

the weather

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Introduction

to **THE WEATHER**

We think of the design and construction of these weather descriptions as important decorative work. What shall our new ornaments be? How should we adorn mortality now? This is a serious political question. Sincerity's eroticism is different from wit's. The narcotic and the cosmetic each distribute a space. They sculpt what rhythmized peace could be. Within that chiaroscuro we need to gently augment the fraught happinesses of our temporary commons by insisting on utopian delusion as a passage — like a wet pergola or a triumphal arch against blue. The days ever and again are godlets swagging our bliss and ignorance and adjustments in economy. We would, with ultra-enriched and devoted femininity, decorate for them. The day is our house. Words are fleshy ducts. Description decorates. As for us, we like a touch of kitsch in each room to juice up or pinken the clean lines of the possible. This is the decor that receives futurity as its own ludic production; this weather is the vestibule to something fountaining newly and crucially and yet indiscernibly beyond. Perhaps here we shall be other than the administrators of poverty.

Consider that we need to drink deeply from convention under faithfully lighthearted circumstances in order to integrate the weather, boredom utopic, with waking life. By 'integrate' we mean: to arc into a space without surface as if it were an inhabitable, flickering event. And by 'convention' we refer to our improprietary infiltration of the long citations of grooming, intimacy, and prognostication. Like flags or vanes, we signify an incommensurability. No elegance is self-sufficient. No-one is old enough to die or to love. The weather is a stretchy, elaborate, delicate trapeze, an abstract and intact conveyance to the genuine future which is also now. Mount its silky rope in ancient makeup and polished muscle to know the idea of tempo as real.

But the history of the atmosphere is recklessly slow. Recall the peculiar feeling of lassitude before a storm. This is what makes 1 am, 4 am, 5:15 am: Dear Reader — a lady speaking to humans from the motion of her own mind is always multiple. Enough of the least. We want to be believed.

a new speaking to man

tuesday

11:00 am - 12:00 pm
12:00 pm - 1:00 pm
1:00 pm - 2:00 pm
2:00 pm - 3:00 pm
3:00 pm - 4:00 pm
4:00 pm - 5:00 pm
5:00 pm - 6:00 pm
6:00 pm - 7:00 pm
7:00 pm - 8:00 pm
8:00 pm - 9:00 pm
9:00 pm - 10:00 pm
10:00 pm - 11:00 pm
11:00 pm - 12:00 am

Days heap upon us. All plain. All clouds except a narrow opening at the top of the sky. All cloudy except a narrow opening at the bottom of the sky with others smaller. All cloudy except a narrow opening at the bottom of the sky. All cloudy except a narrow opening at the top of the sky. All cloudy. All cloudy. All cloudy. Except one large opening with others smaller. And once in the clouds. Days heap upon us. Where is our anger. And the shades darker than the plain part and darker at the top than the bottom. But darker at bottom than top. Days heap upon us. Where is Ti-Grace. But darker at the bottom than the top. Days heap upon us. Where is Christine. Broken on the word culture. But darker at the bottom than the top. Days heap upon us. Where is Valerie. Pulling the hard air into her lung. The life crumbles open. But darker at the bottom than the top. Days heap upon us. Where is Party. Unlearning each thing. Red sky crumbles open. This is

the only way to expand the heart. But darker at the top than the bottom. Days heap upon us. Where is Shulamith. Abolishing the word love. The radical wing crumbles open. The scorn is not anticipated. We have given our surface. Darker at the top than the bottom. Except one large opening with others smaller. Except one large opening with others smaller. Gradually. Days heap upon us. Where is Patricia. In the dream of obedience and authority. The genitalia crumble open. It is only ever a flickering. We never worshipped grief. It has been stuccoed over. Half cloud half plain. Half cloud half plain. Half plain. One in the plain part and one in the clouds. Days heap upon us. Where is Jane. Looking for food. Hunger crumbles open. All this is built on her loveliness. We have fallen into a category. Love subsidized our descent. Straky clouds at the bottom of the sky. Days heap upon us. Where is Mary. In the extreme brevity of

the history of parity. Rage crumbles open. It felt like dense fog. What is fact is not necessarily human. Memory anticipates. Authority flows into us like a gel. We cross the border to confront the ideal. Streaky cloudy at the top of the sky. Days heap upon us. Where is Grace. Spent in sadness. The underground crumbles open. There is no transgression possible. We publicly mobilize the horror of our emotion. It is a phalanx. The clouds darker than the plain or blue part and darker at the top than the bottom. Days heap upon us. Where is Gloria. Pushing down laughter. Utopia crumbles open. It is an emotion similar to animals sporting. We won't plagiarize shame. Like this we solve herself. The clouds darker than the plain part and darker at the top than the bottom. The clouds darker than the plain part and darker at the top than the bottom. The clouds lighter than the plain part and darker at the top than the bottom. The clouds lighter than the plain part than the bottom. The clouds lighter than the plain part

and darker at the bottom than top. The clouds lighter than the plain part and darker at the top than the bottom. The lights of the clouds lighter and the darks darker than the plain part and darker at the top than the bottom. The same as the last but darker at the bottom than the top. The same as the last but darker at the bottom than the top. Days heap upon us. Where is Violette. Walking without flinching. Doubt crumbles open. It is not a value but a disappearance. We come upon the city in our body. The same as the last. The same as the last. The same as the last. The tint once over in the plain part, and twice in the clouds. Days heap upon us. Where is Emily. Out in all weather. Dignity crumbles open. There is not even a utopia. We would have to mention all the possible causes of her death. The tint once over the openings and twice in the clouds. Days heap upon us. Where is Olympe. Going without rest. The polis crumbles open. This is no different

than slow war. The tint twice in the openings and once in
the clouds. Days heap upon us. Where is Michelle. Home-
sick for anger. Midnight crumbles open. The tint twice in
the openings. The tint twice over. Days heap upon us.
Where is Bernadine. At description. The tint twice over.
Days heap upon us. Where is Kathleen. The tint twice.
The clouds darker than the plain part and darker at the
top than the bottom. The clouds lighter than the plain
part and darker at the top than the bottom. The lights of
the clouds lighter. The others smaller. The same as the
last. The same as the last. The tint twice in the openings
and once in the clouds. Days heap upon us. The tint twice
over. Days heap upon us. With others smaller. With
others smaller.

My purpose here is to advance into
the sense of the weather, the lesson of
the weather. Forever I'm the age 37
to calm my mind. I'm writing sentences here
of an unborrowed kind. The sky is
mauve lucite. The light lies intact and
folded. You can anticipate the wind.
A slight cloud drifts contrary to the
planet. Everything I'm writing about
begins as the robin as the song
sparrow begins is description
animals are description sparkling
scraping in loose shieks teenagers also
utopia is memory the broken
bits running motors leaves remarkably
simple and heart shaped and practical
as leaves the gentlest flavour of them is

description and islands of written
stuff love operas and suicides vast
itineraries of error, memory
grey silk sky with pigeons circling
description because memory can't
love as the orange lights of description
beneath the birds which appear to be strings
of memory in speaking of this small
thing, repeatedly to speak of some small
proximity and in what ways the tough
days pass into languor smoke trees brightgrey
clouds moving in Heaven, streets with
clouds or dripping mist, the mist touching the
golden age of untranslatability, no
distinction: just the fear of isolation
from objects and from the clouds, breathing
arguments I wish to touch as
if the touch were emblem of the scene of novelty.
It's not my purpose to retrace the under-
thirst, then the severance. I'll finger
sincerity, by exemplum relate
a portrait of my luck.