

Dante's
Unintended
Flight

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NY
Q Books™

The New York Quarterly Foundation, Inc.
New York, New York

NYQ Books™ is an imprint of The New York Quarterly Foundation, Inc.

The New York Quarterly Foundation, Inc.
P. O. Box 2015
Old Chelsea Station
New York, NY 10113

www.nyq.org

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First Edition

Set in New Baskerville

Layout by Raymond P. Hammond

Cover Design by Raymond P. Hammond

Cover Art: *Uncovered Man and Women*, ©1983, pencil, 20 x 30 in.
by Marco Muñoz Jaramillo | www.artphotomylove.blogspot.com

Author Photo by Joe Weil

Library of Congress Control Number: 2017931331

ISBN: 978-1-63045-046-5

There is a distance like the sky which binds us and makes us liable. You conjure your lineage and become big as a room, a morning twitch of brain or indecision. The muted world is trafficking outside like insects in the sun. An infant wails on the street and it is in any language and no language. It is the barbaric yawp of the transient world, the gut of it like sprawling water, for lack of conscience or transgression. Mere wailing, the cry of an unwitting air, a woman wandering alone and glad for her loneliness. Man is an epidemic, a greeting and a construct. It ambulates like a beautiful contagion. It is the anticipation of fire or something more grand and meaningless. After death perhaps is light without meaning. A star-spent and drifting void of the self. Small intervals of memory, exonerated from their mortal weight.

A child holds a spoon poised at her ear and begins a conversation. Her mother wants to close her eyes forever. Man is an involuntary twitch. An intention that aspires to set free the fathoms and caves of the mind. Woman dangles from his rib like a twig. She widens her legs and becomes the framework of a city. Soon the sinister and the presumably holy commence their histories. There are automobiles and electric brains. Hearts like sinking objects in the body or hearts as pervasive grievances that sing in solitary rooms. They sound very literal like organs or they sound very melodic like stories. There is no such thing as a heart and there is nothing without a heart.

There are strange exchanges with familiar people and familiar exchanges with strange people. Man is a translation of himself, in anger or congeniality. Man is a fixture among a sea of orbiting abstractions. Woman is something leafy which climbs a trellis and solemnly proceeds in its climbing. Woman sits silent and pregnant in the well beneath all language. Her interchange is with a whisper of air. An infant is a prayer and day becomes evening and evening becomes night and nobody says a word. In the late morning, laundry billows outside the shuttered window.

Sound mutilates with distances. Summer estranges the mind from its mind. Sometimes woman sits when she is alone and the mind attempts to find itself. The dream of existence is a distraction from the horror of existence. Or the beauty of existence is an unnoticed propagation. It is an occasional impact like the sunlight in the spaces between leaves. It blinds the woman like a drug and makes her delirious with an influx of language and despair. She fills her glass and sits as if she was a man. She thinks as a man thinks she is thinking. She thinks despite what a man thinks she is thinking. A jackhammer rages outside like a human devouring another human. And the human's mouth is vast with words that choke on their own rage.

A little boy is an entry into symbol and inherits himself as symbol. He becomes a situation like an availability of food and wine. He becomes a philosophy of numbers and knows himself as this. He sleeps and is for lack of condemnation that he will one day become man. Woman has allowed him to enter as symbol and then desires to eat him. She longs to swallow him again so that he is nothing, a seed that is imminent, and becomes itself, is swallowed, longs to become, enters, is swallowed. It is the entering and the swallowing which allows him to exist. The swallowing and the free-fall again into symbol, a weightless orbiting and ordering.