



LAMPYRIDAE COLEOPTERA

from *A Vibrational Field of Reversible Effects*

Kylan Rice

FRACK

Each event is a thinner sequence of aspect and carbonate. The result's a shearing in syntax. A wellbore of grey birds. Everyone was trying to envision an earlier version of Pennsylvania, some having never seen it to begin with. The sylvic or tensile. Or trophic. Or depicted as heavily wooded. Five kilometers of uplift. The berth, the basins inverted. In narrative, it's detail that forms the regional seal. Legend zoned against the glacio-eustatic, the closure pressurizing both the lithic and the scenic. Having long looked north, I quailed at the data available: the daylight ovalized over a considerable distance, the shale and turbidities, the dark edges of the leaves. Areas deemed. Delineated. There was a slippage that simulated birds rising, the Susquehanna river basin underlain by miles of Marcellus. A kind of undergone. Someone establishing more effluent standards. No longer a difference between geology and total daily intake. No difference between landscape and lode. A stone that is dropped is a stone that is helped by God to the ground. So it is borne, so it is bored.

\

## LYRIC

*Deus ex machina*

You are by your epiphany. Not exactly appearing, not exactly off-  
set.

At the outset outsourced: to continue to appear: the engine  
of splendor, and splendor disassembled:

The severity of incident,

The severity of event.

A transition

is to see no other way out.

\

## FRACK

Within the cultured vale or  
benzene zones  
of boyish sport, resolved on fracture planes  
the sky to me seemed  
so a sky  
and yet the end. O interfused  
with soft alarm,  
the fissures overpressured by the blast,  
then fled:

then blocked  
off I opted  
for utmost boundary  
and severed  
from my stream, made  
one long bathing  
on steeply dipping faults  
below the alder shades  
and rocky falls—

and glassy plains  
and glassy planes  
so sheer displaced

ACTS

*...the law is changed into a mouthful of phrases*  
—William Carlos Williams

At the beginning of a new series, the parameters unfold:  
The avenues are streaked with synoptic foliates  
And other measures to reflect natural conditions

\

It's regionalism that carves off our natural adjacencies.  
The category of the vernal versus the category of the ephemeral  
At their points of maximum impact

\

In vision bound  
The mind is led away, then  
Followed by desiccation and evapotranspiration

\

Conclamant with the fields:  
The well-established off-load of gold to green  
A faltering of that grade

\



from *Mountains that Never Rest: A Story of the Oquirrh*, VII: Create of the Same Land

Alisha Anderson

Clarify the upper extent:  
Revolving through their harvests,  
Buffering the tall-grass and the timothy

\

*November 20, 2014*

The snow is melting and the mice tunnels are showing. They're drawings made by bodies—bodies displacing frozen water. They are the truest figure drawings. They are beautiful in their practicality—highways, trails, paths, and memories of presence.

Perhaps this place doesn't need a spokesperson. Perhaps it just needs a stationary object, a canvas, upon which to mark.

In 2002, Franci Alys, a Belgian-born artist, gave shovels to 500 hundred volunteers in a desert outside of Lima, Peru. They stood in a line, and on his command, moved a mountain. Technically, it was a sand dune, but he called the performance piece, "When Faith Moves Mountains." He had the line of volunteers climb the dune's ridge and shovel the sand forward at every step. In the end, the mountain of sand moved four inches.

Various religions speak of the potential for faith to move mountains, to do the seemingly impossible with divine aid. This idea predated steam shovels, though. The impossible has wheeled over to possible. Yet, I believe it still requires faith to move a mountain—faith in something.

When the Oquirrh first saturated my mind I wanted to know the architect of the open pit. I needed to know who decided to go above ground. Did he or she have a vision of what the future held—of benches and piles, of an inverted mountain? I knew one person did not do this; decades of bodies and machines did this. But an idea, as a spring of water, usually enters through one fissure into this world.

We credit an architect for an edifice though she does not pour the foundation or nail every board. The credit comes because of what