

I wake up with the moon on my chest. Holding it, I hear its mad resonance.

Pink and blue walls, my old arteries sweat like wheat chaff and green olive, a feral joy as of wolves on muskspoor. Rattling freshly cut bay branches, I lie down to remember that which I have not directly experienced, a remedy in the rust, the tree that eats its young.

I hear a hole in the sound, the way up is the way down, a sibylline weal in which cures can reveal themselves in dreams, the humid scurfs of silver solid air.

A bald man—a winged wave dreaming itself—nervously creeps along the dry ground with gentle hands and ever-thinning shoulders. His head is split open from a fall. In death, he moves. A cave within his skull leads to the root, revealing three pendulous Tanagra<sup>1</sup> figures.

They speak so fast, his silent throat straining under the weight of their motion, but the more I speak, the faster they go. Night after night of coruscated dreams, undulating in torn impermanence, as if the guide of the soul were unable to die for having not yet died.

No silence soothes a shade. A strange cracking, like the salt in the stars, emanates from his jaw, chiding the arrogance of solid ground.

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<sup>1</sup> Terracotta figures whose pose corresponded to the life of the deceased.

Torch, key, scroll<sup>2</sup>, eating oily leaves of laurel. Cardea, Limentius, Forculus<sup>3</sup>, the home beyond the head, fumigated with barley meal. As one tries, the other prevents, as one gets closer, the other moves away.

Barrier after barrier, threshold after threshold. An orphic voice of wolf light spins a mixture of vibrating air in the immediate contact of distance.

What was once the entrance to his ear, a slanting well that knew all sound, is now a tremulous clod that belches out a fine dust. Its names are wind, with which the skin bellows wildly.

Who can hear such an epithelial howl except in dreams? Panicked tops of plane trees and old holes of fungal earth, a pulse inaudibly springs to return in memory's bright wounds.

Time is the tension of lungwort, and light swings through the absent mouth of his face.

The winded soul moves like the horned ruminants of the Cretan countryside, grazing on vibration, on dittany, on the tragedy of too much sound.

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<sup>2</sup> These symbols are the kin of Vanth, a benevolent guide of the Etruscan underworld.

<sup>3</sup> Three deities who preside over doorways, associated with rituals that mark out boundaries and sacred space.

Bones are their own environment in apprehension of humoral attachment, a sesame of loam in the eel-dust of the ear. Sesamoid, the internal intelligence of organs, cancellous and combed.

The wind has a voice of air moulded with the mouth of a dream, the obscure motion of a wound that heals. Between sonant bodies, a sphere. A reservoir is a stone and throws itself in circles.

Nard, wrapped round my toes for sleep, peels green the carved rings of my eyes, murmuring incantations, harvesting medical plants in bestial glee.

We must not burn the flowers. Juice of mint underfoot and the thousand sounds of sage, crumbling between many hands. Eros's arrow grows into a lyre on this night-sea, the rolling wind below the lytic symmetry of seven birds. Light bringer, the projection, green mountains reeking of bliss.

I feel dreams in my stomach as indigestible books—science is merely my language—consuming the little Aristotles of my soul with its digestive juices.

I visited the temple last night. Riddled with hellebore, the ardent faith with which those who are incubated seemed to hold the heated edges of their treatments, worshipping the vapours of prescription. It makes me long for the same commitment from those who visit me, seeking the elective affinity of a cure. How to maintain sympathy and authority?

I have met patients who under the name of Methe<sup>4</sup> would have had all their bones removed, their sinew recast—revealing the hum of the elements and seeking the inner silence of the dreaming body—only to heal an old sickness with a new one. Not enough and too much.

At night I'm spared the politics of excavation, of performing in order... not to be seen, but that people might see me. In dreams I am that which has been removed.

To call wind from the ear is like taking an animal from its mother. We just can't hear them howl, the time of the splitting of the world. A labyrinth of hidden anthills, pine resin and white leaf, speaks like the air of the ear before we are born.

Under the squill of the doorway I burn wood between the sound and the disease. Flocks of storks rising from the silver of a distant river cause figs to fall from my table.

Yarrow ripping itself up by its roots. Protect me, I will protect you. Down in these dreams is where nothing changes at all. Slow fire, the dizzying darkness of humoral disturbance. Yarrow licking the back of a mirror.

This morning I awoke with dust on my throat, set in a pattern not unlike the glaucous smile of someone under larkspur.

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<sup>4</sup> The spirit and personification of drunkenness.

The resinous scent of Aleppo fir and cypress, eyes closed become seed heads. Vernal hum inaudibly drifts beyond the glyphs that secrete from my wounds, wounds that do not exist solely on my body.

I have dissected many brains but can't find a person anywhere. A mirror of air is a tonal interior, in which I see the eye I am seeing with.

Wind spirals out of my ear in order to speak into it. A skin tougher than bone. When I place my ear to my ear I hear nothing

Boundary neighbour, to dream is to be alone with illness. Each concoction is a new organ, an adumbral shedding of spectral bone. A new medium and the development of the body in order to realise I exist.

Crushed in his fist I smell the resonance of mandragora.

Gnosis should be an experience of one's own life, a day that speaks with birds, an encampment of stars, a plant that grows on a body, medicine of the vegetable gods. A tree, putting death to death, is the duration of a germ.

What I felt the moment before I died, what I missed, what I overlooked in my body, what was drowned out by my words, the words that are the material for the mask that outlives every generation, the spiralling tendencies of cosmic cycles.

We are told of the shadow of a day through the oneiric sounds of the body. What anise says to me silently I speak out loud, though my heart remains quiet, the hopeless ridiculousness of hope that is the only possible choice.

Arriving outside of knowledge is the god of whoever lies down like an animal. To dream is to work for the sake of the dead.

An evening at the theatre. Sixty holes of honeycomb placed in a hole. Once again it occurs to me that whilst sitting at the threshold I can feel, resting my ears as it were, the vibrations of those in front of me and the world behind me, encircling like the family of the body, altering every cell.

Sticks tap together above their heads in time with the fluted fells of the barbitos, leaping in the ecstasy of descant and wild heel. Incense clinging to their abdomens, they dance like partridges with moths in their hair.

That which surrounds me right now is not necessarily how I perceive it. Do I create a hell around myself?

His legs are open like those of a frog.

Imagination has this form of reality in which we can encounter the daimons as symptoms, a ring of heads, tame and wild. I seek lustration, shit is fertiliser in which horses trample their own limbs.

The magic of a world appears only to immediately be erased by the magic of this world. The wind divined as templa in the limpid fold of his skull, taken with wild herbs and blind swallows.

Pollution is a source of fertility, it is simple magic.

A sneeze, an oracle, a crossroads of woven coils and oak leaves. A sound is a bird, listen louder, parallel and contrary.

What is the difference between the physician and the disease? The wind sweeps over the grass and the grass is sure to bend.

The augur is one who turns and faces their own longing without interfering with it or really doing anything at all.

Root cutters and the rolling earth, both nurture and guide their words around love and repulsion. To know these snakes, I'd rather die than eat my friends.

Longing turns us inside out until we find the sun and the moon and stars inside.

To love my own pollution.

If we would understand variability, we would watch the dove's neck. Let the augurs devour one another.

I record such monsters of my body through the slumbering vegetation of his ear, which turns in the treeless air. His is the sleep of a mirror.

At the time of the waxing moon, mix cassia, white pepper and nutmeg, store in a perfume phial to the third degree and collapse into a low moan.

A perfect sphere emerges from a stream, its skin wide in bloom. We, among the so-called living, are not in charge of our lives as we think. Held fast in the flowing grip of the dead, what each of us does in every moment with each thought and every breath is to stay with the mystery, the obscurity.

Ecstatic pig men on guard against motion, rotting flutes of fat-earth and the night-smell of lime trees. The issue is not what I think about, nor what I feel when I dream or how I reflect on dreams, it's what I do the rest of the time.

The planets took delight in me, and each of them gave me a share of their own nature. Mashed beans under the white flowers of hawthorn.

The torch strikes the frail sun to release more light, betraying every affection in enchanting and manifold undulations. Annihilating the sky, to inaugurate.

How difficult it is for the majority of doctors to foretell what is going to happen to their patients during each illness. The predictor is so far from gaining their respect that he would think himself lucky if he did not seem to be a teeth cleaner. Doctors will eventually leave the city and withdraw from society, enjoying a life of peace with the Gods.



I would like to write a book about the planets that live in the blood. The words would become laughter in the face of such enormity, the letters opening their mouths to the sounds of the imperceptibly trembling cosmic body. Who can write such a thing except for in dreams outside of dreams?

I listen in order to hear what has already happened, time being resonant of other time. Somehow, through the fluidity of war inside us, Aquarius will set our blood on fire.

The supine gate of the dead man is an incantation, the bilious sun of an oak.

The toll of such ecstasy is a dimension of time in the body. This little figurine, this wind, whatever it might be that lives and ruts in the ear, I preserve with trefoil.

To witness his transmigration is to push through the heart, to undo the body already undone. Every time the torch strikes the sun, the umbo, a new life dies as an old one emerges.

We have to find our own dead. Is this lucid air? The obscurity of the ear in a dream, holding this Virgil by night, among vibrating globes of honey.

Hidden within the apparent ease of such movement, a tangible zodiac. Breath control is coming to know the sweating pomegranate of the heart, inner disappearance, hissing bark.

Contraction and rest are the smallest muscles to calcify in a fixed cast of their own self-assurance. As if the universe has ceased to change shape.

If the mad strife of the sparrow has penetrated into my subconscious, into the firs of a nerve, it could be that one day this will all make me weep.

Carving myself into the living sound of a stone, a dim-eyed spot of light, the words write themselves until the stone is all that's left.

The meander pattern of the sickness in the remedy, the encroaching desire for simple classification will obliterate the fluidity and complexity of what actually happens.

Even in death he could move his inner ear muscles in such a way that I was able to hear the wind. The wound moves through space and can return bearing gifts.

Perhaps no vibration is ever entirely lost. A sound I heard forty years ago could be the formation of a dream ten years from now. Vibrating through the cosmos for eternity.

White poppy-seeds, grains of wheat and barley, peas, vetches, okra seeds, lentils, beans, rice-wheat, oats, fruit, honey, oil, wine and unwashed wool. Beams of light emanate from the face, like old wasps of bacteria.

The second I stop being in charge, magic happens, consciousness relinquishes. Separation of the body from itself, cutting flesh from bone, cooking ourselves, pierced with arrows, we leak, our eyes left in trees, able to see our mutilation, over and over again. Cleaned, polished, counted.

We speak with our old bones, we do not interpret, which is to conduct.

Part of a cure is descent, listen, two rocks, grey as twilight between which a tump of iron, loam ribbed with flint, burrs in stands of fir and spruce.

Birds are visualisations of wind, thus, almost all birds are drier than mammals. Such creatures have no bladder and neither pass water nor secrete saliva, owing to the temperature of the belly. The moisture evaporates and they can neither spit nor piss.

Wood pigeons, partridges, doves. The psyche rises as mist from things that are wet, the ground is moulded to his body, upon which no light falls.

Thistle, tupelo, summersweet, horsetail, bulrush. Opening the mouth so as to not hear the heart.

Wind makes holes, traverses the love and concord of the body, works one side and the other in a brown fenneled silence of obscure motion.

*Post.*

Galen was born CE 129. He was a physician, but not in the way that many of us have come to understand the profession, which has lost layers of its resonance through use<sup>5</sup>. The term was often applied to doctors when they started taking an interest in the world beyond that of medicine. This could be felt as an alteration of consciousness, sloughing off every theory and opinion they knew in the face of not finding anything to replace them for years on end.

More works of Galen have been passed down than any other person of antiquity, and a great many remain untranslated. He was thought to have written a text, subsequently lost, concerning the ossicles of the middle ear. This seemed to me a perfect opportunity to work with the wild fabrications of vibration, inventing a fragmented night-book, as it were, wherein energy is a paradigm of interaction, distance, and propinquity.

As evidenced in the polysemous nature of ‘physician’, Galen’s life was not divided into separate phases of work, and as such, this brief text explores the particulars of the myriad worlds of ancient medicine, through such things as audition, astrology, augury, incubation, and herbalism.

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<sup>5</sup> Ancient Greek medicine was an holistic practise, as such, it was believed that there can be no real cure without understanding a person’s history, so the physician was also a psychiatrist and clinician, among other things. Medicine was, in essence, the petri dish of all other sciences in antiquity.

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