Lateox Dov

Lateox: late, latex, toxic

Dov: Heb.: bear

Dov: Assemblyman of 48th district, including Borough Park,

Dyker Heights, Kensington, and parts of Flatbush

Dov: P’s crush on a beautiful blond named Dov, unrequited

and painful

Dov: Apparel

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 throws off false positives,

for when subjects “recalled” 40 percent

of the critical lures that had not, in fact,

been presented, it was due to their

being activated, or primed, by others

related semantically, with rates

of false recall at 55 percent. The genuine

intrusive memories of the first group

and the pseudomemories of the second

are both experienced as involuntary,

vivid, and emotionally evocative. That is,

genuine memories and pseudomemories

of trauma *feel* the same, but one is historically

accurate and the other is not.

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,

clearing space for another dream of 4-storey

houses individually altered and augmented,

arranged to individual tastes that foster

passionate and loving elective affinities

via equitable proprietary shares

exchangeable transnationally and governed by 12-member

rotating boards that focus on common local

interests and have the option, as now,

of DVD players at Target for $44.97.

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;

aestheticised 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,

as with the installation of the ‘interim’ governments.

Hamid Karzai, the interim Prime Minister of Afghanistan (which is not an American colony),

with whom I have been compared physically

at work as people have tried to come to terms

with a decision made for them as citizens,

was a top adviser to the El Segundo, California-based UNOCAL Corporation

which had been negotiating with the Taliban

to construct a natural gas pipeline from Turkmenistan

through western Afghanistan to Pakistan,

where I haven’t been and can’t go

though relatively free.

Tosses thoughts

like incarnate tennis balls,

pompeiian

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.

Salt Lake 2002

Toward the Chute. Phat air.

Self-imposed exigencies, a kind of false evolutionary pressure, snake down

consciousness and ruins of runs that jump the banks, corralling, veering

into box for a pop tart. Brain as Snoopy.

Youth, describe, say, authority. Every snowfall, it seems, expedites.

The windows worked, it all worked; not “technological”—

“toward liberation”: the shiny tight suits are not uniforms.

Half-obscured by the hanging blanket, filth run down the sunken plumbing,

welded air passages vent involuntarily, put supervascular

crude extractionist, teleo-inevitable autonomy in play.

Intense polymer bonds. Red cheeks and the superhuman arm.

Fucking intense half-pipe.

Non-potable

Piping in the non-potable, cutting holes in buildings.

When the tankers are scoured

the residue is brownish and gritty,

blasted out with steam, itself recouped under

pressure from the Navy Pier Desalinization Center,

designed by competition. The insides

of the tankers absolutely clear

when full, run on clean nukes.

I think “Monsanto” every time I take a shower

and get the greasy slick Asimov imagined for the moon.

I tell my screened children, images

projected from analyzation, about 20 minute

stints in the potable, pores like little gaping mouths.

Tanker’s slick pontoon

at rest perpendicular to the former Yemen.

Every little cough a magnified annoyance.

Marshall Plan

The ‘Japanese

street’ actually

boils

over;

hundreds

of thousands

of civilian

spirits

walk

toward

Washington,

are

detained,

held;

a Shinto

ceremony

proves

ineffective;

Billy Graham

gets

access

nowhere,

nor does

Jesse;

Tikkun

forum scuttled

and

NPR…

# Democratic Process as Feed Lot

The explosive energy within the cornfed cow not possible to contain in

hypermarbling or digestive fortitude—

four of five stomachs fail, even when shot up with cortisone, which reaches

right to the joints, radiating,

when ingested, from infixed knuckles and knees rarely brought to full extension,

but the corn’s energy

overpowers, like the sun’s by the flat Sound, burning head tops and elbows

without distinction.

# The Ways that Windows Fit into [Casements]

The tightness of the seal deceptive, since never absolute, yet, like antibacterial

soaps, works toward assuagement,

blown through the general appetite that ends in sponsored deliberation. We

must recreate the complex of feeling that drove…

Take another secret tablet to take it further: four times six is twenty-four, six

times eight is forty eight, Kennedy caravan is sixty three,

Eight times twelve is 1996. He is six feet five, prostrate on your table.

He stuck it on his head and he cried.

# Leader

You won’t read it when I to write to you, nor see me

except within sanctioned spaces of agreement,

much as representation drowns out its patrons

in the generalized din of trying to park.

When you refused to get up and walk your dog

(the mucus ran dark) and I couldn’t get the elevator

to come, “Sundance” percolated unbearably,

forcing us into the stairwell and down the 17

double height flights to the sandy expanse, done

up in ballfield chainlink. As she relieved

herself I thought of you asleep, easily rising

to piss when it suited you, the alarm tuned to KTU

yet ineffectual, light.

When I later confronted you with your take-out

in my navy windbreaker with blue poly fur

(false ruff), you seemed embarrassed,

and I could imagine a kind of vindication

but felt…*nothing*. Level of hydration

turns out to be a class marker,

bare neck a vulnerability.

But you, your absent parents, and your drilled henchmen

won’t be thinking about dogs, class or race

when my bald head delivers

to your motherfucking face.

Lateox Dov (Elastic Bear)

I think the money you have to spend on a thing to love

is destroyed by anaphylaxis.

I couldn’t see you because of the *glair*, differentiated.

“Friends, when it’s ready,

I want that red heifer, Kampf,

brought directly to my office”;

you

be the judge, climb

a monticule

that suggests

dictionary work,

endlessly replay

the initial assent,

September 28, 2000

—a ‘catastrophe’,

especially as

the work,

which continues

to involve the sawing down

of large boulders from the Second Temple

period with the help of a giant electric saw

and the draining of cistern #5,

was going smoothly.

Liberalism an easily led spotted calf

coming to consciousness,

gaining all four legs,

coated, like a finger protector,

for quicker donning

with an eye

to the maternal tongue.

Unstated threats wash through the air

like unsalted nuts, unformed cursive,

numerous possible unrealized consequences,

or simple expressions of systemic weakness

(another word rendered as ‘struggle’),

as the bear lies down in the stall, stretching

its entire bulk over the defiant youth.

Deposition

You feel sorry for me because I never made aliyah (www.aliyah.org).

I watch you, a band apart, pack up and move out of Boro Park

because the Syrian Jews aren’t “frum.”

But if Germany had won, the Ottoman Empire might still exist,

might be empire,

might

Reaction shots faster than bionics

keep collaborative brain space from developing,

being beamed back to earth, while segmented units, cut outs,

form the axes of a small green fence, supply-side

effervescent cuspid, the old ticker.

Tens of thousands of clicks separate us from

Clamp.

lie.

3 positions further.

Lie.

Quartet.

# Visitors

Fleet week. Beef protection:

men + women and me the same.

Big bags of trash glossy like cows

lain in the lot by the pier stink of fry.

Fog really *like*

dry ice.

Directions cheerfully given

before compaction.

The Magic Flute

A mental economy in which aid-work works to lessen

the contradictions and maintains painful international relationships:

sit at desk and get paid; checks to Doctors Without Borders

undercut by self-flex momentita which sends you out

into *la terre de la pipe*, hot,

totally flat at the abs, broken for scrap.

“Nets and Bubbles” depict floating white

glutinous balls in dark tea on a dark ground.

Will the waterproof coating on my jacket

come off on my hands and get onto my dick

when I take a break? By the time you’ve perfected

your affect, learned the range of circumstances

you’re likely to encounter and what some

effective responses and carriages are,

you’ll be in a home, watching tiny televised people

in fields and factories on PBS before the performance.

Contract Law

If every exchange is negotiated with the presumption of bad faith,

the only possible way to come away with even a piece of what you

want is to propose basic terms which you have no intention of fulfilling,

while feeling around for what givens on the other side can be seized

and services extracted without further harm to you, though the tenets

of the system be destroyed. Thus one does real business with family,

from whom there is no extraction, and on whom survival often depends,

so is neo-sacralized, while any outside encounter provides opportunities

for real advancement on terms that can be as fresh as one’s devising,

with no disturbance to the interior life. This is a failure of contract law,

a primary means of exclusion, and an aspect of state failure in general,

along with environmental depredation, disputes over birth rates,

and thousands of incalculable daily forms of threat and coercion

culminating in violent death that achieves sporadic documentation.

# Leviathan

The paper ring is slightly absorptive,

and I don’t want my leg-skin to have to tax

its resources resisting organisms after rising.

I want that energy

pushed back

into other endeavors.

Lake Effect

Oar lock. Limitations on the paddle.

Motion redirected. Tiny Arnold.

Latkes. Gloves.

Eensy-weensy tip

nock tup.

# Leviathan

Images of Artificial Man.

The language of the force

that will occupy the space.

# My Twin

The wig looked monstrous—one could see

the small pricks in the back

where the synthetic auburn tendrils toward

the pink nape case the brain stem

housing involuntary vital functions, breathing,

heartbeat, thanatos.

The sound for the voice box has to be fantastic,

the playback perfect—you have to have

a place to physically put the past

to move it.

# The East River

We’re still reading Majakovskii through O’Hara.

Waving

from U Thant Island

at the massed diplomats.

We don’t know what was said.

# Sleep and Poetry

A helicopter;

a hectare over the water.

For a change, the helicopter

is here, reflected dread not relevant,

relief embarrassing, handed thickly

across like an involuntary sandbag of sound,

the dark hull heavy,

on credit;

orange light on blues and bricks and isolated

sounds in the wake.

Elsewhere, they entered the area with bulldozers

and set up camp directly over the aquifer,

making actual measure, and reporting immediately

instead of secondarily registering via sought traces

in larger-scale effects the drawn lines of another

test of relations in violent seizure.

We say whatever we feel;

they do whatever they want.

Poetry as a struggle

for representative agency.

Poetry as a struggle

for psychological liberty,

which has a material basis,

heavily used though in truth

not badly degraded,

if in fact.

A substitute,

like religion,

but despite

defaillency,

retains

capacity,

deathless

excess,

space

unremarked.

Science, like poetry, can enable incredible violence,

pointed carelessly or aimed intentionally;

Science never an absolute political tool

unless materialized;

Religion never an absolute political tool unless moralized,

yet capable of carrying great forgiveness.

Since the issues are pressing,

there is an undeniable journalistic element,

and since there has been

plenty of straight reporting,

and internal monographization

for those whose bodies are actually involved,

the relative aestheticization,

and, *mutatis mutandis*,

the appropriation

of these issues may be permissible.

Permission itself implies a body

that can grant it, and that is always

people, and one is people, even if codifying

relationships to the land that, like religion,

seem sacred but have been

wired in by time and habit.

There’s a method for remaking relations; it is called science,

and its materialist trajectory insulates it,

relatively, from the critique of aestheticization,

though some would argue that the organization

and analysis of data—the transformation

of the land and the lives of people into data—is a movement similar

to the synthetic appropriation of poetry,

the force that is used to put something

in a poem, since it does not come by itself, regardless of the excuse—

the social role played by the usual agents embodying

the terms of a metaphor at the time of its construction, but regardless

taking dictation. After math, everything.

Law does not seem as objective as science.

The imagination is part of the real material conditions of one’s life.