

Raag  
Leaves  
*for*  
Paresh  
Chakraborty



*Certains mourraient de soif – entre  
une carafe d'eau et une tasse à café.*

**Braque, Cahier**



Uneven the ground is  
instrumental walking range  
these briar roads all chance  
impediment *that's*  
*its sound* the foot  
hills accompanied  
distance *its voice*  
*opened there*



so depending on  
cold feet trail in cinder    glass scree  
kicked traces turned    to bracken ash  
feet falling    ling sintered    impressions  
foundering    sand    pearl ash  
on lead    brick red to char  
coal unearthly    *down this long road*  
*without his soul being covered*



or lifts like slip  
shod in clay milk a glaze  
with standing waters laced  
guttered light you'd play to your  
clay content depending  
where you fall now out of your way  
of course *just here* she said and  
*here*



touch

sleeps in its course    a flushed reed  
descanting    threaded sound    files  
in thin continuity    *a kinde of staide*  
*musicke*    vessel    now & then  
communicating waters    this broken road  
soaked & loaded    only to release  
a line drawn to    touch



sleeping moth to leaf    curled  
the drawn night together    imagined  
simple materials    a brush stroke  
resin    smoke releasing    a wolf  
from pine wood    ventures her inkling  
shadow    our figures drawn on raw  
silk ground    tonight    no paper trails  
our knowing    unanswerable light