Ligament / Ligature / Andy Weaver
I stand
at the pivot point
balanced
like an open
book
tented
on its wobbling
covers,
spine miraculously
but barely
holding
it all together.

This is
the zenith, the crest
in the wave.

Forty-five
behind
and the same
before,
I imagine, since
years are just
fancies of our
dizzied
twirlings, nothing
more.
Or less. Today there is no less,
and what could seem from such a peak
a certain lessening is rather
a readiness, like a car in a roller coaster
at the very tip before the plunge,
filled with prospects of glee and catalysing fears that hold no real fear—at the bottom another climb will begin,
just one
cannot see
from the heights
that dazzle
me now.

When I
was younger, I
expected love
to be
the answer
to the secret
that, like a living
fossil,
a coelacanth,
was never hidden
just
unconcerned
with anyone
who didn’t
search deeply for it
—a thought
so convoluted
it’s still impossible
to parse
if I thought
I was seeking
out the answer
or the secret.

Or maybe
we learn

to cherish

the moments

of boredom

as necessary

parts

of the game,

and so,

if nothing else,

the search

eventually grounded out

to first

by bunting away

the awful

stodgy seriousness

of the serious

young man

or at least

popped out

a forgetfulness

of the mercenary

unkindness

of my swings

at “true love,”

the bedevilments

of so much

unwanted adoration

and the paltry

concerns

of the innermost
enchantments
    of a mind
    so self
revolved.
    Eventually
    I learned
to manage,
    to see
    the home stand
can only
    be
    salvaged
by a series
    of intentional
    sacrifices.

Yet a part
    of us
    always dreads
that type of success,
    distrusts
    anything difficult
as artificial.
    We all want
    to be
the slightly roughened
    and tarnished
    Redford
rounding the bases
    while crowds cheer out
we were right
to never settle
to never give in
to what we
think
are the world’s
unfair tricks,
a series
of threats and bribes.
Then,
suddenly,
we’re
the old men
and that dirty money
looks awful
clean against
what we’ve already
mortgaged.

But maybe love
is actually
the harm
and the solace,
all that
which cuts us
open
to the world,
what pitches us
away
and toward, we are constantly thrown by it, knuckling our way toward the glove, the ground, the bat, never knowing where we’re headed, only realizing that the arc of the pitcher’s arm mirrors the galaxy’s swirl, that through its parts the universe posits a sum and the silliness of games ends.
But we learn
different games always
begin,
it’s how we teach, and so
the rabbit
must circle and dive
through its hole, your little fingers
must grab
this potential that drives your most incurable wants,
continually vanishing, always over there.
The shoe will not stay tied,
the knot will not knot but that does not mean that an untie,
a terrible naught that unbinds, should be taught
as an answer
to shield you from feeling distraught.
Give in to Velcro?
As you joke, a frayed knot.
And so, as people have always done, you trip and fall again, all, all because the fall is the art of your innermost self twisting in upon itself as it folds others into its tangle.
There is no real language for the fear in this submission, yet a desire to be submerged
is the learned practice and event in and of the beloved
—the cycle has no resolution, no force of conclusion, because the risk of submergence around another is the first endless task, though it becomes so snarled you sometimes lose contact with the materiality that grounded you as a single strand at the start, and you feel betrayed, like you are angry love trapped in the hands of a sinful god.
And so we attend, we learn to attend, pushing past mere perception as we callous our knees while we tend to the moment of our bodies in the world.

Coercion, I agree, is the only true evil, but listen to the alacritous world with alacrity and doubt every slackjaw, all the lockjaws’ talk of lack, The world dwindles, they say, when I can tell you
actually that
the world
so lessons
us in wonder
even our words
whirl.
There is
no
lessening,
though
the little
ubi-sunters
will always
wait
in the corridors
lamentatiously
lamenting
the lamentable
mutability
of lamented things,
the transitions
of life,
the losses
they’ve learned
to clutch
to, and so
they mourn
the caterpillars,
the robins’
blue eggs.
Sag,
    they preach,  because the world
tumbles  and flags.

But Pink
    Floyd  be damned,
science  and even the smug
    little poetasters
know  there is
    no dark
side  to the moon.
    Eclipses
constantly black out
    planets
throughout
the universe,
    but they don’t
make the universe
any darker.
    And perhaps
the sun
won’t always rise.
    Perhaps.
Or perhaps it’s that the idea of setting is only a trick of perspective to begin with. Perhaps.

Or perhaps, you will find, opinions are like buttplugs —some people will try to shove them up your aspects of understanding.

Kansas, I don’t think we’re in toto anymore.

—but the sun remains, and remains for the shadowed a simple step to one side or the other. The system works but perhaps
only for the systemic
and so
we say
the lover works
without
—not
a plan,
but
without the structure of limitations:
the writer works from one side of the page to the other,
the painter builds layer upon layer from the canvas out,
the sculptor works outside in
but the lover’s work is ineffable,
perhaps it is the unutterable
it
The equation, such as it is, is not helpful: a runner by running, a swimmer by swimming— but a lover is never made just by loving, the necessity of a beloved makes love unique.

* * * *

Days later, I can add only that while we are creatures rented like mules by obsession for the collection
of moments, shoring up each fragment
as a rampart against our ruinations,
no one wants love for a time,
we want it forever, for all time,
in a time that is outside of time.
Fallacious logic, to be sure, but who questions precisely how love persuades us of its insights, how at times it drives us to outstrip ourselves into betterment,
shows us all
to be
equal

parts
hero,
labyrinth,
and minotaur.

A gadfly
sent
to disturb us
from our dozy
state,

love harries
us
until we flow
like water
sliding
along wool
from fuller
cup
to emptier
and,
parched slaves,
we start
drinking now,
always now,
whether
we’re brimming
or nearly drained.

While the body
of every creature, every plant, every molecule and atom on earth is pervaded by attraction, where there is dissimilarity between things there is also difference between what they adore and how —so the soil loves rain, the sky loves the rain, but not as the flower loves rain, nor how it loves the sun. The string we cross holds tension but not as the guitar does, the note is not
a transitive
property. There is no
passing over,
there is only what is,
what remains, and what communion
requires of it —that is how
life alters and how it altars. Even language
evolves as love convolves,
atoms stumbling into the great tumble,
a file of life, filiations and striations of the living, each particle
a receptacle of an ecstatic whole
we experience
whorled and twined
in the warp and weft,
a cleft
folded in on itself,
the world's instrument
unseen,
unsung,
strung in
plain sight,
a single lyre pulsing
with the systole and diastole
of the song,
the first wage we earn.

Yesterday, in the backyard, the dog
surprised a squirrel completely clouded
by autumnal demands, Briggs
chasing it back and forth in smaller zigs and zags until the squirrel finally maneuvered a crucial mistake into a slip under the fence. Throughout, it did not drop its acorn. This, perhaps, is the emblem of love—or perhaps the dog’s incessant drive is an equal example. Perhaps both serve better as metaphors for reference itself—but what is love
if not reference,
cobbling scraps of words,
processes of accretion
then syncretion, usury,
creation ex nihilo.

Homophones,
homonyms, synonyms,
words placed at the feet of another,
not as offerings on an altar
—more scampering pups,
the only worship we have,
language, after all, as game.

Old Ammons, hitting his head on the nail:
if love were likely it would not be love. Or,
to adjust Olson,
cribbed Confucius, who likely
nothing is sayable
without saying it (which is not to say it’s inevitable).
And still the said is unsaid
to each person who hasn’t heard it.

Beloveds, yours are the names spun into each strand of the web flexing in the wind like a lung, taut and slack, every lock and band platted and plaited.
We revolve
the senses
with one
another
into the heart
of all matter,
and our
best explanation
if we’re forced
to spell
it out
is the flexibility
in the complexity
of the loops
and tethers
where the whole
of things
learns
to flow
together-apart
toward a shimmering,
receding
horizon,
nomad within monad,
and so
we contain
not just multitudes
but mazes,
folds upon fold,
these twisted
paths,
    as we pick
    through the aftermath
that is love,
    our loves,
    our loves’
love
    for us.
    This perpetual
attendance
    breaks
    the abundance
free
    of prediction,
    or we
are left
    with an empty
language
of empty forms.

But, yes,
    to read
    the news
is to be
    reminded
of the seeming
imperviousness
    of the world
to improvement.
We shake our heads and say the political is not inherent in love nor in the good intentions of its use. Just as easy to say a plot is where stories are placed after they die. But whether we are glib or not, things will always fit together, it’s the undeniable principle of magic: two inconsequential things fuse, through confluence and confusion,
they combine to birth a consequence
—so a person, a thing, is never
to be judged alone, it is never
itself alone, there’s no detaching
from the crazy roundabout,
the swirling of the wording and its many worldings.
Love, in other words, is other words,
ligament, ligature,
always in the joining force
that pulls together the row of dots
until they
  align,
  an incitement
that verbs
  the noun.

       Accuracy, I’ve read,
is not
  the voice of nature.

     Nor is it,
I’d suggest,
  one of the tongues
  of love,
and so we speak
  generally
  not of knowing
love but
  of making it,
  we
are part
  of the encounter,
  a point
of transition
  in a wobbling pivot
that spins
its necessary
  precession,
and our writing
represents it,
  not
in the written,
but in
the metonym
of the pen’s point
on paper,
the site itself,
lost
in the moment
of the scribble,
an occurrence
actioning
its madcap coherence
of actualizing
and actualness.
So neither
the hourglass
nor the spilling sand
are in any way
time
and yet
are slipped
completely inside it
—the godpage
on which the godtext forms
the beloved’s eye,
a demanding
of long
and close
observation,
bound
to the infinite
play
of the insatiability
of the brevity
of experience,
love is
purely theological,
a supremity
whose true name
we dare
not write,
and it evolves
with no end point,
no summation,
no synopsis.
It does not
resolve.
Perhaps I
can only
explain this
by saying that,
while love
is in no way
to be confused
with its struggles,
to lift love
out of
the struggle
would be
to betray
the struggling.

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