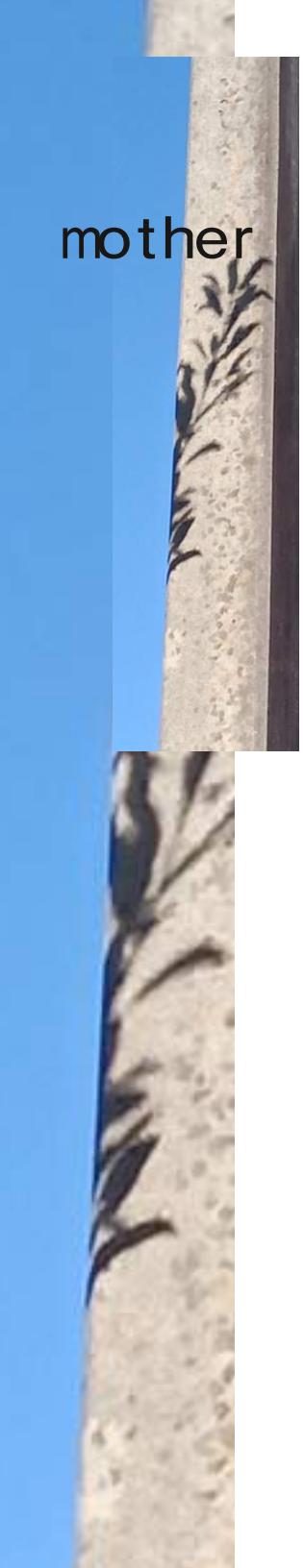




a grid through which light
comes



mother

Today I found cinnamon gum
stuck to my book of phrases
half or barely remembered instances

We set off fireworks in the front yard
burnt out sparklers
graves the length of flowerbeds

Who will live there
in that house on the hill
a dwelling bright and biblical

Who will count them,
these long and varnished days
laid out like keys of old pianos
recital of the small and intimate

Hang a wreath, O daughters of Zion
lay out a mat for Babylon's hordes

I heard thin laughter in the fellowship hall
a modest proposal
pinch of the flesh of the arm

She said to me, desperately, "he is wise"
she told me he was righteous
with knees for prayer and fellatio
and guilt like lipstick discreetly applied

Kiss the napkin, fold it up
scribbles in margins, near misses
a pack of parliaments in Charleston harbor

No that isn't quite it
that isn't how it was in movies
or a photograph

codemonkey

the capabilities of humans and their systems are inversely related. as systems grow in scope and sophistication, so too does our reliance upon them and our ignorance of them, such that, in time, they can no longer be said to belong to us but us to them. it is self-induced regression on a massive scale: our epochal return to the childlike state of neo-animistic primitivism, cogs in machines we forgot we made. (see the IT custodian, the codemonkey—intermediary states in the deevolutionary process.)

units

culture is not a measure of velocity but of temperature. the ideal state is not in the distance (something to be sped toward or away from with frantic glances at clock and speedometer); rather it is at our own center, our core, an equilibrium between body and its environment.

stasis is not stagnation.

the arts, the sciences, the economy—these are the mercury-in-tube thermometer beneath the tongue of the collective unconscious.

our current reading is dangerously high.

by prioritizing the vector quantity (relentless and rapid "progress" along some directed line of action), we have blown the radiator (to borrow the bad metaphor) or, more to the point, induced a feverish state that demands prolonged bed rest.

We tend to think of the natural world as resource, as raw material, as merely instrumental in the grand human project of bringing-about or bringing-forth...and a bringing-forth of what? Of the inmost possibility, the forgotten knowledge, the energetic flows residing not within the earth (as the mineral) but within ourselves (as the Minerval). We cut down the tree that we might fashion the parts that we might construct the instruments that we might coax ourselves out upon them as song or word or vision and thereby come to know ourselves. Thus, nature's value seems not to be inherent but rather derived from its instrumental role in allowing man to bring himself about.

But what
of thought
be revers-
if nature is
the active
we, merely
ium? The
the tree
passage;
the man
the man;



if this line
were to
ed? What
the agent,
entity, and
its med-
spirit of
s e e k s
it calls to
and uses
it uses his

hands as tools and his tools as tools; it makes itself Boat thereby and grants us berth as payment. Which is to say: man as that which the tree operationalizes in the process of making itself known to itself as The-Sailing-Thing or The-Singing-Thing. What if we are not Theseus, as we imagine, but rather his ship, our capacities the sails, swapped out selectively by naiads and dryads and the spirits of the world until the perfect instrumental configuration is reached?

And within this recursive reimagining, we might, perhaps, come to see our illusions of prime agency functioning merely as teeth on the saw or cogs on the gear to better enable the enabling of Nature coming forth (as man coming forth [as Nature coming forth]). What then? The man, the tree, the ship: instruments that craft their makers, tuning the tuner at pitches more or less to their liking, more or less to their likeness.

configuration

till we have faces its off to the races
and under the floorboards
and in the charnelhouses, the whorehouses

where mice go tumbling in congress
taking form as cupid
taking form as psyche
taking from us our blood and other fluids
to convert them into dream-image:
a flower in bloom
Golgotha split open
the visage of Christ in calyxes and whorls



Past and future are limited quantities—abstractions, static accumulations. The present is immediate, infinite, a living and dynamic site through/against which all experience moves and from whence it originates.

Consider the Celtic cross: it is not at the linear extremities that the regal aura instantiates, but at the point of axial intersection (prophetic horizontality [x] brought into orthogonal relation with priestly verticality [y]); if we are to abide in and be encircled by Christ's nimbus of joy and purpose, we must stretch out in cruciform, our hearts at the origin point (0,0), living Now and dying

Always.

And in so doing, we find ourselves operant in the generative process of divine sacrifice, new geometries being ever made known, an infinity of axes proceeding outward in every direction until a perfect sphere is formed.

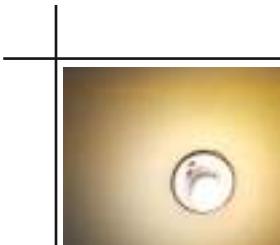
timecross

sundial

We speak of the passage of time as if it were moving toward and away from us. But just as the sun does not actually rise and set, so—perhaps—time does not pass but only appears to from our point of view as observers of it and participants in it—lesser satellites caught in the temporal orbits of some great, radiant body.

bug

just watched a large bug careen headlong into
a window,
heard the impact of carapace on glass as it
bounced off and away,
disoriented.
do the gods chuckle similarly, I wonder,
at our waspish waywardness,
these dumb and frantic collisions
with life's invisible barriers?
do they grouse at the splatter of guts on
windshields?
do they swat us at their picnics?
can we sting them?



-the sneeze function as violent and involuntary rejection of the foreign body—a xenophobic impulse. Achoo, bitch.

-Bedroom as legal chamber where darkness holds court, heads like silent gavels—pillows and pillories, goosedown hoosegow, sentences meted out in dreams.

-Man as his own puppet, the Pinocchio whose nose grows inward with every lie, slowly piercing his cruelly oversized brain.

-Heavy metal as both atavistic and accelerationist, casting/sublimating the present terrors of post-industrial life in the mythic light (or shadow) of old world barbarities.

-society as sprung mechanism (see clothespin)



viscera

conduit

True religion (i.e., intuition of the infinite from the particular) is necessarily void of content. Or more precisely, it is itself a void through which content flows but cannot linger.

Think of a tube, whose constraints make possible the transfer of fluids from one space to another (theory/practice, multiplicity/individuality, morality/metaphysics), a mediating channel through which hydrodynamic "instincts" can become realized.

The function of the conduit is in no way dependent on the nature of the material flowing through it—it matters only that movement takes place unobstructed.

Stop it up, however, at one end or the other—attempt to convert the dynamic conduit to a static container and the contents become stagnant, lifeless, incapable of fulfilling the divine imperative toward motion.

So does the religious instinct become nothing more than "empty mythology" as soon as the immediacy of the particular instance is subordinated to abstract notions of authoritative dogma or theological system.

This is not in any way to malign the role that system plays in human life, but simply to point out that systematics have no place in religion. Religion ought not be conceived of as a body of accumulated material (mythical, doctrinal, or other), but rather as the State or Medium by which bodies are moved or made to move through impulse.

-UFOs as a psychotechnical mechanism for "illuminating the nets" (epistemic frames, social meshes) that constrain and enable shifts in the human metastate. Mending old holes and poking at new ones. A strange affordance, a self-effacing archetype, a pain at the base of the skull made singly known but collectively felt. They are the uncorrelated, unidentified longing, seeds of infinite potential that dart and glimmer through the veils of the human unconscious.

-the human interior as lava lamp, source of light and object of wonder, operating on the Archimedes principle whereby the heated coil of sensation activates waxy animality, altering densities and enabling the formation and ascent of the noetic globule through the mediating substance (read here as unconscious fluidities). Thought cools as it rises and warms as it falls, mesmerically, residuum adhering to top of mind as ego, left to harden in absence of basal warmth.

viscera 2





river girl

they found her in the bulrushes
crawling around,
a reedy little thing
with sly eyes and sharp teeth
and the sun in her belly.

"my daughter of rivers" cooed the barren queen
and stroked her brown cheek
her tangled hair
which soon would be shaved in the style of the times,
face painted finely
(all to her great discomfiture).

that was how the river girl
assumed unlikely form
as terror of the palace;
her list of sins grew long.
many a beleaguered tutor or suitor
lost his wig and sandals.
she bit a maid's finger once,
defaced the grounds,
pissed in the ointment pot.

oh but punishments were paltry,
remonstrances, a giggling matter.
her eyes played guessing games
feral glints of something hidden, something known,
half-answers to old riddles.

her majesty would not feign
an absent air from royal litters,
but threw her jewelry at the crowds
with epithets of glee.

she portended ill, priests murmured,
cause of a bad harvest, or a plague.

but the moon knew otherwise.
waxing full, it watched her
steal long walks beyond the walls,
pious in the soft night,
barefoot through riverbeds,
rich mud clinging
like a child to a mother.

and the crocodiles croaked their prophecies
and the holy bullfrogs chanted.

overcome with sanctity,
she whispered prayers to gods that were not
hers,
halting supplications
arbitrary penances:
 cuts with stones, bites from asps,
 lying naked on the sharp-hewn stubble.

purified in this way, she learned to fly
with cranes and ibises
high above snaking sands
to scout entrances to tombs

so that by torchlight, descending
hunched through halls and long-sealed
chambers
she might bless them,
the desiccated dead.

and so in the night, in the early dawning hours,
the moon watched the rivergirl drift away
knowing the sadness of wisdom and
the coldness of time

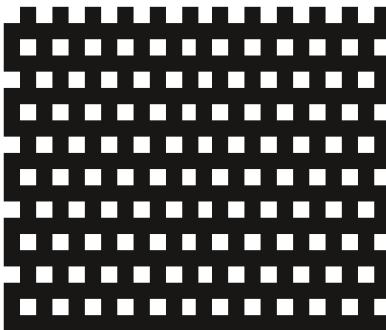


based



I think that in its purest and truest sense, "based" is an ontic-semiotic term, a "commendation of being" or mode of self-signification which, eschewing external frames of reference, calls instead upon one's own inmost interiorities, subjectivities, absurdities as origin point (0,0) from whence proceeds the Hyperhuman, grotesque and parabolic. Based.

Based on what? On capital "A" Authenticity (or Anonymity) writ large (or small) with none of the stink of societal coercion, mass opinion, or conformity hanging about it. Based is the great Diffusion, prismatic. It is the singular, infinite (You) giving voice to itself as itself in a language perversely and unflinchingly its own, even and especially when so doing comes at risk of ridicule or general disapprobation.





br ian

join me in the fragmentary
always sometimes never
lockstep crackpots
sidling over
join me in the sharpness
in the slickness
900 square feet of nothing nowhere
ramses had his giza
moses his sinai
pill bottles bobbing in the reeds
letters marked urgent
boogie nights and lazy nile days

irony

The ironic or sarcastic turn is a performative, deformative mode/code of signifying one's facility with and freedom from a set of conventions (linguistic, cultural, etc.) by consciously negating or transgressing them. Instantiated in what we might call “knowing infractions” (syntactic slights/slides, semantic winks, referential nods, mimetic gestures, dismissive tones), the ironic act is just that—an act—but one so subtle as to exclude, confuse, and escape the uninitiated majority while also establishing a tacit solidarity with anyone else keen enough to detect and appreciate the sly subversion. It’s a kind of mating call, repulsing the unsuitable and attracting those with similar aptitudes for and attitudes toward the socio-communicational “games we play,” in all of their nuanced constructed-ness.

In this way, irony functions against itself—a deflation that inflates, a lessening that enlarges. Practiced distance becomes a unifying force within this formulation, a brotherhood of detachment and anti-sentiment. Interface is rendered Artifice (art of face). Ego presides at the expense of the superego that engendered it.

Simply put: irony is breaking the rules to show how well you know them (and how little you care about them). Its utility is anti-utility: dependence upon the very thing it derides.

For example, when I call a bad catch “nice,” I do not mean that it is actually nice—I mean that it was bad but only within the arbitrary rulesets of a game that doesn’t deserve sincere effort or consideration.

To call a bad catch “nice” is worse than calling it bad, insofar as it undermines not only the skill of the player but the legitimacy of the game itself and the language around it. The implication: I can do better with ease than you can do with effort (if I cared to, which I don’t). Whether or not this is true is of no consequence—only that it was expressed in as offhanded a way as possible.

Offhandedness is key. The moment you let up your practiced air of never having practiced, the game is over (and real games, fun games can finally resume).

But no one wants to lose, and no wants to look as if they want to win. Like a sickness, irony spreads. Ease turns to dis-ease, moving with feverish coolness among the unbothered youth, a second plague, a Black Undeath, a pox that is contracted in isolation and transmitted through lack of genuine contact—symptomatic of nothing, critical of everything, terminally dormant.

Eventually, however, a kind of herd immunity is reached. In a society inoculated against sincerity, there is nothing left for the ironic man to scorn, no failed attempts above which to elevate himself, only an infinite regression of hollow conventions and post-conventions to remove one’s self from.

So we invent new horrors to bore us, new fears to yawn at behind our mandated face coverings. And this, I propose, is the true pandemic: not the germ, not the real and living virus, but the inhuman and unsmiling masks we wear against it.

rain



I get obsessive when it rains. These storms do a number on me. Small things, petty things, I get hung up. What's the trigger for it? Is it physiological, psychosomatic? There's freight a mile back.

26 years old. 25. I round up, am hung up. Online takes me in circles, small tight ones that approximate madness.

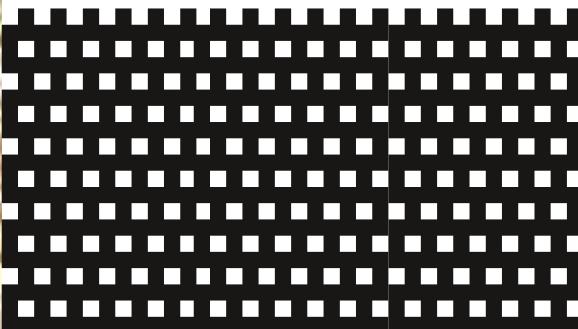
Afraid of that: asphyxia of the mind or lungs.

Well you watch some TV. You browse. There's work, memories to gnaw on, freight a mile back. "Mold describes parabolas." Nice.

More than one guy has said of language, this or that. The inward turn. Can't-get-at-back-of-it. And that's cycles, that's the whole thing of it. Affluenza, I'm sick.

Opening an umbrella and closing it to get the water off, repeatedly.

Nice.



-Social kinesthetics/calisthenics: toward a systematic theory or proactive regime of collective "movement," exercising the body politic through controlled motions (queues, fast, war, carnival) and at regular intervals (once in 7, thrice in 12) so that—in time—we might all groan a little less and spring a little more beneath the shared weight of Socius.

-an anatomical theory of system: the skeletal frame (mechanics and infrastructures), the connective tissue and tendons (logistics), the striated bundle (mission and manpower), the Skin or Face (rhetorics and optics)



viscera 3

-Central planning: big thinkers architecting new and better hells for the small-minded to suffer in on their behalf

-Taxidermic memories: turning traumas into trophies

-Oral ways of being: clenched (Bruxism, anxiety), agape (dullness, torpor), pained (regret, rot, clutching at the sore spot)

-bridges of dissimulation: the socio-developmental role of childhood fibbing

brainfood

I want to think about ways that the workings of Mind and Thought might be mapped to and brought into analogical relation with the biological processes of ingestion, digestion, and excretion—beyond mere notions of “input/output.”

First to the food or meat. This is raw sensation or unprocessed data, sought out and hunted down by the Nose, the Hands, the Eyes. It is brought up to Mouth, the oral/cranial Cavity which serves as point of ingress and site of consumption.

Teeth are words, some blunt some incisive, a set of living bones and received wisdoms (prone to irregularity, discoloration, shifting, and decay), with which we have been endowed to tear, grind, and chew the whole sensation into its component parts, reassembled by the Salivary function (Desire) into a softened mass or Bolus suitable for Tasting on the tongue of emotion and swallowing via the spasmodic impulse or downward thrust (force of will)

Here our food enters the deep intestinal labyrinth, that Unconscious interior wherein the involuntary act of Digestion takes place, disintegrating the received sensation on its molecular level, extracting through various enzymatic processes the nutritive psychic materials that enliven the whole man, and expelling the nonessential elements as waste. And here, distasteful as it may seem, we are forced to draw comparison between creative output and that of excretion. The analogy, perhaps, does not hold insofar as the creative act often generates or possesses beautiful qualities while the defecatory rarely does; both, however, do require effort, hold perverse fascinations, and can be indicative of one’s general health—whether physical or psychic.



conduits 2

spacetime is a conduit for subject-objects (you, me) which are in turn conduits for communicational frequencies or energies. the dynamic nature of these nested channels precludes claims of ownership or fault. which is to say, you cannot "waste" time or materials, since you do not in fact possess them, but merely move through and around them, just as energies move through and around you. conduct your energies openly and gently toward the subject-objects that occupy the shared spatiotemporal stream, and the kindness will be returned in form of synchronicities, unimpeded flows. misdirect your energies, however, and blockages will form, collisions will occur, all manner of snags and entanglements. [take, for instance, the man on his morning commute; he honks and curses; he musn't be late. his relationship with space and time is an adversarial one. he believes he must contend with/exert himself upon the former (space) in order to gain or save the latter (time). this is false. the man does have agency, but not of the sort he imagines. in the realm of the clock and the carburetor, we are all of us as helpless as stones. we have neither the obligation nor indeed even the ability to "get places" "on time," to make the material world bend to our will. for all his wild attempts to accelerate, to maneuver, to escape the gridlock, the man does not and cannot move of his own accord; rather, he is moved by forces beyond him.

if we would but realize this, come to see ourselves not as originating agents but as dynamic conduits in our own right, begin reaching out energetically to the other nodes in the network, accomodating them and communicating with them to our fullest capacity, we would find ourselves soon arriving wherever it is we are intended to be, equipped with whatever materials we are intended to have, carried along effortlessly by the currents we once vainly strove to fight. so what i propose is reorientation toward a meta/co-conductive paradigm wherein the following holds true: that if we concern ourselves mainly with the relational/communicational (Who-Why-How), the temporal/material (What-Where-When) will sort itself out in our collective favor.

lady with the large and toothy smile
and sense of ease
i would like to sit with you awhile
and bounce my knees
you would ask "why so nervous"
id reply
"too much coffee", "lack of purpose"
or some other lie

lady with the skirts and walking shoes
and toothy grin
you could love me more than I could you,
or than could 1000 better men



clothespin

society as sprung mechanism, the dual prongs of which operate on principles of torsion and tension to do their unitive work, i.e. a fastening/pinning of cultural linens to the ideological line.

By lever action, the dichotomous prongs are brought to bear upon one another--male upon female, order upon chaos, life upon death.

Pinching the prongs closed at one end pries them open at the other, like a reluctant jaw, which--once released--clamps down on and secures life's billowy materials against the fleeting winds of time and impulse and chance. So we come to see that the social mechanism, like the clothespin, can be considered a useful tool only insofar as it retains an inborn resistance to external force, figured as the coiled fulcrum.

Take, for example, the unconscious mind and those bodies of ritual practice which have purported to heal and to reveal it, from the shamanistic traditions of prehistory to the psychoanalysis of the modern day.

Let us call the one prong framework and the other freeplay. By what means are these opposing impulses brought into a working social relationship so as to pin the psyche down or air it out?

Where does the fulcrual point lie (if anywhere), and how is the tension stored there (if at all)? The answer, I propose, is primarily socio-ontological, encompassing both sense of self and sense of place. Which is to say that--in the past at least--all healing practice was intended to propagate and reinforce a shared sense of collective identity, a social self, manifested through tribal affiliation and tied inextricably to geographical location.

Exclusivity supplies the tension necessary to pin or fasten. As time went on, however, and the exclusive barriers dissolved, the ontic force exerted upon the spring proved more than the mechanism could bear, collapsing the three part structure, snapping the taut line, and reducing the ordered triangle (prong-coil-prong) to a decentered jumble. Hence the dryer drum menality of the psychoanalyst and "new age" nitwit, therapy as centrifuge, preoccupation with the individual point rather than the relational vertices. Of course, this metaphor--like the clothespin itself--is limited in scope--an inch or less of play. But the play works. It suffices.

While the industrial unit tumbles and degrades, consuming coin and excreting lint within the purgatorial confines of the laundrymat, the simple sprung pin maintains the quiet dignity of the article and its wearer, acknowledging and operationalizing the vicissitudes of an errant breeze.

Inside - why?
Because we have
been given;
Outside - what?
The power and the
glory; Union ñ
how? By bringing
together. Where is
the center? The
godself, now and
ever. What is the
outworking? Being
and knowing and
loving. To what
end? To encircle
and expand,
tranquil & strong.
What is the
purpose of the
man? Not to
determine but to
contemplate the
determining,
interrogation of
the interrogative
function itself.
What is love? It
is sensing the
self in the other.
Put another way,
it is feeling the
patterned
sensation of
patterned
sensation being
felt. This is that
which is meant,
that which is
felt, known, seen:
Being, the stuff
of the world. A
singular
plurality, the
monadic manifold.
You know this for
you have proceeded
from it and will
return to it and
are even now with
it, a tessellation
or interior
corner.



i n c o m m u n i c a b l e