**NOTTURNO: FOREST MOVEMENT**

after Mark Z. Danielewski’s House of Leaves with interpolations of “Haunted” and “Angry Johnny” by Poe and “Notturno from String Quartet No. 2 in D” by Alexander Borodin

Text Box: And none could describe this supposition of house—the house must have walls, not creek walls. The house must not be a man, nor the prodigious beasts which from him take shape in the shadows which were not shadows but the consumption of the forest come night.

come night. This house

does not know music, the luxury of modulating to a lower key. And in three, the horrors of the man who was not to be a house waltzes around the house—the hypothetical house that probably exists. Take every clot of mold upon every log, the mud giving off steam not yet ready to settle as dew. There would still be no house! Did you fuck him and hope there would be a kitchen formed in the thrashing? Did you believe him into a house, did he hammer you into a tin roof? And in the dirt-muddled aftermath, was it horror or love in the end? For I am tired of this endless slurring of the three—the man, the lover, the house. They all metastasize into the same in the morning light—my God, just wait. Just wait.

Amongst the trees, the tapping first came to me in threes—the susurrus tap, the claws of the man who was to be a lynx. Amongst the trees, sibilant violin of leaves and the shadows keep on changing takes each breath with me. There is no house among the leaves, no comfort of walls, just the sound of ~~ba da pa pa ba da pa pa~~ the man.

Text Box:

the leaves the voices that are carrying this tune play in three to his feet upon the ground the shadows echoed the legs of spiders the heavy thighs of a tiger the fury of the magpie and no place was safe because a house is not built of the hair of spiders and not even the arms of the lover but rather the espressivo of the tune interpolating through this hallway stood upon bark and filth

And back in the grove that was to be rot, the man who was to be a lynx was actually a swan—a joke of moonlight, globs of it upon the boughs make me think he might be a swan. In the black patch of mushrooms, there is not really a house—but the tidal breath of a nearby creek, and the creek has walls but it is not a house, and the swan that was to be a brown bear—he bathed in the tongue of it.

The consequences of one more look at the ghost seeing him, the naked body, the skin soft as swamp, hips like a cello—until the animal upon him has transposed him into a quadruped, surely I will go mad I will smell the movement change—from the musk of man to the salmon pink of bear, and then I can do it with an animal’s grace should run.

Text Box: The jacquard of the night takes many forms—

when the night was of taffeta, did he tell

you he could love you?

 What about in the houndstooth

 of morning?

Surely then, by then you had seen it—

oh my Johnny oh you without lover and

without name,

 did you see then? Did you kill

 him, did you blow him,

tell me that you ran home once you’d seen

and known what it takes to love

this man.And the man who was not a bear at all, but a lover—I call him any name but lover. And amongst the trees, the cardinal directions blend into brown, and amongst the trees—the trees which are not a house—the moss spawns upon the sky which is also the ground, and upon the trees which are also the creek, and the creek ran through the stars, and the stars dressed up as violets, and the violets were my lover who was also a man lynx swan bear (but none of these were a house).

And the animal of him will find me, slide into me like a foot into mud, hit me ba da pa pa ba da pa pa until the change takes place, and amongst the trees, we play this game of the lover and the loved, and the forest (not a house) runs its force around us, and I love him despite it all.