

## Autoportraits from an Earlier Era

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Most of these poems have appeared elsewhere, often in other forms. The *res poetica* was written in 2009 and first published in January, 2010. It included the section on Anne-Lise François's work.

## The *res poetica*

I.

A *relation* is a real thing, i.e. has physio-neuronal  
instantiations between minds and in brains,  
traceable through Positron Emission Tomography.  
The *res poetica* is a relation realized through poetry.  
It's a space made by "the legislators of the unacknowledged world."  
It's not like "a city upon a hill" (which "cannot be hidden").

2.

Poets are real; poets make poetry.  
The *res poetica* is the set of relations that poetry creates, affirms,  
diminishes, or destroys.  
It is absolutely dependent on other, involuntary relations.  
At the same time, it happens in, or through, all languages.  
Poets can't help making poetry.  
In defining the limits of the *res poetica*:  
upper limit "we live in the mind"  
lower limit violence.

3.

Poets are formed by what Bishnupriya Ghosh calls "local struggles"  
which cannot be represented from any single perspective.  
The poet constructs perspectives on local struggles through the *res poetica*,  
which emerges through reception, a force-multiplier for perception  
and expression, pluralizing mind.

4.

The *res poetica*, a model state, is momentary, fragile,  
propositional, temporally continuous or discontinuous,  
but materially real.  
The prayers described in *Straight With the Medicine*,  
the nationalisms described in *Imagined Communities*  
(and related constructs such as "The United States" or "India",  
which Narendra Modi describes as having a "natural relationship")  
work similarly.  
Each is just differently realized, and enforced.  
FORM IS NEVER MORE THAN AN EXTENSION  
OF CONTENT and is thus open to evaluation.

4.

Anne-Lise François, following Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, calls an *open secret* “[a] gesture of self-canceling revelation [that] permits a release from the ethical imperative to act upon knowledge” in environments of threat.

An open secret is “an essentially preventative or conservative mode of communication that reveals to insiders what it simultaneously hides from outsiders, or, more specifically, protects them from what it is in their power to ignore.”

4.

Poetry can be an open secret,  
“a way of imparting knowledge  
such that it cannot be claimed and acted on.”

An open secret, poetry “makes nothing happen.”

“No  
one listens to poetry.”

The *res poetica* can recycle existing control structures.

The *res poetica* can take oppressive forms.

The *res poetica* can also transmit and maintain knowledge  
in the face of tacit or explicit threat,  
through articulation, or non-articulation,  
within poetry.

5.

Vivek Narayanan describes Shrikant Verma’s *Magadh*  
as containing “ambiguous invocations of half-mythical South Asian cities”  
that remind Narayanan of Borges and Cavafy  
and “a canny and even bitter political outrage”  
that makes me think of Mandelstam.

Narayanan reads *Magadh* as an open secret:

“Bizarrely, Verma was a senior Congress Party functionary  
under Indira Gandhi in the late 70s and early 80s”  
which entailed mortal complicities.

“It’s hard, for me at least, to resist reading *Magadh*  
as his way of speaking about some aspects of that close-up  
experience in the only way he could.”

6.

### Corpses in Kashi

Have you seen Kashi?  
Where corpses come and go  
by the same road

And what of corpses?  
Corpses will come  
Corpses will go

Ask then, whose corpse is this?  
Is it Rohitashva? No, no  
all corpses cannot be Rohitashva

His corpse, you will recognize  
from a distance  
and if not from a distance

then from up close  
and if not from up close  
then it cannot be Rohitashva

And even if it is,  
what difference  
does it make?

Friends, you have seen Kashi  
where corpses come and go  
by the same road

and this is all you did –  
made way and asked,  
Whose corpse is this?

Whoever it was  
whoever it was not  
what difference did it make?

— Shrikant Verma  
trans. by Rahul Soni

9.

The *res poetica* is a state discernible  
as what Mina Loy called “the level of cool plains,”  
a kind of transcendence that David Kyuman Kim identifies as religious,  
but that can also be sexual, political, or dancefloor.  
Like sex, political action, and religion, poetry, and the agency it affords,  
is not usually the province of the individual.  
It’s always built on local struggles, even when poets attempt  
to contract their perspectives.

8.

According to the *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*,  
“[t]he nebulous core shared by all cosmopolitan views  
is the idea that all human beings, regardless of their political affiliation, do  
(or at least can) belong to a single community,  
and that this community should be cultivated.”  
Seyla Benhabib contends that “since the UN Declaration of Human Rights in 1948,  
we have entered a new phase in the evolution of global civil society,  
which is characterized by a transition from international to  
cosmopolitan forms of justice.”  
Benhabib notes that “whatever the conditions of their legal origination,”  
cosmopolitan forms of justice “accrue to individuals as moral and legal persons  
in a worldwide civil society... their peculiarity is that they endow individuals  
rather than states and their agents with certain rights and claims.”

10.

The scope of cosmopolitanism, as a concept, is still debated.  
Bishnupriya Ghosh critiques Arjun Appadurai’s opposition  
of “ethnic collectivists who lack... global imagination”  
to cosmopolitans who, by contrast, “relish non-national  
nomadism and celebrate migrancy, hybridity, and mobility.”  
Ghosh cites the critiques of Revathi Krishnaswamy and Aihwa Ong,  
who find such formulations of cosmopolitanism  
reflect the experience of “transnational elites”  
who “fetishize their marginality as migrants,  
while synchronizing the global flows  
that underpin the new world order.”

I2.

Sheldon Pollock writes against “what often seems to be the single desperate choice we are offered: between, on the one hand, a national vernacularity dressed in the frayed period costume of violent revanchism and bent on preserving difference at all costs and, on the other, a clear-cutting, strip-mining multinational cosmopolitanism that is bent, at all costs, on eliminating it.”

Pollock wants to “conceive of the practice of cosmopolitanism as literary communication that travels far, indeed, without obstruction from any boundaries at all, and, more important, that thinks of itself as unbounded, unobstructed, unlocated — writing of the great Way, rather than the small Place.”

IO.

At a conference on “The Charter of Cities of Refuge,” Addressing a body called “The International Agency for Cities of Refuge,” Jacques Derrida, defines its task as “bring[ing] about the proclamation and institution of numerous, and, above all, autonomous, ‘cities of refuge’, each as independent from the other and from the state as possible, but, nevertheless, allied to each other according to forms of solidarity yet to be invented.”

I2.

Pollock wants to “think about cosmopolitanism and vernacularism as action rather than idea, as something people do rather than something they declare, as practice rather than proposition (least of all, philosophical proposition),” and also as a *choice*, one which in turn “enables us to see that some people in the past have been able to be cosmopolitan or vernacular without directly professing either, perhaps while finding it impossible rationally to justify either.”

II.

At the time of its dominance, Latin  
was a cosmopolitanist idiom, and English,  
Spanish, German and Italian were vernaculars.

At the time of its dominance, Sanskrit  
was a cosmopolitanist idiom, and Hindustani  
Tamil, Kannada, Javanese, and Marathi  
were vernaculars.

In Nigeria, the official language is English,  
and Hausa, Igbo, Yoruba, Ibibio, Edo,  
Fulfulde, and Kanuri are among the many  
Languages written and spoken.

7.

Monolingual speakers of English can access re-representations of vernacular FORMS  
but not the chains of meanings associated with them.

One recent response to lack of access to the conventional meanings  
of, for example, Tamil film, is to use the tools at hand  
to appropriate its forms into a superordinate neo-cosmopolitanist idiom.

The appropriation can be done via, for example, heightened cuts,  
homophonic subtitles, and pasted voice-overs,  
which are forms of, among other things, simulating  
accessibility and discursive mastery.

7.

The failure of global capital to fulfill its implicit promise of total access  
is not quite ironized in the work like this that I've seen,  
which end up more like a fetish.

The failure of a vernacular to signify outside of its domain  
in made out, in this work, to be the vernacular's problem,  
an amusing deficiency.

7.

The author function of the work can incorporate the ironies of that reading,  
and try to make them reflect back on communication failure  
within dominant modes, which produce (and this is what makes it lyric)  
a kind of pathos, which can be beautiful.

The pathos takes the form of something like: and this is what it's like for me, too,  
when I try to talk to you, here, about what I actually experience.

The negotiations take place within the *res poetica*.

8.

I once published a poem that contained the following three racist lines  
The Asian woman sat eating Tam crackers.  
I laughed.  
This stuff is endless.

When I first read the poem at Halcyon in Brooklyn in 2000,  
a member of the audience had a visible visceral reaction,  
and the *res poetica*, running like a current  
through that moment, was distorted and reduced.

In its physicality, its measurability, its effect, it was a kind of violence.

8.

Poetry can, I guess, attempt to recapitulate, frame, appropriate, or reiterate racist thought  
without it resulting in violence, and without the poem's author  
function seeming to be a node for drawing pleasure in discharge  
from the thought itself.

In fact, a whole movement in poetry developed out of that premise.

Or maybe it developed out of an ironic effort to drain the stereotypes of charge by the act of drawing pleasure out of disgust in re-iterating them as a sign of self-implication.

8.

Pleasure in disgust, and pleasure generally, can freak people out, but deriving pleasure from disgust and deriving pleasure from re-iterating highly charged racist thought probably can't be distinguished.

We'll have to wait for the scans, but either way attempting it requires permission, which can only be rendered within the *res poetica*, The *res poetica* takes the place of intention.

10.

Poetry does not have a fixed and final set formal characteristics.

Poetry has its own particular modes of reception.

Reception, as defined by Auerbach, is a "subjectivistic-perspectivalistic procedure," one that, under certain conditions, "creat[es] a foreground and a background, resulting in the present lying open to the depths of the past."

Despite the yucky metaphor, the procedure Auerbach describes takes place, though poems, as part of the *res poetica*.

13.

Arun Kolatkar, published more than 15 books in Marathi.

He published *Jejuri*, his first book written in English, in 1976. The book is a serial panorama of a sacred Hindu site in Maharashtra. It incorporates numerous ironies that play the site's actual physical state off its accepted spiritual significance.

13.

Kolatkar's second book written in English, titled *Kala Ghoda Poems*, after a once-faded Bombay district now as gentrified as the West Village or *le Marais*, was published in 2004, a year after his death.

His third, *Sarpa Satra*, a retelling of a tiny piece of the *Mahabharata*, also in English, was published that same year.



13.

Kolatkār's writing in English is an open secret  
whose nature is only beginning to become clear.  
Kolatkār's Kala Ghoda, while very much not a city of refuge, serves  
as the site, through "Pi-dog" and other poems, for the invention  
of forms of solidarity that had yet to be imagined.  
Linguistic politics, Hindu and Maharashtrian nationalisms,  
and various cosmopolitanisms all run through it.  
"Pi-dog," ends when day breaks, and the Kala Ghoda  
dogs, who have ruled small sections of the night roads,  
"surrender the city  
to its so-called masters."

4.

"The actual choice is between revolutionary, or shut-in,"  
Anne Boyer's daughter, Hazel, recently said.  
The air has run out of the piety market.  
The *res poetica* is material, dependent, and present.

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"Metaphysical blippety-blips  
while sucking candor lozenge?"  
— "The Cosmopolitans"  
Sianne Ngai and Brian Kim Stefans

RECORDING OVER

I might bask for a moment in the departed  
and what's left,  
when gone for a moment, and gone  
for good. The quick traces  
left in the falling  
wake,  
the bedded pause,  
light up and fade of lexical access

carried the crates into the back,  
under the extended eaves.  
Each slat let in a broad channel of air  
to cool the flies gently drawn across the table,  
slowly spreading as if tiny air postulators  
spinning in toward the moon,  
a pile of moons—I mean the fruit,  
fired in idealized shapes.

There are structures in the mind  
beyond emotion, which is very hard to fake, beyond delight.  
You are beaming beyond eros and the actual stuff,  
mohair and camel hair,  
that singed lamb smell, ephedrine  
dried. But you break it for me.

I said I would read “Stare into the Common  
Joy” if I did this, and here, peering  
through the poor circles of an invented scrip,  
\$5 co-payment. Filed  
down to cart height,  
sticking to the stamp,  
bursting into code,  
feeling for the lamp,

I cast aspersions toward complete kinesis,  
but still lay prone to mastoid insult,

salinous and sodden. The air  
makes clear the lost tenting space;  
aestheticized passing out astonished  
little helps, the fairest things  
vanished into unclosed  
smiling air, rotting bosc.  
Into every vacuum seethes someone  
willing to make tiny, horrendous  
orders, the flow itself  
blotted lightly,  
only, when un-  
coagulated, to thicken again at the first sign of movement,  
as if to exhaust itself had been a posture,  
an exceptional position it does not occupy.

Tosses  
thoughts in the air  
like incarnate tennis balls,  
pompeian  
ash come  
to life,  
rushing up too much  
too easily. Porters  
walking tragic,  
shiny buttress flies,  
mirrors under buses,  
papers under flies,

We trade speeches as the B61 blows by  
on Bedford; I stick the speakers  
on either side of the mic  
and cover the mass with a towel,  
losing the pans.

## ERRING ALONE

I was relating it to myself  
and the morning came; I was wild  
restored  
some 450 type-written pages,  
major symbol activities.

Thoughts of death and related contents  
keep careful track of ideation,  
that almost diabolical moral “virtue.”

Removed from contact  
for the first thirty-six hours  
“contamination” for anyone possessing  
psychoanalytic knowledge.

Third of nine born—  
this one stubborn, that one cold  
living  
abroad.

Peculiarities become  
conspicuous  
during the first six to eight weeks—

fixed, rather tense, positions.

A choppy  
at times explosive  
billowing—

a mutinous scramble in the wood;  
a secret career as a drinker  
airing a lone—

*vache.*

The other two,  
rather revengeful,  
to a college in New York City—  
psychiatric lecture on December 5.

Venice in June can be hell  
featured prominently for a time in my dreams  
deposited in a small cupboard-like space  
elsewhere.

A torturous and difficult maneuver;  
a flourishing  
gambling establishment, similarly  
sized department store.

I was slightly excited,  
under the domination and guidance of a milk-  
white star, vaguely  
identified with the patient.

I worked very hard and faithfully;  
I worked apparently for hours at the useless  
task, another fantasy  
clearly recalled.

Miss S., Mrs. Jack Johnson, is clearly  
the mother ideal, photographed with chips and other  
paraphernalia. *Inter alia*.  
5 on red.

Flying in close embrace with a coward  
very much opposed to treatment,  
Mr. K, the voluptuous Jewess, with a pocket  
full of dockets, cessna-ing  
from one luxuriant valley to another,  
points to the hospital.

In a subsequent discussion,  
I tried to treat everyone square;  
I was supposed to be in hell I guess;

They had a language there;  
I'd hear things;  
I couldn't smoke a cigarette or drink water.

This fly I termed a 'Benjamin Franklin'  
fly,  
superhuman  
prowess, precise antics  
on the top of the table.

The parents stubborn, living  
abroad. What  
life with them must have  
been like.

A burdensome  
package  
sheathed in your kindness,  
your willingness to help in even  
the most difficult circumstances,  
a Tarantinan 'Wolf' of my fantasies.

He gave me what is known as the "queen's salute."

Flying rapidly over the surface of the earth  
locked in close sexual embrace,  
luxuriant  
evidence.

If Brian's poetry is what's  
behind all of this, what will  
you think of my sources?

It's the obvious question, as politically  
motivated as "Of Being Numerous,"  
with its plumes of smoke,  
or the anthologizing of the *Todesfugue*.

Relentlessly assertive of truth,  
the try;  
the heartbreakingly freighted arrival;  
the uncompromising, line-broken noun  
carrying the spavined consciousness.

Business relations  
night terrors, temper tantrums, enuresis, etc.

They had become so active  
and were so given  
to standing while in a carriage, or car  
they were burned by turning over  
a container of hot potatoes.

Very nervous and restless,  
they suffered a great deal, resembling  
each other in physique and physiognomy  
strikingly.

My feelings have got swung around.

I was relating it to myself  
and the morning came,  
talked through clothes and automobiles;  
all our actions and talks  
were tensions between us  
meaning this,  
a bolt out.

No, you can't...  
stop that, but...  
I suppose you can choose  
the right time. Number '4'  
to my mind, '4' is sort of a doctor's  
number. I touched the 4-ball.

FOR MY NEW FRIEND, JACK SPICER, WHO COULDN'T SPOT A JEW

I

Just what you would have wanted  
—a collected. But “Foxy-boy  
Sortie” and “Champ by  
and of the Mouth” have been excised.

Your heart turns over  
sends uncharacteristically bourgeois  
demons down

My stuffed animals and your shit bag.

II

The tractatus;

The practicum; the pronouns;

The bedspread dropping to the floor;

The endless texts of the 60s;

At that age, I said,  
“I’m a real tomboy!”

The comforting texts of the 60s

The mail dropped onto the floor.

I yawned back and smelled the pheromones  
on the top  
of my lip.

Beautiful, sensitive  
responsive  
but  
may have a message  
beyond  
a  
small  
clap.



### III

It echoed in the big house,  
the woodpecker knocking his brains out on the dead tree.

Neither child nor nursery be;

Decommission the Irish Sea;

We are certainly free—

sold and bartered on the strand  
yet clearly unfettered—

A door closed. It echoed up the stairs and raised  
the animal's hairs.

There is a slight knocking;  
it is the endless texts of the 60s.

### IV

I read the manifestoes out loud to my children.

I went out of the house. There were leaves on the ground  
and a light rain falling.

In Nottingham the tea goes "Tsk." In Manchester they discuss Man  
United.

I wanted a cozy.

The wood floors echoed after the next operation, which removed me  
from the grass and brought me into the house.

His or her behind  
brave, jocund, unfeeling.

"Batterny batterny batterny, the stones of blarney go—"

## V

Be bop de beep  
the kitty  
and the creep  
outrun allusions

He has always been an obvious thinker  
rigidly attracted to received opinion.

He was an antenna of his era, a transceiver  
delicately tuned to the tenor of his times.

Who are the sons of Bruce, and why do we love them?

## VI

Touched by an anglophone.  
And... I.. .touches... what's-his-name  
put the three ball in the pocket.

Homophonic literature  
seizing upon furniture  
upon the music of my work.

If I can't touch you here in this place  
of near precocity, altruism  
and blindness, and can't furtively catch  
the sleeve of some passing monstrosity  
to what will you chalk up my panic?

The small, hard hairs of chin? The dog's antic  
pull, waxing the sidewalk with leg dips  
and a full-on kiss to the garbage lips?

I reach for your cake, end up with your hands.  
I can't help but feel good, meet all demands.

## VII

Steve,  
the same Steve who appears throughout  
said “we’re having an exchange  
right now” at dinner. I’m giddy right now  
at this powerful allusion, dressed carefully  
for that dinner.

Qently to my chambur in Chambord  
I removed the skis. In alien corn  
under alien skies the French looked at me.  
The floor flooded a quarter-inch  
before the shock  
of lip lock.

## VIII

My beliefs run from  
the tinkling streams to the facile depths  
in the light of several decorums.  
Sitting in men’s chairs  
performing verbal ablutions  
I move in the space of actual hairs,  
avoid the well-heeled stool-sitters  
and head down for a pee.

Comport, belie, tryst  
Lenses, brush, bust  
and dial. Cloy, file and  
tines. Mist, paper, rack  
float.

“So that’s what your back looks like,  
and below, your pants fit right.”

Shirtless  
tight

in the way you move your arms,  
the little

death, the thin straps of your tank,  
a satisfied shrug I can’t mimic.

## IX

I press the bar that makes  
the clock tell the time.  
It's 6:08.

It's a mass-market sunrise.  
Links from the dictionary  
to the fruitbowl. A slight hectoring  
buzz. A mound of folded yawl.  
Seer sucker.

Plink  
of experience.

The small pop of experience.

## X

Connote and commode  
extension from one life into the next  
from comportment to the stocking  
department, from the elevator  
to the shoes.

Boring you with truthful demonstrations  
of melon and softer flesh.

## XI

Shissyfuss puthes  
da wock.  
—Shut your fucking mouth.

Gene says “wiff”  
and I jump.  
Imperthn—

moth  
my mowff

Mima and Matt  
their mother  
impossibly beautiful

“Go Climb a Rock”  
I cld barely  
grip my d—  
at that age.

## XII

Where’s the eros? The real rotting birdy?  
Van Gogh’s “Pair of Boobs”

Until the medium stabilizes  
That is, microtizes,  
Won’t reproduce.  
Xerxes PARC

a sow’s ear.  
a roc’s egg.  
a hero’s welcome.  
a king’s ransom.

### XIII

Language as a model! To think everything through in terms of  
linguistics!  
An unconscious *structured* like a language! Language evolved for  
proximity.  
Will-to-power is bringing others to you! Language is a real thing that  
requires  
you to put yourself in an imaginary relationship to it. The form  
of the poem is  
the poet's body. Blank verse holds Wrdswrth together, with little  
o-rings.  
Sentences are built in expectation of an argument, and assign  
thematic roles.  
Good Will Hunting was a terrific movie about a genius; he took  
things in stride.  
Can X *afford* Y though, as an idea? Dissonance between proximal  
availability  
(‘Little Neck Clams’) and distal unavailability of the poet  
(Little Neck Clams).  
The author widens the scope or shucks the bake for a price.  
You want to ask Matt:  
Why is English so iambically friendly? Because nouns are head final:  
NP —> Det N.

### XIV

Park poetry, social.

## XV

My mother worked at the Magic Circle Bookshop. Before that she had had another boyfriend, named Art, who had a VW bug with a sunroof. He poked his hand out and waved to me as we drove in separate cars to Old Westbury Gardens. The gardens were real; Art was nice.

## TELEMACHIAD

If your spavined, broken-winded horse can't  
clop into town under its own steam  
and gets overtaken by another man's wagon,  
you have to wonder who'll be picking through the porn,  
bowling trophies, frozen chicken boxes  
and half-squeezed bottles of Afrin.

So fucked up on whatever drugs kept you vertical,  
so terrifying in your proppings of me, with giant hairy arms,  
follicles organized in semitic rivulets, you stood;  
“hundreds and hundreds” of women  
leaned behind you as you threw each ball—  
custom drilled, engraved, sixteen pounds—  
putting out. Pretty much all you could eat  
was cantaloupe, and if you ate steak—

So now I'm gently shoveling the dirt myself  
chasing away the morons with the backhoe,  
and if you're watching  
if you want to give me a little nod,  
some sticky phrase translated into COBOL  
and rapped out onto punch cards,

if you are unable to drink alcohol or work for Ira  
by the light of your unarticulated class  
aversions, your inability to reach across  
the table and touch my grandfather's velvet lapel  
tenderly, like a rabbit's ear, or talk substantively  
about analysis or algorithm, though you made the latter  
for a living and performed the former sexually—  
by that light—



This stuff is endless,  
*ex voto*  
*ab ovo*,  
“hyper”  
not “energetic.”

I’m wrenching things into shape,  
but to you I hope  
it’s pretty clear

When my father  
comes into contact with dogwood blossoms  
or a hive  
of cellophane-wrapped Jack Spicer,  
a mummy

I pipe orphically;  
I burst into song;  
I cry at the sight of abject men

The explosive trees,  
quietly popping into bloom,  
pooping on the toilet—  
and those talking birds  
must have been little girls.

Schreber, Schubert, Sch—Don’t touch it!  
Endured countless “honest moments”  
I’m coming into my own!

You're not listening  
and the trees,  
for all their spread,  
couldn't really give  
a crap. But little by little,

the talking birds reassert themselves,  
and Schreber's relationship with his dead  
father resolves into brotherly affection,

before his brother, too, dies and Schreber  
offers himself  
to the rays of God. Lighting farts  
in burnt offering,  
lavishly

firing toward a loved one,  
failing to repress even the faintest of stirrings,  
kicking the crazy door of the jakes,

disbelief about scatology  
turns to eschatology then to ontology,  
the record melts and wobbles slightly on the turntable,  
the bubble turns its mirrors onto the people  
from the mount, essences turn to empires

and all that was  
reduced, unsung,  
bloated,

unrelieve  
-d  
comes pouring out. But  
for  
what? Let

comfort  
unmake  
you.

## NINE SONNETS FOR LATE '90S LITERARY CULTURE

### I The Midwest

Meistersinger grabs the shears,  
hiccup at the fraenum.  
To tell what he sang would  
break the code, force the school of shad  
apart from the other  
American food fishes,  
“the very prop  
on which drapery’s purpose  
hangs.” Warming up  
the cotton with a hot iron,  
the soothing,  
motivating  
muscles  
of our arms.

### II Artist Friends : Poem For McSweeney’s

I wanted to make a video, my matted brown  
soccer-player hair flew, ears  
reddened  
as when in the throes of an actual encounter.

Ingrid spontaneously brought me chicken,  
made fun of my absurd  
mock-Trenchtown stylings  
upon giving notice.  
I had even imagined  
the cabinets.

Several worn flakes of heart  
set to feed the porter.  
Kind basket  
bartle the fisket.

### III Editorial or Publicity: Poem for the New Yorker

Mesmerized by my own life,  
a shower of potential, an alien form  
listing from side to side along the rows of cubes,  
ducking in for humane chat that quickly grows  
oppressive. The move to escape  
family tyranny in fact an exchange for co-workers  
foibles and bile, the phone glimpses, snatches of yells,  
the difference in the level of impingement like being  
in a bunch of grapes instead of part of a melon.  
I like that shirt; my silence at your haircut earns me  
the nickname 'Tacitus' so warm is my implicit approval.  
The pleasure of engaging the electric pencil sharpener  
mitigated by its lack of a shaving sink, a gap where  
the plastic bin, miniature but precisely machined, should be.

You are shorter, you are taller, you are lovely, you are smart,  
you are anxious, you are over your head but thickly blissful.  
Wool crepe so radiant black, blue.  
Gabardine is back too.

### IV Interview Journalism

Always bare-armed, catching cold,  
Keitel torsoes toward the piano,  
wolfs a smoke and drenches half the site in filial  
light and bird-like song, uplifting and tired.  
Dorothy as control freak;  
discovery of Oz as techno-mastery,  
Lleyton Hewitt clutching Kim Clijsters's cross.  
We toss thoughts like painted balls—  
errhumanized, without a title, bouncing up  
the musical, muscled beach with determinate fuzzy digits.  
People throw bread to the birds  
out the back windows of hospitality.  
Adjuncts and attributes violate our condition  
that branches should not be allowed to cross.

V Nostalgic Hypochondria : Double Holiday Sonnet for the New Yorker

It's Christmas so I climb into my bigger car,  
bundle up the newspapers and toss them  
among the husky rocks.

You mentioned Cheops, like bird sounds,  
but I can't quite make the bilabial pop and throat clack,  
though fastidious enough.

Had to go see Leventhal,  
so I figured I might as well see Tesser,  
so I got two referrals from the Walfish,

who nodded when I told him what they were for,  
settle a few old scores.  
GP fans out into trinity.

Nightmare trip across the fragmented ferment  
of the slate gray sky at night,  
or nearing night,

breath rocketing out in unmentionable  
rasps, condensing under the nose;  
I thought then it was a drip

dipping down toward  
the top raw,  
kind of bloody maw.

A little hesitation stepping off the sidewalk,  
a little bread broken into the waveletted life  
of wiry shore birds, coordinated diving, stopping off.

Most's has closed,  
Stern's has dropped its veil  
everything's  
on sale.

## VI Alone Together : Colony

If subordination implies weakness  
then each embedded clause  
adds another bean  
to our febrile sack.

Make the glazier on your back  
take off his shirt, turn over  
the black empathic pitch,  
cool limey pile.

The air,  
heavy with bricks,  
leans toward the van's rack,  
spilling mannequins into the mock Public Garden,  
accepting all equally  
easily.

## VII Ethics : Poem for the New Republic

We are both Jewish like Gertrude and Alice  
and don't practice like them.  
We had to go to that part of the cemetery.  
I suppose it's good that they have one.  
If Louis Zukofsky had died in Paris,  
or had Louis Untermeyer.  
I wonder what Alice had to do when buying the plots.  
Had they bought them together first,  
or did Alice buy them after.  
Or I think it's one plot.  
Anyway, it probably wasn't: *Madame, excusez-moi,*  
*mais ce n'est pas possible d'acheter cet plot.*  
It was probably: *oui, j'ai besoin d'un terrain*  
*là-bas.*

## VIII The Midwest: Double Visiting Lectureship

We allow our attention to spread outward,  
like dropped laundry.

Immune to ideas,  
we pitch our way  
through the sugary  
thickness to an amazing veldt,  
salted rodeo, place  
pointless calls to the hoofy satyr.

Lifting the horn  
with three arresting blasts we ride off.

“Extraordinarily adept,  
the highwaymen  
glide wave-like in fields  
tilled by people with jobs.”

Extraordinarily adept,  
the highwaymen  
glide wave-like  
in fields of unkind,  
sordid endeavor:

“To service the loon we must have proof  
that the markings you put down  
can be pinned to your identificatory tooth,  
once removed. You must be  
undimmed in your affections  
for the secret handshake and shoes,  
for without them we are damned, doomed  
to walk to court without riding,  
completely unable to mount.”



## IX Wallpaper\*

As part of the mix,  
the complexities of academic settings.  
When we got home, the telephone rang.

We punched windows in the side, had to use cutters,  
but they built next to us and chalk flew in the soup;  
they'd hit the water table.

"It's sweet, it's fine," we murmured.  
Young and dopey, our Hope

can't sleep as pea pods get  
crushed, wheat husks threshed for her sister's car seat.

Clamoring for your softique,  
floating spongily on the bed as Rome burns,

"I can no longer see them, far beyond the parapets...."  
Yogurt on hand. Makes a nice caked cream.

## THE LECTURE

First thoughts afford expectations,  
not models exactly (meaning anger  
on account of spurned beauty)  
but errors of the once much admired:  
terrible burnt cork smell, ephedrine dried.  
I get a sense of your wisterity, your hyacinthocity,  
some rant or experience I'm having  
I can't organize myself.  
The merits of having something to work  
out or address, fluctuating grandiosity—  
defensive, elaborated, sequenced.  
Took it out on the Boesendorfer,  
a sort of "An Die Musik" for newly minted  
Adèsian interpreters. Moved the lecture  
from the month of the death to the fall,  
a more wonderfully abstracted memorial,  
fully elaborated material. There were three caskets:  
gold, white gold, silver, platinum, and lead.  
The first contained several Bronzino reproductions.  
The second, if confronted with such a speech,  
flushes out the false notes, a brilliant detection of the pathetic,  
asbestos mixed with plaster for green ceiling burial.  
The three princesses asked for a sound-proofed room,  
three separate alcoves off a common area.  
He chooses the leaden casket—the star of youth,  
"the Pole-star's eldest boy," but let us be content  
with Cordelia, Aphrodite, Cinderella, and Psyche.  
Anyone might make a wider survey, could undoubtedly  
discover other versions of the same theme, preserving  
the same three essential features, completely inner-directed.  
If we have the courage to proceed in the same way,  
the third's certain peculiar qualities might strike us as excellent:  
a flurry of work about 19th century New York; utopia in Frankfurt;  
and something Steve said Mallarmé said ("Mes larmes; they're arming!")  
might make the transference never beaver, take us through  
the next renewal: a nominal easiness that allows a tossing off,  
an unfussy numbness, a tincture shot under derma,  
a blister puck risen to absorb the rays. Perfidy.  
The external factor which may be described  
in general terms as frustration, meaning being unmet,  
stethoscope trumpeting fate in a flush of broken capillaries.  
Substitution, a methadone for the understanding,  
a neo-vagina for the birth-cathected Oedipus,  
the possibility of falling ill arises within limitations  
imposed on the field, despondent prize of accessible satisfactions.  
Frustrated, pathogenic, dammed up and explosive,  
lack of response transforms physical tension into active energy  
toward the external world, eventually exhorting a real satisfaction—  
attainment of aims no longer erotic, realized in men's lives.  
This is the Zurich school, regression along infantile lines  
falling ill, fulfilling the demands of reality. Perfidy.  
Poems as screen memories. An evidential dream.

My crumb my mansion; my stanza my stone.  
Tantalus in brown wood, ceiling beams glimpsed through lathing,  
130 years of roasting and freezing, a cryogenic nursery,  
virulent pastures probably raising a fresh turkey for trussing,  
knowing what we know about butchering and salting.  
Bird fussing. Fertility in a mountebank.

FTP, AT AGE 15

Mirror mirror  
metrical thirds            split into a chorus  
emanating    from a small oracle,  
bludgeoned    by the heart's coracle.  
Bragged about making the loft scene,  
German diaspora.  
Dictated nightly,  
subordinated to the process            and the needs of others,  
which mostly take care of themselves,            albeit with resentment,  
the pretty little shits aren't good enough,            and the bill    in fact arrives,  
drawn by the anthropomorphicized coil  
rejected at the toilet's bottom.  
Just troping—no actual  
first-order content.  
Volk vérité.

I wrote a check, turned back and hovered like a suitor  
over the darkened stool, the cold beef drool,  
the thickness of the poem dependent  
on the transcendent economy.  
The group were fascists  
for booting  
Stu.  
Stick a small,            underpowered bulb between the feet,  
and the first to smash it.  
If there's an unnecessary excitement,  
   go home and relieve the first watch.  
Poke your head into the cake shape,  
leave with flecks cheeked,    brush the mohair.  
In slow motion,            I fell off the chair.  
Managed—

Turned and ran a runnel in the roseate,  
streaming in the flowers,                   courtyarded and protected,  
but still subject to outer influences.  
And after I wanted the tapes in my vault:  
the correspondences are incredible but undiscovered.  
No, you wouldn't prevent me,           but I get a sense of your authority—  
peremptory,   extending the superhuman arm,  
purveying a dignified alienation leavened by private gestures,  
rich sagacious rituals.  
Your process, though, is preserved: 8-sided,  
octagonal yet hilariously  
made nasal,  
corrupted  
by poor  
inputs.

Without access to anything beyond a vague feeling  
of responsibility for materiality,    a chromed-out legacy,  
we remain partnered in this:  
a half-hearted reaching out  
across the milk-  
deprived squad car.  
After a perfunctory exchange and a heated seat,  
took refuge in the playfully odd  
yet certainly masculinist meters of the 70s.  
Menaced by Viktor Frengut daily,  
opened up the drain and saturated  
the faders with the production of poetry,  
toweling my back    before  
the knob clamped  
down.

Ah,  
 I sat drinking my eggcream, no, a blackcherry,  
 no, a cream, curved unmentionable-  
 botabolism, craggy  
 untuskiphant.  
 Wept into the fireplace,  
 watched the desired maternal recoil  
 anchor the backlash, force the remaining members into the living-room,  
 constantly tugging toward mourning.  
 It's all been rehabilitated, but remains troubled,  
 interrupting, popping up in the dark.  
 Grotesquely garlanded and gain-  
 fueled, bragged hex, corn clustered,  
 I have learned  
 to modulate my moules for men.

## EPITHAL-EPISTLE

I would be brilliant; I had nothing on mind;  
passed the mirror a fourth time  
saw the symbols inscribed,  
follicle by follicle. On pointe, then pli  .  
Shave. You loaded each phrase  
with a rhetorical gesture  
so rich, any recasting of mine  
would seem purposeful, clumsy.  
The more I stare at the photo  
the more it gives up. Brush. Pack.  
Little bits of toast; small Francophile wants;  
aristocratic filth; tines; Daddy's letters;  
Nolan's towels. This summer we lived  
in a kind of spiral and the world was ours.  
When we separated in the physical sense  
our world of together impressions and reactions  
was put in abeyance.  
After last week's running around,  
as long as we're together and actively close,  
we're not going to be ecstatic all the time,  
it was sort of riotous yet of course not insurmountable.  
Joy; Aqua Velvum; Aviator; Nolan's towels.  
Passed the mirror a fourth time,  
saw the symbols inscribed,  
follicle by follicle. Baroque detail.  
When we were together our plans  
for the future were almost materialized;  
since we jumped from summer to summer  
it shows up in sort of a grasping way. Then pli  .  
Because of the physical distance between us,  
these feelings have become more and more latent.  
The world is full of people, of love, of aspirations,  
of hopes, of fulfillment, of values, of us—the real us.  
We feel a more subtle kind of pressure,  
the pressure of boredom, frustration, and another kind.  
Saturday nights every once in a while it becomes  
unbearable, clouds our world a little.  
We have to adjust ourselves to it,  
until we can blossom again in a lucid, clear world;  
until we're together again in 19 days  
and can respire, take things in,  
yoke and un-yoke, make the horse's path  
around the wheel describe, venn-like,  
more and more with each mis-trajected clop.  
Tines. Mud-spattered steel.  
I wish you were here, I were there,  
or just that we were together.  
You are the freshness, the joy the love, the beauty,  
the purpose of my life.  
It seems almost instinctive;  
even if you and I meet in N.Y.  
or you come here, I really feel like

it is me who's coming home to you—  
You are home. There are larks  
in the trees and a sort of tremendous  
buoyant air that lifts off the tops of the grass,  
forms a current and seeps ardently through the screen,  
presses against the walls and my back,  
as if you were coming up behind me.  
Or the upset, septuagenarian poet who might have written  
any of this if my father hadn't tried in 1962. Shave.  
"Of course you can put that stuff in...  
just don't be *mawkish* about it."  
Bruce said that but I doubt he'll like this,  
another powerful allusion.  
Finally put in a satisfactory day's work  
am really feeling all invigorated—  
if the courts were shoveled,  
I would've played a little tennis.  
The more I stare at the photo the more  
it gives up. Unconsciously loaded  
and read for rhetorical gesture,  
a sense of who falling over at the podium,  
or the bathroom. I'm not throwing  
any purple passion around now  
for I want your company,  
I want to be with you and talk to you.  
I think it's wonderful we can  
both be productive individuals  
(encrowned, rooster, king for a day, crust).  
I've been looking for a place to show  
some emotion around here,  
a stable field to pull your pants off  
a ringing endorsable Dorsey  
a fabulous price for those skis.  
I keep getting tripped up;  
you overwhelm even the slightest pressure toward closing,  
Your surprising amplex  
Your surprising me  
Your under-the-sandbox penchants.  
In between I started to write but got interrupted,  
started over & over; should get off though  
without a penalty. Oh, I think I've  
figured out what you are sending me. Whatever it  
is, though, I'll adore and treasure it.  
Not in a way where I tell you every minute  
nor even feel it, the person whose voice can lift  
any despair or discouragement within me,  
whose body is the only one that fits in my arms  
and returns all the love  
that I have. There are hundreds of millions  
of ways that we'll be one—  
every one. *Winterreise*, *Atomizer*,  
Glazunov, and Barraqué.  
I'm very, very proud of us darling,  
and what we're doing.



It's hysterical and hits home  
on a problem which I mentioned,  
the space about seven feet square  
that drops all the way down from the fourth floor  
to the first between the stairs. Unfortunately,  
all I want to do now is hold you in my arms  
and love you but that'll be soon  
and we're pretty strong  
(just about the strongest of loves I'd say)  
and it's not long and it's infinitely worth it.  
You probably came across the same piece as I  
in today's *Times* Magazine:  
can talking really change the wiring?  
Readings make feelings material?  
Drugs break bad loops? On pointe. All I can say  
is you have to get in the mood of miracles,  
not in the way that it's a conscious  
thing but in a quiet way. Then plié.  
But this institution, perhaps one should say enterprise—  
privilege accorded for possibility foreclosed?  
Care publicked and property shared  
with facilitated recognition?  
Intense love promise? Breeding algorithm?  
Morbid, pale, clumsy, shy? Lights in the garden.  
Flowers from the market. The more I—  
By the end of the evening I was quite bloated on everything  
and here I am with droopy eyes and clouded brain.  
Blame flew all over. If I had walked out into the snow  
after you—net-white, strung in perfect squares—  
you would've seen me from far off:  
I was wearing my red jacket;  
I was upset and knew you were too.  
When you told me you had been crying then  
I felt awful but knew we could make things right,  
that we were right.  
As we grope up, less afraid,  
from the shattered poetic pony of adolescence,  
to try to be public,  
to woo it kindly,  
delicate gold hands moving slowly,  
how beautiful to be speaking,  
to continue to bound unmolested,  
feeling the slide of heel in boots,  
the little tongue running  
in the champ magnétique.  
Precious! I actually asked the sun—like a muse's  
Father—that if ever I'd done well beneath him,  
or sang the thing that mote the mind delight,  
not to refuse whatever it is I'm offering,  
and let this one day be ours,  
with all the rest for him. Brilliant.  
Have you been snooped on?  
Feels funny the other way round,

you and your immobilized  
Jimmy Stewart proclivities!  
Everything seems charged;  
Had a little trouble sleeping  
in my new bed and surroundings,  
needed and missed you as I will  
for only two more months;  
have woken up the last two mornings  
with the material of myth:  
femme-erectations, homme-boners, little bits of toast.  
We do have very wonderful things to look back at  
and more wonderful things ahead  
but most of all the present—  
our love, now, is most wonderful.

ALMOST AGAINST ARCHAISM

Laden  
sodden  
beautific  
bust-balls  
vaulty  
bituminous  
anguish

busts the darkened earth,  
roves over necessity's  
nestiture,

while symphonic ideals  
wander over the rocks  
in loose groups  
reacting at will, refusing  
to take in the resilient materials,  
five hundred parts per million,  
colloidal asphyxiates.  
Neurasthenic clings  
paradoxically dislodge affection,  
which floats heavily in June humidity,  
sinking in pulvery soft silica  
la lune Verdinal.  
Passion hasn't swerved to works of weakness,  
except for the time they took  
each other somewhere and breathed  
things at each other, didn't  
say anything, hardly even looked,  
getting colder with each moment clasping  
furiously  
daisy—O,  
We must dare to live or doe,  
ambling by grasses, will nuzzle  
the fuzzy numbkin ravine-ward, spill  
the snuffling coil  
down to bang against  
Dover's Dovells, chiming  
indiscriminately.

So I hold commerce  
with the dead, encountered by chance,  
stuffing the mordant pants  
necessary for the pining  
life's accoutrement,  
exploring only the musts:

structure,  
acquisition,  
use,  
medium—

but not

another  
word.

Now  
the king  
is in his counting house,  
bent lovingly over the sink  
lavishing attention on himself;  
the rubble dust flies  
off each heel as I slide along  
the path in shimmering skeins,  
bladerly, step-like, describing  
a one-in-front-of-the-other thickness,  
catching flashes of your countenance  
in the wet leaves that reflect my own face,  
partial clone.

The failure  
is beautiful—  
angelic anguish,  
soft honesty;

you  
punch me repeatedly  
where I have stuffed  
a pillow.

Two yolks  
stare up dumbly,  
seem broken up with laughter,  
insane guffaws.

False piston  
run. Little  
never hit  
intended men.  
No eros in  
ideas.

The feeding  
was too short  
and too little—  
this jack,  
jerk, poor  
goatherd

can't  
sandle  
the ton-  
sil, won't  
pash  
the inquiry.

Form as patent-holder,  
a bedded  
infinity;

stubble fields,  
dead  
cypress,

a marshy  
morass.

## I LOVE SYSTEMS

I love systems; corporations exploit systems and deform them to channel capital. I love habits; capital destroys habits so that implements must be replaced, which requires further raw materials to be drawn and further labor added, and fetishization and idealization to be the main quality of cathexis. I love cathexes; people murder and hurt one another because their drives have been pushed into fucked up images or ideas, either by genetic predisposition or by a variety of family pathologies, psychological or physical abuses, that often stem from economic factors, but cross class lines and can express themselves in large-scale non-egalitarian modes of power, as well as in their more familiar manifestations within the living space, a determiner of roles among those sharing it. Neglect, a pathology, results when unstructured time, which is now a kind of structure, is eroded by capital, which requires labor in order to accumulate, via the insinuation of value into cathexis as a result of consumerism, and not consumption, which is necessary. Even when actually coming into contact, people carry distorted images which they bring to their chosen objects, and they hurt these objects, which are people, because such images represent strong cathexes and demand to be reproduced. People also create systems specifically to coerce people into exchange, to force them to play prescribed roles which have real psychological and material realizations. These systems draw energy from libidinous dementias, from partially destroyed cathexes, and result, at best, in exchanges whose participants are profoundly alienated and which are mediated, however indirectly, by money, which was itself created when the direct comparison of the values of goods proved impossible, and is the basis for city life, a kind of idealization, which seems to be preferred by artists because of the kind of social contact it allows, because of the care that its infrastructure evinces, or has remnants of, and because of the kinds of work it affords. There is a little time to write. I am paid per hour for my cube labor, which involves writing, a “shit where I eat” problem, since writing is one way to resist the incursions of capital. But I am an agent. I love systems; they are but structures for action, for encounter and exchange, and come to life only when taken up, providing terms for decisions, terms that should be able to be accepted and used or rejected and reformed but are not, but yet not all of them are corrupt, although the rate at which they are corrupted as they arise, meaning those systems that do not have to do with law or state or corporate power, the lag time in which they are allowed to hang, poised and expressive, is shorter and shorter, as the movement of capital has become more and more efficient, part of which is due to computers, though studies dispute the actual gains. Systems must be changed from within by agreement or destroyed by revolution, which means destroying sets of images and the people who carry them, which is accomplished by agents, who are people, and replaced by other systems, but distorted images linger as traces embodying former sets of terms, in books and in pictures, in buildings and in testimony to be discovered and recovered, or reproduce themselves through genetic predispositions triggered by abuse. Power itself forms a current wherever there is more than one agent or its image, so that in the absence of state power or enforced legislation, which often appears to itself as a coherent, logical system directed at a collective good, but can also appear, even to itself, as an organized and perpetual structure for murder, in its absence, arising when one or another group, concentrated in a locality, has the power of enforcement without the rule of law, which is just as often abused, the results seem to be worse, as we know them from books and images, recordings and translations. Some argue that this is the case in parts of the world of which I have no right to speak, especially being a subject in a state that creates and acts on the indirect or direct demands for their exploitation, particularly in terms of labor power and raw materials, and in terms of culture and in terms of peoples’ bodies, their very lives. In the U.S. itself ideas and images have been, within some formations and often involuntarily, replaced with a more subtle brutality taking the place of the old, overtly physical and more directly linguistically transmitted subjection. There will always be exchange, the question is how to structure it, what system to use. People have been coerced into habits and cathexes that lead, directly and indirectly, to the exploitation of others, but

this exploitation and its results are hidden from consumers, who must participate in the system or perish, ceasing to exist within recognized or vigilantly maintained alternative social formations, dying, though there will be a day when to be a consumer will not be a pejorative, for there will always be consumers as long as there are exchanges, and there will always be exchanges, but for now the exploitation and its results are hidden, so that responsibility for consumption is made impossible by more active participants in the systems, who produce them and produce the images of them, and work to shunt the capital into calibrated sinks, or accounts. Those with ideas for more efficient or transfixing systems can either work for corporations, or strike out on their own as entrepreneurs within legally defined structures, a decision which is represented as a kind of freedom. There are magazines that cover, that reproduce with words and pictures using raw materials plus labor power, including packaging and delivery, the imagining and actualizing, the building and maintaining, the reacting and the prescribing of system creation, cover it from the idea or image stage to the addition of capital, which allows systems to materialize, literally, and to shunt the needs, habits and cathexes of people, who put their money into weighted exchanges that concentrate it with the corporation or entrepreneur, which as a legal entity has discretion as to how and when it will again appear in the public domain. Often, because of psychology, and, currently, because of poorly theorized neo-evolutionary demands, capital is concentrated and passed down among those whose genetic bases are most similar. I personally have benefited from this system in myriad ways. When my father became sick with Hodgkin's Lymphoma, he and my mother, 27 and 26 respectively, if age affects decision-making, took out a 100,000 dollar policy on his life, on which they were, with the help of other family members who had accumulated capital, able to meet the very high monthly payments as his condition worsened, and then improved, until his sudden death on May 15, 1974, after which the policy was paid in full to my mother. This policy was a partial image of the labor power represented by my father and reflected a bet by a corporation against his early death; that the labor he did, which was adjusting the habits and cathexes of people who were not able to function completely and efficiently within the system, arguably serving the ends of capital as well as of those, more directly, whose suffering he worked against, was not relevant. The apartment in which I live, in which I write this and which I own with my wife, who is 28, was bought with money directly generated by the investment of money from that policy, by the further accumulation of capital that resulted from the payment being committed to certain corporations, including Merck, Thermo Instrument, and Archer Daniels Midland, of which I had fractionary ownership, and is itself, the apartment, a form of accumulated wealth, though its exchange value is dependent, like currency, on the market and easier to pass in the U.S. to people with similar genetic material or with whom legal relations are permitted. Writing this is a form of narcissism, now in wanting to insert myself in a debate over a magazine, but originally as a reaction to answering a questionnaire, which asked for certain cathexes and, indirectly, economic conditions to be named, thus aiding a kind of class consciousness; since the naming recalled an image or idea of a "life," as a life is a construct made up of representations of decisions plotted over time and intimately bound up with the control of capital, the commonality of the terms of which led to narrative conventions, the questionnaire established a basis for comparison with the decisions, cathexes and degrees of control of the participants, all of whom are at least acquaintances through text-based exchanges. The expression of my cathexis with an image of my father, here and elsewhere "in my work," can be said to be a luxury afforded by the capital that I accumulated as a result of his death, although the cathexis would remain, I feel, regardless of the amount of capital involved since it was not known to me, conceptually let alone with numeric specificity, when the cathexis formed, which allowed a kind of cathetic purity that is often idealized, the image of love pointed toward transcendent value, one that can trump the market, within literature and most religions, and within many actual lives, if I can speak of them, other than mine, but writing depends on material conditions unattainable in most. If I am allowed to speak of your life, a set of decisions plotted over time, it is a form of exchange; because of certain histories of

exploitation, the subject position created by my relative control of capital and my physical characteristics encounters quite forceful and correct barriers to exchange in various contexts. Though they are often portrayed as protecting images of sets of physical characteristics or images of set of habits, called race and culture, gender and sexuality, such barriers are forms of resistance to the incursions of capital, because capital tries to keep as many of its mechanisms as possible hidden, including labor, a transcendental category, in that in most climates one cannot live without working or paying or forcing someone else to work, so that capital, an image or meme carried by people, makes use of psychological prejudice as part of its hidden mechanisms for exploiting labor; it blurs into such habits and cathexes comfortably and easily, through other ideas and images, and attaches itself to them without dissipation or diffusion, as well as targeting the barriers resistance to such images provokes. To target these incursions via economic analysis is the "class trumps race" theory, which can be extended to other categories, and which when implemented led to the splintering of the left in the late 1960s in the U.S. and to the attempted recovery of origins, previously subsumed by the promise of reform and of a better life, both of which are images, origins and promises, though when lived attain the status of memory and experience, testimony and impression, and then out to the endgame of economic self-justification. Such analyses are abstracted so as to locate the systemizing terms at work, finding them in appeals such as "France for the French," which paradoxically allows a majority within a locality to feel that their genetic material benefits from redistributive action, though the complications of having 3,000,000 post-colonial citizens, if I may speak of them, particularly as a Jew, since Jews have been closely associated with the market and demonized via that association by Christians and others, leading many to convert or to become adherents of Marx, a son of converts who conceived of class consciousness as the royal road to revolution, but the presence of those citizens in France has led, because of the contradictions it heightens in certain images and ideas, to the creation of parties such as the National Front, which tries to define what the French part of "France for the French" might mean, and has certain distorted cathexes with that idea, though anyone can shop at Fauchon if clean. Similar movements exist. Class does not always seem to trump race, or gender, or sexual orientation, though this may still turn out to be the result of false consciousness, which most often today is applied to consumerism, and there is no right of return, a material re-creation of images, for anyone. Some theorists believe hetero- and homosexuality to be chimeras created by capital, and believe race and gender to be so as well, though one does not hear the latter spoken of as lifestyle choices, and medical research continues into their bases.



## THE SONG FORM AS REFLECTIVE OF ACTUAL INFRASTRUCTURE

White shoe. Everyone banding together and putting up  
temporary walls, scaling down the visions they brought to the city.  
Some, defeated but still active, wanted to get the word out,  
squadron-style. "He was Superman 20 years ago,"  
someone noted, "to introduce the idea of voyeurism right from the start,  
so that the wares were less interesting than the unfolding action."  
So inclined were the guests to dream and loiter,  
fester within a purplish bit of patriotic verse (the antithesis  
of early '30s cosmopolitan cool) that there were no masses.  
There was a skeleton crew.  
All roads may lead to Rome, Rhône and Saône,  
Paris and Pittsburgh. That was the Bayou Blaster.  
This is the Allegheny Augmentation.  
If the roof is wood, you can actually see the spots of Red Man  
where the workers had spit the juice.  
Rain, ices and family services,  
massive but unobtrusive steel and concrete,  
shingles, crackings down, exchanges with schools in Spain,  
spectra of blonde wood: The casual visitor  
remains unaware of the causal chain,  
the microwave soup burnt mouth.  
They smelt my breath.  
Stop eating so much, fuckball.  
But which communities, leaning toward \$BHMS, \$CSCO, or \$CSX,  
are likely to be considered magnets for the young?  
Upward, upward, upward, the untergang knocked  
my block off, then chunked in some of their own.  
If the roof is wood, cease fire, tammany hall's a liar,  
can, can stand, as man can, stand, as a man can,  
stand and fight or fidget, doll or dive down and stay down,  
under hand-hewn timbers floated down the Colombia or Snake,  
then removed to Breuer's breadbox for the inblasting of the dome.  
Reactions to toys predict behaviors but not contexts.  
The plusses and minuses redacted by dotted lines—  
your Biedermeier plaything was gloriously phantasmal,  
but who are you? There's more, more however,  
more masters, that, cracked,  
were made for dancing in their original form  
outside the organization, Giorgio Moroder in Munich.  
What's at stake is reunification in Germany, the three  
male faces of liberty, what's technically called "connection"  
in the orphaned Alpine land.

Keeping the elderly in the towns they helped build, descanting en masse,  
subsidized even if they can't get the notes out—totally humane.  
There are still jobs in Germany, but they refuse to get in the car,  
or leave the house. Must play the piano in octaves,  
hands spread, clicking through mechanically.  
Not so many Americans are coming; no one's internalizing anything.  
Sets of boots trounce the royal nickname, rejected by several revelers  
who laugh at the host, but continue to snuff the coke.  
I can't believe they're paying me to sing;  
I'm having such a good time.  
Recorded music, the promise of steady work,  
the hegemony of the American singer—  
a tone that's languorous but unflinching, an elocution superb,  
raw but somehow smooth, youthful yet somehow worldly.  
The *sucre* simplifies most transactions, worldly attractions.  
A hidden ground of an earlier era suddenly becomes more visible,  
now surrounded by flowers, staunch loyalists.  
Tomorrow's actually a holiday, if implicitly stagy. Willful and terrible.  
We have to interpret your movements, given  
those discontent stuffed  
with the beauty of others.

## LAMENT FOR ADLER

I  
wanted  
an organizing principle,  
the dovebar or the love bear, or  
something we'll later have to pick  
out of our pubes. *Gemeinschaftsgefühl*.  
I typed a disgusting talk on the pillowcase,  
fell down as the Baron faded as distance greened.  
Later lazily switched helmets,  
breathed your phero-binomials,  
senses so alert as to be able, little demons, to sort the molecules  
by ruling-dominant, getting-leaning, and so forth,  
the acrid yellow like a flowery shock to the stem wet with chlorhexidine gluconate,  
sodden percale allergen miele cheese cloth encounter. Fits of passion  
collected into small looks, collected again, delayed, issued, left out. Value is feelings.  
This is something.  
Hit the irresistible common  
cultural stock proves luminous; but the incredible richness of "Ramblin',"  
Guthrieloaded and Birdflit, is rightly inaccessible,  
though the reverberations  
of saying so threaten to crush the poem. Self-medicating. Small does and doses and does.  
I broke into the cot,  
the bedroom the attic,  
as the moon's dive touched the house's tip,  
the bed's topmost knobs and stays. And I had  
a thought:  
honesty  
about  
materials,  
that social feeling  
spurring  
the terror of production,  
untoward steaming up of cheap paradisical farmhouses.  
He helped me make a few adjustments,  
set a goal from which to expect some  
end, agitated for my dismissal  
from the *Zentralblatt*.  
I twisted and turned,  
finally came up with the strangely worded statement  
*Du bist natur einen Tod schuldig*.  
Fourteen people  
were carried off by the dream's yellow flood, but the bed remained  
a protective channel  
deposited by an unseen collective hand,  
rising sharply in response to the goading cheeks of youth.  
I could reproduce it perfectly.  
On my walk  
stuffed

Ponge in my pocket,  
intending to pay later, not to touch  
the dirty coin while in such a heightened state. Wandervögel  
sodajerker somaticization, deutunged diaspora,  
compressing and deferring familial revelations, determinant clusters,  
radiant nodes that must be removed like adenoids.  
Speaks it proudly, holds, and then the abyss, and the immensity  
lightly rest on that dead form that  
lightly here had drained the dew that  
lit my face that bent the spoon—  
The trend is bigger,  
but an index isn't a mirror of activity;  
it doesn't feel good,  
but neither does disbudding.

THE HILLS OF DUBLIN AND CZERNOWITZ (NOW CHERNOVTSY)  
AS RENDERED IN THE FRENCH AND GERMAN OF THE AUTHORS

And so I saw A and C, Gross and Klein, go slowly towards each other, unconscious of what they were doing, went and came, quiet, quiet up there in the mountains, strangers to each other, les deux pays qui pourraient débattre ensemble des grands défis qui intéressent la planète.

Despite problèmes survenus en Extrême-Orient, sans relation avec les problèmes traités par l'OTAN, domaine audiovisuel en Europe, Hubert Védérine received his Japanese counterpart, Yohei Kono, at the Quai d'Orsay, and welcomed Japan's resolve:

"You've come a long way, have come all the way here..."  
"I have. I've come, like you."  
"I know."

Without seeing them I felt the first stars tremble, and above one or the other of them, A or C, Gross or Klein, malgré des déséquilibres, les relations connaissent un développement radical et accéléré.

Une version française avec deux nouveaux chapitres sera publiée vers le mois de mars et j'invite le public francophone à en prendre connaissance. Celan's "Conversation in the Mountains" (1959) some relation to Beckett's Molloy (1951), and both to The Grand Illusion (1937).

Nationalization on recognizing A and C, Gross and Klein. I am in fact interested in your language as an instrument of liberty.

Do I have to say: *Votre langue m'intéresse...*  
Can I say: *Je m'intéresse à...*

Votre langue, instrument.

Excess has always signified ambiguously: beauty, hidden labor, waste, abandon, death. The red poppy itself is a truly French flower, sauvage mais doux, comme l'épanouissement de l'arbre qui fait des cerises, which for the Japanese evokes the shortness and beauty of life. Ces couleurs, red for Japan and blue for France, imitate the tricolor, but in reverse.

Another medium targeted par quelques hauts fonctionnaires are mangas, the popular Japanese comic strips. A number of such authors have been invited to France, so that the future adventures of their heroes can be set in France, for example during the Tour de France, in the little-known world of French wine, or spent nuclear fuel processing via COGEMA. J'aimerais me familiariser avec les langues régionales, anything

to enter the daily lives of French people, “Le Japon, c’est possible.”

France must in fact free itself from constraints imposed by established values and convey a simpler and more approachable set of images. The cycle « Agnès B. likes cinema » will feature *The Crime of Monsieur Lange* by Jean Renoir (1935), *Le Plaisir* by Max Ophüls (1952), and *L’Eau froide* by Olivier Assayas (1994).

On arrival, the city presents its layered synchronous face, looking past Drancy and La Corneuve.

The museum, the timed carnival, unrolls like punched piano stock.

The earth folded up here, folded once and twice and three times, opened up in the middle, the water green, because I ask you, for whom is it meant, the earth, not for you, I say is it meant, cat, huitres & the smiling skate in « La raie » of Chardin, or the rounded pyramid de pommes with parrot and Brittany spaniel—I mean my hand, what I wish to speak of now, moved with a kind of longing indolence which rightly or wrongly seemed to me expressive.

The pink central knot floats with clockwise trails to the northwest and southeast in Fragonard’s belle et grand omelette d’enfants, sending out sexual vibes from their uncomfortable menage so that they may be born and achieve individuality, differentiation. Face à cette nouvelle situation, le présence d’un nouveau candidat, M. Horst Köhler, du B.E.R.D., le Japon a décidé de retirer son candidate avec l’espoir d’un leadership fort au sein.

Techno-Impressionism is the last art movement of the 20th Century and usually involves intellectual defenestration, in the sense of Deleuze and Debord, thrown by the same force and then immediately taken up, as when the crews approach and, according to dictates that hardly signify, bag remains. Mit den Händen sehen.

Reason as instrument for numberless small hands; ‘Gross’ as fully apprehensible by the senses; humanity a limited bandwidth with constant capacity, while the breadth remains to be defined, a flag signifying all beneath—etude de mains: uncommissioned, sewn.

The people who fell in love with that particular aspect of France are now over fifty, moral authorities for downgraded positions, agency afforded by small decisions, the relief of being listened to, leaned into quietly, ordering food and having it brought, completely imaginable, observers incredulous, watching as, at a corner table outdoors, the citizen leans forward and picks up the cigarette, which had been resting,

and takes a long pull into the mouth, the smoke a round pulled slightly back and prepared for full exhalation—a fast thin stream remaining insensible, constrained by stone buildings quarried from beneath beds long forgotten.

This time, then once more I think, then perhaps a last time, then I think it'll be over, and with that the world, like poor lily, poor corn-salad. Seen in the city that produced them, A or C, Gross or Klein, in relative quiet, lapine mort et attirail de chasse, lièvre mort avec poire à poudre et gibecière. I see it, I see it and don't see it, le lièvre mort face la lapine morte, lapine au pierre, lièvre sous bois; Jean-Bernard Ouvrieu and his wife opening the doors to their residence as a point between nations; me here, stood against a lying word, a dirty third, or else finally that here I had to do with two moons, both as far from the new as from the full, a pile I took and used for my advance. Irresistible to project oneself back to a point alone with the state, irresistible to imagine oneself into being alone naturalized.

## LILIES IN BEDS TAKE CONTROL OF THE DEAD

Wednesday

Mowed vs. unmowed areas. Flower bed.  
To hear the nut break with a crack and thump,  
slight pain in the lower back, crow  
caw. Route 230 by-pass, not new  
sentient autohagiograpes, side-long  
glance from a full-packed van. Lilies fading  
and lilies verdant, ant crawl, the three  
trees' twining and purling—whose  
belongs to each, who can't be teased?  
Stuck in the chair. Dead branches hang on.  
Clear-cut stretch of waterblastic embronia.  
Apple trees distant, trunk of oldest concrete  
back-filled, phloem through  
the hollow. Bronchorragia.  
Cat pill, cute, caleb, lieb, lank, lunk.  
Small planned bush. Dead leaf strew, high grass  
catching branches uncaught stirring  
striving vine. Veal siding.  
Cheap van. Fly down. Indistinct  
grass grove, small coppery berry  
bund, stray beech whistle, mourning  
dove passel dive. Shift so back  
legs can wrap chair legs, disproveable gravel  
spray, uncomfortable unapproach. twelve ninety-five,  
the mall in Washington already too crowded, truck  
supine. "Frozen returning from visiting."  
"Frozen..." 1813. Several broken but not  
desecrated. Fort Lauderdale trembles  
along the coast, forces boats up  
the intercoastal through Bass Harbor,  
Seal Harbor, Swans Island,  
Cranberry Island and further  
ununiversalizables. Affords apples,  
the trees' round arches bearing  
the red-bottomed fruit and full  
cottony leaves, fenced round, o,  
second pass rounder, squat fuller, littlest fecunded,  
small transformer resistor, caw, and caw,  
small grey visoring wagon, pickup  
with mower's stainless angled poke.  
Hum. AC low. Fiberglass cracks seabind  
white. Gravel seems dumped, mailboxes,  
dual-function tri-colored patriots,  
the slip of smooth clear blue, no waste  
so vacant. Must or urine soaked be break  
the flowered husk vent the bottomed  
tea. Gerry's pipe suddenly on hand, snuff,  
gone wicked puff, the gum chewed against nicotine,  
x-es tattooing the scalp for proper aim.  
Nine doctors make San Francisco surrealists  
suffer seal yawp bicoastally, the entire



room in stitches to tell the truth. Dig  
down denizens, dog, dap, dab, damp, dump, dose.  
Car cross. Heavy Chevy Volvo bevvv.  
Nut top found in water crushed in pocket  
cooks the mint bees frozen. Confixor  
confessor. Long shuttering ham to tractor.  
In head life plow. Supperating fin  
tam tom. John Revolva. The moor,  
anemic corn, hard top. Came from tap  
to jazz—capezio cloud, cap, tights, bottled  
lethe lap, longing look, sssp. Yellow  
aspen smock. Crow hits branch hard,  
pronging back and forth on fallow  
barkless beam. Orange cab lilies sway.  
Smarm collective.

Thursday  
Pull that ad. Add the ab I ablated. Bed of lilies.  
There aren't two r<sub>s</sub> in patisserie honey bunny.  
The fence is bent, wire mesh, washed by water  
drops, rusting the upper threads with acidic  
spurl. A sole flag flaps over light mud  
grave. White Mercedes van-like, rather  
steel grey. Locked in a look with me. Drop  
in tension. The green drilled stakes stook  
the circle out, thicker when set. Endless  
occurrences afford sustained conscious acts,  
cursive on the leaves, symbols scratched  
on third International whiz green, related Valiant.  
The route a by-pass, the sun a sink. A single  
engine torquing eddies of air, bumping  
ventrally the glass cove; one tree's  
stripped, another's mossy. A clump of bushes  
also seems planned. The soft mountains,  
the hard backs of the trees that describe  
their arcs. Raise my g&t to the blue Subaru,  
causing eye contact conflict encapsulated  
levinasically. Red stump, basal butterfly.  
These responses are all mine.

Friday  
Aquamarine Jetta pass, fast. Ant drop,  
no thump unless majorly amplified, unless  
an ant. Covered in marjoram orally, baked  
naked. Crickets chirruping Englishly.  
Coals glowing fiendishly, splattering nitrites.  
Moss patches like paint. Long  
bed of lilies and grasses,  
tender sentry of the drive. Sole fir. Tick-  
less. Crunch repeated crunch. Stir.  
"The small sabbath of the leaves"—Lousse's  
garden, ain't you aiming to reach it, aw  
caw blow by brow back. Early spotting blue Ford,  
turned over old boat, red Chevy mute and still,

small outcropping by base is not weeds. Poles  
unchanged since telegraph times. Crickets  
gathering (force). Broken-off treated wood.  
Green Suburban-like, then blue Subaru taken on  
the rise, eyelock and then release. The chair's  
afforded sightlines altered. Mossy mostly interred  
stone, partial visage, moon faces, stick bedecked.  
Canoe-topped green Suburban, white Ford  
boat trailing pick-up, dark Lumina.  
Setting sun frames ancient mostly erect  
apple tree, actual MG roadster.  
Clump of lily-like flowers. Picking up the  
pickup through the three-twined torsos,  
seemingly in Matisse-like motion. Can't  
give up for cold. Yellowed leaf. Fine  
brown on otherwise green. Febrile swamp  
maple, brackish unextended unapproach  
must unreproduceable be. The line  
of higher and lower grasses,  
desiccated bed-like  
signals to the tired body as the thin stella  
plane emerges, plain milk-like,  
chorusing garishly toward no note.  
Left impressions. Lengthen  
legs, shift lap, lenchen.  
Can't wait, Jøtul,  
must go, murmurs  
inside, unbasking  
tide, knife  
slap on board.

SNOW

I called; I  
held; I feel  
difficultly.

True remarks  
course through  
closed cans,

cloven  
low clowning, cave  
and cape;

proprietary  
flat  
flake.

## ANOTHER SIDE OF CLOSURE

### I

Sunday stultifications make poor poetry;  
until it's happening for me  
a certain phase of my life might just be over.  
All partial demands merge  
into a single demand, a given archaism  
from the standpoint of some particular critical

specialization.  
Reintroduction into a particular struggle;  
an all-encompassing idea at the whim of the individual  
makes Mary's bowl of shells diverse and diffuse.  
Embroidered my stipend and put it up;  
justified each allusion with an organic form  
so compelling, it smacked me across the face and documented the welt itself with Jen's polaroid.

### II

"Transactional knowledge" makes  
the two place predicate show up at Bernstein's birthday  
as imagined revenge swells the mind's miscellany.  
Ethical requirements can readily be thought of as commands,  
holding the head to the ice and sticking  
the res extensa pat.

Pissing on the rails loosens everything up  
but passing hours can't dampen the page.  
It's a reactionary emotion, the mark of a morality in chains,  
further foreshortening the frozen cogito aureole.  
No discernable difference in musicality,  
generationality  
destroys the lingering shtetl sheen, references  
the best explanation to tighten the latent lugs.

### III

Pleasure is a terrible metric;  
emancipation is endlessly deferred;  
the ethical turn so sickening as to put  
Morrissey to meat.  
Hired someone to cook the curry,  
a hi-res blanching of the vegetables,

a coeval curveball  
impressing commands  
with each soft landing on the pitch.  
The silty  
dripping, drop-  
ped headstock,  
awful foreboding ritual, amazing pulloffs  
into the shared space of the rug.

#### IV

Nice things. Nice things.

Our planet has a big, dead moon like yours,  
spots on the sheets, and viscous mailboxes—fa fa  
fat blue seedy domes—cararapacesararay,  
untraceable source.

Patient analyst,  
poem session.

Bee haven, paeanuts,  
excreting hornden,  
grand gallumpf.

Mope  
your way past me into the group grope—  
p,t,k  
b,d,g.

#### V

The boozehound laid off the sauce,  
got the tattler and the spectator  
in cathooks, while I was taken  
to Jesse's basement to prepare the astronauts for launch.  
The doll got a smart frock; I got permanent vertigo,  
heated exchanges in the back of the Bonneville.  
Flipping through *Bilious & Frisbee*  
I browsed,  
I dowsed and quivered,  
I was doped, denatured and sprayed.  
The nose of the horse tips down as it reaches  
the end of an arc. If you don't believe I have a fever  
I'll drag it out again. Someone  
has to pay for Grandpa's Caprice.

#### VI

Blent banners hung yellow,  
white, breezed in off the shore,  
undippable where the surfeit would stick,

sheer and clear, skin-like.  
I brought in the buckets of donuts,  
coffees light and sweet and light and black and regular,  
coffees hot and wedged into the paper tray,  
straining out the spills and keeping the containers  
still. Children ran in pools. Headscarves and lenses  
dotted the periphery, ringed in black pebbly asphalt,  
perfect for tocking the asinine ashplant, the little rock  
dots marred by repeated contact, whitened at the tips.  
Narrow rectangular gardens harbored  
stinging bugs the creams kept off.

Can manage the parity,  
can  
canvas and rubber any  
room and wire it up.

## VII

But,  
if everyone were against me, and one misfortune followed another,  
like an inability to participate in lived experience or a tendency  
toward bilious and ill-conceived  
outbursts when  
the famous  
come to  
town,  
where would the power to represent finally reside  
if, for community's sake,  
I shout to the rooftops  
that Mommy's  
coming home!  
Infantile bread—wed.

## VIII

The house so enormous,  
unturndover in its near transparency, several shades  
shaping the light that came up forcefully,  
touching little buds of fingers  
touching the knob,  
pressing tentatively,  
while the larch—  
rough,  
majestic,  
insufficient—  
emerged from the sodden carpet,  
slid languorously down the parapet, and gently brushed,  
as if straightening from a near crouch,  
the crumbing steps from which the carriage plunged.

## IX

The small swastika on the wall of the bathroom  
remains for months, and the bartenders all know  
about it, but no one lets it signify so  
everyone lets it remain. There's an argument  
that would say that even expending the energy  
to notice it, get the materials, and paint it over  
constitutes a reification, the thing that makes  
the sign work. Nothing once the pen is capped  
except what is brought to the can.

So I feel like the ardent heterosexuality of some of John Godfrey's  
earlier work is OK, its permissions stemming from Frank's  
sabine sooth, what you went out for.  
Postrestaurant, it's stopped. The four mil  
black plastic won't rip, held and twisted by the arms.

## X

It's easier to ask for forgiveness  
than to ask permission.  
The inability to get one's relationships  
'formed' properly, so that energy flows properly,  
leads to making or consuming,  
pretty one-sided.

The great work is that  
that retains its address  
in any context. Poke  
your head into the cake  
shape, leave with flecks  
cheeked, brush the mohair.  
In slow motion, I fell off the chair.  
Managed—

## XI

erogenous maturation. In the sixties  
we did more with our bodies, enormous  
grunting groped idiom mocked  
genuflecting, yet reproduced paradigmatic roles.  
Now we're out of action,  
prone to academia's bloated  
Torcello, fragrant  
septicemia, lamely inflated gerunds.  
(This is not an attack on your favorite MFA.)  
Every emigré left at the New School under  
robotic control, brought on by failures in reading  
that left *Defensive Rapture* out of the account, all charm drained.  
This is a motivation for doing neural scans:  
people don't want to lose their loved ones.

## XII

The cumulative weight of the sheetrock  
used to reconfigure DIA's vast interior  
*is* the project, offal dumped in the furrow.  
Clytemnestra and the Clydesdales,  
chips and sockets, fishing boats,  
400 cubic inches of love,  
stuffed boots, straw  
men, runny rubric. I entered  
a period of self-criticism, brokered  
some of Don Judd's toy planes.  
There's enough work around for all of us,  
hooves lined up in la Villette. If you assume other people's  
brains aren't as big as yours, you've made a '90s movie.  
Half a melon seems impossible, endlessly seeded.

## XIII

The way to attract art world money  
is to write about the art world.  
The nature of encounters will change, as will  
the valences of ideas. Instead of attempting  
to graft theory onto procedure, or foster  
interpretations of concept-based goals or goods,  
substitute Godard's complex mourning for women,  
la départ de la nourrisse, become obsessed  
with the late work (the rektoratsrede for example), and reject  
the social as a transcendental category when opposed to labor.  
If there is an order of things apart from being, the "completion"  
occurs when we propose it as impossible:  
someone must always internalize the rules.  
We've got pretty good agreement on Baudelaire, but only  
in that we've got conventions in the head from which he takes his use.

## XIV

After the nihilism of modernism  
that either crashed and burned in  
theological or fascist fervor, or into un-  
healthy obsessions with the body's many  
manifestations, and after the frustrate ironies,  
pop inoculations, bad faith appropriations and scare  
quotes that followed in the poetry of Michael Palmer and others,  
we are entering a period similar to the Age of Reason, but bereft, depend-  
ant on social constructs of our own devising, and on our courage when actually  
encountering persons, and not abstract universals. Yet forms had to be invented  
to save beauty from language, in order that things not tend toward their definitions.  
One should not see bourgeois life as an 'other' toward which it is worth pitching pathos.



## XV

At least by just typing it in I'm not wasting any paper.  
Lindenmeyer Munroe a beautiful ecru and orange, fantastic trademark.  
We responded to it, lay with knees slightly bent in the pod hotel,  
each dreaming of the other, like Kara, Rachel and Damien.  
Whitney workers get blazing paper cuts handling the incendiary shadows,  
while assistants cast the space under Bruce's clown corral, then paint Barbara Gladstone's nads.  
Hundreds of late 20<sup>th</sup> century citizens imagine Isabella Stewart Gardner  
in Prada mules, eyeing the mule, which cannot reproduce.  
Hits of hash that hadn't been seen since the early '80s  
suddenly condense under the heels of the young.  
The baby beautifully incorporates the pashmina mouse into its playscheme.  
It turns out the Swiss have been putting gelatin in their yogurt,  
and the things you say can actually cause changes in brain chemistry,  
what is meant by *ethos*... what... *a way of life*.



"we created a monster out of Le Corbusier's utopia," Mr. Huyghe says. "When people first arrived in these buildings, there was a very strong positive expectation, but the density was too powerful, and they became more and more violent."

The energy generated in the dialogue between the two towers, and its final dissipation, is both a historical narrative and a collective memory — the sum of a thousand small glances on a single event. The result is neither fiction nor history but a kind of hyperreality. "It's about a symphony; not one voice but a number of points of view on an particular event," Mr. Huyghe says. "It is through the montage, the way we combine and relate them, that we can create a representation of the event that is more precise than the event itself."



*Courtesy of the artist and the Marian Goodman Gallery, New York*

# **Pierre Huyghe**

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue and 89th Street,  
Jan. 24 through May 4.

"Les Grands Ensembles," created in 2001 for the French pavilion of the Venice Biennale, is one such film. In it, two towers are shrouded in a shifting fog. First one, then several lights flicker on and off in the windows. The towers communicate in digital Morse code at an increasingly frenetic pace, resembling a first-generation super computer. The sound is a cross between what you might hear in a techno club and in the sewer just underneath, a pulse, a boom, a blackout.

Though void of any realistic sense of time and place, the film addresses a specific, if inglorious, slice of

postwar French History. Les Grands Ensembles is the euphemistic name given to the large housing projects that in France, as in the United States, attempted to realize a modernist ideal of efficiency and ended up as icons of desolation and decay.

'my'  
Materialism

↓  
the Soul { tristotle

Don't hate  
your's made

Gentry as  
'stomach'  
in Coriolanus

Coiling railroad yard of ~~mile parent~~  
mile  
mike  
much  
Rozhenitsk

## SECOND SCHÄDEL

The land's a pocket mirror; you like to hold it down  
and catch flashes of yourself.  
It's teeming. Greenpoint burns off its relations.

It's a rimless procession: the sun, unbound but forced to sphere,  
tentacles marble, an absorptive French blue, with particles  
rising and falling in tandems, lolling in arcs.

Walking past the plant on Meserole, foot  
blanket tangles and lips come down, calcium white.  
Steam comes out the windows. It smells of perc.

## NOCTURNAL THRESHING

My hands enter the water and sort of separate  
the wheat, gold and granular in the water.  
It does not get cold enough anymore  
to freeze the leaves. The pane shakes.  
Nay saying bedside warm click of the lamp,  
the yellowed shade, or melted yellow plastic top,  
lets hair down to the mats on the floor. Climactic  
sets of images to be read off as circled, spoked,  
tuned, forced. The teeth of each  
winding gear gapped, spaced unevenly, w/o  
two quarters to rub together in i/o  
folderol twiggy, jerry, quoit,  
let it down  
("let down  
uneas  
ily")  
Several inhaler, Creation of evidence  
spring injector, by stranded  
false leads. sample.  
Cloudy water  
in the same beaten  
pans. Red rice  
floating  
husks. Cast  
alloy.

## BOULEVERSEMENT

A golf club  
shoved  
upside down  
down the length  
of the esophagus—  
club head just showing  
thought the teeth

Apartment-dwellers  
in contractor's bags  
piled at curb for 12:30am  
pickup

Other bags, filled just with blood,  
opaque,  
bulging, misshapen on the pavement,  
drained for sodium  
and pumped into  
the streetlights

All the city's dogs  
electrocuted and left stiff,  
piled.

Elevators run on long cords  
in whatever direction they are needed.

What Did They Use to Cut Paper in Ancient Rome?

A caesars

which really troubles

Tenny Pump  
unquantifiably—

Alfred,  
Lord

to which to wit,

‘razors’

‘barrels’

‘contortions’

confounding liquids  
and nasals.

Ok,

Heaviest one-syllable word  
in English?

Strengths.

Heaviest rock in English canon?

Badger.

## ZERO POINT

Leading edge charged to millions of volts,  
trailing edge charged to millions of volts—

Spectacle of youth-driven memory  
remains acquisitive during development,

adding and storing complex  
behaviors and symbol sets destined for—

planned obscenity material—arrival.

Witnesses distracted as much as possible as  
predecessors obliterated,

capacities for bio-powered beat-based behaviors  
form the basis of distant  
mutations,  
fatal adaptation  
to Fordism.

Coats are not exchanged for coats

and your exigency cannot confront me directly  
smashing skulls on the ice repeatedly  
to facilitate carbon dating of a single example,  
relentlessly cited.

Five people not destroyed by their jobs;  
five animals destroyed.

\*

Brains wired for incredible violence  
produced directly, cut, packaged,  
shared and exported,  
or hidden and  
lied about, whatever.

Each 'culture' its own dissimulation or virtual machine  
from extrémiste littéraire to practiced flak  
to family adviser  
it really works  
just putting it out there

Parallel states  
planes above  
casting uniform  
thus difficult-to-detect shadows  
over and rays onto  
the depleted skein  
never actually deployed:  
structures of representation  
rule of law  
terms of citizenship

intercourse between planes constant,  
sexless, and violent

vacuum between planes  
under development

and though the lower  
be degraded to countervailing  
construct or 'pressure valve',  
enough energy  
at points of contact  
to boil the oceans six thousand times.  
Just as a twist of the knob from 60,000 feet  
rearranges the village or Syrianan contact among princes  
and operatives,  
scaled-down attacks allow discourse  
to prepare the ground  
where poetry can still operate  
make form like choice.



## Camping

What have I been doing? I can't call it camping.

## Value

The relationship of commodity producers and consumers to the commodities they produce and consume.

## Whistle-blower

~~The~~ The Chinese often put lead in the glaze of the coffee mugs they produce. We have pulverized several, and tests confirm the presence of lead.

## Transparency

Society exists and progresses only if the messages circulating within it are ~~information-rich~~ rich in information and easy to decode.

# The world's energy problems

~~It~~ was A tremendous organic  
build-up over eons dissipated  
in a match-strike, our era.

matrix-like scaled

Doubt on the part of Scientists

produces narrative distortions,  
~~or noise~~ a factor of opacity  
or "noise."

## Agonists

Every utterance should be thought of as a move in a game, where the ~~great adversary~~ is our moves that compose the social bond.

## A FOOTPATH

A footpath in Mawkynew. A brighter brown than Roland Garros.  
We are all of the view that the area is too congested, and as soon  
as we can find a larger space to meet, we will move the group.

## JUNCTION

Power comes into the box  
from the street. On into the building  
from the street, then is split.  
Boxed unexposed.

The wires underground spray sparks  
within capped frays and insulation  
thicker than thumbs.

## REDISTRIBUTION

You can understand the reeducation committee;  
you can understand me.

The level-taking, and then the appeal  
to equitable terms.

The white sauce thickened  
by corn starch,  
the reduction thickened by corn  
starch, the reduction  
of the stock.

Tracing out  
the argument  
as a contribution.

## JOHN JAY

Schools should teach procedurality &  
paramilitary protocol, and science  
should be based on health-care  
chemistry and human cell functionality.

## WHIMSICAL PACKET

Medical element, preserved  
tentacles,  
strung walls, busted  
umbrellas, rice,  
lobster claws  
strained violin tops,  
scrolls, shower  
stars, lone peach with  
blossom, S.A.  
eggplant colored bath  
sticky star, hanging  
ice-cube like, isolated  
flecks, evidence of scrapes,  
more fruits and bursts  
faded and distressed.

## MOVEMENT

Instead of trying to undo  
while 'growth' mimics  
development,  
you must have self-confidence  
or you will make other people  
feel stupid  
for investing in you.

## WHY IT SEEMS STRANGE TO YOU

Songs arrive at the moment  
of emotional impasse, when canned dialogue  
can't sustain the emotions (thus, the plot),  
and the thus characters 'realize'  
they  
are in the thrall of bad terms.

## CERBERUS

When death was a master and not a miasma, not a failure  
of health care, the graveyard sat within the town, city, square block.  
When, sickened, you turned your eyes up...  
Fuck the ward and its beeps  
night as it creeps

## CIRCUMSPECTION

Circumspection  
    pushes outward  
        to assimilate

Fatted,  
    and then pushed  
into higher state  
    hood  
        hoos  
    hodding handling

Es gibt  
Il faut  
To a fault  
    he crept

taken token  
    too closely  
        wrapped

in 3

I, 2

CAT WASHINGTON

The light is pink through the backs of trees  
can be pines or larches or pears

kinship terms more familiar than names can be  
distancing diminutivizing affirming no longer unfamiliar

power cut no inverter  
use the gas make tea

a smell dettol stronger than dettol antiseptic toxic  
polished granite compound brown

beyond the trees hills disappear into houses  
concrete lain over rebar hand-torqued into convexity

forms a solid gray unbeveled arch from hilltop to roofline to madan  
ostensibly maybe probably to keep errant exposed flanks of illegally-mined sand at bay

because beyond the trees within city limits resources are extracted  
thin though thin through competition thin like *chats Shillongais*

thin through taking thin through selling thin through use thin alkaline  
from our royal blue Maruti 800 we marvel ('I've never seen anything like this')

Belt that looks like it's in inches  
measuring the land they wanted to measure right up to the drain

he demanded they measure four feet from the drain and they wouldn't  
they measured two feet from the drain

multiply 1300 per sq foot by 150 by something and it  
comes to seven crore and something

are you accusing me of making a mistake he said  
it's eight

The light is still morning light  
thin but full and not paining bright

Cat *Kyntiak*, later disappeared, leaving  
jean thread hangings tangling attachment,

the vox-hollow bereft, missing swipes,  
is now motionless, intent, springing forward

curling into grass shadowed by reeds  
shaded by the backs of trees

Like citrus vapor, the light emulsifies,  
micronic droplet flammande

*Kyntiak* intensifies  
muscles tighten dainty

to articulate tip  
She begins to open and close

her jaws  
rapidly in a clatter

like toy teeth and hers are needles  
on a wound spring

and she in a trance flashing the teeth the jaws  
opening and closing very rapidly

from the throat an involuntary chatter an eck eck eck  
frightening until a short echo sounds

She's imitating also in the grass a small black bird nearly perfectly  
as a kind of lure staring intent involuntary

Let out in the afternoon moon  
hens

sawdust sticking to their heels  
forking

but ignored draw lines in the wet grass pushing up  
*pyrjong* mosquitos

Intimate gossamers but gossamers  
require cosseting to be expected to survive

Close the windows it's after 5 it's already two hours  
since the mosquitoes left the shallows for the sha—

train the tongue to treat *h* as consonant clustering aspirationally  
*Th* as in *thy*

voiced and voiceless two-character plosive  
not melded

but single-wound copper core  
damp down mutton bone *thlone*

Cat as cowboy  
astride

the white chickens  
*Th* as in *thy*

thick  
compound I

we freely  
take



Too hot to paint corrugated tin  
all last month

Too wet now in back to whitewash  
or paint the doors

Entire green islands fleck off into black catchment  
Sintex yellow print

tin roof in the rain  
too wet to paint

Nature where encroachments and distortions are everywhere  
Nuclear minority Romulus and Remus same she produces wastes

Romanized orthography botches epenthetic  
lot extension,

pesticidal garden pathology  
of another plot,

down the garden path  
switching on the pump

Starting construction the field next door accommodates  
another giant concrete abode

outdoor tube-lights  
fail to explode

Giant golfink Lodge can't get a liquor license  
given the objections of the Garo church down the lane

so the Cherokee room, at Rs. 10,000 per night,  
remains empty

And this house itself a dacha though in the city  
limits this city Salzburg *sma ksem*

where Mozart came and Julie Andrews  
fashioned love out of drapes

What is it ringed by mountains like a berserk  
Maypole sticking up through the abode of the clouds

Salzburg while down the hill toward the tastefully situated private psychiatric hospital  
the rural health mission strops youth in clime

The red light atop the black plastic speakers' subwoofer beats  
in waltz time

jaggery candy striper wound round spindle leading down to three men  
in basement rooms the *khrum* for clandestine Buds

I think in America you don't see very many ladies in saris  
there is no more native dress anywhere I think only India is beautiful

Morse bill of lading  
Ezekiel trading

The light is fading  
The bed is mading

The heart is beating  
bp-bp bp-BP!

Chattering teeth  
like polished teak

repeating  
reap