

**Selections from “One”
By Patrick Hurley**

[6]

Uppercase letters interspersed
with numbers and
lowercase letters

Phantom titles
that strand in for
nonexistent works

Growing burden of conversation
deadens in the end
everything

Chemical process corrodes
a shape restructuring
an aggregate surface

Soundtrack existing
independently of
spooling visual imagery

Holes bored precisely
into materials will
serve some purpose

Bouncing back
and forth
between channels

The punctuated sonic
anagram is a sphere
of black excrement

Altered sounds in shifting zones
of climate—strips of tape are
swept from the editing room floor

[7]

Ethereal music inaugurates
the exploration of
unreal spaces

No. This was planned
a solitary woman
arranged for strings

Chance would be
some revenant with
an unpronounceable name

A door painted the same color
as a trash bin posits
the equivalence ...

Equivalence of
going in or going out
and the futility of either

First the smell of perfume
in empty streets—sound of
a laser beam powering down

The disappearing of
blue light after
the smell of burning skin

Hypersensitivity to cold fluency
gray truants wait
for nacreous globes

[8]

Time structures burn from
underground vaults
buried under temples

Invisible space
between color shift
is peopled by electricity

What if one
shade of blue
existed for one decade only?

Recapture shapes that only
appear identical—time has
altered them in un-seeable ways

Write quickly—
take dictation form
chromium lips

With vacuum tube
cantata wake
to other places

[9]

Select instruments to begin;
debate the relevance of titles
harmonic distortion through
 excessive interpretation

Pulse of information
transmitted beneath
antiquated technologies

There is repetition of
 symmetrical ritual
scattered parts or
 interlocking fragments
build a new type of edifice

Subatomic topography
reinvent misunderstood
 sonic imagery
newly forbidden words
 sung slightly out of tune

[10]

Recurring name is two birds
 then three
drifting down into
upper Egypt

Genetic transcendence as
the timeless mixtape
spools on

Wet yellow grass and
 a river drum
tearing newsprint
 into strips
rearrange facts
 into truth

Decaying leaves and black soil
alluvial silt—one part
 of an ongoing song
fleeting images recaptured
 from dreams

[11]

Dropped image in dead grass
a prime number of percussionists
accompanies machine-generated
birdsong

Composition from prepared dictionary
or words altered—augmented by
the square roots of irrational sounds

That would be one way
North-Woman with
wood and wine

With a special apparatus
we antique ourselves
and in so doing
become new

What lies in wait
behind the decorative
parapet?
reminder of rotting wood

[12]

Don costume and scrape
late bows across strings
sound's wet blur transforms
 delineation into suggestion

The surface is scrubbed clean and
rolls of outdated film will reveal
 a series of hints about
what lies beneath the surface

The prevarication of a set of
 numbers spoken emphatically
is a strategy of one competing
 school of geometers
they are easily disabled by
 unexpected angles

[13]

Dys-regulation is supplanted by
self-replicating patterns—
a kaleidoscope of clarinets
or so to speak

Someone or something changed
a name altering our
basic understanding
or rendering it invalid

Deracinated
units of information
are now free
to combine promiscuously

Slight loop then
remap points
and curved lines

This territory
is always new
no maps of it
are accurate

A yellow study persists
then passing obliquely
through mental constructs—
the brushing aside of
a beaded curtain

[14]

Pattern of arrows
contemplate shape and texture
of letters
rather than read sequences
as words

Denotation and
signification
dead placards and posters
might generate
new life

What rough mystic
carved topiaries
in remote terrain?

Hunger for knobs
and toggle switches
everything grows fuzzy
during instants when
the static pattern
asserts itself

A new title flashes
on the screen
moving away is
arcing toward

Discreetly rest at
the center
of a hidden palindrome
mantra sound repeating

[15]

Propelled toward socially
antiquated architecture
 manufactures
the sense of purpose

This in relative silence
 but the voices return
that vibrato just concealing
the ability to hold a pure note

These are problem areas
like abdominal fat or
the inability to string together
 subject verb object

What can't be strung together
 can always be strung up
enjoy the pastoral beauty of
a gantlet of guillotines

The weeks-worth of news
is now just decomposing
 cylinders
on a brown lawn

Even the sun
in time
goes silent