Atmospheric Moon River

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December loomed
with its supply chain of moods
The plum tree’s last medallions of golden leaves
its rivière of blue
light emitting diodes for Diwali
In my dreams
I could do no violence. No matter how hard I tried
I’d no force to execute my attacks
I stomped
dream body after dream body
but no one
was ever hurt
as if something wanted
to remind me, even in my sleep
of my impotence
in global affairs, as if something wanted
to save me. Westron wynde when wyll thow blow
I listened
to In a Sentimental Mood
nightly. I borrowed a distinction between porn and pornography
Mornings, the moon lowered itself
over the western mountains
and hung there
golden white
against the sky’s cool complexion
not even looking at me
but looking at me
if you know what I mean. Tomorrow sex will be good again
is a phrase I read
and repeated via text to a colleague
working on affect theory
in Hungary
a person for whom I had indeterminate feelings
Psychic excess
they called it
quoting
Judith Butler Yeats
On the other side of the mountains
a thin river of water
poured like grief through the atmosphere
wiping out everything
bridges, hillsides, farmland
Only debt survived
barely
I got to thinking
how that cameo moon might look on me
with my undertones
of firebush and raspberry
my cobalt
disbelief in money
the thin tremulous needle of futurity
that fluttered
in all my poetry. I was in an elevator
ascending a glass tower
the floor numbers lighting up
like cigarettes
in the dark, like parts of my brain
when I sang
the smalle rayne downe can rayne. Across the province
we gathered
candles and sandbags
We prepared
to lose all
power
Above the building
beyond the many panels of tempered glass
a tower crane floated
in the river
of rain. Even then we knew abundance
Autumn’s harvest
of darkness
in which tiny green lights grew
like mushrooms
along the jib of the crane
There’s no such thing as an aesthetic death mudslide
Atmospheric moon river
I’m crossing you