

Travels Through the Heartland : A Close Reading

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Voyageries dans le pays du tendre : une lecture

Si on met ensemble les mots, le cœur et le souffle, l'histoire se raconte tout seule. Le cœur est une cage-de-mots, une ville murée. Le corps un pont où se rencontrent le souffle du langage et l'air. Comment étudier les effets du vent, du levée, de la pulsation? Ventus. Souffles, tordre et plier. Le vent écrit des mots au dedans et au dehors des antres.

Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ



The adult heart is a walled city pierced by twelve gates.
Each gate has a name and a history.
The quality of a heart lies in the strength of its mercy,
and in the grace of its mercurial dance.
The heart expands out and recedes back.
Systole.
It knows and forgets.
Diastole.
It's a quick beam and a dumb animal,
shy and devoted,
skittish and ashamed.
There are initials carved in the heart like on an old wall.
Furtive zones.
Failures and breakdowns
The city besieged.
How do we read the names scored on another's heart.
Listen.
Sparks.
The body is a bridge where the wind of breath
carrying its baggage of language,
meets the wind of the air.
Ventus.
To blow.
To twist and bend.
To shape an eloquent passage.
Words in the dark.
Marks.



If you put words, heart, and breath together the story tells itself.

Discursive layers.

Strategic codes.

It's good to hear one word forming slowly after another

because of the time it takes to change,

and the time it takes to heal.

The heart in its wordcage.

The wound in the wall.

How can she hold,

how study

the effects of the wind.

The origin.

The rising.

The pulsation.

Wind writing words in and out of their dens.

Heart times.

The name and the gate.

The word and its shadow.

Surprised light spreading.

