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;

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.

Tosses

thoughts in the air

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.

**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, festooned with clips and other

paraphernalia. *Inter alia*.

Flying in close embrace with a coward

very much opposed to treatment,

Mr. K, the voluptuous Jewess, with a pocket

full of dockets, cessna-ing

from one luxuriant valley to another,

points to the hospital.

In a subsequent discussion,

I tried to treat everyone square;

I was supposed to be in hell I guess;

They had a language there;

I’d hear things;

I couldn’t smoke a cigarette or drink water.

This fly I termed a ‘Benjamin Franklin’

fly,

superhuman

prowess, precise antics

on the top of the table.

The parents stubborn, living

abroad. What

life with them must have

been like.

A burdensome

package

sheathed in your kindness,

your willingness to help in even

the most difficult circumstances,

a Tarantinan ‘Wolf’ of my fantasies.

He gave me what is known as the “queen’s salute.”

Flying rapidly over the surface of the earth

locked in close sexual embrace,

luxuriant

evidence.

If Brian’s poetry is what’s

behind all of this, what will

you think of my sources?

It’s the obvious question, as politically

motivated as “Of Being Numerous,”

with its plumes of smoke,

or the anthologizing of the *Todesfugue*.

Relentlessly assertive of truth,

the try;

the heartbreakingly freighted arrival;

the uncompromising, line-broken noun

carrying the spavined consciousness.

Business relations

night terrors, temper tantrums, enuresis, etc.

They had become so active

and were so given

to standing while in a carriage, or car

they were burned by turning over

a container of hot potatoes.

Very nervous and restless,

they suffered a great deal, resembling

each other in physique and physiognomy

strikingly.

My feelings have got swung around.

I was relating it to myself

and the morning came,

talked through clothes and automobiles;

all our actions and talks

were tensions between us

meaning this,

a bolt out.

No, you can’t...

stop that, but...I suppose

you can choose the right time. Number ‘4’

to my mind, ‘4’ is sort of a doctor’s

number. I touched the 4-ball.

**For my new friend, Jack Spicer, who couldn’t spot a Jew**

### I

Just what you would have wanted

—a collected. But “Foxy-boy

Sortie” and “Champ by

and of the Mouth” have been excised.

Your heart turns over

sends uncharacteristically bourgeois

demons down

My stuffed animals and your shit bag.

II

The tractatus;

The practicum; the pronouns;

The bedspread dropping to the floor;

The endless texts of the 60s;

At that age, I said,

“I’m a real tomboy!”

The comforting texts of the 60s

The mail dropped onto the floor.

I yawned back and smelled the pheromones

on the top

of my lip.

Beautiful, sensitive

responsive

but

may have a message

beyond

a

small

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 60s.

IV

I read the manifestoes out loud to my children.

I went out of the house. There were leaves on the ground

and a light rain falling.

In Nottingham the tea goes “Tsk.” In Manchester they discuss Man

United.

I wanted a cozy.

The wood floors echoed after the next operation, which removed me

from the grass and brought me into the house.

His or her behind

brave, jocund, unfeeling.

“Batterny batterny batterny, the stones of blarney go—”

V

Be bop de beep

the kitty

and the creep

outrun allusions

He has always been an obvious thinker

rigidly attracted to received opinion.

He was an antenna of his era, a transceiver

delicately tuned to the tenor of his times.

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

**VI**

Touched by an anglophone.

And...I...touches...what’s-his-name

put the three ball in the pocket.

Homophonic literature

seizing upon furniture

upon the music of my work.

If I can’t touch you here in this place

of near precocity, altruism

and blindness, and can’t furtively catch

the sleeve of some passing monstrosity

to what will you chalk up my panic?

The small, hard hairs of chin? The dog’s antic

pull, waxing the sidewalk with leg dips

and a full-on kiss to the garbage lips?

I reach for your cake, end up with your hands.

I can’t help but feel good, meet all demands.

VII

Steve,

the same Steve who appears throughout

said “we’re having an exchange

right now” at dinner. I’m giddy right now

at this powerful allusion, dressed carefully

for that dinner.

Qently to my chambur in Chambord

I removed the skis. In alien corn

under alien skies the French looked at me.

The floor flooded a quarter-inch

before the shock

of lip lock.

VIII

My beliefs run from

the tinkling streams to the facile depths

in the light of several decorums.

Sitting in men’s chairs

performing verbal ablutions

I move in the space of actual hairs,

avoid the well-heeled stool-sitters

and head down for a pee.

Comport, belie, tryst

Lenses, brush, bust

and dial. Cloy, file and

tines. Mist, paper, rack

float.

“So that’s what your back looks like,

and below, your pants fit right.”

Shirtless

tight

in the way you move your arms,

the little

death, the thin straps of your tank,

a satisfied shrug I can’t mimic.

IX

I press the bar that makes

the clock tell the time.

It’s 6:08.

It’s a mass-market sunrise.

Links from the dictionary

to the fruitbowl. A slight hectoring

buzz. A mound of folded yawl.

Seer sucker.

Plink

of experience.

The small pop of experience.

X

Connote and commode

extension from one life into the next

from comportment to the stocking

department, from the elevator

to the shoes.

Boring you with truthful demonstrations

of melon and softer flesh.

XI

Shissyfuss puthes

da wock.

—Shut your fucking mouth.

Gene says “wiff”

and I jump.

Imperthn—

moth

my mowff

Mima and Matt

their mother

impossibly beautiful

“Go Climb a Rock”

I cld barely

grip my d—

at that age.

XII

Where’s the eros? The real rotting birdy?

Van Gogh’s “Pair of Boobs”

Until the medium stabilizes

That is, microtizes,

Won’t reproduce.

Xerxes PARC

a sow’s ear.

a roc’s egg.

a hero’s welcome.

a king’s ransom.

XIII

Language as a model! To think everything through in terms of

linguistics!

An unconscious *structured* like a language! Language evolved for

proximity.

Will-to-power is bringing others to you! Language is a real thing that

requires

you to put yourself in an imaginary relationship to it. The form

of the poem is

the poet’s body. Blank verse holds Wrdswrth together, with little

o-rings.

Sentences are built in expectation of an argument, and assign

thematic roles.

Good Will Hunting was a terrific movie about a genius; he took

things in stride.

Can X *afford* Y though, as an idea? Dissonance between proximal

availability

(‘Little Neck Clams’) and distal unavailability of the poet

(Little Neck Clams).

The author widens the scope or shucks the bake for a price.

You want to ask Matt:

Why English is iambically friendly? Because nouns are head final:

NP —> Det N.

XIV

Park poetry, social.

XV

My mother worked at the Magic Circle Bookshop. Before that

she had had another boyfriend, named Art, who had a VW bug

with a sunroof. He poked his hand out and waved to me as we

drove in separate cars to Old Westbury Gardens. The gardens

were real; Art was nice.

**Telemachiad**

If your spavined, broken-winded horse can’t

clop into town under its own steam

and gets overtaken by another man’s wagon,

you have to wonder who’ll be picking through the porn,

bowling trophies, frozen chicken boxes

and half-squeezed bottles of Afrin.

So fucked up on whatever drugs kept you vertical,

so terrifying in your proppings of me, with giant hairy arms,

follicles organized in semitic rivulets, you stood;

“hundreds and hundreds” of women

leaned behind you as you threw each ball—

custom drilled, engraved, sixteen pounds—

putting out. Pretty much all you could eat

was cantaloupe, and if you ate steak—

So now I’m gently shoveling the dirt myself

chasing away the morons with the backhoe,

and if you’re watching

if you want to give me a little nod,

some sticky phrase translated into COBOL

and rapped out onto punch cards,

if you are unable to drink alcohol or work for Ira

by the light of your unarticulated class

aversions, your inability to reach across

the table and touch my grandfather’s velvet lapel

tenderly, like a rabbit’s ear, or talk substantively

about analysis or algorithm, though you made the latter

for a living and performed the former sexually—

by that light—

This stuff is endless,

*ex voto*

*ab ovo,*

“hyper”

not “energetic.”

I’m wrenching things into shape,

but to you I hope

it’s pretty clear

When my father

comes into contact with dogwood blossoms

or a hive

of cellophane-wrapped Jack Spicer,

a mummy

I pipe orphically;

I burst into song;

I cry at the sight of abject men

The explosive trees,

quietly popping into bloom,

pooping on the toilet—

and those talking birds

must have been little girls.

Schreber, Schubert, Sch—Don’t touch it!

Endured countless “honest moments”

I’m coming into my own!

You’re not listening

and the trees,

for all their spread,

couldn’t really give

a crap. But little by little,

the talking birds reassert themselves,

and Schreber’s relationship with his dead

father resolves into brotherly affection,

before his brother, too, dies and Schreber

offers himself

to the rays of God. Lighting farts

in burnt offering,

lavishly

firing toward a loved one,

failing to repress even the faintest of stirrings,

kicking the crazy door of the jakes,

disbelief about scatology

turns to eschatology, ontology;

the record melts and wobbles slightly

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.

**FTP (at Age 15)**

Mirror mirror

metrical thirds split into a chorus

emanating from a small oracle,

bludgeoned by the heart’s coracle.

Bragged about making the loft scene,

German diaspora.

Dictated nightly,

subordinated to the process and the needs of others,

which mostly take care of themselves, albeit with resentment,

the pretty little shits aren’t good enough, and the bill in fact arrives,

drawn by the anthropomorphicized coil

rejected at the toilet's bottom.

Just troping—no actual

first-order content.

Volk vérité.

I wrote a check, turned back and hovered like a suitor

over the darkened stool, the cold beef drool,

the thickness of the poem dependent

on the transcendent economy.

The group were fascists

for booting

Stu.

Stick a small, underpowered bulb between the feet,

and the first to smash it.

If there’s an unnecessary excitement,

go home and relieve the first watch.

Poke your head into the cake shape,

leave with flecks cheeked, brush the mohair.

In slow motion, I fell off the chair.

Managed—

Turned and ran a runnel in the roseate,

streaming in the flowers, courtyarded and protected,

but still subject to outer influences.

And after I wanted the tapes in my vault:

the correspondences are incredible but undiscovered.

No, you wouldn’t prevent me, but I get a sense of your authority—

peremptory, extending the superhuman arm,

purveying a dignified alienation leavened by private gestures,

rich sagacious rituals.

Your process, though, is preserved: 8-sided,

octagonal yet hilariously

made nasal,

corrupted

by poor

inputs.

Without access to anything beyond a vague feeling

of responsibility for materiality, a chromed-out legacy,

we remain partnered in this:

a half-hearted reaching out

across the milk-

deprived squad car.

After a perfunctory exchange and a heated seat,

took refuge in the playfully odd

yet certainly masculinist meters of the 70s.

Menaced by Viktor Frengut daily,

opened up the drain and saturated

the faders with the production of poetry,

toweling my back before

the knob clamped

down.

Ah, 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 into the living-room,

constantly tugging toward mourning.

It’s all been rehabilitated, but remains troubled,

interrupting, popping up in the dark.

Grotesquely garlanded and gain-

fueled, bragged hex, corn clustered,

I have learned

to modulate my moules for men.

**The Lecture**

First thoughts afford expectations,

not models exactly (meaning anger

on account of spurned beauty)

but errors of the once much admired:

terrible burnt cork smell, ephedrine dried.

I get a sense of your wisterity, your hyacinthocity,

some rant or experience I’m having

I can’t organize myself.

The merits of having something to work

out or address, fluctuating grandiosity—

defensive, elaborated, sequenced.

Took it out on the Boesendorfer,

a sort of “An Die Musik” for newly minted

Adèsian interpreters. Moved the lecture

from the month of the death to the fall,

a more wonderfully abstracted memorial,

fully elaborated material. There were three caskets:

gold, white gold, silver, platinum, and lead.

The first contained several Bronzino reproductions.

The second, if confronted with such a speech,

flushes out the false notes, a brilliant detection of the pathetic,

asbestos mixed with plaster for green ceiling burial.

The three princesses asked for a sound-proofed room,

three separate alcoves off a common area.

He chooses the leaden casket—the star of youth,

“the Pole-star’s eldest boy,” but let us be content

with Cordelia, Aphrodite, Cinderella, and Psyche.

Anyone might make a wider survey, could undoubtedly

discover other versions of the same theme, preserving

the same three essential features, completely inner-directed.

If we have the courage to proceed in the same way,

the third’s certain peculiar qualities might strike us as excellent:

a flurry of work about 19th century New York; utopia in Frankfurt;

and something Steve said Mallarmé said (“Mes larmes; they’re arming!”)

might make the transference never beaver, take us through

the next renewal, a nominal easiness that allows a tossing off,

an unfussy numbness, a tincture shot under derma,

a blister puck risen to absorb the rays. Perfidy.

The external factor which may be described

in general terms as frustration, meaning being unmet,

stethoscope trumpeting fate in a flush of broken capillaries.

Substitution, a methadone for the understanding,

a neo-vagina for the birth-cathected Oedipus,

the possibility of falling ill arises within limitations

imposed on the field, despondent prize of accessible satisfactions.

Frustrated, pathogenic, dammed up and explosive,

lack of response transforms physical tension into active energy

toward the external world, eventually exhorting a real satisfaction—

attainment of aims no longer erotic, realized in men’s lives.

This is the Zurich school, regression along infantile lines

falling ill, fulfilling the demands of reality. Perfidy.

Poems as screen memories. An evidential dream.

My crumb my mansion; my stanza my stone.

Tantalus in brown wood, ceiling beams glimpsed through lathing,

130 years of roasting and freezing, a cryogenic nursery,

virulent pastures probably raising a fresh turkey for trussing,

knowing what we know about butchering and salting.

Bird fussing. Fertility in a mountebank.

# **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 pulvery soft silica

la lune Verdinal.

Passion hasn’t swerved to works of weakness,

except for the time they took

each other somewhere and breathed

things at each other, didn’t

say anything, hardly even looked,

getting colder with each moment clasping

furiously

daisy—O,

We must dare to live or doe,

ambling by grasses, will nuzzle

the fuzzy numbkin ravine-ward, spill

the snuffling coil

down to bang against

Dover’s Dovells, chiming

indiscriminately.

So I hold commerce

with the dead, encountered by chance,

stuffing the mordant pants

necessary for the pining

life’s accoutrement,

exploring only the musts:

structure,

acquisition,

use,

medium—

but not

another

word.

Now

the king

is in his counting house,

bent lovingly over the sink

lavishing attention on himself;

the rubble dust flies

off each heel as I slide along

the path in shimmering skeins,

bladerly, step-like, describing

a one-in-front-of-the-other thickness,

catching flashes of your countenance

in the wet leaves that reflect my own face,

partial clone.

The failure

is beautiful—

angelic anguish,

soft honesty;

you

punch me repeatedly

where I have stuffed

a pillow.

Two yolks

stare up dumbly,

seem broken up with laughter,

insane guffaws.

False piston

run. Little

never hit

intended men.

No eros in

ideas.

The feeding

was too short

and too little—

this jack,

jerk, poor

goatherd

can’t

sandle

the ton-

sil, won’t

pash

the inquiry.

Form as patent-holder,

a bedded

infinity;

stubble fields,

dead

cypress,

a marshy

morass.

**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.

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.

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.

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

(encrown

-ed

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 ampleness

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

publicked and property shared

with facilitated recognition?

Intense love promise? Breeding

algorithm? Morbid,

pale, clumsy, shy?

Lights in the garden.

Flowers from the market. The more I—

By the end of the evening

I was quite bloated on everything and here I am

with droopy eyes and clouded brain.

Blame flew all over.

If I had walked out into the snow after you—

net-white, strung in perfect squares—you

would’ve seen me from far off:

I was wearing my red jacket;

I was upset and knew you were too.

When you told me you had been crying then

I felt awful but knew we could make things right,

that we were right.

As we grope up, less afraid,

from the shattered poetic pony of adolescence,

to try to be public,

to woo it kindly,

delicate gold hands moving slowly,

how beautiful

to be speaking, to continue

to bound unmolested,

feeling

the slide of heel in boots,

the little tongue

running in the champ magnétique.

Precious! I actually asked the sun—like a muse’s

Father—that if ever

I’d done well beneath him,

or sang the thing that mote

the mind delight,

not to refuse

whatever it is I’m offering,

and let this one day

be ours, with all the rest

for him. Brilliant.

Have you been snooped on?

Feels funny

the other way round,

you and your immobilized Jimmy Stewart

proclivities!

Everything seems charged;

Had a little trouble

sleeping in my new bed

and surroundings

needed and missed

you as I

will

for only two more months;

have woken up the last two mornings

with the material of myth:

femme-erections, 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.

**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, currenly, 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 acculated wealth, though its exchange value is dependant, like currency, on the market and easier to pass in the U.S. to people with similar genetic material or with whom legal relations are permitted. Writing this is a form of narcissism, now in wanting to insert myself in a debate over a magazine, but originally as a reaction to answering a questionnaire, which asked for certain cathexes and, indirectly, economic conditions to be named, thus aiding a kind of class consciousness; since the naming recalled an image or idea of a “life,” as a life is a construct made up of representations of decisions plotted over time and intimately bound up with the control of capital, the commonality of the terms of which led to narrative conventions, the questionnaire established a basis for comparison with the decisions, cathexes and degrees of control of the participants, all of whom are at least acquaintances through text-based exchanges. The expression of my cathexis with an image of my father, here and elsewhere “in my work,” can be said to be a luxury afforded by the capital that I accumulated as a result of his death, although the cathexis would remain, I feel, regardless of the amount of capital involved since it was not known to me, conceptually let alone with numeric specificity, when the cathexis formed, which allowed a kind of cathetic purity that is often idealized, the image of love pointed toward transcendent value, one that can trump the market, within literature and most religions, and within many actual lives, if I can speak of them, other than mine, but writing depends on material conditions unattainable in most. If I am allowed to speak of your life, a set of decisions plotted over time, it is a form of exchange; because of certain histories of exploitation, the subject position created by my relative control of capital and my physical characteristics encounters quite forceful and correct barriers to exchange in various contexts. Though they are often portrayed as protecting images of sets of physical characteristics or images of set of habits, called race and culture, gender and sexuality, such barriers are forms of resistance to the incursions of capital, because capital tries to keep as many of its mechanisms as possible hidden, including labor, a transcendental category, in that in most climates one cannot live without working or paying or forcing someone else to work, so that capital, an image or meme carried by people, makes use of psychological prejudice as part of its hidden mechanisms for exploiting labor; it blurs into such habits and cathexes comfortably and easily, through other ideas and images, and attaches itself to them without dissipation or diffusion, as well as targeting the barriers resistance to such images provokes. To target these incursions via economic analysis is the “class trumps race” theory, which can be extended to other categories, and which when implemented led to the splintering of the left in the late 1960s in the U.S. and to the attempted recovery of origins, previously subsumed by the promise of reform and of a better life, both of which are images, origins and promises, though when lived attain the status of memory and experience, testimony and impression, and then out to the endgame of economic self-justification. Such analyses are abstracted so as to locate the systemizing terms at work, finding them in appeals such as “France for the French,” which paradoxically allows a majority within a locality to feel that their genetic material benefits from redistributive action, though the complications of having 3,000,000 post-colonial citizens, if I may speak of them, particularly as a Jew, since Jews have been closely associated with the market and demonized via that association by Christians and others, leading many to convert or to become adherents of Marx, a son of converts who conceived of class consciousness as the royal road to revolution, but the presence of those citizens in France has led, because of the contradictions it heightens in certain images and ideas, to the creation of parties such as the National Front, which tries to define what the French part of “France for the French” might mean, and has certain distorted cathexes with that idea, though anyone can shop at Fauchon if clean. Similar movements exist. Class does not always seem to trump race, or gender, or sexual orientation, though this may still turn out to be the result of false consciousness, which most often today is applied to consumerism, and there is no right of return, a material re-creation of images, for anyone. Some theorists believe hetero- and homosexuality to be chimeras created by capital, and believe race and gender to be so as well, though one does not hear the latter spoken of as lifestyle choices, and medical research continues into their bases.

**The Song Form as Reflective of Actual Infrastructure**

White shoe. Everyone banding together and putting up

temporary walls, scaling down the visions they brought to the city.

Some, defeated but still active, wanted to get the word out,

squadron-style. “He was Superman 20 years ago,”

someone noted, “to introduce the idea of voyeurism right from the start,

so that the wares were less interesting than the unfolding action.”

So inclined were the guests to dream and loiter,

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 sucre simplifies most transactions, worldly attractions.

A hidden ground of an earlier era suddenly becomes more visible,

now surrounded by flowers, staunch loyalists.

Tomorrow’s actually a holiday, if implicitly stagy. Willful and terrible.

We have to interpret your movements, given

those 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.

Lazily switched helmets,

breathed your phero-binomials,

senses so alert as to be able, little demons, to sort the molecules

by ruling-dominant, getting-leaning, and so forth,

the acrid yellow like a flowery shock to the stem wet with chlorhexidine gluconate,

sodden percale allergen miele cheese cloth encounter. Fits of passion

collected into small looks, collected again, delayed, issued, left out. Value is feelings.

This is something.

Hit the irresistible common

cultural stock proves luminous; but the incredible richness of “Ramblin’,”

Guthrieloaded and Birdflit, is rightly inaccessible,

though the reverberations

of saying so threaten to crush the poem. Self-medicating. Small does and doses and does.

I broke into the cot,

the bedroom the attic,

as the moon’s dive touched the house’s tip,

the bed’s topmost knobs and stays. And I had

a thought:

honesty

about

materials,

that social feeling

spurring

the terror of production,

untoward steaming up of cheap paradisical farmhouses.

He helped me make a few adjustments,

set a goal from which to expect some

end, agitated for my dismissal

from the *Zentralblatt*.

I twisted and turned,

finally came up with the strangely worded statement

*Du bist natur einen Tod 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.

Problèmes survenus en Extrême-Orient

sans relation

avec les problèmes

traités par l'OTAN,

domaine audiovisuel

en Europe.

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.

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.

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 colours, red for Japan and blue for France,

imitate the tricolor, but in reverse.

Une version française

avec deux nouveaux chapitres

sera publiée vers le mois de mars

et j'invite le public francophone à

en prendre

connaissance.

I am interested in your language

as an instrument of liberty.

Do I have to say: *Votre langue m'interesse...*

Can I say: *Je m'interesse à*...

votre langue,

instrument.

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),

L'Eau froide by Olivier Assayas (1994).

On arrival, the city presents its layered synchronous face,

looking past Drancy and La Corneuve,

and the museum, the timed carnival,

unrolls

like punched

piano stock.

The earth folded up here,

folded once

and twice and three times,

opened up in the middle,

the water green,

because I ask you,

for whom is it meant,

the earth, not for you,

I say is it meant,

cat, huitres & the smiling skate

in « La raie » of Chardin,

or the rounded pyramid de pommes

with parrot and Brittany spaniel—

I mean my hand,

what I wish to speak of now,

moved with a kind of longing

indolence which rightly or wrongly

seemed to me expressive.

In Fragonard's belle et grand omelette d'enfants,

the pink central knot floats

with clockwise trails to the northwest and southeast,

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,

observers

incredulous,

watching as,

at a corner table

outdoors,

the citizen,

completely imaginable,

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,

restrained 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.

**Snow**

I called; I

held; I feel

difficultly.

True remarks

course through

closed cans,

cloven

low clowning, cave

and cape;

proprietary

flat

flake.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Neo-Malthus

The neo-Malthusian, generally

alarmist story about human eco-destruction,

of which neither economic optimists

nor distributionists (meaning those

who would like to see the square footage spread out

rather than reconcentrated) have folded into recent findings

about thresholds, interdependence and interactivity,

can’t account for the disruption of ingenuity in environments

of scarcity. The violence of the appropriation of science is counter-

balanced by a need to get the word out, the reflexive digression

a needed point of rest. Similarly, the production of perverts

like Balthus an economic effect, one that has shifted

as the bourgeoisie elevates directly to gentry, already

in motion before, as evidenced by the spectacle of Lizzie’s

purge, staged by agents told by Massoud to stay home

from Conscience Point that night. Explain that. Easy.

Contextual pressure nudges toward the quick hits:

homemade rockets, hilltop bionics, superraytheonics.

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.

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.

The Prince

The prince of

    the primitive

      society touches

          his cousin,

       the princess,

        with impunity.

A functioning Presbyterie

     heightens its

         men’s cries.

Everyone is

   getting touched

        in Mysore.

I make films

    in which I fuck

        Indian

          girls.

A Footpath

A footpath in Mawkynriew. 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.

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.

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),

when the 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

Zero Point

Leading edge charged to millions of volts,

trailing edge charged to millions of volts—

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, vacuum between planes

sexless, and violent under development

and though the lower

be degraded to countervailing

construct or ‘pressure valve’,

enough energy

at points of contact

to boil the oceans six thousand times.

Just as a twist of the knob from 60,000 feet

rearranges the village or Syrianan contact among princes

and operatives,

scaled-down attacks allow discourse

to prepare the ground

where language can still operate

make form like choice.

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.

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 concavity

forms a solid gray unbeveled arch from hilltop to roofline

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,

but nowmotionless, intent, springs forward

curls 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 a small black bird also in the grass nearly perfectly as a kind of lure

staring intent involuntary

Let out in the afternoon moon

hens

sawdust sticking to their heels

forking

but ignored draw lines in the wet grass pushing up

*pyrjong* mosquitos

Intimate gossamers but gossamers

require cosseting to be expected to survive

Close the windows it’s after 5 it’s already two hours

since the mosquitoes left the shallows for the sha—

train the tongue to treat *h* as consonant clustering aspirationally

*Th* as in *thy*

voiced and voiceless two character plosive

not melded

but single-wound copper core

damp down mutton bone *thlone*

Cat as cowboy

astride

the white chickens

*Th* as in *thy*

thick

compound I

we freely

take

Too hot to paint corrugated tin

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 the house itself a dacha though in the city

limits the city Salzburg *sma ksem*

Mozart there Julie Andrews

fashioned love out of drapes

what is it Salzburg ringed by mountains like a berserk

Maypole sticking up through the abode of the clouds

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

Series

Broadsides

Metapoetry

**Nine Sonnets for Late 90s Literary Culture**

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Midwest

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.”

Fiction

Tapping,

slow

and

tedious,

consummate

and firm.

Trollopine,

gigallistic.

Animal prints

are hot

rhinoplastic

inevitable

bass

response.

The Midwest

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.”

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.

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.

New Jersey : Poem for the New York Times Magazine

Since it’s all pig shit,

turf

controls the criticism,

grapeseeds

smother wineries,

querulous jackrabbit

bites

sink skin.

25 is the new 30.

Sensibility is the new sense.

Deb’s picks make

Huppy

Henry

totally spin.

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*.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.

Exercise/Therapy

Can't talk to you

in nakedese

or touch

the perfect

arcs of your

ponytail.

My mother

as control freak

vacuums the sky,

vacuums the vitamin tree;

I vacuum

the outside of my heart,

drive through the disgusting,

well-sunned depths

toward

Gargantua.

The Midwest

Fiddle on the diddle,

and if your creamy shirt

is yours, and your pen

scratches witchily over Crane’s,

why not buy the guy a slice?

I’m at the front of the room

smiling, didactic.

I’m wearing a prophylactic,

“the very prop

on which drapery’s purpose

hangs.” Warming up

the cotton with a hot iron, the soothing,

motivating muscles

of our arms.

Commencement

Loading up the spernum,

juicing up the amp,

cussing up the spittle,

pewing up the damp,

making several portals,

poking several heads,

leaning back to mission,

corking up the beds,

the sunny farmer boy leaves home,

leaves it sitting on the fence.

Touching the knob,

tentatively pressing himself into space.

Touching

little buds of breath that cloud the storm.

Development

does not make a steady

advance;

after an early efflorescence,

a very decided interruption.

*If, like, form were all,*

‘*my ass discharges*

*a sour mash’*

*would be a great line!*

As if attempting to save itself, it has learned

to keep itself in suspension for a while,

fending off piles with spelt and felt—anything felt,

but far too little

is known about the mental

make-up of newborns.

Advision

You coddled me, and I

couldn’t have spoken then, or now

your long lashes brushing softly against the pine,

approaching Amber.

Supple as a body lair, and covered

with just as much hair!

Mound und prong.

Prrring! *That’s the sound my work will make.*

Purrrr! Melodious.

*Like a beastly cur brought up by patricians.*

The lasts are petering out, the shoes

sloughing to a stop;

the birds grip tight the branches

and hearts

pulse up the breast,

roll up sleeves.

The Mill on the Floss : Elders, Chairs, etc.

Every encounter compromised

*by lazy acquiescence and lazy omissio*n,

*by trivial falsities* *for which we hardly know a reason,*

*by small frauds neutralized*

*by small extravagancies,*

*by maladroit flatteries*,

*clumsily improvised insinuations*.

*We live from hand to mouth, most of us,*

*with a small family*

*of immediate desires*

which keep us locked in an insane nursery,

*we do little else than snatch a morsel*

*to satisfy the complaining brood*—

*infirme elu.*

**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—cararapacesararay,

untraceable source.

Patient analyst,

poem session.

Bee haven, paeanuts,

excreting hornden,

grand gallumpf.

Mope

your way past me into the group grope—

p,t,k

b,d,g.

V

The boozehound laid off the sauce,

got the tattler and the spectator

in cathooks, while I was taken

to Jesse’s basement to prepare the astronauts for launch.

The doll got a smart frock; I got permanent vertigo,

heated exchanges in the back of the Bonneville.

Flipping through *Bilious & Frisbee*

I browsed,

I dowsed and quivered,

I was doped, denatured and sprayed.

The nose of the horse tips down as it reaches

the end of an arc. If you don’t believe I have a fever

I’ll drag it out again. Someone

has to pay for Grandpa’s Caprice.

VI

Blent banners hung yellow,

white, breezed in off the shore,

undippable where the surfeit would stick,

sheer and clear, skin-like.

I brought in the buckets of donuts,

coffees light and sweet and light and black and regular,

coffees hot and wedged into the paper tray,

straining out the spills and keeping the containers

still. Children ran in pools. Headscarves and lenses

dotted the periphery, ringed in black pebbly asphalt,

perfect for tocking the asinine ashplant, the little rock

dots marred by repeated contact, whitened at the tips.

Narrow rectangular gardens harbored

stinging bugs the creams kept off.

Can manage the parity,

can

canvas and rubber any

room and wire it up.

VII

But,

if everyone were against me, and one misfortune followed another,

like an inability to participate in lived experience or a tendency

toward bilious and ill-conceived

outbursts when

the famous

come to

town,

where would the power to represent finally reside

if, for community’s sake,

I shout to the rooftops

that Mommy’s

coming home!

Infantile bread—wed.

VIII

The house so enormous,

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.

Postrestantaurant, it’s stopped. The four mil

black plastic won’t rip, held and twisted by the arms.

X

It’s easier to ask 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*.

**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, disproproveable 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 bevvy.

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.

Smarm collective.

Thursday

Pull that ad. Add the ab I ablated. Bed of lilies.

There aren’t two rs in patisserie honey bunny.

The fence is bent, wire mesh, washed by water

drops, rusting the upper threads with acidic

spurl. A sole flag flaps over light mud

grave. White Mercedes van-like, rather

steel grey. Locked in a look with me. Drop

in tension. The green drilled stakes stook

the circle out, thicker when set. Endless

occurrences afford sustained conscious acts,

cursive on the leaves, symbols scratched

on third International whiz green, related Valiant.

The route a by-pass, the sun a sink. A single

engine torquing eddies of air, bumping

ventrally the glass cove; one tree’s

stripped, another’s mossy. A clump of bushes

also seems planned. The soft mountains,

the hard backs of the trees that describe

their arcs. Raise my g&t to the blue Subaru,

causing eye contact conflict encapsulated

levinasically. Red stump, basal butterfly.

These responses are all mine.

Friday

Aquamarine Jetta pass, fast. Ant drop,

no thump unless majorly amplified, unless

an ant. Covered in marjoram orally, baked

naked. Crickets chirruping Englishly.

Coals glowing fiendishly, splattering nitrites.

Moss patches like paint. Long

bed of lilies and grasses,

tender sentry of the drive. Sole fir. Tick-

less. ~~Crunch~~ repeated crunch. Stir.

“The small sabbath of the leaves”—Lousse’s

garden, ain’t you aiming to reach it, aw

caw blow by brow back. Early spotting blue Ford,

turned over old boat, red Chevy mute and still,

small outcropping by base is not weeds. Poles

unchanged since telegraph times. Crickets

gathering (force). Broken-off treated wood.

Green Suburban-like, then blue Subaru taken on

the rise, eyelock and then release. The chair’s

afforded sightlines altered. Mossy mostly interred

stone, partial visage, moon faces, stick bedecked.

Canoe-topped green Suburban, white Ford

boat trailing pick-up, dark Lumina.

Setting sun frames ancient mostly erect

apple tree, actual MG roadster.

Clump of lily-like flowers. Picking up the

pickup through the three-twined torsos,

seemingly in Matisse-like motion. Can’t

give up for cold. Yellowed leaf. Fine

brown on otherwise green. Febrile swamp

maple, brackish unextended unapproach

must unreproduceable be. The line

of higher and lower grasses,

desiccated bed-like

signals to the tired body as the thin stella

plane emerges, plain milk-like,

chorusing garishly toward no note.

Left impressions. Lengthen

legs, shift lap, lenchen.

Can’t wait, Jøtul,

must go, murmurs

inside, unbasking

tide, knife

slap on board.

**The Res Poetica**

A *relation* is a real thing, i.e. has a physio-neuronal

instantiation between minds and in brains,

traceable through Positron Emission Tomography.

The*res poetica* is a relation realized through poetry.

It’s a space created by “the legislators of the unacknowledged world.”

It’s not like “a city upon a hill” (which “cannot be hidden”).

Poets are real: poets make poetry, or the things behind

its generation; they think of themselves,

and represent themselves, as poets.

Poets can’t help making poetry.

The *res poetica* is a relation that forms, mostly between poets,

through poetry.

It creates, affirms, or destroys.

In defining the limits of the *res poetica*, put the claim

“We live in the mind” beside experience of the ways

mind can be reduced, with violence, to body.

Poets are formed by what Bishnupriya Ghosh calls “local struggles”

which cannot be represented from any single perspective.

The production, dissemination, and reception of poetry

project the space of such struggles into the *res poetica*,

bringing together medium, other poems, author and author function,

reader and readers, reception conditions, text, performance.

It’s a model state that is momentary, fragile, propositional,

temporally continuous or discontinuous,

but materially real.

It is not different in kind from what happens during prayers,or when

identifying with a construct like “The United States” or “India”

(which Narendra Modi describes as having a “natural relationship”).

It’s just differently realized, and enforced.

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.”

Poetry can be an open secret, “a way of imparting knowledge

such that it cannot be claimed and acted on.”

Poetry can recycle existing imperatives, and 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.

Vivek Narayanan, in introducing Rahul Soni’s translation

of Shrikant Verma’s *Magadh,* refers to its “ambiguous

invocations of half-mythical South Asian cities”

and its “canny and even bitter political outrage.”

Narayanan reads Verma’s work as an open secret:

“Verma was a senior Congress Party functionary under

Indira Gandhi in the late 70s and early 80s” [which entails

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.”

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

Monolingual speakers of English can access

re-representations of vernacular FORMS

but often not the chains of meaning

that produced them.

One recent response to lack of access to, for example,

Tamil film, is to use the tools at hand

to appropriate the forms of the vernacular

into a superordinate neo-cosmopolitanist idiom,

via, for example, heightened cuts, homophonics,

and pasted voice-overs, which are forms of, among

other things, simulating accessibility and discursive mastery.

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 is more like a fetish.

The failure of a vernacular to signify when removed from its usual context

in made out, in this work, to be, partially, an intrinsic property

of the vernacular, one that then gets taken up by

authorial identification, so that the vernacular’s failure

to signify conventionally gets appropriated by the author,

producing (and this is what makes it lyric) a kind of pathos.

The author function can also incorporate the ironies of that reading,

which can be beautiful.

Removing form from content, even in play, is a kind of attempted dominance,

rather than a query from one work to another,

one language to another.

The negotiations take place within the *res poetica*,

not within the works themselves.

In 1999, I wrote and published a racist poem.

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 damaged and reduced.

Poetry can, I guess, attempt to recapitulate and reiterate racist thought

without the poem’s author function seeming to be a node

for drawing pleasure in discharge from the thoughts themselves.

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, as some have said.

Pleasure in disgust, and pleasure generally, can freak people out, but deriving pleasure

from disgust and deriving pleasure from re-iterating racist thought

and speech are not necessarily distinguishable without

more sensitive PET technology.

The *res poetica* takes the place of intent and attempts at framing.

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.”

Arjun Appadurai opposes “ethnic collectivists who lack… global imagination”

to cosmopolitans who, by contrast, “relish non-national nomadism

and celebrate migrancy, hybridity, and mobility.”

Bishnupriya Ghosh, in critiquing Appadurai, cites 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.”

Addressing a body called “The International Agency for Cities of Refuge”

for money, Jacques Derrida imagines a set of autonomous polities,

“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.”

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.”

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, Punjabi, and Marathi

were vernaculars.

Maharashtra was created in 1956,

four years after Nissim Ezekiel’s first book, *A Time to Change,*

written in English, was published. Ezekiel returned during

this period to Bombay, where he was in close touch

with many younger writers.

Arun Kolatkar, 8 years younger than Ezekiel, published

more than 15 books in Marathi.

Kolatkar published *Jejuri*, his first book written in English, in 1976.

Poetry has modes of reception, rather than fixed and identifiable

formal characteristics, “subjectivistic-perspectivalistic procedure[s]”

that “create a foreground and a background” bringing

the past to the present, and the present to the past.

*Jejuri* is a serial panorama of a sacred Hindu site in Maharashtra,

incorporating numerous ironies that play the site’s actual physical

state off its accepted spiritual significance.

Kolatkar’s second book written in English, *Kala Ghoda Poems,*

was published in 2004, the year of his death.

His third, *Sarpa Satra*, a retelling of a tiny piece of the *Mahabharata,*

was published that same year.

Kolatkar’s writing in English was an open secret

whose nature is only beginning to be recognized.

Within the *res poetica,* Kolatkar’s Bombay is a city of refuge

whose forms of solidarity are only beginning to be realized.

Kolatkar’s poem “Pi-dog,” from *Kala Ghoda Poems*,

set in the Kala Ghoda section of Mumbai,

ends when day breaks, and the dogs,

who have ruled small sections of the night roads,

“surrender the city

to its so-called masters.”

\*\*\*

“Metaphysical blippety-blips

while sucking candor lozenge?”

— “The Cosmopolitans”

Sianne Ngai and Brian Kim Stefans

Anne Boyer’s daughter recently said that the choices are

between shut-in or revolutionary.

The air has run out of the piety market.

The staging of voice can be model, opiate,

refuge, by-product, or iteration;

it can create relation.

**Uncollected**

Trying Admiring

Miles Champion immensely moving.

Miles Champion of speed blows doors off New York.

Poets silent in New York as switchy Miles talks beautiful blue streak.

American poets sheepish as truly royal Brit out and over does them.

Miles Champion pipes tune that drives the kids wild. BKS irradiates kindness.

Allusive poem declares micro-allegiances, fails to reach Champion accord.

Monsieur le pilot, Miles Champion arrives, is immediately appointed to Cornell, infuriating young American poets.

Compositional Miles owns Matching Mole’s Little Red Record and the first Germs record on vinyl. Brian lights a cigarette. I own Hunky Dory on vinyl with the original inner-sleeve, but keep my mouth shut. I also used to have the “cowboy cover” Man Who Sold the World. I’m starting to sound like a poet who works in prose sometimes, whom I admire. Better dig in my spikes.

Brian strode and I admired him, as Miles Champion explained about the speed.

Miles and Brian, tall thin men take Manhattan.

I make comparisons between Miles Champion and performance poets. Allusions and outerwear. Thus more people compare Anselm Berrigan to Beck than either to Mace. This may be an example of paternalist criticism.

Miles Champion innocently asleep between Brian’s two beautiful sisters.

Miles Champion unimpressed and tolerant as I point out McKim, Mead & White post-office and prattle.

Brian allowed himself to be kissed, but he was drunk. He was kissing everyone good-bye at Charlus’s book party. Miles Champion’s Carcanet release was not available. I call Charlus Charlus affectionately.

I thought Miles Champion’s allusion to the “diabetic poetics of Brian Kim Stefans and Steve McCaffery” was funny and apropos. Political uncertainty kept others at the famous secret bar from laughing.

Miles Champion claims to have lost his New York School veneer. I salute him from here.

Sirens

I sing of the moon

and what I assume

Hello, the cadre. Hello, the dog.

Arranging by chance to meet

beat beat beat flowers

sweet

captious

treat

tip-toe

fleet

song

the park

was bursting the trees swayed

crazily the men bit their caps

the women the women were thirsty

scampery the kids played noisily

the tender rocks

beached their young the future

beckoned the key click

cylindered the bell rangangang

Crumpled into gloves

the gloves crumpled

he folded the crumpled gloves

golf was her game

she crumpled the gloves

stuck them in the bag

No birdy beurocrat, I

recycling recidivism

cyd charissism

draw all of the

draw out of the

1 over a base 10

moon-o uno

all its mathematical munelight

my lovey darling

my bisque, I

barred from Oz

implore

all of the chocolite

drawn out of

my candy-hearted dove

birdy beaurocrat

busby berkeleyism

The Horse

Dressing for work

'Don't worry, you'll figure it out'

I like to do it I like what you do.

'what you want to do'

What will you do for me?

What is the source of your money?

La source.

The source.

The horse.

For a Rabbit

nest

hut den

burrow

thatch

hut rags

invention

Narrowly

constant

pickable

stems

suffused

can something

gable

proctor

fluke

Excreting hornden

bapping from one transaction to the next

loosey-goosey

coat the release with pomade

i'm giving it to you (yuk)

with the familiar aggression of largesse

that quickly leads you to my

yes I'm gleeful hair

Is it cold outside?

So you know where the restaurant is?

Bulbs

overhead, overheated –

the lamps burn,

incandescent

opacity spreads, and

noise finds a simple form,

nocturne.

The party roared; I reeled

and smiled. I shook

my drink.

Lishu in the garden

bosen during day

fall down dark

up again zen.

What Did They Use to Cut Paper in Ancient Rome?

A caesars

which really troubles

Alfred,

Lord

Tenny Pump

unquantifiably

to which to wit,

‘razors’

‘barrels’

‘contortions’ -

confounding liquids

and nasals.

Is it worth it to fly lemons around?

Sheep in Fog

Fish in Coolers

Ok,

Heaviest one-syllable word

in English?

Strengths.

Heaviest rock in English canon?

Badger.

Sunday

All de Chirico. Limp glove. Moist. Kalt. Vaca. Late de Chirico. Still. Stay in your plaça. Hanging. Four boys huddled under a scaffold. High. Exit ramps like ram’s horns. Stay real. Contribute carbon. Card. Slot. Hot. Bot. Cot. Cod. Tot. Todt. Toll. Tam. Tap. Toe. Poll. Poe. Pee. Pop. Pin. Clouds like needles. Clouds like explosions. Like expositions. Like roses. Like containers. Like pilots.

Sunday

I had tris in my pajamas.

Sunday

You can’t say pilots anymore.

But notice

how you can say roses.

Sunday

Punto Pays 2005

Malbecfast of Champions

In a big country, dreams

Koop!

Er, flown the? Nay,

it’s what they say

on the train to Oostende

to collect the fare.

Er hat,

said the German

in the next compartment

after I reached for my wallet

and touched her hair.

Hazel.

Notes:

Recording Over: Cassette tapes, onto which my father would dictate his sessions, using a dictophone. He would record on the same tapes over and over, leading to fragments of old sessions lying beneath others, surfacing if one played the tape through. Poem as means for capturing the way that, for me, memory works similarly.

FTP: “Bragged about making the loft scene”: Jen, Marc Currie, and I caught the very end of the loft jazz scene in tribeca, which had begun as early as the 1950s (look it up?), flourished in the in 1960s and 70s, and was almost dead via development and the aging of the free jazz scene by the late 1980s, when we went to see Reggie Workman lead Marilyn Crispell, Gerry Hemingway, and a sax player I don’t remember. “Courtyarded and protected” a screen memory of urinating out somewhere, but transposing it to the courtyard at 715 Washington Street. “And after I wanted the tape in my vault”: the tape are the audio recordings of my father’s sessions, which he

The Lecture: The Richard L. Scharf memorial lecture, given annual at the what is now the Institute for Psychoanalytic Education affiliated with the New York University school of medicine. “The three princesses…” this is from a story dictated to my mother soon after my father died. My mother is a very good typist, though she dislikes it. She would transcribe my father’s tape-recored sessions. Probably as part of the therapy I was in soon after my father’s death—I was hitting myself in the face for minor behavioral infractions, which indicated that I probably blamed myself for his death, which is common in children—my mother asked me to dictate a stories to her. I don’t know where they are, and this is the only one I remember, and the only thing I remember about it is that there were three princesses, who, granted wishes, asked that they might each have their own sound-proofed room off the same common hall. “Sound-proofed” rooms: my father office, at 3 (5?) East 80th Street, was sound-proofed, as was the office in Great Neck where I met Dr. Glenn. The princesses: see notes on Lilies in Beds.

Lilies in Beds: Set at a rented house in Trenton, Maine, where Jen and I went with Duncan Dobbelmann and Camille Guthrie for a week one summer, probably in 2000, as it seems, in my memory, like it was before 9/11. We drove up in Duncan’s Saab. His leg was immobilized due to some sporting accident. I was already in the throes of the same back pain that Grandma Meryl had had on and off my entire childhood. I couldn’t go anywhere. I sat in a chair in the front watching the cars go by. It was totally the setting of “This Lime-Tree Bower, My Prison”: everyone would go out and do things. Neither Duncan nor I could drive, and Jen couldn’t drive stick, so Camille would drive the three of them here and there, pretty much against her will. There was a “Gerry’s pipe suddenly on hand…” Gerald Freiman, my father’s mother’s cousin. Psychoanalyst. Trained at the same institute as my father. He died of brain cancer in \_\_\_\_. He and his wife, Laura, were surrogate parents to me, in a way, living in Mill Neck, in the former Hepburn compound. Their three daughters, Gwenne, Karan, and Abbe, are probably the three princesses of The Lecture.

Misc: AR turntable, uncle Joe.