The Book / Or / The Woods

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Published by Punctum Books

T. Johnson, Jeff.
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Or the Woods

In a traditional fairy tale there is no need for a portal.
— Kate Bernheimer
Let us hang here (by) the portal: Hereby let us hang the portal O. There is no need to go through, where the other side is at 1’s back, & the portal is gone. (O) 1 must keep 1’s eye on the portal or the wor(l)d sticks.

O how (does) the portal look(s)! The portal looks back. O the portal glares in 3:4, ratio bound by false notation, partial obelisk, a sign 1 might exi(s)t (on) both sides at once, all things (un)equal. A gate. A gale.

O the portal is the book in the woods, the woods in the book: (Book : Woods°)

But we have already passed (through) the portal, entered the woods, opened the book, closed ourselves (in). We (who) were here all along.

° Woods † Book
On either side, as fiction allows, 1 faces the portal. The view is the same. Discard false symbols, where 1 thing leaves the next. Return to the breaks that line the book or the woods. The flickering slash at the forest efes.
1 enters the forest
Or
The forest
1 enters
The book
Or
The woods
1 enters
The efes
What is that sound from the efes?
A roar
Or a hush
Or a scrapèd string?
What grave accent o’er the woods?
& what grave harmonic emerges there?
What invisible disguise?
What the Sphinx knows
The Sphinx keeps enpawed

Go on from there, emerge
From the road beyond the forest

Through the efes, called by a low tone
Risen from the surface holding up the trees
Here lies the form of 1 held up by an supernal horn

† & what visible guise?
This forest left blank.
for
The forest has no plot.
& yet, a clearing, as though the forest recalls its end. But a

sentence
may
precede
itself &
may
follow
false
paths. Or
what
appears
(to
whom?)
as a path
may be
the
space
between
trees, or
a scar of
leaves.

The
clearing
swaps
the
margin
for the
body, the
copse
along the
frame. It
is as
though
the
leaves
hide a
window
in the
floor,
though
there is

no space below, only the infernal reflection in the leaves.
Remember the monster whose fur is glazed in blood whose teeth are stained whose claws have descended\(^\dagger\) from flesh who loves the dark who knows the blank parts of the forest who shuns the night

\(^\dagger\) whose clause distended
O'er the woods.
Monster, thy name is Y thy face a mask of skin thy forest a
coat of leaves thy deck the future past thy floor beneath thy
trees O Monster Y in thy forest safe from car commercials &
humiliating jobs but not so far removed from efes we cannot
hear thy stomach growl.
Already we are in the woods
Which is the most direct route to
We found ourselves (in) the woods
But something there is that doesn’t love†
The direct route or the familiar line
Though part of us loves that same
Buzz in the foliage, the promise of the hive

† a tepid woods