



Florilegium

a sample eBook
from Casavaria

Florilegium

a compendium sample
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Introduction

[Casavaria Publishing](#) is a digital enterprise devoted to cultivating innovative literary and artistic forms, to stimulating transcultural discourse, and spreading interest in the study of foreign languages and cultures. Casavaria uses digital media to promote and publish original literary and artistic works and to provide services complementary to the creative project. The promotion of academic interest in these fields and the cultivation of new forms of involvement in the use of language and writing is central to the overall direction and ideals of Casavaria Publishing.

[Background Information](#)

Casavaria Publishing was founded in the fall of 2001, with the express purpose of promoting literary and artistic expression and experimentation. The guiding philosophy for all of Casavaria's endeavors is the belief that encouraging creativity in the human mind enables the general improvement of the human condition.

By means of publishing original literary works and constructing an archive of cultural information, expression and analysis, Casavaria aims to promote a greater connectivity between and among peoples of varied national, cultural and linguistic backgrounds. The universal conversation, and the understanding it promotes, is the central project of all human language, culture and civilization. Digital technologies allow us to supplement the natural means of cultural conversation with added information, added expressive (i.e. literary and artistic) resources, and so to promote a more extensive, more profound comprehension in students.

University Services

As a publisher of digital documents, an online resource for literary and artistic consumption, and a reserve of cultural and travel-related information, Casavaria is ideally suited for providing certain web-based content solutions for a university.

The use of digital documents, such as HTML web-pages, Adobe PDF files and PDF-based eBooks, enables enhanced interactivity between professor, student, and the concepts at issue. The use of custom-designed [digital documents](#) in the context of university coursework can promote portability, ubiquity, or security of information, whichever is preferred by the institution or the professor.

Who are we?

Casavaria was founded and is operated by Joseph Robertson, a graduate of Villanova University's Masters program in Spanish Language and Literature, a poet, writer, and photographer in his own right. Other writers, artists, and editors contribute their work to the project, and there are currently proposals in the works to collaborate with traditional publishers to provide content and enhance the wealth of resources available to Casavaria's users.

It is Casavaria's mission to promote interest in and study of language, literature, culture and human expression, to expand the learning horizons of a technological public through the cultivation of artfully-wrought and interconnected digital media. If you are interested in learning more about these services, please respond to this e-mail with the appropriate contact information and specific queries, and I will send a more specific and detailed proposal, addressing the particular needs and interests of your institution.

Contact the Editors:
editors@casavaria.com

The Story: a condensed poetics

by Joseph Robertson

When confronted with the problem of seeing into the fabric of a story, it becomes necessary to pose a new series of questions about the nature of 'the story' as such, as an abstract impetus to speak. One might ask: Is the commentary which seeks to comprehend a fiction not also part of the fiction itself, motivated by the same unsayable patterns of light? I have ventured to include such ruminations in the composition of my own fictions, and they, in turn, have furthered my intuitions about 'the story'. The story is not the written word, not the sequence of events thinly veiled by the written word, which also seeks to represent them; it is not the neatly told tale. Those are but the symptoms of the lurking of a story. The story is what has yet to be told. And when we've told what we know, or what we think we know, or what we might have managed to fabricate for our purposes, about the story, the story remains, alive and breathing in a vacuum of its own, always beyond our reach. In fact, it not only remains, but it expands. It isn't merely an untold story, one single perfect possibility, but rather a host of possible variations splitting off from the told and the untold, intermingling, on the edges of the story's vacuum, pushing outward, humming, threatening to reveal

itself. It is now not simply a thing which might be told, which must and will be attempted; it is all that did not manage to be told in the transference of what little could be worded within the limited scope of our language.

The story is always a mystery. It is something which wants to and will, in some way, unfold, offer itself to our vision. It is the tide that rolls beneath the telling, a jargon of urging mixed with silence, ever untold, ever more inclusive, elusive. And so, no two tellings of any story should produce the same tale; even the sequence of twists and trauma should vary. The closer we get to the untellable mystery, sunken near to the heart, the center of gravity, of all the untold expanse of the story, the less grip chronology can possibly force upon events, as worded.

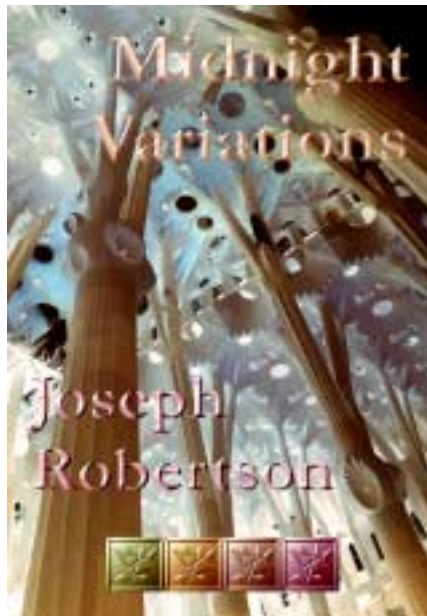
Between the story and the telling, there is a meaning. How do we arrive at meaning, and what are the components, in themselves? Are words facts? Incorruptible spheres of inclusion? Or, are they facilitators? The words are within the ink, the ink within the pen, the pen within our hands' faithful flurry, the dexterity by which we write a loyal component of the mind. This is the integrity of a mechanics, not of a meaning. The words are not meaning; they are a map to meaning. They are the story's hope of a practicable and traceable genetic code, or memory. They are hints, not laws; they are flesh, and neither soul nor granite; they are whatever we tempt them to be... the story is something else.

The challenge we face is asymptotic. We must strive to move endlessly nearer the story, though it will always elude us, in its most essential respects. It is those elusive respects around which both author and reader revolve in the moment of telling. It is that assemblage of psychic passageways, capillaries, which cannot be embodied by language, which is our most guarded concern.

Poems excerpted from the book

Midnight Variations

by Joseph Robertson



ARDUOUS

it was not the story that had me
it was the typeface that special
sort of lilting scrawl you knew
at first sight there could be
nothing at odds in the universe
& the first book made its way
arduous & rhetorical into my own
library a sort of chest cavity inn
where you could lodge any one of
the most important dead tongues
meaning pens or plumes i could
mine thousands of years of petty
suffering from the pages
of just a few books..

i would have to become a reader
i would have to believe in the
innovation of the human spirit
i would have to eschew the academic
laze of kindergartens & high schools
& plunge nietzschean prometean
inward downward dantesque
learn to complete the pages
blacken the spaces with precise

imaginings & as a result i would
have to bring the items into my home
invite them house them feed them
draw in their margins penetrate
the veneer of completion the aire
of defiance locate their zone of
necessity their want for the touch of
new pen new ink the waters of a
young mind searching for eternity...

every book a borgian 'book of sand'
no doubt every lecture every tilt
of the hand in faint afternoon sun-
light our last step before the undying
all a question of need all a store
of skyscraping glass acorns for the
oneday hybernation of the human mind
where print will be the new renaissance
in waiting & its vain & preposterous
glory is already weighed by every
last scratch hoping to be last hoping
to say the ultimate escape turn
the final screw & undo the iron
skirtwork of knowing...

AFTER A LETTER & A BATH, CÓRDOBA

white light
soft rounded diffuse
in crystalline verdure
an underskin sea
verging on equinox
becoming denser gravitational a logic
altern to luminescence
coupled to light
a justifiable augmentation of warmth
truer by heat
truer because it mimics the
winsome edge the rising-steam attitudes
of a solitary andalusian guitar
the instrument i find
is on my own hands
& there is nothing beyond
this density
a moment that tastes like
copper & gold inlaid into / stillness
a moment of white light / diffuse
above the bundled streets of old
córdoba...

CONSIDER BEAUTY

i see klimt's guises fleshscapes & shawls unfolding effervescent just beyond my reach:

horror beginning to gleam sadness becoming a strange liberation the universe willing to consider beauty its blood...

EMPTY SPACE

1. Entering

a topographical chorus of human desires
each aspiring to pitch its
implicit voice
into the universe
to impregnate the void with
its melancholy share of the logos
the descent from everything unavailable to us
to our humble naïve &
always always positivist human perception

a compendium of personalities both
synchronous & asynchronous
whom i have known or would come to know
given time
this is the rebellion of inward humanity
against the stultifying silence of time

visions that have claimed a corner
of my larynx from where
to filter in their meaning
to otherwise incapable streaks of language

light lust logos
listing away from purpose in the void
that exists without self-interest between
all substant or sentient bodies...

2. The Pulse of Dispersion & Regathering

i.

a constellation of color & form
emerges
an impossible landscape
more motion than solidity
the speech of a viable intermingling
implicit grotto
more like my love than any
material analogue

desire disperses me
within its own tenuous body
sifting a project of luxury
through barriers of apprehension delight
seeking lips to match lips
to taste
a fathomless parity
by which to know infernal

immoderations
connoted by mercy or judgement
acquiescence of blessing
defiance of sin

contentment disperses me
without amendment
in imperceptible innumerable
dwellings of space within space
ushering beauty as beauty into
twilight pallor
bringing hope as escort to
light the hollows
to involve a world entire
in shadowless noon

but the noon is brief
& the later apricot wake
of a day departing
opens me
orders a response

& i touch her gingerly
in a vague but inscrutable distance...

5. Exeunt

favored spaces
in the employ of intellect
lead to contortion
of original psycho-geographical framework

work to evade
all inquiries
invite dissonance to speak
for the will-weary

favored spaces
comprise an ethos
spliced in at level of undertow
in personal narrative

but spaces break apart in fire & multiply
protozoan promethean antiquarian
& struggle to call back old irrecoverable
forms
with which to live in deep channels of
friction

all this a foliage of discoveries
in the underskin breach in
the hoax-math
of human desiring...

Puerto Misterio

por Joseph Robertson

i.

una sola gaviota
clamando reclamando
pinta el aire agudo
con sus preferencias
una voz
que contiene
todas las voces
y no dice nada más
que sí

que sí

una voz que da permiso
a la existencia
que distribuye entradas
al presente
nos despierta
se aleja

pesa...

ii.

pronto comenzamos a volar
pronto visitamos el pasado en vivo
pronto el código
de la expansión intelectual
se efectúa

viajaremos
entre universos
entre negocio y recuerdo
ensueño y precipicio
cruzaremos el umbral
de la fortuna

hacia la aventura
hacia lo inédito
en busca de una literatura infinita
un pulso que abarca mil pulsos
un millón de pulsos
exclusivo ninguno
cada uno relleno
del estruendo lícito de alas
de luces sin nombre

un ritmo terrible e inmenso
por su gentileza
su refinado persistir
matemático y universal

el ritmo aumenta
la amplitud de la verdad
de este pulso increíble inabarcable
y con eso
existimos

existimos...

iii.

llueve
una lluvia desoladora
grisácea idealista
una lluvia buscadora de infinitos

en el amanecer sin principio
bajo el ocaso repleto de rubores

llueve
una lluvia inteligente
meditativa periodista
que escribe y dibuja

en el páramo extraño
de la esperanza sin orden

declamando
que el regreso es siempre
el progreso

en disfraz

con motivos desconocidos
indeciso indescifrable

vociferando
nombres extraños
que no pertenecen
a ningún idioma

cuya resonancia es más eterna
que presente

iv.

toda una tarde a solas
con la gruesa luz
y la elegía ligera
de recuerdos lejanos
y la existencia misma enseña
cómo se respira
onda por onda
todo por todo

a ratos
la existencia enseña

insondable retórica
de milenios desvanecidos
los nombres perpetuos

ansias sabias

y la misericordia unánime
de las nubes
la misericordia peligrosa
que no piensa
que lleva sin cautela

un caudal celeste
que invade la tarde

y la existencia en sí
por el gusto de hacerlo
enseña

enseña sonreír...

v.

la palabra nos recuerda que
después de los crímenes
después del error

después de la noche mugrienta
y la plácida mentira
persiste una chispa

que llamaremos intelecto

persiste una brasa

que sólo quiere comenzar de nuevo
que sólo busca dar vida

poetizar frondas penumbrales
corregir peligros
y dar vida nueva a la luz...



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