

Iris Lyric

Whoever feels addressed by the iris is like the iris.
The iris represents a double space that is empty.

This iris is unseen, I have never met this iris.
The difference between the iris and the iris-image is erasure,

the lack of recognition of a person reflecting on ambivalence
at the heart of action —

but it may be the same people who engage with the iris are outside
the most base dream.

The iris suggests a figure leaning against a wall – “*look at what I did*”,
the iris says “*look*

at what you didn't see”, – “*look at what you didn't see coming*”, –
“*look at what you didn't do.*”

Yet this is a series of substitutions that lead nowhere,
discussing the iris and the iris-image in detail like they are perfect

reflections for one another yet seduced by the similitude.
I don't dispute the iris

but imagining the iris is a form of expression ignores the uncertainty
of not having a self to reflect upon.

Our attention has been given to the rose with its supine unveiling,
but the iris has never been captured in a perfume.

Perfumers use several artificial scents to replicate its wet cotton,
note of iron and final nose of what can at best be described

as the purest shade of water.
The iris is born

and the iris is deserted but permits us its resources
at its most vulnerable,

we can only provide the care a witness can offer.
Domestic iris.

Original iris without a hand to grasp us with.
Toneless iris on a stalk that resembles lightning.

In a murderous desire and desire for the flood,
an iris becomes a technology, a tool.

I enter the realm of fantasy with the iris
growing in profusion on heraldic mountains.

If I repeat the experience of failing to become a thing,
suffering in my feeling, lifted from an unchanging memory,

rather than being a mere object,
the iris evokes a woman:

*“I will finally garner the iris from its sleep, the possibility of being
fully awake and the full potential to appear and disappear at will
like the common kingfisher blinds the stream.”*

The confrontation between the material world and the void,
in the sense of looking after something that cannot speak,

requires that I trust the iris unfailingly
to substitute itself for yellow.