

Cova Versions

Ante-dog language in six parts

I.

Listen to your listening, turn your ear on your ear
to mumbling that which is mumbling,
warbling that which is warbling,
opening to that which is opening,

reaching to that which is reaching to,
bringing-in that which is bringing-in,
straining to that which is straining to.
warbling, mumbling, straining to.

Bringing-in, opening to, reaching to, listening.
The sound of sediment, the screech of porcelain,
mumbling steel, warbling milk,
resonant manure, the tonal ear

hears melody in hearing, listening, sensing.
If you listen to listening, turn your ear on your ear,
you hear that which is hearing
and that which is heard.

Then, by walking up the mountain,
you walk up the mountain twice.
In the pit of the moment,
& inside the belly of the mountain:

both sources
to the same river.

2.

I began singing along, growling, whining, stamping and hissing. I realised I could embody most of these sounds, however non-human. Animistic aspects began evolving - possessions of the body: being dog-like requires a push up in the gut, pushing up air like you've been punched, then letting it roar out. You mustn't move your tongue or palate, the sound must emerge in a rush, with no possibility of word-ing. That is, no sense of the sound even beginning to be moulded into language. The sound is literally pre-language, before that moment your mouth captures the air and bends and squeezes it into language, your mind forming text and sending messages to the mechanics of your body to shape itself in the correct way so the product can be formed and dispatched.

Dog-sound is ante-language.

3.

A dog under each syllable:
a mangy dog rolling with a wet tongue lolling.
A dog in each grunt, a dog gnaws the palette
a dog bleeds my gums, each word dripping
red meat, dog-boned paragraph.
Mongrel poems, cross-bred stanza.
Throw a bone and leave the sentence dog-eared,
A dog under each groan, dog will make my mouth a home.
Dog-house language, kennelled-dog bookcase.
The dog sends noise across the valley,
dog-noise rolls down, gnaws the covas,
dog-words, dog-verse, dog-bred
rhymes with wet tongue lolling.

Words misunderstood slip below meaning-ground
into doubts sown beneath consciousness.

Water gushes below, louder than fire.

Words are moans made meaningful
sighs and wails and feeling-sung.

My tongue on your tongue, not touching,
nor wet, but dry as ashes, dehydrating
bone-dry speech, speech as bone-dry branches
rubbed to make sparks, doubtful sparks,
fearful sparks, warm sparks in the eye of laughter.

Sparkles long in the eye of laughter.

Speak to me and lose your words, I will devour
intention: your words are lost on me.

Two-headed dog louder
than all the thousand pointless birds.

A phantasm in sound
rising up and scolding the valley.

Rue!

Rue!

You!

I'm a listening dog.

A dog listening to its howls,
listening to it listening to its howls,
hearing its mind listening to the sound of its howling.

The sound of howling echoing through the mind of a dog listening to its
howling sound.

The sound of listening to the hearing dog howling its listening-mind full of dog
howling.

One dog hears this all in one hearing.

Conglomerated dog howling,
howling as sound and hearing.

Howling is heard to exist and sounds to exist as howling.

In order of existence:

Hearing is first,
then the howling,
then the dog.

Birds that squeal, chortle, brap-brap,
coo-eee-woo—eee-woo-kee birds.

Between distant trees that form caverns of imagined depth.
Invisible holes into the centre of the earth,
resonant feedback of bird-call and response.

Chirrup, kweee-keee-keee-keee
as loud as my concentration allows,
moving ground back to fore,
as my inner voice falls silent
or babbles, "...birds".

Birds lifting my flesh towards them,
birds as sound not flesh, ghost birds.
apparitions of ear and lobe-called birds,
lobe calls as otolith tremors; birds.

Birds seeping like mercury
through stirrup and hammer, thundered birds.

Birds in chorus, phasing birds,
birds delayed and reverbed birds,
modulated sine-tone birds,
sawtooth pink and white noise birds,
birds as pop and rock-strewn birds,
birds in blue - pained dying birds.

Fornicating fallen birds,
birds that dream of flying birds,
birds on wings or flightless birds,
resting, nesting, questing birds.

Birds from beating waves of birds,
alpha-beta-brainwave birds.

Birds who don't exist in books,
who look like humans shaped as birds.
Relenting speech and lost in bird song,
speaking ceased to be a bird song.
Humans long to sing in birdsong.

Birds are humans raised as birds.
Birds are silence sung as birds,
birds know speaking is not words,
words are wrenched through throats of birds
hung and gutted, eaten birds.
Stuff the bird with bird-sung birds,
eat the flesh of singing birds,
hum the blood of murder, birds
you are but sticky, stupid words.
Birds are gutless, pointless birds,
spoke the bird who said the words:
Birds are humans bred as birds.
Human-birds who said the words.
Birds are human-bird as heard.
Birds in human-sung as words.

The village is silent and clocks tick behind windows to keep the beat of each step in time with time bent around the curvature of mountains. Time drifts, time ambles, never running, a moment spent never out of pocket. The voice is inside, murmuring in hot sun, mumbling verse written when dreaming about my love and our unborn baby. Her face, her body in a new blue dress, the sun beating, beating waves, tones mingling in close proximity. She sighs like a baby sighs, the baby sighs inside her, the baby sleeps inside her as she wakes and forgets her dreams. Her dreams are woven in wool pulled from a sheep's overcoat, into socks, scarfs and winter pullovers; dreams to keep you warm when the weather drops.

As I'm waking in the village the chickens crow the snakes sheepish and the dogs sloth-like the frogs fishy and the cat's pigs feeding on silence with long lingering paws.

Pauses become days and conversations take weeks, an old man in the village was waiting for us for seven days

In such silence, my tinnitus gushes like a new river threaded through the eye of a needle.

Hissing streams of tiny water, water squeezed through the pores of a mosquito. I hear her hissing until she moves to my left ear, there she merges with electrostatic errors in my brain.

My left ear hears the world as it is, as sound as energy in flesh, outside is vibration in the pay of atoms, oblivious to the effect it has on neurology, music is oblivious to music:

The Girl From Ipenema:

“...each man she passes go “ahhhh” but she just doesn't see

