

Autoportrats 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*

1.

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, every language, 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.”

12.

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.”

10.

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.”

12.

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
is 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 its 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.

Kolatkar's writing in English is an open secret
whose nature is only beginning to become clear.
Kolatkar'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 present everywhere language is.

"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 unclose
smiling air, rotting bosc.
Into every vacuum seethes someone
willing to make tiny, horrendous
orders, the flow itself
blotted lightly,
only, when un-
coagged, 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 *Todesfuge*.

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
clop.

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 6os.

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.

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 wistery, 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 anthropomorphized 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, no,
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
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 plié.
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 plié.
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 whelm even the slightest pressure toward closing,
Your surprising amleness
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?
Reading 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 publicized 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-errections, 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 clingings
paradoxically dislodge affection,
 which floats heavily in June humidity,
 sinking in pulvry 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
push
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 cathectic 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, festering 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 chucked 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 *sucré* 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 uncontent 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. Gemeinshaftsgefühl.
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',"
Guthrieloading 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 schudig.
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
sodajerked 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 Védrine 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 Ophuls (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, huîtres & 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—étude 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
sententient 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 seablind
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 bevy.
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 Revolta. 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.
Sarm collective.

Thursday

Pull that ad. Add the ab I ablated. Bed of lilies.
There aren't two r_s 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 stood
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 unreproducible 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 docu-
mented 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—cararapacesesaray,
untraceable source.

Patient analyst,
poem session.

Bee haven, paanuts,
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,
unturnedover 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.

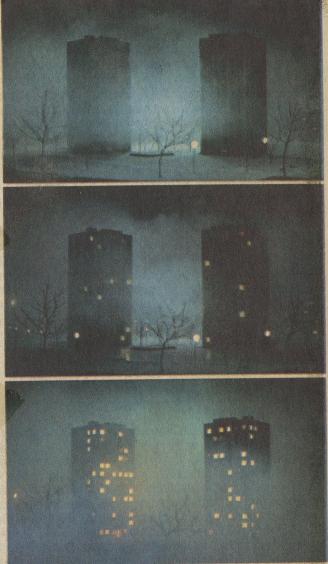
XV

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 20th 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 at 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 a 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 } Aristotle

Don't hate
goat's milk

Gentry as
's Jonathan
in Coriolanus

Cushing railroad yard of
~~male parent~~
milk
milk
milk
Dungeness

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.

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 litérateur 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 Syrian 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

~~It was not~~ 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

Doubt on the part of Scientists

produces narrative distortions,
~~or worse~~, 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

1, 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 cosetting 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
Tb as in *thy*

voiced and voiceless two-character plosive
not melded

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

Cat as cowboy
astride

the white chickens
Tb 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 golflink 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