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Supernova: Presto molto e vivace; Adagio; Andante, ma non troppo; Burlesque

Liane Strauss

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Supernova · *Liane Strauss*

i. *presto molto e vivace*

In the very timelashed brow of Victory herself
hurling meteoric, splintering

into the infinite splintering into
of infinite, farscattering relics forward

blown, thrown, homing their own arms open-
flung and unreluctant reliquaries, from one moment

to the next torn in that drastic unfathomable
blast from the side, the thigh of that farthest

O most remote exquisite violence, the exploded whole
of the past.

ii. *adagio*

In a glory
of death throes,
serene, luminous, cold,

she has arrived
better than intact.
Her soul stands

inquiline with time.
She has become
the marmoreal,

the lead skirt
quiet of the unrung
passing bell:

two hands
fluttering
shut

as they close
along the long throat
of the rope.

O unwitting beauty,
the bursting heart
of the self-sacrificing

and the utmost
rose, open, tolling
once before

it's done. Once
and no more.
Once and once

only. Once
and for all.

iii. *andante, ma non troppo*

Sensuous
ess,

she is the word
made flesh,

the word that nobody
knows, she knows.

In her heedless,
her knowing pose,

she's got that rococo
lilt to the hilt,

that fetching
hey sailor say

sway, that
sashay

of décolleté.
You can hear it:

Thump THUMP, Thump THUMP.

The far, the far off mobbled
pulse Thump THUMP
coming. Coming
in a rush of blood.

Can you hear it?

Tell us. Tell us.
Like waters lapping—

Tell us.
Like intuition,
a kiss—

Tell us.

Breathless—
breathless and
hurriless.

Hurriless, yes.
Just so.

iv. *burlesque*

Continuity my ass.

The light ripped from its source
sometimes reaches us years later.