

Synopsis: This excerpt intercedes on dream and reality, memory and loss, meditating on the nature of time and existence.

In her eyes the fissures, the colours, the five-points of light, the fractal, diamond-shaped holes; the skin, the creasing, the murmuring, rising and falling breathing, gasping, fading and falling movements of this awareness, this time, this expanse.

We lie motionless. We revolve around our star and the days pass. We watch the rain and snow fall as spring and summer and autumn and winter coalesce. We watch it pass. We watch the craters of the moon lighten and darken, the fields grow and die, the roadways crack and partition, the fires fade to coal, the silt settle, the buildings sag, the colours pale, the vines grow, the leaves fall. Cold and starless, we watch it pass. We see momentary flashes of light in the sky arcing and dimming, soon gone. We see the sea tumult and crash and froth; we see it lie perfectly still. We see the reflections of innumerable distant lights upon its surface. We see the creatures of the deep emerge from that fabric and retreat. We listen to what we can hear. A forest burns and turns to seed; a new one grows in its place. We

Commented [CJ1]: Strong opening field of perception. I mainly added punctuation (more as we read the piece) and slightly tightened the list structure so the sentence feels more incantatory—if that makes sense—than unstable.

Commented [CJ2]: I do want to keep the margins and overall block shape untouched—its unconventionally beautiful to have it this way—though, that said, since this is still a poem and a hybrid one at that— I found myself thinking about enjambment as I read. Even within a prose-poetry block, line endings still affect rhythm and emphasis, so I was curious how you feel about moments where a line ends on a connective word like “and,” since that can sometimes interrupt the seamlessness of the reading. It’s one of the stylistic elements I tend to watch for most closely in poetry.

For now, I will leave these words untouched and focus more closely on stylistic edits; we can discuss enjambment in our meeting.

Commented [CJ3]: This section is one of the strongest! My edit mostly controls repetition and verb consistency so the accumulation feels more deliberate.

Commented [CJ4]: Perhaps we can find another word besides “fall” for this section. You already mention the “snow fall.” I’m wondering if you can experiment with the wording here that’s not so obviously related to the word before it.

pray to something. Our skin loosens. We feel ourselves and wonder. We look into our own eyes. We see all things as we watch time pass until there is nothing left but that cliff and us upon it. We see the beach. We hold each other closer.

Commented [CJ5]: I'm wondering if there is a stylistic reason as to why this is on its own line. If it's intentional, disregard this edit of bringing it up!

My window is open slightly. I roll over and pull my blanket closer. I close my eyes and breathe in the night air. Have you ever seen the beach in winter? Where the snow meets sand and sea? No dear, I have not. My god, it's beautiful. Take my hand.

Lie with me and make snow angels. Roll over and pull the blankets closer.

Commented [CJ6]: Just looking back at this line. Not necessarily a copyedit, but wondering if maybe this could be reworded to: "Lay BESIDE me?" Lay WITH may sound a little more sexually charged, while "beside" me better suits the quiet and intimate image here. Completely up to you, though!

A gust of wind brings the ocean to our feet. We hop backward and laugh. We are there together, among the grey stones blotched with lichen. She is facing the sea. She turns to me in the wind. *Can you hear them?* I hear tiny rivers moving beneath my feet. The retreating tide, tiny black streams moving inland. I can hear them. *Can you see them?* The tide pools gleaming, the sea captured small and dark. Small life twirling, twirling in the clear darkness under the beating sun. I bend and look. I can see them.

Can you name them? Tiny creatures twirling in the murk, small and nameless. I stand up and she is gone.

Commented [CJ7]: A very clear hinge in the piece. Purposefully made this line stand out so the sections are more prominent in reading.

The sky is grey. I feel the wind, my eyes welling. I make my way back across the rocks. Stone to stone. I feel weightless. I see the day closing quickly. I see her crouched among the rocks. In the breeze I hear her soundless words.

There she is, the sun sinking into her hunched figure. When I get close, she doesn't turn. The sky dimming, the sun slivered in the margins. Look dear. I hold her shoulder and kiss the back of her head. It smells like our bedsheets. I hunch beside her looking, pulling our blankets closer. Another tide pool, two small nameless creatures twirling in the murk, the sun reflected as a small white dot. They twirl in tandem as if in orbit. The wind ripples over the pool. The sun disappears. Her pillow is there. Frothy sea in our boots. The tiny creatures are gone. The window is open slightly.

Commented [CJ8]: You mention previously that the "sky is grey" in this section. Repetitions is an important theme to your narrative, but I'm wondering if each recurrence deepen the poem, or does it sometimes restate the same feeling in slightly altered terms?

In short, are the recurring image systems doing distinct work, or repeating each other?

A bird on the powerline, light spilling into the room, the shadow of a branch and curtain filtering moonlight upon flesh within

flesh of beating heart and skin, the missing manifold of colour and sound, tracing vectors of memory in space and time; a real static entity of once been and had and now not and no longer. And here, in aching so aware of itself and unself, it refutes itself. To all others alone.

From above now. We are lying on the beach making snow angels. The tide pools dark and motionless. Dark beneath the sky. We roll over and hold each other tight and wordless. The moon aflame. I feel myself tearing. She points to the sky. Five points of light. Two claws. I know that name. We watch our angels wash away with the tides. I hear her name in the dawning colours spreading, washing over me in the breaking light of morning. I reach for her pillow and hold it tightly. Beneath our feet the tide pool is alive. The stars dance along its surface, gleaming and twirling in their great multitude.

Commented [CJ9]: This last movement is beautiful:

the beach above
the angels washing away
her name in dawning colours
the pillow
the living tide pool
stars twirling on the surface...

,My question to you is: does the ending transform what came before, or does it remain in the same—almost—“elegiac” register? Linking back to whether repetition in your piece is fully being realised, or is it just restating the same thing?

Great work, regardless!!!

Commented [CJ10]: I'm really loving the substantial changes and the additional material in this version. It feels so much more sentimental and ALIVE—if that makes sense! The piece feels fuller and emotionally immersive, and even more confident in its movement between the dream-like sequence we discussed and memory and grief.

My edits here were VERY light. The expanded version already carries a strong lyrical and structural sense of itself, that not much line-editing was required.

Absolutely amaaaaaaaazinggg and glazzzingggg as always.