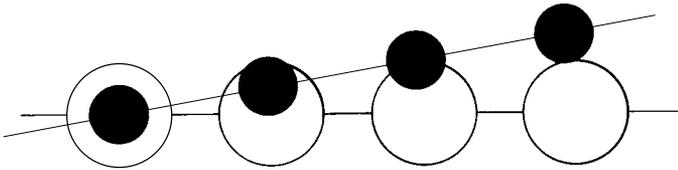
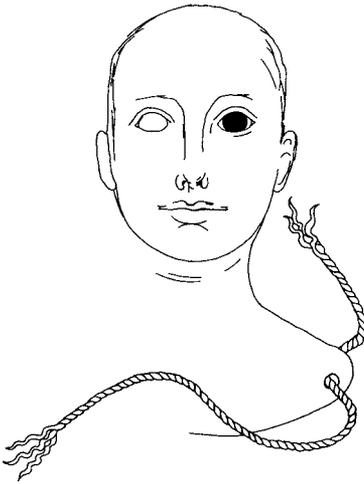


**anime**

**animus**

**anima**



**anime**  
**animus**  
**anima**

**jaime robles**



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## contents

### one: black

	[in the theater's darkened hollow]	11	
01		[along the]	12
		[placid sky and distant ...]	13
		[A blink shuttered]	14
		[soul:]	17
		[It is not the body's perimeter]	20
		[Light divides with a scalpel ...]	21
		<i>Key Animator</i>	22
		[at the nape of the neck]	25
		[In the vast vastness of space ...]	27
		[Life, shaved, bedizened]	28

### two: white

	[An eye is a hole ...]	33	10
	[In the vessel of memory]	34	
	[Can a stitch in time sew up]	35	
	<i>The brain is the heart</i>	36	
	<i>Unsalvageable</i>	38	
	[A girl enters an elevator ...]	39	
	[(the imagination of free will ...)]	41	
	[The soul—that committee]	42	
	[In the midst of a conflagration ...]	43	
	[The moon is imperfect]	44	
	[Narrative like time ...]	45	
	[Is this the danger of replication]	46	
	[It is not the words ...]	47	
	[What separates us from angels ...]	48	



*Distinguishing the virtual from the real is a major error on the part of human beings. To me, the birth and death of a human being is already a virtual event.*

—MAMORU OSHII

*If our Gods and our hopes are nothing but scientific phenomena, then let us admit it must be said that our love is scientific as well.*

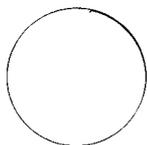
—AUGUSTE VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM

*Tomorrow's Eve*, 1886



000000001

**black**





in the theater's darkened hollow  
the film flutters—

fissure through which  
we swim, inchoate

blackened

facing  
surface bright  
in patches and streaks: thin skin  
where eyes see, ears hear,  
but the mouth—its voice—  
gathers silence

*splash of green*  
*yellow fizz*

*blue wash above*

along            the  
black            strip  
between        frames  
where        projected  
light            neither  
permeates        nor  
reflects:        distance  
and            time  
congeal.        The  
eye            leaps  
through        unexposed  
blackness,        resolves  
solid            gesture  
into            solid  
gesture            24  
times            faster  
than            a  
blink.            Eye  
shudders        into  
movement.      The  
body            — the  
ship —        leaps  
through        vast  
circles.        Within  
each            sphere  
space            dissolves  
ticking        and  
eye            records  
a            downpour  
of            particles.  
Behind        eye  
and            body  
our            mind  
stumbles        to its  
own        metronome,  
memory        releases  
and            we  
fly            here  
and            now

Placid sky and distant on a cloudless day

What is projected before us is not photographic:

pigment suspended, veiling  
the wall in memory

—images archive  
freeze time

lack words' metamorphic thought

everything appears a bordered field of color

∞

A blink shuttered

fractured second—in daylight—

caught open:     the wide eye a path

Nor is the eye a camera:

As she falls backwards out the window, she disappears:

fading    cat like,

smile

body:

dropping  
into flight in silence

through night  
falling into place before  
the city's neon. Skyscrapers

cascade speckled with lumens,  
tubular as arteries.

Perhaps she hasn't fallen at all

Rather: the buildings risen  
in urgent growth  
dragging behind them earth  
and human floor.

oo

soul:

glimmering particle

in the brain—

a glassy sliver

the body:

layer by layer

dipped

waxy, nubile, weightless

*the womb*  
*vegetable and liquid:*

outer skin peels, fragments float upward  
rain down, lack of odor prevails  
over the smell of blood—

*a chorus of women's voices chimes*  
*deep in the chest*

and the optometrist, who is a man,  
turns the lens over:  
Do the letters on the green square look blacker now  
—flips the lens—

or now?

Now, or now ...

now, or now?

It is not the body's perimeter that is unimaginable but its surface. He wraps her glowing curves into his jacket, and will repeat the gesture as often as he feels necessary. Her skin draws a third side to his love, impossible but accommodating. Doll-like, her body—torso and limbs—are exchangeable: only her eyes—the blue lens, slick, dilating—and that slice of mind, the recollection of her past, irretrievable. He will swap that body as the flesh fails. For her, there is no difference between the skin she claims her own and air

oo

Light divides with a scalpel's flash into seconds or moments:

everything translates simultaneously:

east into north, north into wooden chair,  
chair into green grapes, grapes into whirr, whirr into  
wreathes of cypress, cypress (*cypress*) into salt:

tying breath to breath

an ocean into light-splashed face