

THE
HEGGE
MION
SAY

The
Hegemon
Say
Thom Donovan

after
Theresa
Hak Kyung
Cha

Mouth to hand
What remains from *nostos*
Surfeit like surfaces
Flash exilic

Hand in mouth
Mothers in excess
Recessed like
This shore just moved

Tongue in hand
Those sayings we say
To sooth not smooth
Tautology over

In flame these sayings
What they say
Have struck
Mark of the mouth

Adrift in flame
Who are we
Called into being
By being alone

Who moves us mother
Father where have
You gone
To be like all fathers

Where have you gone
The sun used to rise
In your spirit
Now just a notion

Puns on disuse
Can't see the words
For their truth
Goes up in flames

Like this is the open
We're discovered in
An open mouth
Whose contents are flame

Open quotation marks
Like wings in air
Never taking flight
They just take and take

Singing disuse
What won't we estrange
So abstract these words
They must be singular

No God ever suffered
Like you suffer
Entered into a history
Of stutters

Of mispronounced names
Shit like the hegemon say
When it's riled
To take names

Write unusefully
A sometimes lyrically
Impossible burden
Nations irritate

Like films we repeat
To collaborate with the present
Because one is not here
To say it

Too much transcendent
Talk too much flame
Is not presence
You are burning me forever

Father you are burning
I just woke up
History exceeds every
Vision I've ever had

Of you I am not you
Through you I relate
Pronouns shift this is
Different than removing them

Into allegory the community
Of those who had to write
Engendered by gerunds
Endangered by gestus.

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