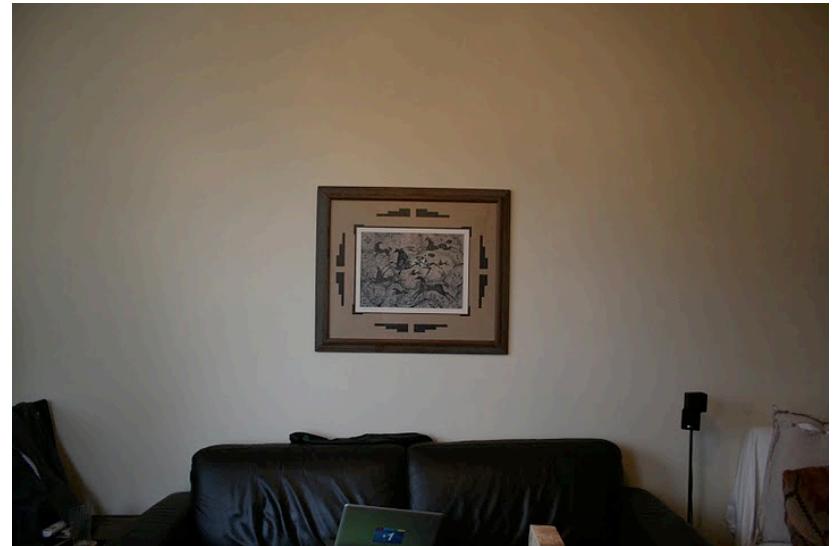


Sometimes the Machine
Saul Appelbaum and Adam Katz



of Pattabi

Even as time and culture change I am amazed
that you can reduce the page ooo to the first 4 lines

doubled to 8 in the second paragraph and then
4 time 8 to get 32 as the number of

lines the in third paragraph which was originally two
paragraphs and was closed by the 32 line which is

hand written (which naturally joined 20 and
11). Leaving only the word on the page (and
the problem of st from just). I could say
more but wanted to point this oddity
out for the time and see how it came

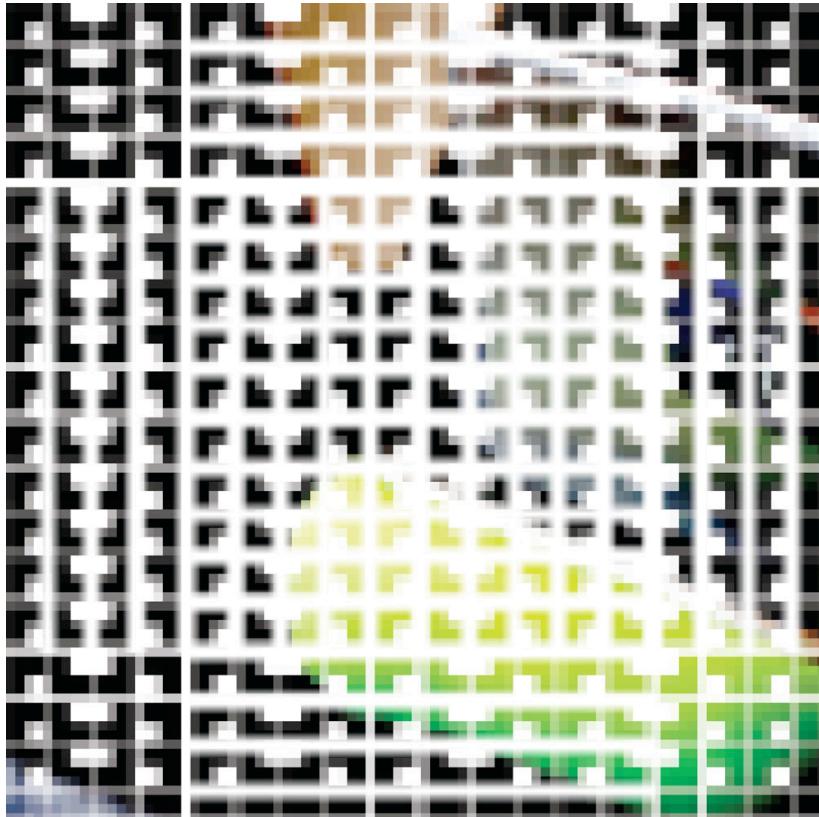
about. I used to think that I had to wait till I
was inspired before I could write but then I realized I
hardly ever *was* inspired, so that I'd have to come
up with something, something *else*, ha ha,
so usually my poems, when I write I'm
just in a sort of, *everyday* frame of mind.

Which is all I know, really, I suppose, ha.

September Equinox

that its only more knee was it'd
tup then woke up to the conditions de-
privation all truer, by resolve but not without

a true praying a wish that de-
scribed you to yourself in a fashion alone
you self-denyingly solved your priviness to



generously
and
catalogue

charged
character

where as little as possible is on my mind other than the materials at hand and the satisfaction of creation

not consciously mindful

although some thought has gone beforehand into selecting the material

I'm attending to only what's on the page
"interesting" until

which could be viewed as inspiration. But where the inspiration comes from - God, "reality," a biochemical event - doesn't affect how or what I write

never on my mind

relevance to the culture, which boils down to what the poem makes the reader think and feel

that what he calls "reality" I call "culture"
the metaphysical is very contingent and physical

The poet's way of speaking, if he is speaking with his ear, can't help but be cultural.

with reference to neurolinguistics
differ is in which comes first, speech or poetry
if speech comes first, working
with poetry is itself poetry

divine communion

is

the everyday

which is

distillation of the everyday

distillation of distillation

is a false start,

one we were already right

to harry

it's another mode of discourse

at the relatively mundane level of technique

that any kind of speech

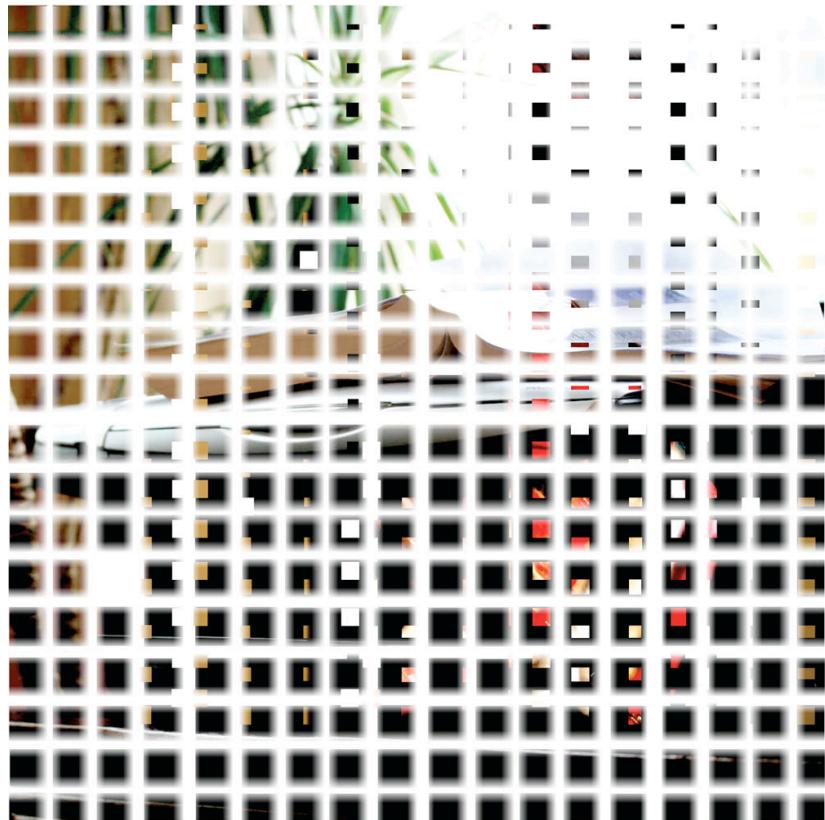
a patterns

patterns

that lie

r the poet (or, really, me)

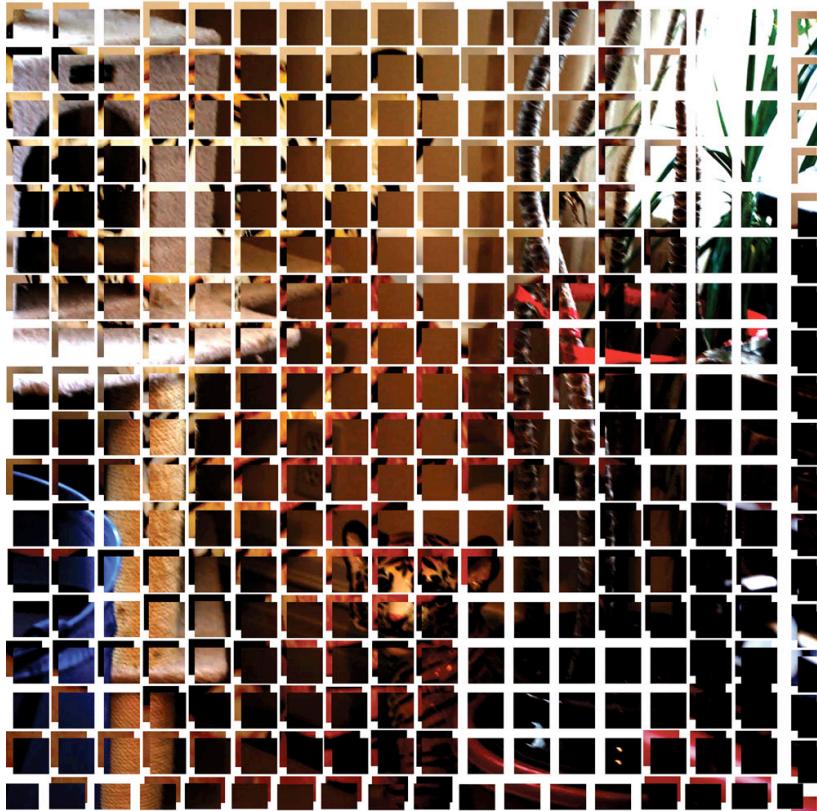
thus physical.



computer
doing it.
side coding projects
by.

Dwealth

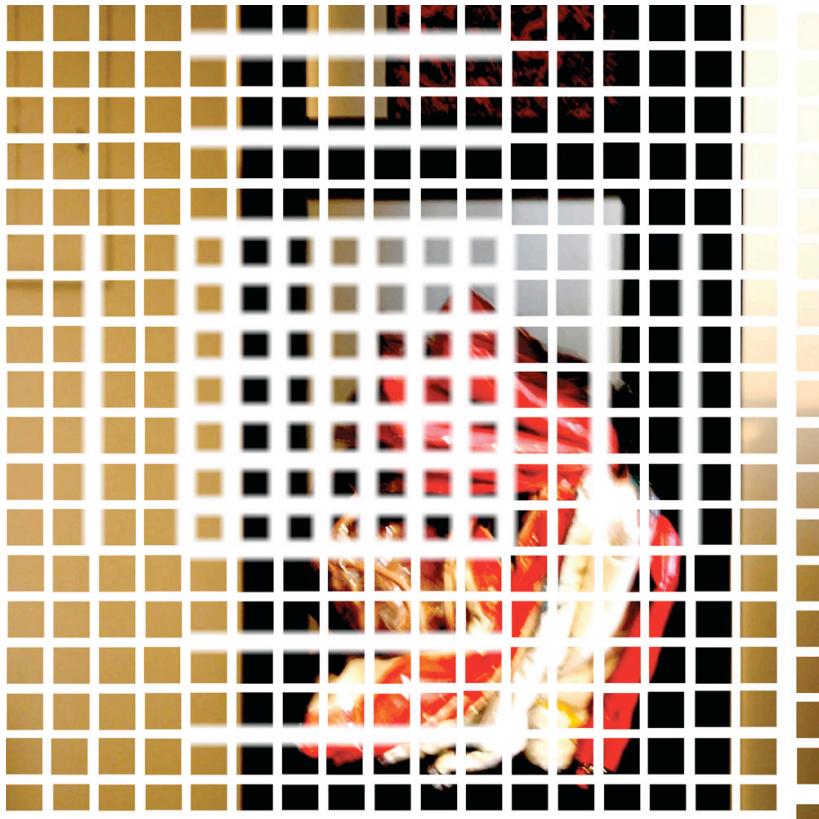
legs splayed apart and knees bent
the milk of human finance
debt instrument
non-bubble?
wait until you're really ready straddle it
and wait for the bull boom
systems thinking in a narrative structure
I get the feeling
when Adam then I guess I believe in
think



the splatter of cats
gym
the leaves of the tree The scale is there
because I just did laundry
statuary

Challenged Phrase

a sort of death, if you take it
fall asleep of innovation mercifulless
inevitably
we come to no life unless we are ready
to die utterly and let life take over
it is necessary for me to die (in my own eyes),
to give birth to myself
I have never taken care of plants again
The boxes are things my wife has brought
to her
and then life and death are the same
you must die to one of your pleasures naturally
freedom from the known is death
and then you are living
and let us make decisions



by my wife's
sundries

Their Prerogative

the question becomes:
what work did we do to get here,
and are we any farther than when we
started?

the question becomes:
what work did we do to get here, and are
we any farther than when we started?

the question then becomes:

the question becomes: what work
did we do to get here, and
are etc.

Optimistically,
credulity

beyond the cynicism?

innovation itself commonplace
so's society
boring
if we become society enough
suddenly pernicious paradigms, no mat-
ter how peremptory, no longer produce
identifications that wouldn't've mattered
if it hadn't been their prerogative
to based on the events situation happen

before it'd've been better for them
already to've.

this partakes of the necessity
it squanders like a ceaseless misgiving,

but does so in a way that either shines,
or did.
or case reading.
if you wondered this,
would you be mean bring?
gist bring?
the fact we're Thor mere bring,
this itself,
salvific contingency,
as though this content were another the Ang
mentions but, crude, not resolve,
because weaponry,
the paint, partakes
of these stages and as such
this already there,
one heal warred,
and après department
canny trays



space alien
ugly

culture
around
love
communication
him
As you acknowledge
much
from touch
and
two different
clear notions
Which are meaningless and often misleading
the machine
we
now
interesting things
to excuse
difference
feel
poor start
more different

pain to
and you can see
we or
pass locally
poets most
in politics, in industry, in household, in wandering a
itself a
any a
helps also a
zeitgeist the
relate the
third or first both the
errand the
walk a
some kind of data a
build too strange
already strange enough
to life
you as little as possible is on my mind
on attending
And these the

some
little

I'm

interesting

play

until

inspiration

inspiration

or

never

the

but

its relevance to the culture, which boils down to

and

culture is very contingent and physical

urge

similar

state

all

reconciled

coherent worldview

largely separate

multiple live

can

I would like someday to get a teaching post.

connected

great

get

Also here

interest

It

other

here

Thanks

person's life

in

I like how it operates on multiple levels simultaneously

Though

than

the

it's

presents it
rightly yet subject to the
attack "relevance to culture"
on indulge in this deferral
, which in the final analysis
a it's never a matter
denial powerful and terrifying hints
God footnote
everyone actual or practical transcendence
that toward the ground point song
and seed and the roots
the One
body emotion, evolving 'out of
tantamount Incarnation--for in the Imagination
of there is no contradiction
category cultural
material culture is a material condition
conditions it comes to us through myths, zeitgeist
blindly culture is an illusion with no illusions
strongly I have difficulty relating to culture through my poetry

universal as possible
to what these terms sign/h
culture is the great equalizer
even poor people have iPods
a different socioeconomic class
the broadest, most general, least conspicuous
I'm not good at cool enough
for its *worldly* wit
Though that touched me more
sexuality (tend avoid)
other people's voices
worlds
of the itself
cultural references
term
the rupture of inner communication
support
too much material
me / themselves / the world
except poem
the Base of our experience

really is illusion
deceived thing
but its own awareness of this can perhaps
moderates between awareness of and indulgence in its
own awarness
for it actually to be doing all the work
we identify with certain conditions and not others
relax
I dread being blinded by an acid attack
your last visual memory
your admirer
the essentially material or bodily nature of life
subject to discursive (material) conditions
appreciating that, however illusory, signification *really does* persistently arise
it really is possible, though, let go, etc.
the household, the workplace, the family...
the mind Aware that it wanders
compassion, service, etc.
It helps
toward professional etc. life that I'm

toward a more ground

necessarily guarantees inspiration

the thing itself I'm trying to make

*absorbed in a set of visions, situations, memories,
feelings, and ideas*

I'm referring to without revealing as I write

everything

Sincerely

worrying

aloofness
unstitching

part of something larger pertaining life

as a matter

objectivity

themselves awe-inspiring in their peremptoriness

actually do think now

Sorry

culture is

culturally relevant

The poet's way of speaking,
if she is speaking with his ear,
can't help but be cultural

needs a 21st century update
with reference to neurolinguistics

reduced

do you ever feel like you might be putting me on?

and a writer is only a writer inasmuch as his work contains
language

distillation

such as one finds in Flarf

wind

but the way he's able to parrot

corrupt

cultural

the metaphysical haunts it,
especially in its use of
and reference to cultural
ideas about the metaphysical

that all poetry probably appeals to the primal feelings
of the neuron
cynically playing them like an instrument

,

"Language is fossil poetry."

The import of this is it has consequences at
the relatively mundane level of technique.

the conditions operating on my personality and experience,
aware both that as conditions they're impermanent
and that conditionality itself is ontologically basic,

detail as a verb

academic is the new form of coarse speech today

Great .

some kind of liberation

neuroluening

despite what that happens is of matter that
nine times out of ten the thing no longer behoden
is what it's no longer behoden to

fully Awake to its own nature as such,
and without majorly going anywhere from there.
a sort of death, if you take it.

and inadvertently killing them in the process; he thus

healthy

fall asleep of innovation
mercifulless

inevitably

successful moments that when you look back at them are then
failures

they do great work

Again, I think these guise are doing great work

esoteric philosophy of Time
I mean, this

Here there is

seems

with the exchange between

I bought

Best

aesthetic

my wife has me mail to her in Taiwan

and lives there half of the year). The

it takes life too seriously

that they look out of all day

with a complete lack of curiosity

I don't know why the wire is sticking out from behind Ulysses,
it probably doesn't serve any purpose

my side coding projects

many of them have turned a little brown.
But I am keeping them alive

I have never taken care of plants again

communicating what they want

(My water glass, always by my side because)
the heat from my laptop dehydrates me as I work

My laptop, generously provided by Google

The leather couch is mine

he was wrong

The boxes are things my wife has brought to her

I never cook

landlord's theater quality speaker system

(One of my landlord's paintings, which I hate.)

I hope to replace it with yours.

(My corner of the room)

the left side of the couch

(or at the desk to work)

I told my landlord to cancel the satellite TV service

so that I could save money. But the TV's

hooked up to my computer so sometimes

I watch YouTube videos of stand up comics,

Late Night with Jimmy Fallon,

Louie, or the Daily Show on it.

I stuffed the pieces in one of the kitchen drawers.

half-rotten leftover takeout Chinese food

.

.

I can't say I'm reading any books right now.

to mostly-saturated hues with some muted tones thrown in.

I like the colors to clash a little bit here and there

super happy

Before I wasn't so sure. Now I am.

whatever IT is.



I sort of like it
generously
and
he was right

Without Me Cobalt

These remind me of paintings I try to keep
as few objects as possible objects to see light
I like to give people paintings, because
some think they're extraordinary objects Some

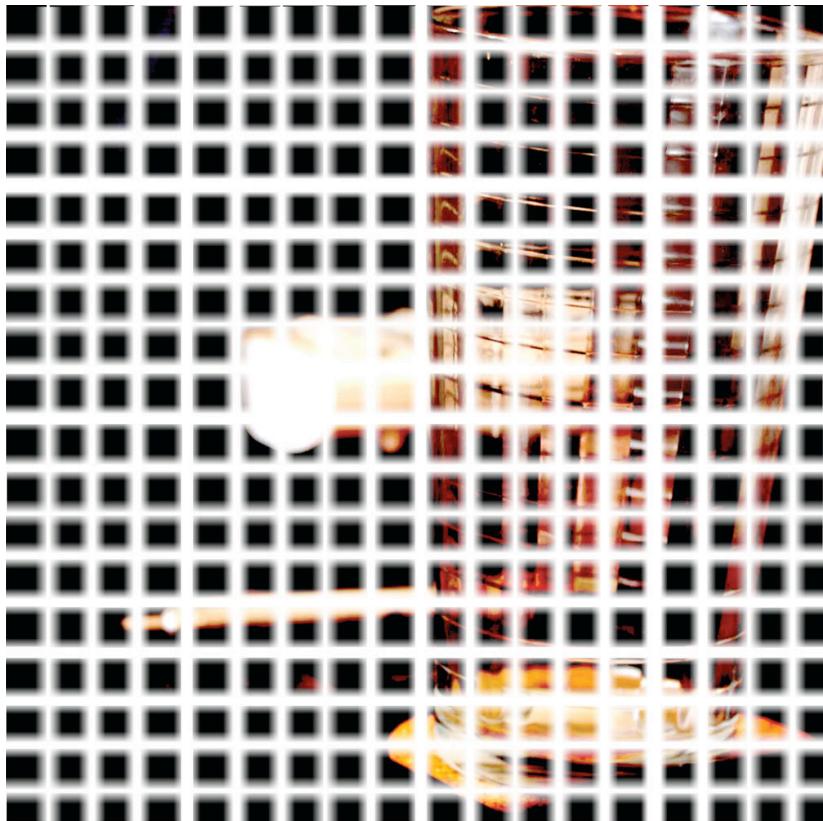
people see paintings by night. Now I
make paintings that incrementally scan light
in other people's rooms extraordinary moments
realization without paint toss out video the

impossibility of freezing nonetheless, to stop
singular, unitary thing scans paintings through
time and different light that's beautiful
too fuck video but before mural because

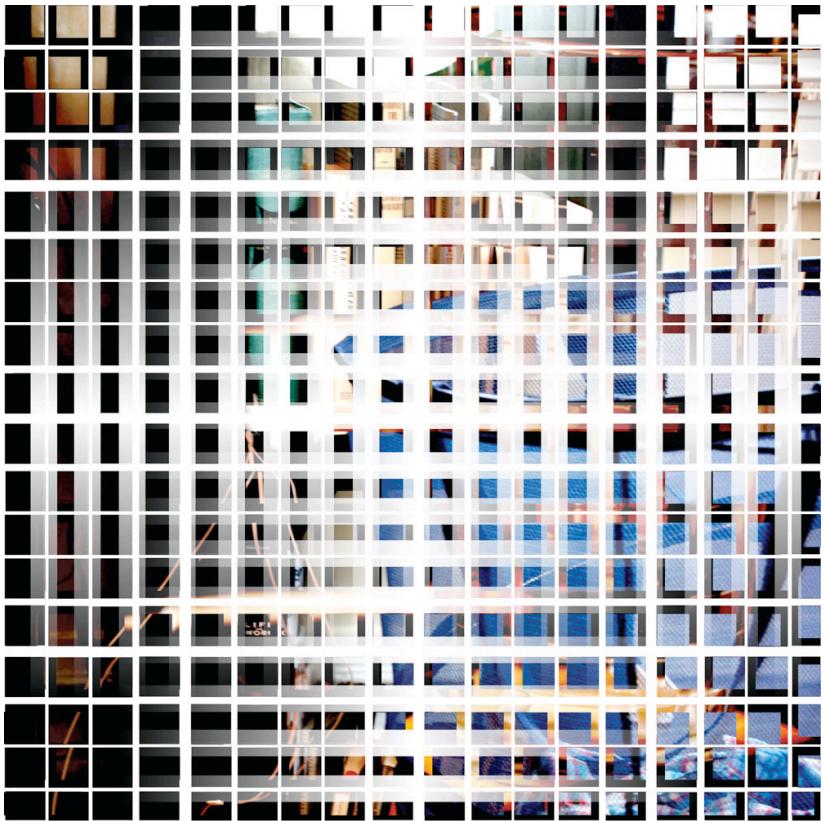
watercolors will go over the inkjet print
on watercolor paper seep into the image
integrate all elements chop it with a
razor say, "forget internal paintings especially

"forget integral because real interest poetry
painting embrace I don't see a poem.
I read it. inspired chapbook the patron
opposite gets imagination hyperlink imagination

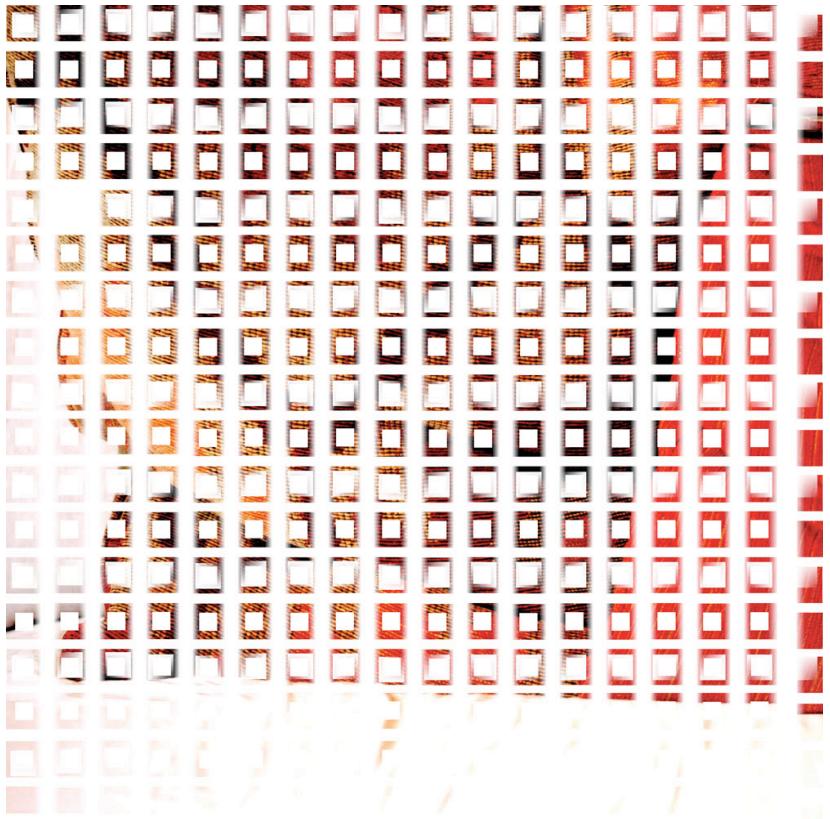
set up a few objects in my home to stage extra-
ordinary moments white linen window cur-
tains, colorful books dark wooden shelves
cobalt blue vase without off-white flower



the at
side
work



The
eat
side
work
probably doesn't
serve
any purpose



Some fur

Dark Incandescence

Today my heart hurts more than usual.
Instead of the consistent, comforting
Ache that comes with every squeeze of a beat,
My heart seems to be pierced through with an
Intensely heated emotion. Perhaps
It is anger or bitterness or desire,
But no matter the emotion: my heart
Hurts. I looked at his picture again
Today and the result is always the same.
I feel shame and regret and love. I want
To see him and hold him and love him again.
I want him to want me. And yet, I know
That I would never be happy with him.
Never. So why does my heart yearn for such
Fantastical things? I truly believe
That if I ever saw him again, I'd
Vomit because deep down I DON'T REALLY
Want to see him again. God, it takes
Everything within me to acknowledge
That he is still breathing on this earth. I
Like to imagine that he is dead and buried
Someplace far away incapable
Of hurting me ever again. But he
Does hurt me...every day he hurts me. It
Is my own fault though. He doesn't know that
He is hurting me. He probably doesn't
Even remember me...which hurts me. I
Do believe I've become a full-blown,
Pathetic moron who has reached the end
Of her rope...Game Over, kid...GAME OVER.

Sorry Insomnia

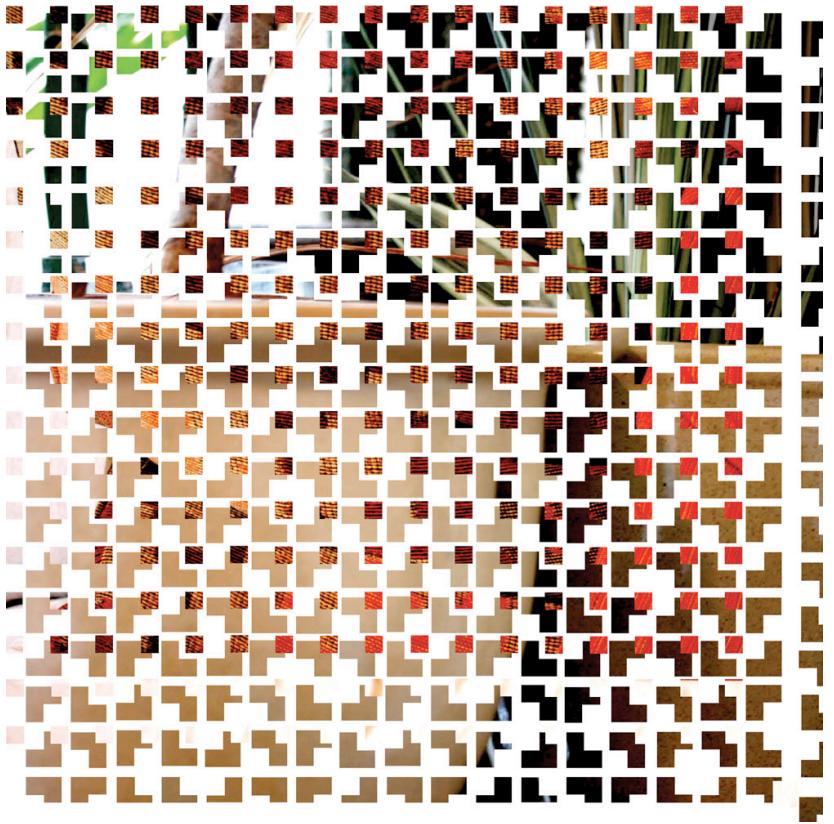
I'm really sorry I told you always has been
Better to be safe than sorry etc. Sorry to
be blunt, but it does not work out that way.

I'm sorry to say this but the cause is deeply
rooted and largely intractable, at
least for the short term. And I would be among

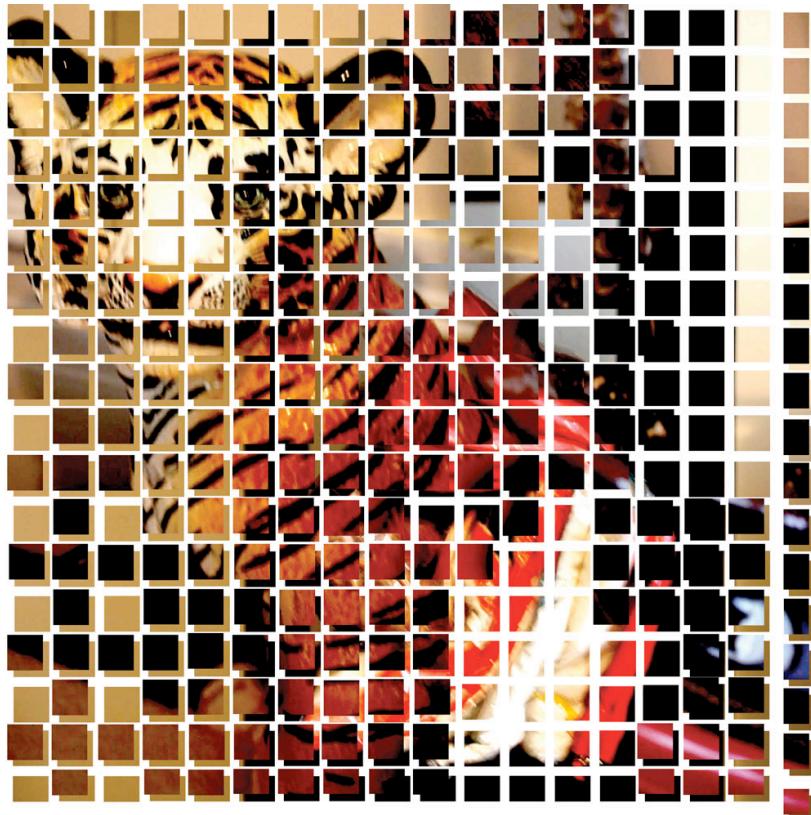
my American colleagues and
say; "*oh that's too bad, I'm sorry that we had
loss of life*". You don't want the

pious, fanatical Liberal-Multicultural inqui-
sitors accusing you of sug-
gesting that black African gangs

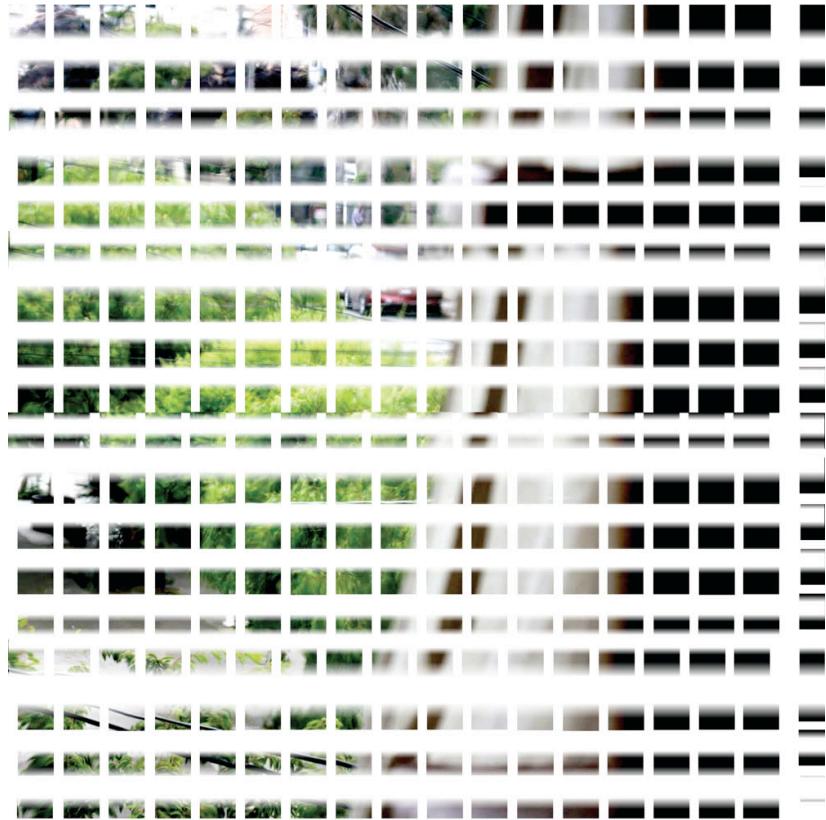
- sorry, tribes - treat each other in a way
that falls a long way short of equality.



consolidated
my landlord's plants
way no of communicating
what they want
on top of them



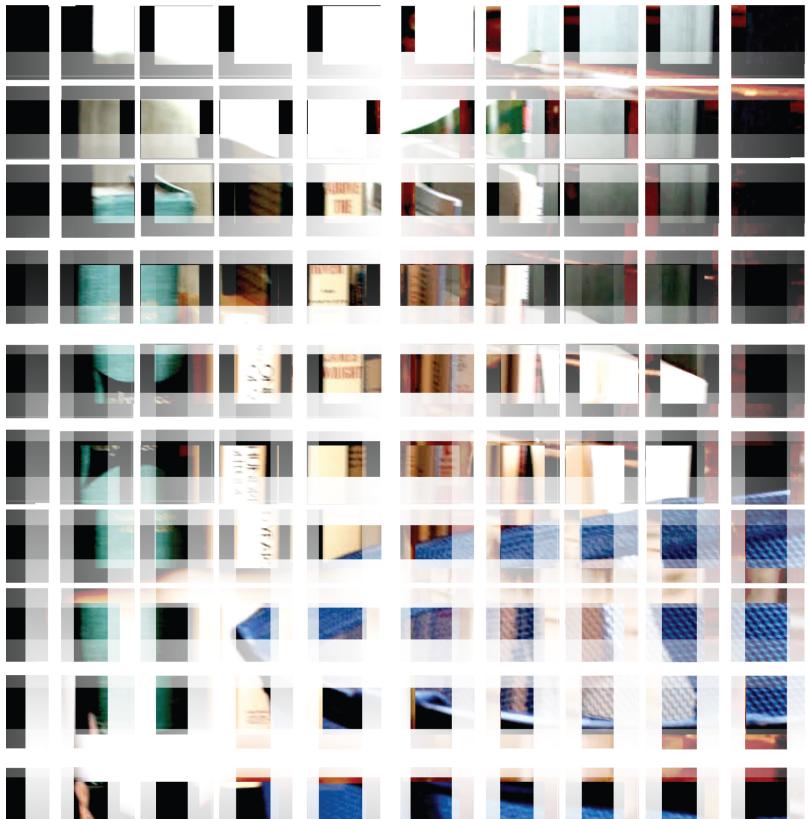
tiger
sundries
possibilities



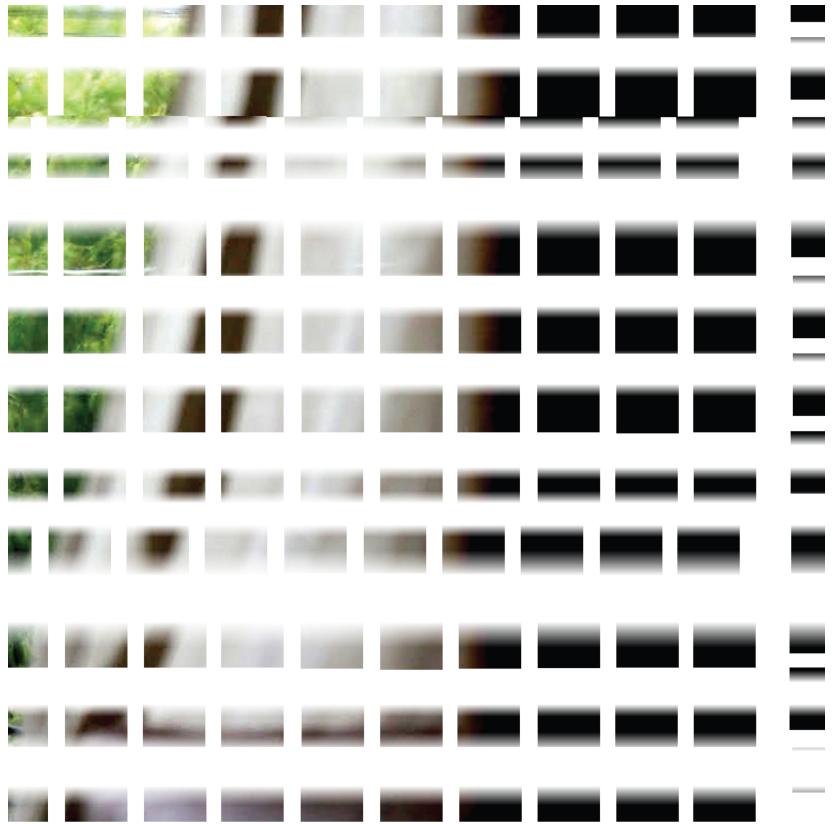
all day
look up from the porch
with a complete lack
of curiosity



mydries



surpose



fromios

[picture of paintings over Pattabi's couch
with maybe his prose or poetry in response / our poetry from
his response prose]