Aristeas, in Seven Years

Gathering the heat to himself, in one thermic hazard, he took himself out: to catch up with the tree, the river, the forms of alien vantage and hence the first way
by theft into the upper world—"a natural development from the mixed economy in the drier or bleaker regions, where more movement was necessary"—and thus the floodloom, the deposit, borrowed for the removal. Call it inland, his nose filled with steam & his brief cries.

Aristeas took up it seems with the singular as the larch tree, the Greek sufficient for that. From Marmora

And sprang with that double twist into the middle world and thence took flight over the Scythian hordes and to the Hyperborean, touch of the north wind carrying with him Apollo. Song his transport but this divine insistence the pastoral clan:
sheep, elk, the wild deer. In each case the presence in embryo, god of the shepherd and fixed in the movement of flock.

Wring over the real tracts. If he was frozen like the felted eagle of Pazyryk, the spring into the middle, the air. From here comes the north wind, the remote animal gold—how did he, do we, know or trust, this?
Following the raven and

sniffing hemp as the other air, it was himself as the singular that he knew and could outlast in the long walk by the underground sea. Where he was as the singular location so completely portable that with the merest black wings he could survey the stones and rills in their complete mountain courses,

in name the displacement Scythic.

And his songs were invocations in no frenzy of spirit, but clear and spirituous tones from the pure base of his mind; he heard the small currents in the air & they were truly his aid.
In breath he could speak out into the northern air and the phrasing curved from his mouth and nose, into the cold mountain levels. It was the professed Apollo, free of the festive line, powdered with light snow.

And looking down, then, it is no outlay to be seen in the forests, or scattered rising of ground. No cheap cigarettes nothing with the god in this climate is free of duty moss, wormwood as the cold star, the dwarf Siberian pine as from the morainal deposits of the last deglaciation.

Down there instead the long flowing hair, of great herds of sheep and cattle, the drivers of these, their feet more richly thickened in use than any slant of their mongoloid face or long, ruched garments.
With his staff, the larch-pole, that again the
singular and one axis of the errant world.

Prior to the pattern of settlement then, which
is the passing flocks fixed into wherever
they happened to stop,
the spirit demanded the orphic metaphor
as fact
that they did migrate and the spirit excursion
was no more than the need and will of the
flesh. The term, as has been pointed out,
is bone, the
flesh burned or rotted off but the
branch calcined like what
it was: like that: as itself
the skeleton of the possible
in a heap and covered with
stones or a harrow.

Leaving the flesh vacant then, in a fuller's shop,
Aristaeas removed himself for seven years
into the steppes, preparing his skeleton and the
song of his departure, his flesh anyway touched
by the in-
vading Cimmerian
twilight: “ruinous”
as the old woman’s
prophecy.

And who he was took the
collection of seven
years to thin out, to the
fume laid across where
he went, direction north,

no longer settled
but settled now into length; he wore that
as risk. The garment of birds’ feathers,
while he watched the crows fighting the
owls with the curling tongues
of flame proper to the Altaic
hillside, as he was himself
more than this. The
spread is more, the
vantage is singular
as the clan is without centre.

Each where as
the extent of day deter-
mines, where the
sky holds (the brightness
dependent on that).
And Apollo is in any case seasonal, the
divine “used only of a particular god,
never as a general term.” The Hyper-
borean paradise was likewise no general
term but the mythic duration of
spirit into the bone
laid out in patterns
on the ground
“the skulls are sent on hunting
journeys, the foot-prints alongside;
that towards which they journey
they turn them towards, so that
they will follow behind.”

From the fuller’s shop as from
the camp of the seal hunter,

some part of the bone must be twisted
& must twist, as the stages of Cimmerian
wandering, viz:

1. 1800-13th Century B.C., north
of the Caucasus, then

2. 13th–8th Centuries, invaded
by the Scythians and deflected
southwards & to the west. And
the invasion of Asia Minor,

“ruinous”, as any settled and complaisant fixture
on the shoreline would regard the movement of
pressure irreducible by trade or bribery. Hence
the need to catch up, as a response to cheap money
and how all that huddle could
be drawn out
into the tenuous upper
reach, the fine chatter
of small birds under the
head of the sky
(sub divo columnae)
on the western slope of the Urals and the scatter
of lightning, now out of doors & into
the eagle span,

6 the true condition of bone
which is no more singular or settled or the
titled guardian even, but the land of the
dead. Why are they lost, why do they
always wander, as if seeking
their end and drawing after them
the trail and fume of burning hemp?

Or they are not lost but
passing: "If thoughtless abandonment
to the moment were really a blessing, I
had actually been in 'the Land of the
Blessed'."

But it was not blessing, rather a fact so
hard-won that only the twist in middle
air would do it anyway, so even he be wise
or with any recourse to the darkness of
his tent. The sequence of issue is no
more than this,
Apollo's price, staff
leaning into the
ground and out
through the smoke-hole.
It is the spirit which dies
as the figure of change, which
is the myth and fact of extent,
which thus does start from
Marmora, or Aklavik, right
out of the air.

No one harms these people: they
are sacred and have no
weapons. They sit or pass, in
the form of divine song,
they are free in the apt form of
displacement. They change
their shape, being of the essence as
a figure of extent. Which
for the power in rhyme

7 is gold, in this northern clime
which the Greeks so held to themselves and
which in the steppe was no more
than the royal figment.

This movement was of
course cruel beyond belief, as this
was the risk Aristeas took
with him. The conquests were for the motive of
sway, involving massive slaughter as the
obverse politics of claim. That is, slaves and
animals, life and not value: "the western Sarmatian tribes lived side by side not in a loose
tribal configuration, but had been welded
into an organised imperium
under the leadership of one
royal tribe." Royalty
as plural. Hence the calendar as taking of
life, which left gold as the side-issue, pure
figure.

Guarded by the griffins, which lived close to the
mines, the gold reposed as the divine brilliance,
petrology of the sea air, so far from the shore.
The beasts dug the metal out with
their eagle beaks, rending in the
cruel frost of that earth, and
yet they were the guardians, the figure of flight
and heat and the northern twist of the axis.

His name Aristeas, absent for
these seven years: we should
pay them or steal, it is no
more than the question they ask.
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Señor Vázquez Speaking and Further Soft Music to Eat By

So today it is quite hot again and the erotic throb of mere air replaces the traffic; we (the warmed-up) are not separate from the body flowing into and just being with air. So delectable, another sense for presence, glandular pressure; so all the dark air comes running up like some woven thing, soft like our own possessions.

We read about that in cheap paperbacks—maybe today it’s the turn of the scarlet athlete.

Anyway, the angelic hosts were undisturbed in their eminence of domain, not caring at all for charter or land reform. In that sense mostly far distant from the Colombian peasants whose current leader is so evidently named by a small promethean gesture.

To return, this is an intimately physical place, picked out of the air like forbidden fruit. So much air and so close I can feel the lunar caustic I once used in a lab note-book headed “analysis”. Now it’s Laforgue again, the evening a deep city of velvet and the Parisian nitrates washed off into the gutters with the storm-water. In the more entire flarings of sheet lightning the rain-drops glittered violently in their descent, like a dream of snake’s eyes.

All this the static and final saturation of air: the physical world in which, somewhere out in the Andes or in the jungle valleys the same bitter spasm is fought, for life and traffic: it is the