



THE  
**KATECHON**

LINES 101-200

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MICHAEL CROSS

This shift bore lard -- hist laminar tunc the way war crests fat / fast / forever  
hist laminar, sure, remediates incognizable, primal light, cf. sweating plastic sacks  
of grease grave vestments of lesser subtlety a vesture of what comes inside throne,  
inside throne, inside throne; watch me close up the whole face of the ground  
with the open side of my body -- this weeping maturing show I know I'd peel flame  
into febrile antecedents how we manifest according to similitude alone: breath line  
according to capacity -- press pearls in through the open holes in our cheeks, can't shake  
the dust off denim -- silted lungs -- even two-grade-gateways (mercy / grace) cut me back to  
the world, come compass me back to this world, strung phylacteries planting compliance  
tiny stars poigned once the guys at the taqueria were shot in the chest  
plugging compulsory quilting points, arms wrapped (however unwillingly)  
around the waist of resurrection; I bundle fibrous glands from your midsection,  
construals, gnostic recidives, these fucking dogs underfoot around the house or something  
the surface peels from resurrection -- tumid, insolent -- "men" is not wolves, man to men  
arrant, something sacred: men is man's wolf or something; *availability* is also a kind of  
work (or something): "social gelatin" sacrificed as *content* to survive as *form* (Beuys?):  
the rule (software) is sense-less, (the soldier's body (*mort*)) sense-less "deodand"  
(forgetting or inventing sense brings rules into existence?) desuetude, finally,  
to enervate the social gelatin if ox gore be stoned flaccid on an adjective to live  
no meat ever came to 'er arms abandoned by the meat we know: all this panting

saying short's the reason for swept-guts in the garbage, that debt appeared meat,  
broad-cast bodies of debt live again as meat in awful condescension and to sacrifice  
one's rights for said meat, said debt, engage bodies for debt, would even eat it  
with the teeth (as debt, as meat), a body both ashen and eaten your body asserts, too,  
"I am your body," we ourselves are its food, white-filleted social, ground pestle sweetly  
mitigated in the womb, encomiastic first when we were under law, transire, first  
into the light to tend sores separately one bandage at a time so that the negative  
ring of the word "shows messiah" more like badly mauled prey than copy --  
you see how many bodies, how many demons and stones we see through?  
a man whose fraud of law had sold to those with sums to pay, those who sacrifice their  
rights for debt, the mortgage-stone that covered her; Bernard of Clairvoux writes  
(in his sermons on the nativity): *I am masticated when I am reprov'd, I am swallowed when I  
am instructed, I undergo decomposition in the stomach when I change my life, I am digested when  
I am transformed, I am assimilated when I am conformed* -- my mouth of itself gathers foam,  
hammers "same, same, same," her eyes prize the fatness of my throat, milk seeping  
from the corners of her lips, her nostrils, fairly pouring forth her throat in propulsive  
waves against my face, I turn on my knees, arms linked behind me with comrades,  
creativity is intrinsic to law like a cloud is intrinsic to snow, snow to blood, which means  
also to have died to law; we *think* when we don't *recognize* we think, when years  
are shortened to months, months / weeks, weeks / days, days / hours, -- when corn will bear

a half measure, one thing a thousand clusters and one heaven-like cluster of copper --  
hope that is *seen* is not hope; laws are simply clauses backed by threats, rules / guides,  
we now love wounds and not delight in blood, blood will reach the chests of horses  
as it mingles with the sea; its cooling has boiled bones to pieces in its midst;  
there will be no moisture on earth that does not delight Lefebvre sz: "Integrity can  
be upheld as a political value *only if* we reflexively presuppose that our state is a unified  
community intentionally practicing integrity," and we can't suppose it is -- that it will  
(*practice*), will *will* bodies' horizontal elasticity: their longitudinal slits cut solitary  
and aggrieved and pleated; the truth is, I hear through the resonance of the inside  
of my face, through my teeth, though I am at once a corruption of all I possess  
and the future of this corruption as a posited, breathing "thing" -- a "truth" -- stretching  
the meat of my death, stretching to meet real intimacy so the sun might eat (a sacrifice  
which only posits a second, more sacred, "thing"); Taylor Brady: "How much of this debt-  
script was I playing out in which I felt, how I acted and reacted, in love" -- as fire concerts  
fire, concomitant of the way I love or delimit love -- in what ways do love's prescriptions  
finally depend on the sun *devouring* the beloved? urged to see by eating, why, you ask me  
by blood rather than by word? why, you ask, can't eat penance? a stole, the appellation  
"blood" bestowed on earth in pools placed "earth" *objectively* in the mouth; my side  
opened like a sickled cleft and pressed against the wet earth like a birth canal, like,  
to perdure if preserved monstresances taken by "intromission" like the eyes of the heart,

like, see, he's no creature spat to suffer passability, runes on a small twig beneath his tongue to tale the future and plight the troth of love to me; I wrinkle up my arms dividing countenance between the greater (of these I daunt the fierce) while shorter seeks embrace with men in numbers small enough to count, the language, the word, the discourse of these sedulous interlocutors in the moment they most feign to love in peace among us lop under law retained, under infancy of law diminished, fascces w/ an ax of imperial rescript? pieces of sepulture set shew through friendship-debt? and province by province localized to love those who secure that you suffer what you wish: blush spread rather than blood shed -- not so born to blush for his begetting, ass-begotten, sort would have brought a blush to your rule all this time -- to make credit depend on time elapsed -- eyeballs rolling w/ lots shook let the ranks blush more readily blackened by what it shines for (at least adored) biform lithe limbs far in the fire -- every disfigurement of the human face is god's image elapsed (pander rather than panther): fillets and garlands, harangues and edicts on the eve of installation, anyway, appanages in the grave ain't bare in winter, penal fire wrecking itself on what a mouth makes judgment should a man be? Herein is all my soldiership wrecked against a sucking hole: the only arms I bear will *will* it (filling) baskets plait of supple withes, her lapped folds racked loose warring life by licking my sides into shape -- were loose love wanting the savage ram butts of the wether pole, yes suckling, w/ an infant mouth a warrany of peace from this spot on earth, dicks torque too tight to crank down -- what sort of judgment a man? what pretense should be chew

through? what sacred cakes crumbled for the earth's yawning one day undoing what's done  
the next? add viands to and scrape caked acrylic nubs, makeup abrade, spittle bands dug  
ope my lips so such as she loves me, and I chance to meet the unfolding immanence  
of the world square from the chest, pulling at a lip, tugging eyelids down against the cheeks  
I've soldered my arm to air, now calcine then, now gilds them to pass posture, some  
stretch, so sleep, some, full-round, twine round doctrine to doctrine and devoured, stone-  
sober, if I wish to study life with my wottest word, I must have recourse to number,  
gesture, affect: the first of which (my enemy) made funny; used to chew, but kept *not*  
wiping his chin too often what he takes up straight, straight up from "Nature's" force --  
nature's force must seem too close to the "nature" we've been fucked by -- more fucked  
than devious, at least, for each minute of living for them I'm filled with blush -- I want  
my whole clean -- what is open to who's there to be hit by *it* (the poem): according  
to Olson, the 20th c. (now 21st) is "inimical to poetry as plotter of force," for Olson,  
an enemy halved by the exactness of love like no *man* gracefully looking on while  
others fuck -- rain keeps us close in the one room (me, K., the dogs, under comfort) --  
commitment brings in / stake: stake moves to: speech: if only she had eyes she'd wish to  
wet them with tears (that wonderful hole of an eye (mine, clean) like the character  
for mouth) cut how we all are, working; what it makes us want -- grates, &, of course, I  
am beaten by time, this eve, sleeps and no raveled sleep either -- a non-existent narrative  
corresponding to a non-existent desire to explain, but take it: what goes on . . .

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