

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

Dora Maar Cannot Understand Dr. Lacan

There is only a certain amount of pleasure
the subject can bear.

Abandoned house.

What is the gift from the one who has abandoned?

Divinity or lover,
pleasure in excess of freedom.

Or the reverse.

Reversal being betrayal: another freedom,
a view that stuns from its broken window.

There is the transcendent, the incarnate,
and the lyric.

Trinity.

Eyes not strong enough to clarify the horizon.

The water, the soil, the air.

The abandoned house, the lover, the abandoned house.

A fragment of the self wriggles through:

melodic,
arch,
nestling its delusion.

Love's genealogy is lovers.

How one marries another to itself.

Carrying that with itself all this time.

Carrying the greater view within one's body, there is

only so much pleasure

one can bear. Mystic

blindness, distance. When

seeing lacks nothing as much

as the distance despites itself.

Desire despite itself:

to name, to articulate, to bring into existence.

Trinity.

Remains of a city overlooking its range.

Undesire

would be to craze.

Walking barefoot into the night sky, one disarticulates

the light one is unsure she cannot see.

Night always deferred.

The terrace underfoot moist with desire.