

Vermilion



‘I suppose it is the submerged memories that give to dreams their curious air of hyper-reality. But perhaps there is something else as well, something nebulous, gauze-like, through which everything one sees in a dream seems, paradoxically, much clearer.’



The shell mountain is a land of longing.
The Navajo knew this sight to be their furthestmost eastern point.
The convergence of dawn light.
Crushed red roads.
From the mountain of origins to the mountain of return.

We are born from beneath these mercury mines.
We ferry forward then drift to the horizontal.
We walk its valleys, dream its empty train cars; we run through these apertures of Franco
and ancient Moors.
This is the excavated way.
Histories spill upwards.

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Virgil leads us on this journey as he did the Florentine poet, along the terraces of
our incarnations.
Those ladders hanging in the Azul sky.
We follow this guide's light touch with some unseen purpose.
We watch ourselves from outside. We watch our characters on the path of the ascent.

This vermilion earth is not secured by a horizon.
It is framed by the eye, and we will go forth in our dream of trust.
(Virgil's tangible wisdom) always doubting, always somehow knowing the unknowable.
And so, we watch and walk this logic of dreams.
It is the land of Goya's birth and his pathway to the world.
It is the contempted jail-scape which Luis Buñuel fled.
Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid.
There he met Lorca.
When Goya painted the frescos in the House of the Deaf man, he placed his floating figures
above the mountains and cliffs of Aragon.
How do we experience these journeys now?
With pity and fear?
This land of giants and wars.

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This soil, in the theater of The Gold Projections, we with our first character are crushed
into the burnished surface.
We traverse the surface of illusions and the histories of paint—of breathing light and
the gilded ground.
Vermilion lives in eight versus—eight movements.
In the beginning, we are born in a cave. In the end, we stand at the coast.
Between? We carry the cavern within.
This riverbed of time is unseen and sacred.
This invisible path of slipping images drives us to dream.
Red ns of tilled earth.
Footsteps and hems of garments.



Images string together then slip apart in verse clusters.
Held together by time and light that
slows in the pulse and pace.

Paintings glow on the circle's surface. Images advance and recede.
Then drift—then flash.

Our desire for the beginning-middle-end, that deep need to pounce on certainty, is thwarted
by the circle.

When we approach its surface, we see a white golden mirror.

When we move slow, we move fast.

Our cowardly corneas are loosened.

Greek forms, these all-knowing structures now fail, and yet we still ask,

'Where are we going? What will happen next? How does this journey end?'

Anonymity is a timeless form.

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Returning Woman, we follow like birds of migration.

There is no Mecca or Jerusalem on Shell Mountain.

Advancing?

We are seeking home on a spaceship.

Reincarnated again, we remain in the darkness of the theater.

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The land of the cinnabar is the landscape of saline rocks, railroad, and river.

The desert is the icefield and sands the lifted curtain.

Green folds of growth are tugged and dragged across the valley to reveal the Younger You.

Limbs and legs nesting Lorca's white moon birthed like a turtle egg.

The ashen sphere rises from red with the force of magnetism.

There is not top or bottom only within and without.

You stop and stare.

This is a myth stirred from the soil with water and bloods. These are our trails of light
and return.

Rivers and rails only lead East, East.

Train tracks recede like the sound of heartbeats.

From black to white, from white to black.

On this train, she is both vein and vine.

The world behind us is the rock behind our backs.

Passing veils.

Nowhere to go and we are pushed off this bridge onto the tracks -

Frames moving forward.

Waving emptiness and lights.



The Blind Man feels his way with the intent of a centipede.
His meter is arm, elbow, wrist and cane.
Tick-tick-tick.
So many steps and that bend back like a broken perspective.

He'll pass through the mirrored water to the sky, and in that split moment our messenger
is commissioned with our sight.
Cocteau releases this Orpheus cutting horizons with his white stick.

Upon his chest, a breast-full of tickets of luck and answers.
His presence is the hasp of history—the necklace of returning images.
A blind man stringing colored beads.
We are set-painters now receiving orders.
Begin and return.

Reflective red, the color of fresh blood in the sun.
Our woman searches the history of labors that lead to ruins.
She walks valleys in one step.
These are the Disasters of War preserved in the heat of day.
Wind whips skins. Still light.
Landscapes without rust.

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Red room. Green room.
Empty reading room of knowledges no longer known.
(remember 'what is going to happen next?').

Intuition herself, and in that still moment, reaches for the ticket.
Plucked from his breast.
He's gone.

Tumbling red floats above the book,
the plate of El Gigante by Goya.
The rectangle promises a horizon and four corners of stability.
We see nothing but fingers; these hands of Virgil.

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Blue tides and red shadows.
We wash up in the waves of dreaming a Greece.
Islands of image, windows of time.
It is the crushing light we fight. Holding the waters of transparent memory.
A witnessing light giving birth.
Dragging gauze. Color.
A camel hump of smoke and fire.

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‘Color is the place where the mind and the Universe meet’

Paul Cézanne