 2

there will be more of me & then I'll be here & here come see it fascinate & flash all
my need bigger spitting pink lightning the last fat grapefruit where we are anything
but nothing *permit me this quiet eternity* that dissects us over the sudden gusts
exercising power for building living steps accumulate hardware released &
borrowed flood of mirror clarity

until you answer calls in calls compound delivering spring the window open
& closed basically free equally layered acidic to elegance lemon branch guiding us
to green practised ticks & swings to avoid mere semaphore swerve judiciously *mind*
my phenomena waiting wants me over the pavement to a crux ragged heel dragging
as the litany of your mess & reach your fragments floral cellular bath of flux & reach

the line shiny but I can ring & ring to suffer singularity I mean too much & sting
you raw in the going to radiate citrus to be plural I am a bit too closed flung wide
to capture rejoinders & their streaming shadows *pay homage to my falcons* my chin
tilts to meet it & everything sticks & static restless in a slip of panic stirring
the surface wind's skeleton piled at the bottom brittle darts of porcelain
fluorescent pool of rinsed suns

come see maybe maybe it's an arrival half a red onion praying face down in a bowl
cracked twigs climbing out with only scraps of compost a little too easy climbing in
you first & then me the island the drenched phantom rolling down to fear like
you know *a wave from the mouth of the echo* all so so rippling sidewalks yawning
a walking squall the natural you like the plated heads of tulips shedding small
garments flood of the sky undresses

- 1

there is something there so there I am
even if I cannot answer & the phone rings come see me do you need a lot?
grow lightning fat like the last available lemon you & me are anything &
welcome to echo heaven where the squall line spalls along the way the physical wind
beautiful nearby material loans & moves in the flood's super cell

answer while I cannot phones ring & see my costly nothing grow
onions in a bowl pretty wild a lemon only a trace too bland you go in a little
on the highway meet my rainbow peeling occurs at zero hour winds on the sidewalk
carnal you & tulips & flat concrete debris aggregates flow in the cell's super flood

the phone rings come to me anything of value go onions in a bowl rather than
lemons with only steps too bright I will go a little up the island highway
salute my harriers a shift happens in the crisis line on the pavement
& physical wind tulips of fragments & aggregates flow in a flash stream

come see me as nothing precious growing in its bowl the onion
the pretty sticks the lemon with just the traces somewhat too plain
you go & I am up the island highway greeting the bow echo spalling
the squall line & the wind on the sidewalk & the tulips & the physical you
& flat fragments of concrete & aggregates dislodge
in the supercell's flash flood

Sarah Burgoyne is an experimental poet. Her second collection, *Because the Sun*, which thinks with and against Camus' extensive notebooks and the iconic outlaw film *Thelma & Louise*, was published with Coach House Books in April 2021 and nominated for the A.M. Klein Prize in Poetry. Her first collection *Saint Twin* (Mansfield: 2016) was also a finalist for the A.M. Klein Prize in Poetry (2016), awarded a prize from l'Académie de la vie littéraire (2017) and shortlisted for a Canadian ReLit Award. Other works have appeared in journals across Canada and the U.S., have been featured in scores by American composer J.P. Merz and have appeared with or alongside the visual art of Susanna Barlow, Jamie Macaulay and Joani Tremblay. She is currently working on a collaborative novel with her brilliant friend and poet Jessie Jones.

Jessie Jones grew up on the Prairies, spent a decade on Vancouver Island, and now resides in Montreal/Tiohtià:ke. Her writing has appeared in publications across Canada, the US, England, and France. Her debut poetry collection, *The Fool*, was published in 2020 by icehouse poetry. It was shortlisted for the 2021 Raymond Souster Award and nominated for the 2021 A.M. Klein Prize for Poetry. She is currently at work on a second poetry collection and a collaborative novel with her inimitable friend, Sarah Burgoyne.

