

Ligament

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Ligature

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Andy Weaver

MODEL

Or less. Today
and what there is no less,
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
I

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

proof
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
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

self.

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

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
with the world
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

if not reference,
cobbling
scrap 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,
without saying
it's inevitable).
to each person
Beloveds,
yours
spun
into each
of the web
taut
and slack,
and band
who likely
nothing
is sayable
it (which
is not to say
And still the said
is unsaid
who hasn't
heard it.

are the names
strand
flexing in the wind
like a lung,
every lock
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 supremacy
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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