

Ceased Weeks
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Finger

this body's walking for me, I perceive
this body's perceiving I walk
always on the front of the advent took tries

but it wasn't like you couldn't know this
quite the contrary, as a matter of fact
which was the simplest thing in the world

since even if to an astonishing degree
you failed to know it that pre-situated
experiential totality did just that

despite all the unsatisfactoriness
which between us and them I forgot
to gather to my all but I who I am tries

your shirt was the as same the color colony
but it didn't matter the leak effect
going wise, all praying, by resolve

like I stanchied that matter in my head
but not before going through a lot of latch—



Off the Hook

I'm not taking anything from you.
I'll give back everything I took.
I'm not going to give back what
I took from you, but won't take more.

you can have, or keep, what's
still, or already, yours. no one wants
what you've got, so you get to retain
all of it. you have quite a lot.

lots of people'd want what you
have, if only it seemed realistic to them
(it doesn't) that anyone other than you
yourself had access to your possession.

people have access to what you own
because you can give it to them
without losing any of it yourself.
that's what allowance means.



Nice Tritone

half a day or a whole day or what.
he said it was supposed to be an hour,
but it ended up taking 2.5 hours.

where the guy is you know. we
have to come back anyway. or tell
the guy just for half an hour you know.

I'm scared what it's going to look like.
but Phil has a really good sense
what it's going to look like. uuugghaah.

I've given up on that so. he looked
the way he looked. no no he's waiting
he's everything and has been. you.

or it's about this guy who starts talking.
and by the time we get everybody involved
then no one comes. but his cousin.

any towels you want done right. I
think that there is uh. one needs to
network most when one's working.



Airy Avoirdupois

it turned out there was no-
thing I could do. resources
scarcity: combat-taste.
secret arts. even the most po-

werful song can't change the
way we live tonight.
eschapes the king blown
rot is child, not a thing gone

wrong. not even the most
powerful wishes can we
trust. resource excursion.
not a thing went brown.

ruined role won.



Soft Worth

no knees knocking forward in the weeks
leading up to the brief encounter
sparked a bad faith memory of trace
effacing that things happen

yet the memory of practicing
to be remembering practice
which's the only thing you could've encountered
wasn't something transpiring but a transliteration

from the transparency state into deduction
if you in expectation were judging
wasn't that something no matter
what might've had to tanterize

if you had the saturninity
no one asked you was it your trust thing
through you presaged a street task
lonely but bereaving your tributariness



Meaning Even Left

invariably near every afternoon's end
when as your thoughtfall education night-
light's frowning it's rained in theat café

sole blame that's actually things're not great
things this're dance tries a week proof
a body what's act prince and the squire

you knew didn't you knew from there
once this's after the fashion been established,
truer can prayn't, simply by recognizing

we aren't, regardless of how thick or sno-
wing lastly I wanted to call your values
to the fact you never have to'll've trow



Full with Room

pooling in the streptococcal street each
house I'm seeing's also a home I'm
also hearing playing far away new mores

I'm listening to inane unsettling moans
seeping from the situation's stays
as I'm edging along the carpeted sidewalk

other than that created by lost people
moving each in some constant headlights'
very beings there's no movement

without the stable tree, and furling flag,
you'd still need night vision goggles
to see the bees because it's midnight

this school takes one whole block
inane picture of health salubriously it
cinches regarding planned by city

because under it there's no light the
tree has room to take on something
previously in a specific void. then

people can take something else from
a different void and put it in the first
leaving YOU house in the second



Salvific Misprision

you only knew you didn't
know much but that you knew that.
this awareness doesn't require
identification indeed luckily it

precludes it. before realizing
identification's contingency the latter
naturally deteriorated its remains apt
for there to be awareness of

them pertained to the rage wit-
hin the shame. facts're that
of which there's awareness precluding
contingency tantamount to

those same facts. we can sa-
lubriously keep forgetting to
be taken by the contingencies
our knowledge of facts erupts.



Inch Chance

my knees knocking together in the weeks
leading up to the introduction
a bad faith memory of a good embrace
the impression these things do happen

and yet the memory of practicing
what's practice but remembering as
my teachers've transcribed to me since birth
really not an effect but a translation

like you could be more content
and didn't have it in you to be content
the salvific contingency of the assurance
you couldn't be more assured

something astonishing in the salubrity
that allowed a person to take decision
like those decisions weren't being made
by a person other than him/herself

first draft of Soft Worth

Last Winters in America

the rain falls every day at the same time
near the end of the afternoon
when nightfall's transitioning into evening
and a blameful twilight's bathing's

shadowed your thoughts' education
in the café a mean shanty's playing
and stevedores are yowling on the river
from bisection by the whiplash cord

a way of calling the general experience of things transpiring to mind that effects a disposition toward one's values that exerts a modicum of decision-

we control over events' becoming
preventing the subjectivity illusion
from relegating itself to the role of a
blithe necessity that doesn't end work

first draft of Meaning Even Left

Sure Sake

each of these houses is a home
pooling in the meningeal street
I hear people playing far away
but they're not mainstream

walk along the carpet by the break
listening to inane whispering
seeping out of the main surroundings
without much peaceful intent

the headlights're all that're moving
because of the breaks in the rays
each of which has a moving person
lost somewhere in its disinterest

a stable tree and a furling flag
collaborating to obscure the bees
who couldn't be seen without night goggles
because it's the middle of the night

healthy brick fortress lining four roads
by virtue of the fortress' inanity
it leans itself heartily into the lines
it rents from the roads' city

without a little light baled under the tree
that leaves its mark in the enervation
by taking something away from it
that otherwise would've counted against

any people who had as their mission
to take something that wasn't in
that of which the enervation was predicated
and put it there, leaving nothing

in the space from which that thing was taken
with just that one light the tree
wouldn't have any room to appropriate
what then works against somewhere being yours

first draft of Full with Room

How're

hysterical blindness opening blind as a bat
like you'd have nothing to say about it
only the knowledge, the knowing, of a circumstance
tantamount to what was discussed's broad basis

this was something you could know about
without knowing anything about yourself
because the self was something that couldn't be known
within the context of a yammering

tantamount to the itinerant dispersal
of seeing something in front of you
and recognizing yourself in relation to it.
locating in this physicality something

that formed all future acts' basis
hadn't been described before the majority
presented itself, like the lesson plan,
as having been described too many times

to register in a descriptive capacity,
rather coming to form the basis for
a sort of kind or register that
took its being from, ultimately, facts

of lives lost every time you closed your hand
and found yourself clutching something very near and
dear to you, that couldn't've blown away
even if the wind were forever.

so too there was a great quantity of stories
about capacity's physical basis
without these stories reaching capacity
and then getting told too many times

first draft of Salvific Misprision