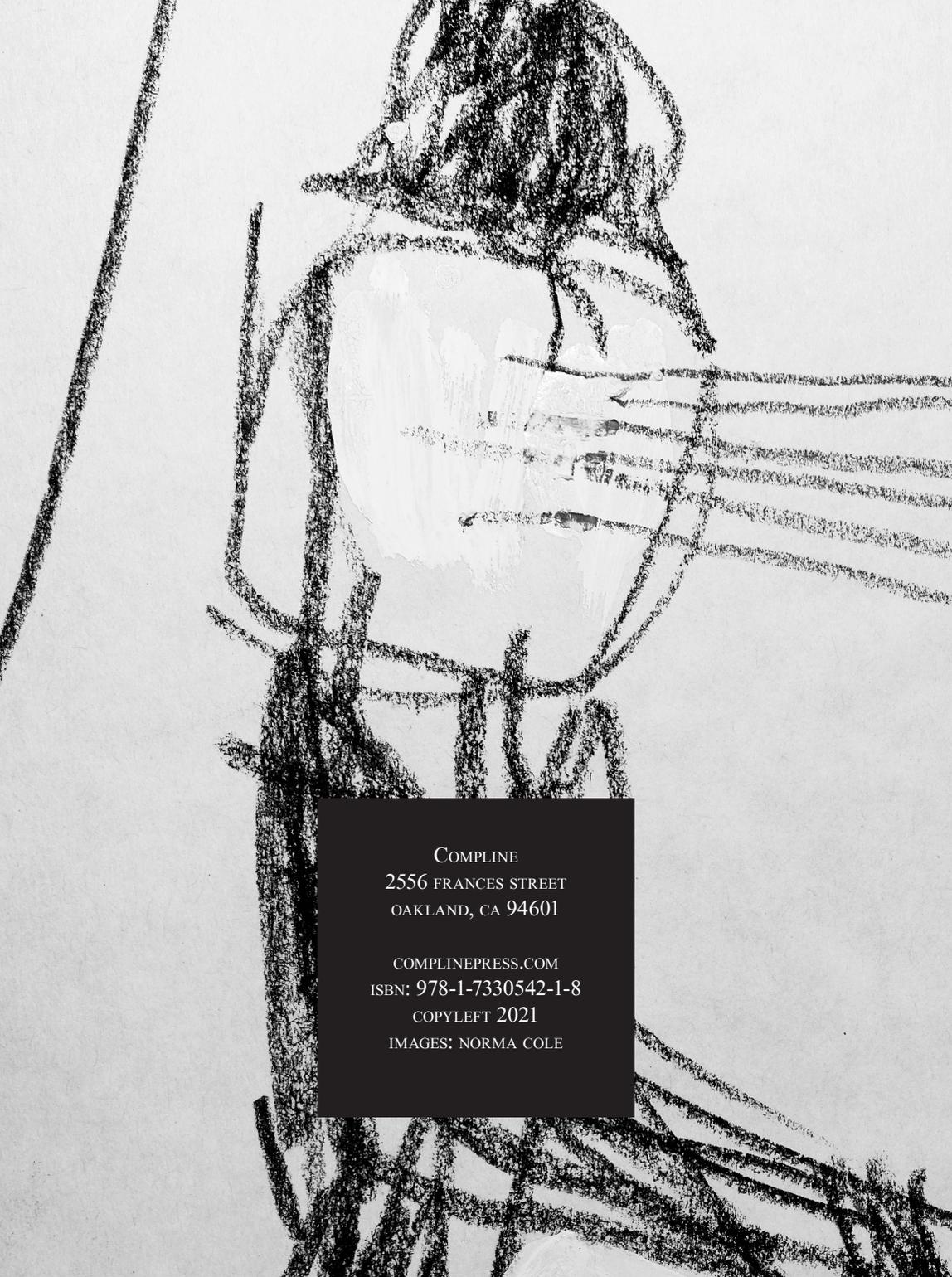




IN THE RED

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2556 FRANCES STREET
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COMPLINEPRESS.COM
ISBN: 978-1-7330542-1-8
COPYLEFT 2021
IMAGES: NORMA COLE

A FALSE ACCOUNT OF VALUE

A MANHOOD

BUILDINGS DRESSING UP AS ARCHITECTURE

MONSTEROLOGIES

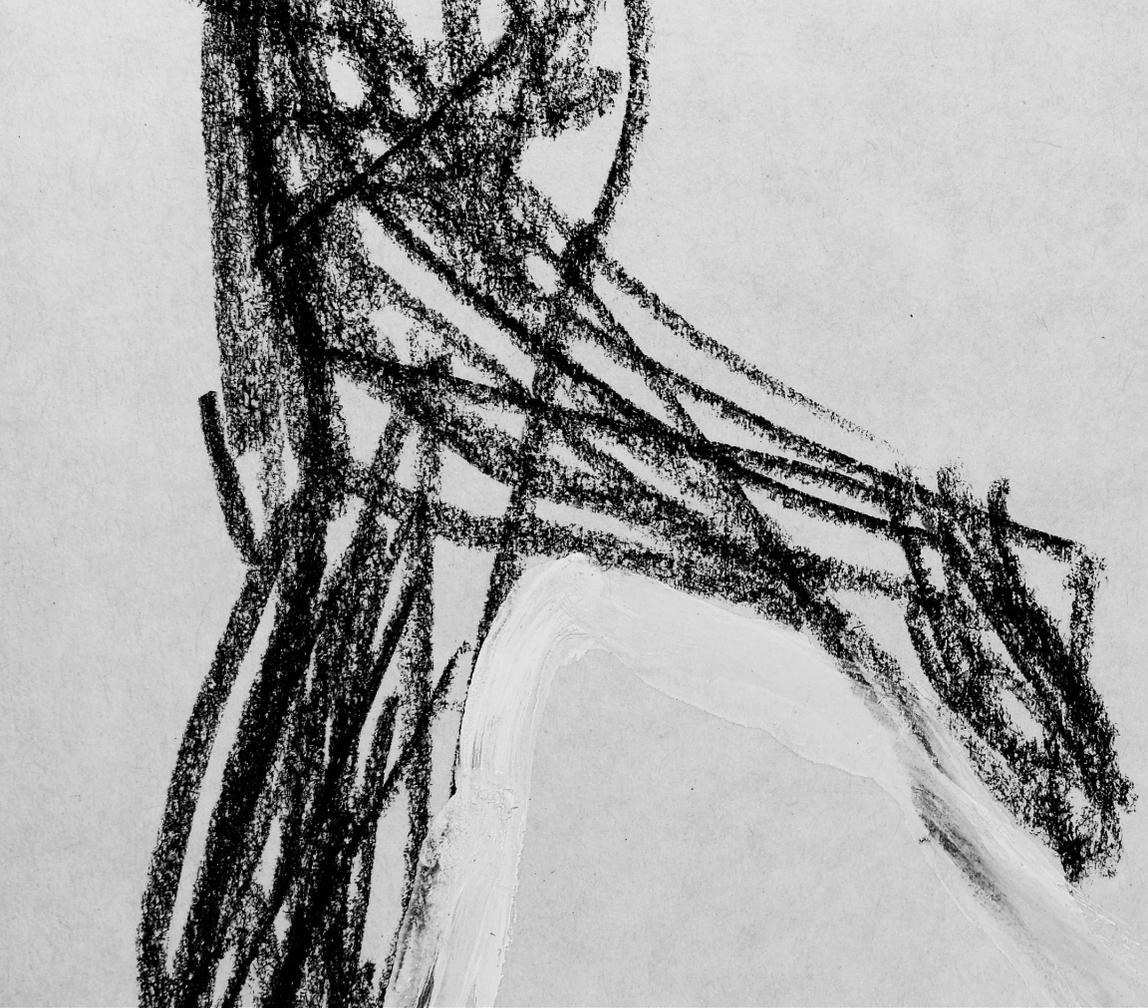
BELABORED

FOR I KNOW NOT WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER

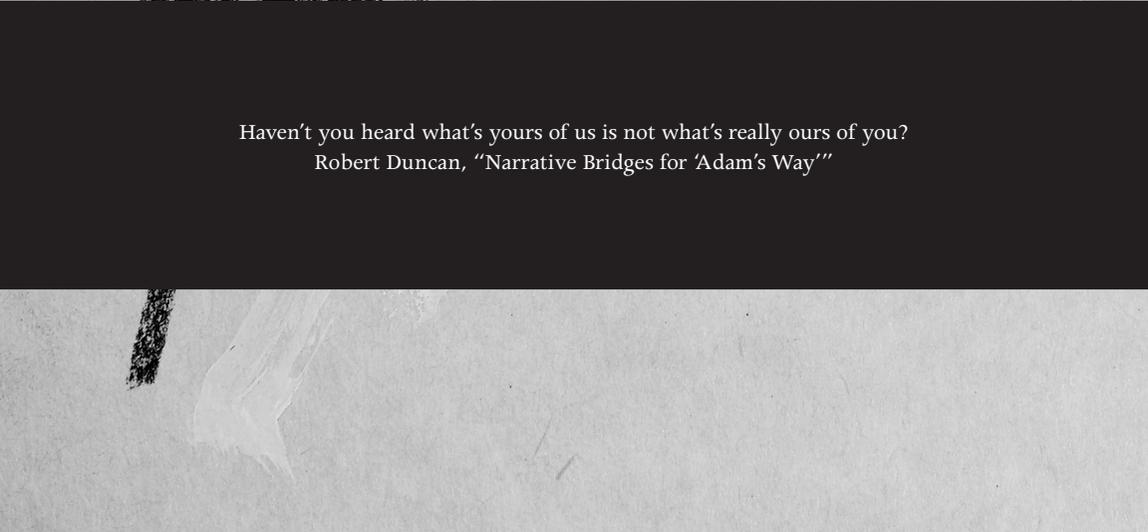
ON THE HOUSE

THE LONG TAIL OF SOME CITIES ON
THE HILLS OF PLAIN SPEECH

THE LIVING OWED



Haven't you heard what's yours of us is not what's really ours of you?
Robert Duncan, "Narrative Bridges for 'Adam's Way'"

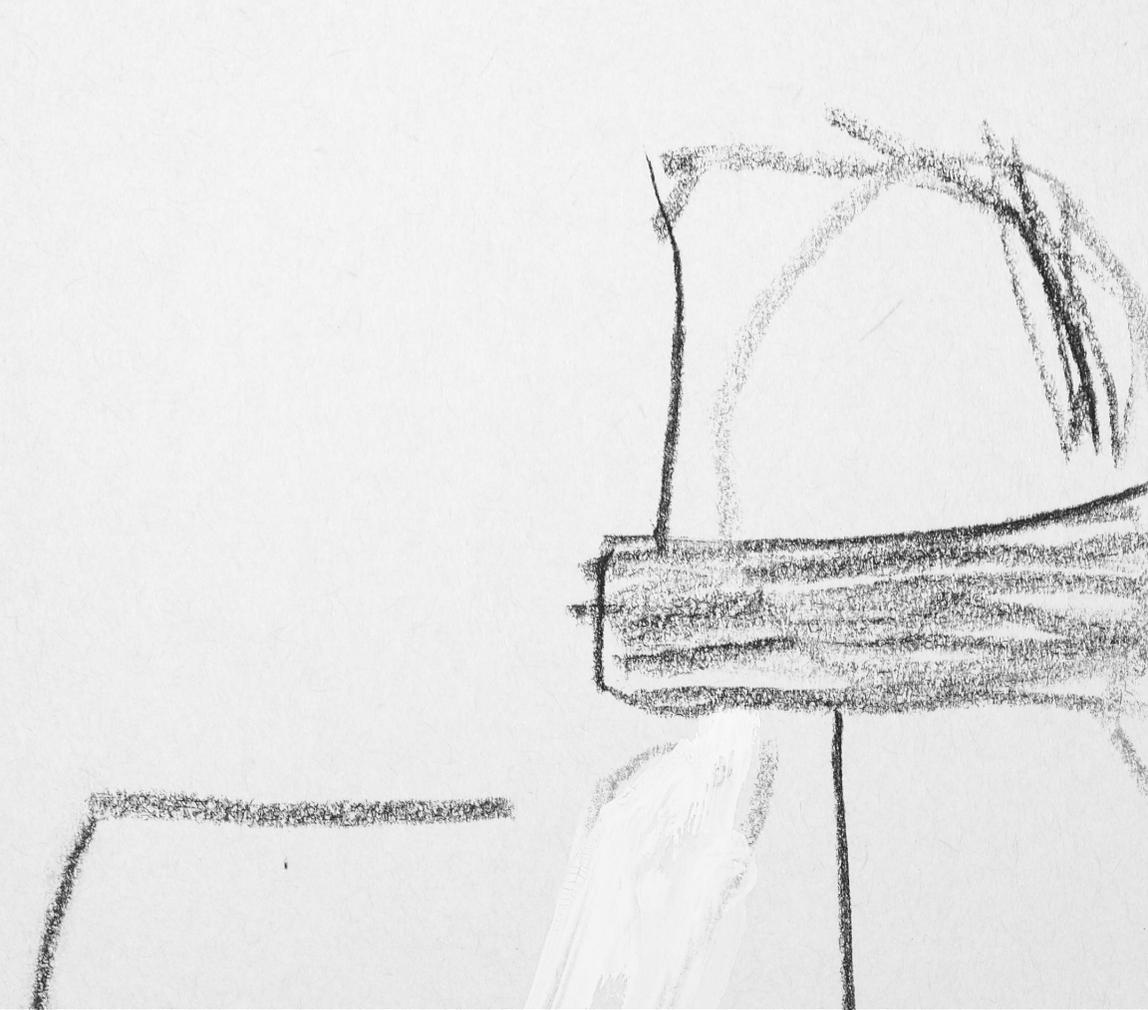




A FALSE ACCOUNT OF VALUE

“People are people, or at least they *are*, melting of a certainty into effortless anamnesis.”

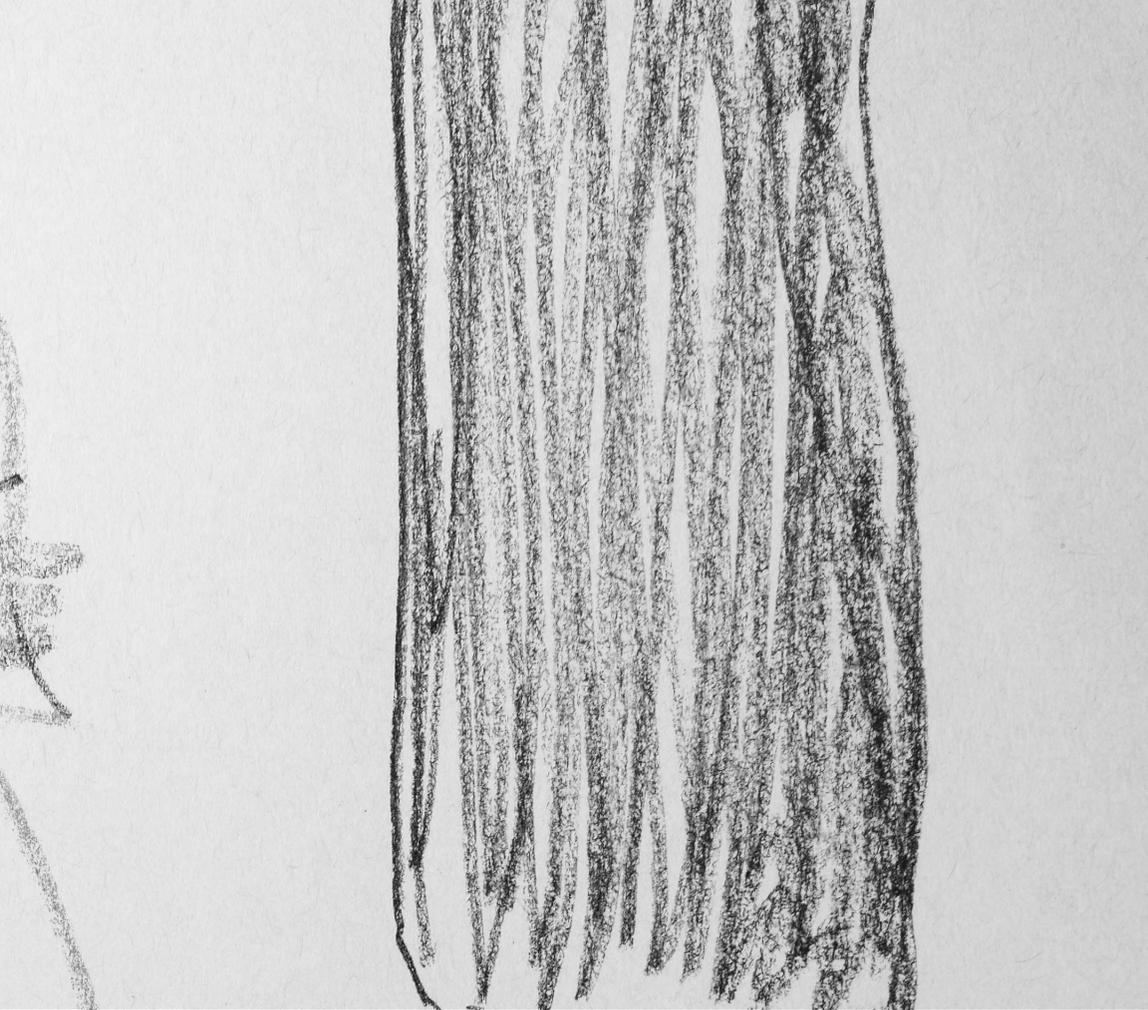
Then noise expired with the windows closed. Indifference retooled the order of instruction: bunkers and a toxic ground fog over trucks of sand to line the habitat. You miss with precision your anecdote's antagonist where fatigue swings indices of all the precious ores.



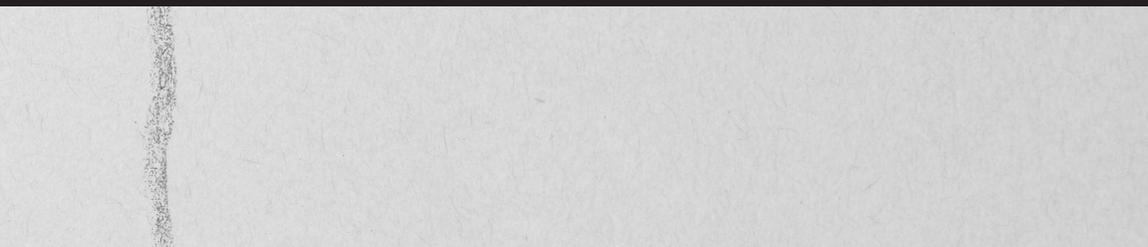
...beginning where the manhood leaves off
Robin Blaser, "The Fire"

But nothing makes them men
But their word in the new-found world.
Lisa Robertson, *The Men*





A MANHOOD



MY LIFE DOES NOT INCLUDE MY BIRTH

How dark matter is extracted from your bodies dark
how dark it is denied in closed chamber why

would its blank conform to shape its dark

shape never needed it. Now you'll have it always
and those few plants around the outer edge that
chronicle of ancient noise and casual debt extracted

in a scornful squirt. It is matter
It's the matter with surface amnesia righ'cheer—
ideally bobbing in dark water right
beside your head here will be such
eloquent purr ideally

the motor everybody gotten out from air
to think what industry and never
And ever, everybody yanks feet back
from that black depth complete black
debt of make-believe viral video. Make-up
on the head bobs beside you in the shot but meat
you hate is flesh emergent in folded space
where double feature meets and
comments on its own domestic scorn

at most a saturated page of ink squirt that
found two words sound nothing like sound nowhere

everywhere high art is two parked cars crashed here
is this herbaceous grace note: peasant arms

you'd weep not at whose crook. You'd weep
into your crotch, says me, America with pitchfork

we put the same between our lips
endlessly deferred. You're no surprise
my being woman having been a woman having
made that trip in every thought particular a
woman seriously plain the on off light
dark noise debt flicker of the form
is my conviction what I'm having
been I'm having and I'm having been
made by what I never made a convict
of the form that makes out debt against
me makes me make me what I'm not
because I'm not a woman but the form
I make makes me imagine I am
everyone and every isolated fate within
the form is no air to breathe and can it
say it as the form and in the form to say
the form is NOT

it STOPS

it breaks

into the said and then the left
to say imagination

it's imagination its imagination

has to BREAK

ALL THE WAY

down

to parts that won't add up the sum of every
alternation every flickering from light to dark

whole solitary slap and counter-slap the waves the shot
reverse shot hot bright line between one ocean
and the next the same between the lips fifty feet
square. Then one day call it form the series words
monastic cells of casual debt of each
to each unique by definition dark with torches

MY CHILDHOOD DOES NOT STAND UP TO SCRUTINY

A consumer and potential
off-budget location shot—
—godly tepid crystalline
Distraction burning fire upon the fire

Mitotic reedy harangue
Music or a fluent speech nobody
in particular's gut lets go Credit
for arrangements and the split tones

let concepts go dumb
beside her “Stability”
—blurred signature undead
thinkers ink it mother

but the split tongue talks The curled toe
scrawls chops learned by ear for faking

MY YOUTH DOES NOT GET A SPEAKING PART

What was not yet born red streak of fiction
still da capo and to come A free woman hikes
up the high mesa Played by ear's nothing
but a hunch censor throwing his relief
against the wall That single shape stupefies the writer

Diminutive secular life bare to sky without
name eternity monotone and cheap but
as if strutting in retreat into Retreat
toward why The universe not one big *not*

Wide swale baked dry at end of block
where anonymity's pain compliance trims the list

gnawing at the slab beneath the bank

Azure petals wet with winter rain
orbiting a politics of Only one Mumbles
All of us hate you all of you all

you spit projecting volatility on the cabal
which is the moment's evident adversary
Death's curve so shallow here You lose

In the transverse gully these few survivors
smile to see is to be seen to stand be

stood with stood as obdurate as if
uncirculated in the conjured place Peace
gets told as fortune and as light aleatory leap
a few crowned heads lift into orbit
Ill wind in the empty sack and sipping
coke couple-skating backwards Snooze together
but the bus-bench textured rubber soothes nobody

Pasting up a real democracy the faded
square this death and profit

hang back Some bits adhere to pavement—
you “*normate*” Your final tract's armed force's
first half: Smile *Love* Think
the pedagogues' smooth-running hum

MY AGE DOES NOT GET ME WHERE I'M GOING

That compact millennial brick:
so indifferent, the grasp that scatters.
So do your worst clear down to bedrock.

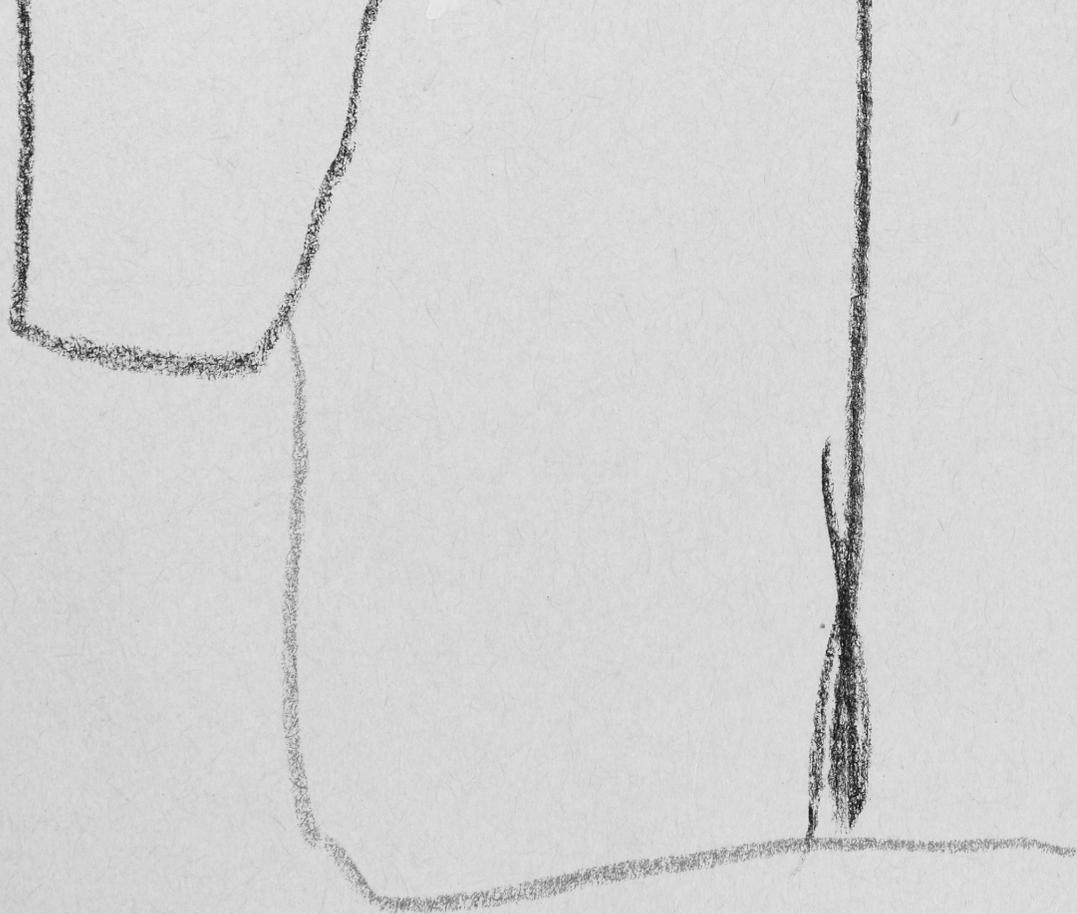
You are hereby enjoined to bring a noise
or what it was that *took no place at all*,
draped harvest of the fruits reducing you
to guesswork at that other labor down below.

~~Some happy few cultural thrums would seem thus
to sound meniscus of this nearness untraversed, potential
dermal mention in the meaning, duped
out of the dismissive spume. Same old~~

~~noise-graph of our credit-money love,
your mineral silence simply *is*
a value and at once its measure
never allocated there in full. My body
simply crawled with it (and what is it~~

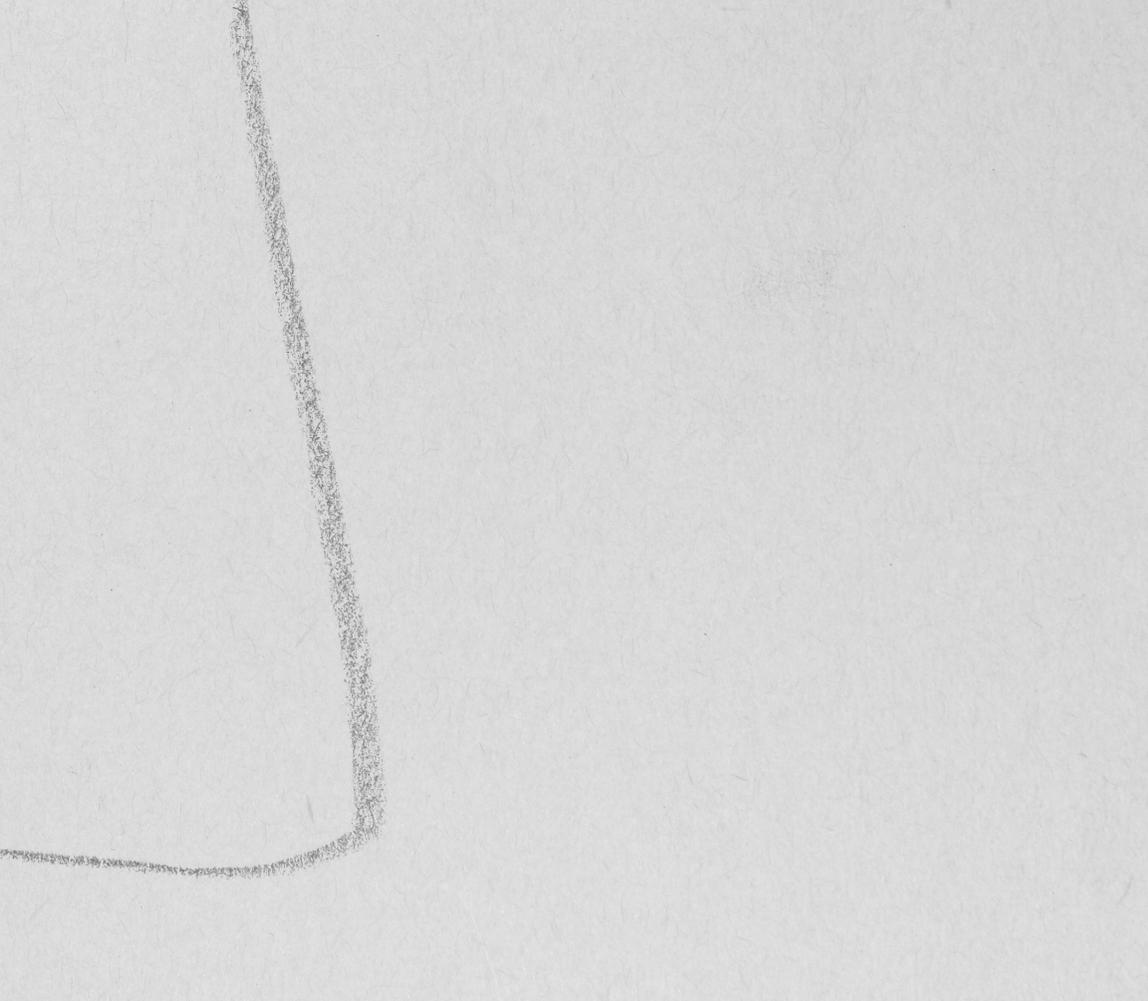
~~when it's all the same), but disappears
behind the limitless debt of satellite~~

~~surveillance resembling none of you~~



...for love is not in itself a substance at all, but an accident in a substance.

Dante, *La Vita Nuova*

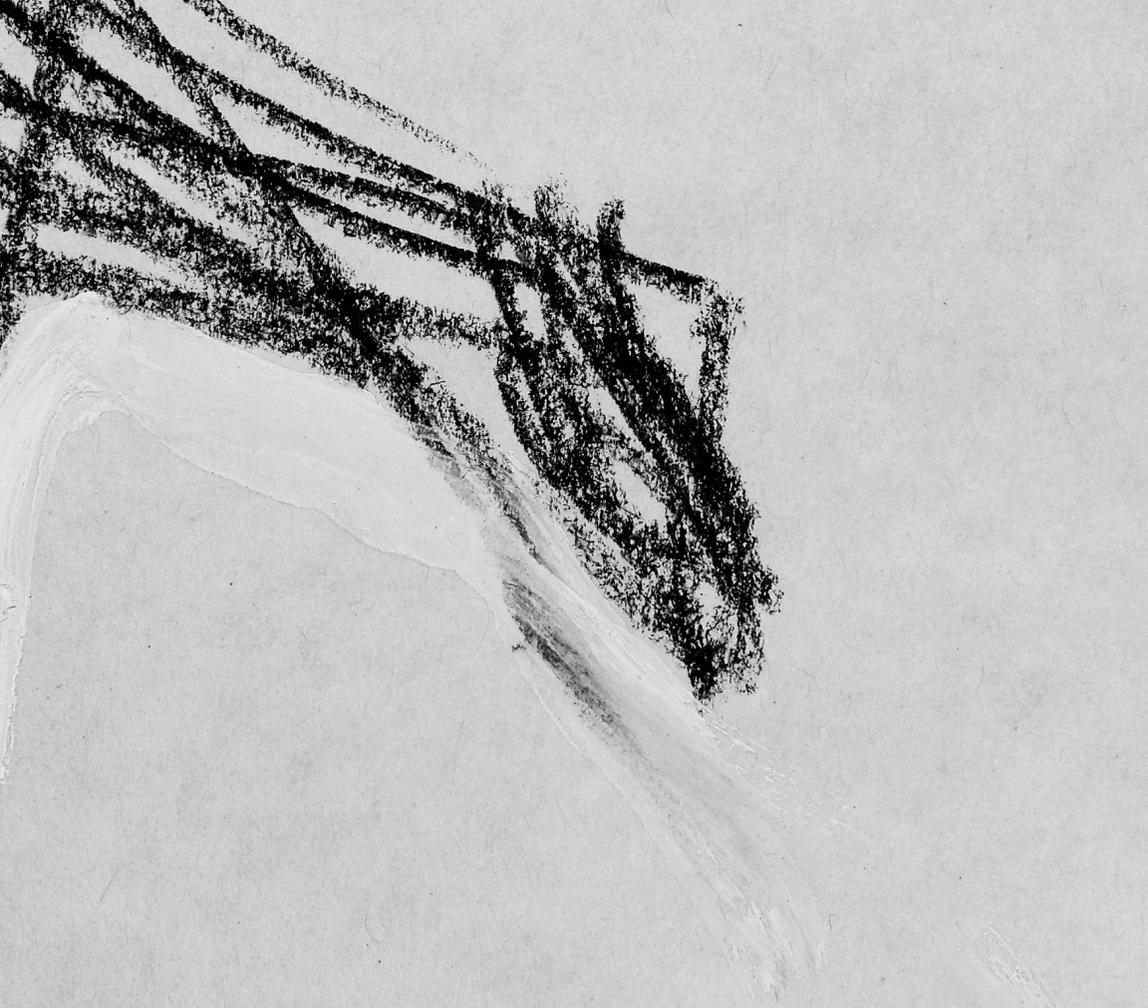


BUILDINGS DRESSING UP AS ARCHITECTURE

BASEMENT AND SLAB

So what do you do but exhume me—
in your own bone, brain and blood? A silent
extra from the vacant dump lot? Huge offices there
raise only walls, the dumb ideal
to flee the blaze of the azaleas you
praise in waking pasts of sleep.
That fullness of a life I want, want to
want it, want it rolled up over me.

Such heresies, lit full-face in puddles
of a golden, syrupy light, are no more black
flags, purple handkerchiefs, over-
laundered off-white napkins. Just
dun grain sacks.



The weather here agrees
with us. It's fine.
Laurel Evje-Karn, "Before It Rained"



MONSTEROLOGIES

RIDICULOUS MATHEMATICS

With the desert at our backs and then downhill, then down
some more and up a slight rise towards the radio sight gag,
you turn your face away like the OR nurse disgusted or
terrified at speculation in the soil's infrastructure that
swallows fantasy. You who were the lifelong office-holders
cart around these ugly lumps that really aren't yours, but order
read off from the set whose bound's an alley bright with
disenchantment draws its pencil over the too-spiky time
and motion curve of providential fires to formalize a lemma
for the grudge without a match you'd bear away as light
into the gloom of every snub, every single misremembered
name you gift each other with out there, disequilibrating
union with the void. In that neighborhood they write down
every tract so you can have them for a song, enclosed

in chirpy externalities to further
cheapen what you bought, after all
songs in specie of some other sucker's
lyric that was leverage and a place
from which to sing *our* supper down
the tubes that web us all into the virtues
of a reciprocity that flows from peer to
peerage and then back at ebb in which
you draw your rents from publishing
and beat the spread to beat the band
by shorting bets on *their* tune which
we thought was sure to be a hit—we
who double-track experience into that

which we find blowing up our spot
and that which blew up in our face—
as it coos and warbles off-pitch off
the bottom of the chart, assured by force
of habit of the certainty of force that we're
the ones who'll keep on whistling while
we work to be the motion in perpetual
machines you recompose us with around
the sole remaining problem of how value
amortizes into soundfiles when the digits
running fingers through the process never
decompose or die—which makes it pretty
clever to have placed a bit of apparatus
in our brains and hips and sexual secretions—
until the one day all of us got up to find
the sinkhole's downstroke opening its forcible
reminder of entire aquifers of water we'd carried
for you in the form of overtime we said we'd
gladly work tomorrow for a social wage today,
and the offices and pressing plant followed fast
behind the lot itself to bottom out among
loss leaders that had lost their lead on
anything that might have come along behind,
down here with the free jazz and the
avant-garde symphonic stuff. So now
there's drainage in this rancid, toxic sump
where once my neighbor's kids could loll
and roll their eyes and practice joy
in filthy little jumprope rhymes. Soon

to be a micro-business incubator site.
Soon to be a civic artists' warren. Soon to
be the ten percent required market-
insulated housing offshored from the
big prestige developments. Soon to be
a worksource center. Soon to be a mixed-
use paradise of wax, massage, and
stereo repair. Soon to be a flea market.
Soon enough to be the darkly magic alley
where I get my fix and dream the dream

of a set of all sets in its great self-pleasuring and stabilizing hum.

So thanks, I guess, but fuck you just the same.

Every alternate earth is here and now, and there's never
been a *bug* that adds a zero to your check.

That makes the sum of me the sun of me
whose glare and burn shoved all of us away
as each from each went down to shops that bore us
to a separate singer-songwriter's mellow death.

This is a hospital bed blues. Our friends, who are
the anchor tenants of that word of warning

meaning just a bunch of dudes who stand real still to beg

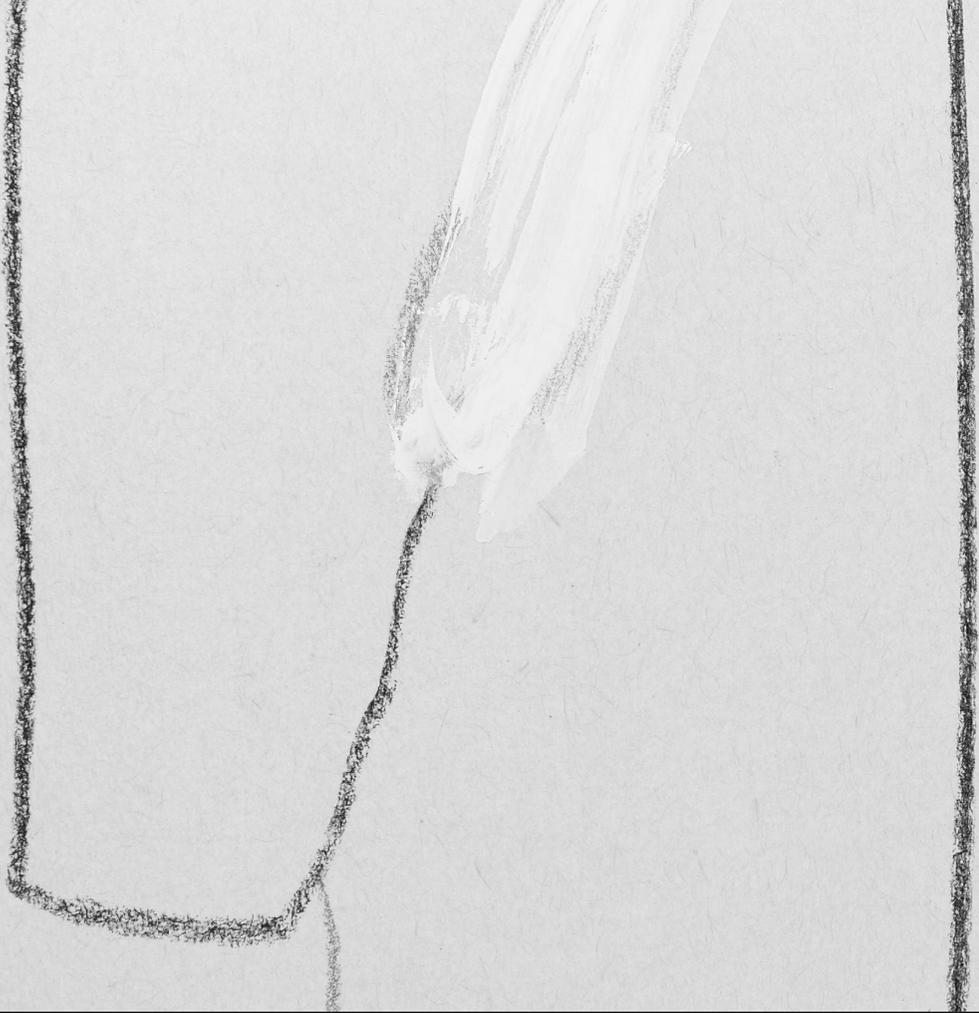
the password for those—well, you know—brush off
this perfect meshing of our over-handled parts.

Then they lose it: real animals, howling at the door
for a look in at your scheduled costume change.

This time you're the gazelle, just like dear old dad.

Unexpected static in a packed sheet of equations
for all the obvious compounds, and you read

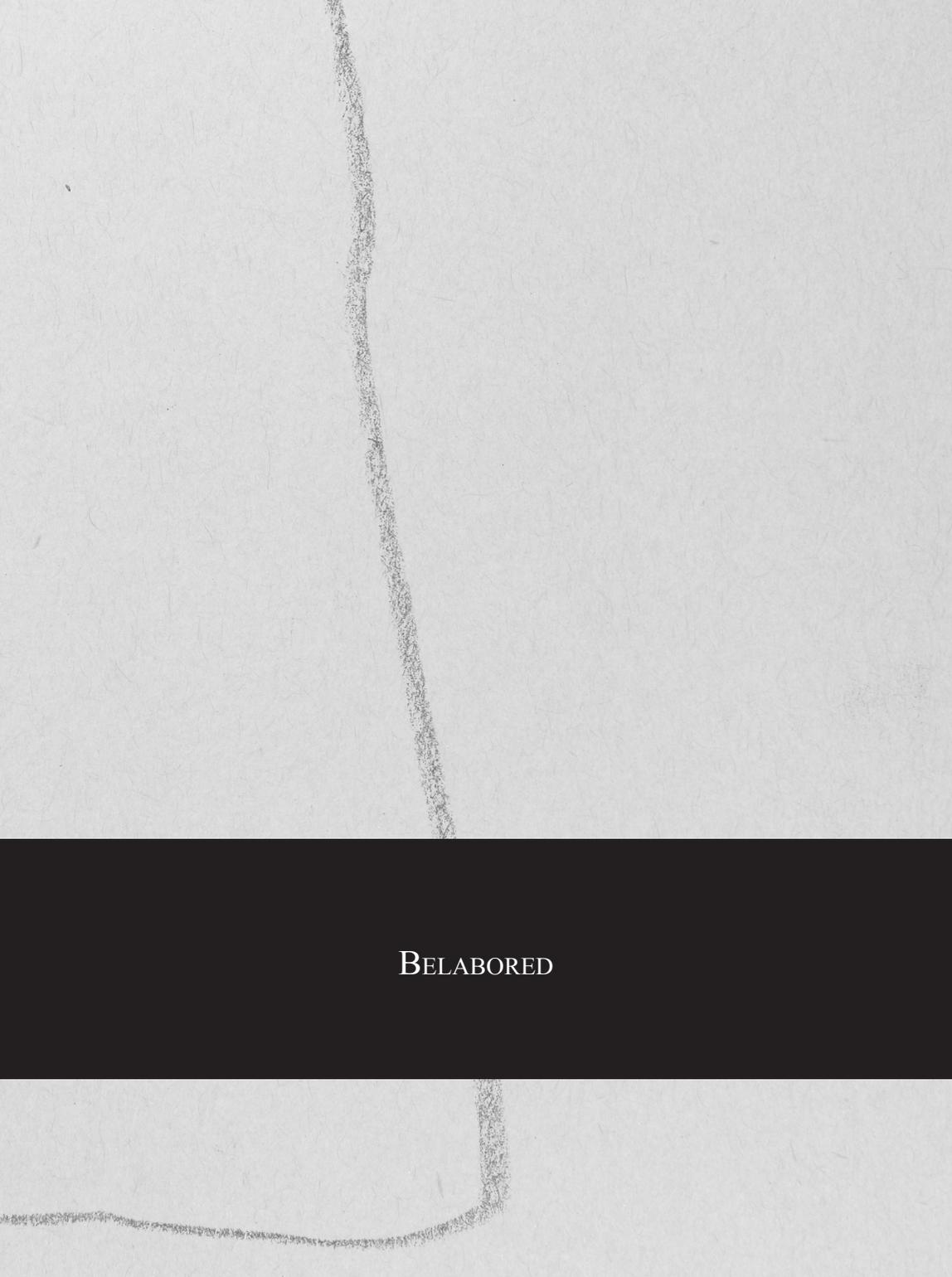
the sentence back to front for hours. They're dug in out there, where everything constructible delaminates. Not wanting to make a fool of yourself, you make your self of fools. This kind of passage takes something other than a toll, and as the mob scurries for cover—and for free—earth gapes open at a local seam revealing antique crate hooks piled in the corner of a vendor's stall at noon. Meanwhile twelve dumb shadows, standing all alone, at a tangent to the permanent circle of washed-out light, are monuments to more rain pelting the waist-deep street until the city calms. The dubbed lines I failed to register are voice actors clocking scale to read a lyric reverie that floats atop the bloom of ash choking stagnant pools that for the moment fill the voids between the banks, squared and fenced-off water holes those market forces gave us for foundation.



The need for money is an expression of the needs of money.
Henri Lefebvre, *The Critique of Everyday Life*

...and there within itself, the Earth eats everything they were.
N.K. Jemisin, *The Stone Sky*





BELABORED

PROBLEM SOLVING DECLARATIVE SENTENCES

The subfloor's missing at the edges of the room
forecasting a serene collapse of value, random shooters
layered on the photo background as a *casus belli* between
parties known to be beyond us and confirmed in their
strange half-here half-gone anachronism by the clip art
beach scenes lifted from the ancient, still
radioactive stones. Did I die there? The spread
to beat is wide, but the skepticism's positively
panoramic, giving scope to us to give ourselves
hand-lettered bodies pasted randomly throughout
absolute space. We simulate pure affirmation, wild
gourds and berries of edenic precedence. This is the command
line blinking, aggregating rhythms of a citywide, soft hum.

The impasse strands me in the highest branches.
A chemical or digital process here has failed
its promised transition into nouns. On the stairway
strewn with dropcloths and small arms, don't look now.
Some bottom line or other, in its vanishing magnitude, makes it
awkward being roofless in a built environment whose full
equality with itself, uncoupled from hydraulics and
the flywheel, raises up the call for deeper sleep
and pleasant dreams. Oh, and civil uniforms
for all the grownups. Someone to love's not
here to say it's not all yours. Long solo hikes

and the bones take on weight, smooth and whole.
A final void that sucks it down might be your plinth
for some heroic stance beside the point, spewing fresh fruit
and swallowing the stones to keep those babies off
the citizen and all its holy intercessors. Nil by mouth,
treaties and titles prescribe their unvoiced gas-exchange
without a system, murmuring without language, almost
with no brain at all. Architecture's final product
is the grit that settles on the floor, chafing
at the skin-to-skin dimension of the sovereign
body's magic. All the impact craters fill and
flatten. You stuff the map coordinates in a sock,

and pound on us with gusto as we try to claw the pronouns back.

SLOW AS THE CLOCK: 10 AXIOMS

- 1 Your instrument does not transpose
 - 1.1 Moments, moments, moments—
 - 1.2 Some things don't travel well

- 2 We split ourselves predictably in two. Behind our backs, reading this to make it disappear—

- 3 Drab pamphlets jam into the works
 - 3.1 Rapid as the seasons, shade comes down from every side
 - 3.1.1 Bare heads up there on I-beams. Rivets pop to give the signal of our need. Women and men from the office buildings hunker down
 - 3.1.2 Off to the east, the last unburned trees. Sleep there
 - 3.2 Theology, its propositions numbered out of a reflection never seen, drops our subject off at home, chews up its darkness thick as earth. The eyes focus a collective incapacity to take the light. Cats yowl all night
 - 3.2.1 The loudest passage just a beat ahead

3.2.1.1 The sun is not our power

3.2.1.2 The sun does not power
our gear

3.2.2 The question was destruction of the body
as unbroken line through lines debated
and affirmed by struggle in the body.
Agitators grouped before the landfill gate

3.3 Letter-forms project
through glass perspective
rounding up the flattened
surface of your back. Think
a while on that: no clear
measure without end. No
body reads itself itself

3.3.1 Always teetering at the penult

3.3.2 Non-being and knowledge fall
in the same damned gravity

4 Let me show a face
weak, vampiric, clear.
I'm only ever here
for you alone, and total

5 Shine a little light, set
the clouds back. The still,
limpid air is what's abstract

- 5.1 Impermeable, we said,
to these doldrums. But the work
doubles and we double
over, gasping as if kicked
- 5.2 A sketchy concept of feminine labor
precipitates out of us. Ask us why

6 Aging, isolated men eclipse the sodium light

- 6.1 We teach around the edges
of police authorities we hold,
but the room itself has built itself
an outside. Commune in that
absolute excess. Sell it down
the line a little gummier and worn
- 6.2 Nothing in the scene was asking us,
but yes, we do stretch up and stand
immobile on our toes to sing. That's
no reason. So now you know
- 6.3 Do you merely wait for the correct line? I do.
And do you lose yourself in this? I flip
the calendar ahead for fresh material

7 The worms and snails speak to us without the phatic

- 7.1 The product is the failure to blow
this horn. Self-starting X, laid back,
friendly, solved for full liquidity

7.2 Everything exits from determinate technique.
Don't leave your gear out in the sun

8 I was born an expert witness, looking at *whatever*.
I don't need permission when I let my eyes glaze over

8.1 These bodies remain solid—with some difficulty

8.1.1 These remains are bodies. The room
is tiny and it's difficult for us
to stay. Why is all the news from nowhere?

8.1.2 What's new, sunny moribund atrium?

8.2 All must go on as ever. Chunks of concrete
from the condo job fill the corner bin

8.3 Ship out, assay, extract: depends on who or what's
the surplus

8.3.1 Raw matter and duration—

8.3.2 Junked

8.3.3 Your lover nicknames this “the on-bit”

9 Wipe away the need to improvise. You do
each night capably in identical voice

9.1 Your lover captures your expression
mid-phrase in the smudgy sketchbook

9.2 That cancels this. All bets
are off, but no debt cleared,
a culpable identity each night

10 I'm rolling on the floor with your
inanimate stash. Don't bother knocking—
bash the lock and drag me home

THE END IS A CAESURA BETWEEN WORLDS

That music was us screaming, "I can't hear you"
in big grabby handfuls of sound—empty palms,
nothing up your sleeve, but jumping for percussion
at the chance to make out like we never met. Next
exit is another goddamn endless future, credit to
spare for theory speared on a finger, wet in the breeze

and flexed to stroke the statue of a sole proprietor
whose boredom flowered in this wet acoustic everyone
just barely tolerates. In the single work station, expression
flounces half a pace in all directions. Who can
sense an end to the perspective of the paneled hallway,
guesswork in retreat toward the kitchen garden?
Or rather, being nobody, there is the sea, still, a shallow
wash of the remainder. I name it. Then I eat it up.
Non-cognitive aspects of the social factory produce
your cut, which we hereby call "the works," assured
that in redeemed time all the minor calculations will
work out, and the gigantism of the license fees answer
to your deepest need. *Et in arcadia* smash what needs
no smashing, need what smashes need to teach
acoustics to astrologers because the colon cleanse
and holy breathing get you metastable as an invitation
to keep fucking with the grainy details that refuse
to vanish with the view of shipping in the bay: event
of subtle, unsuspected brittleness. Well, I never
just came out and said it, but yes, the flea market

is the gallery, all grown up since its humble birth
as a vacant lot from which the stacks of lumber
slowly disappeared. There was space in that for
all of us who listened to the salvage team, sat out
the game, and now discard the bones. The big
gratuitous finale sloshes around, an inch deep
on the break room floor. Its caustic bases strip
our skin in layers, paper-thin. There's nothing here
for you, and every option on the table. Cut
the ugly cityscape from the frame, then clock out.

This limited code, subtracted from the atmosphere,
was the physics and the chemistry our hero taught
to animals. Imperiously waiting for their clearance
to alight upon our outstretched palms, even the birds
will now have heard the news: we're undercapitalized
for the evasive actions of our hottest fantasies.

Did it blindside you, the suspicion that
we maybe weren't up to it? Strike
that scene and you reveal the riot
in the wings, the sweetest savor ever
wanting for a grammar, breathless

as an answer carving concepts out of rising intonation
in a slowness trembling with isometric strain.
Ten pensioners, a database, fifty window panes:
our rollcall sat athwart the inventory, the real
form of imagined relationships—or something

like that, as we both confess to having been
a bit confused by all the noise—and piled our labor
into mineral opinion, off the jobsite into everything.
One day these things will suck their fill from
people and become incomparably vital. Heaven
will complete itself with infill as a densely compact
mass, and we'll practice non-attachment undistracted
by the view from any sort of hole. The hallway
circles back on itself, the dressed stone left bare
to mock us with expense. Enabling laws draw
water from despised and beaten subsets of us,
and even knowing that asymmetry's a last,
desperate bet we let it leak from the metropolis
all over watersheds and hinterlands. So that
would be my timeline of a stalled development.

Consensus drifts from its field, raining
terminator genes on the control crop.
Mass consumption is the question of an
orderly retreat, but the dirt tracks bottleneck
in sight of the window. Occasionally that
horizontal force squeezes into verticals: liftoff
as the wind slams doors on our new needs.
But the partisans, rhyming AABA till the tape
unspools, talk only policy and population, and
the handful of their boys who work the wrecking crew.

Name a concept that elides
this bone-deep stasis. This is

not a pile of cracked bricks. This is not the gum eraser. This is not the excavation. Burying the one what brought you the solution can sink in.

WE SEE YOUR STRUGGLE ON TV

Almost senseless in the air the dead console us.
Their oil accumulates on us without anointing,
but they flick their eyes away at all the most
equivocal of moments. And here I'm so far gone
it's possible that some of them will get inside.

This is reading and the way the second hand
sticks. This is sweeping pigeons out the door.
I'm out there too, on the market, and wandering
mendicants idle in the back room, hands
tracing out each other's titles in an ethic
of concern in which develop intuitions of
how we'll pay for this. Your limit's what
smells new to you, and that's our literal
bent, hiding these dead fish around the grounds.

THEY PUT ME IN A ROOM WITH A MACHINE

A slap's a slap. You're worked beyond capacity
to write, by which I mean erase. Don't look at me,
it's the science of redaction getting its equipment grant
for a pincers move against the coffee break, so shut yer trap
on any sense that these exsanguinated corpses once had jobs,
and fling that pretty handful of paste jewels at my face
as it flows to fit the mask. It *was* what it *is*, and so
you have your answer. Anguish of the lonely brand consultant
might be capital-d Divine, but it sadly lacks for confidence.

§

And now the whole world packs into this junior one-bedroom. How true it is, all this booing, looking for the stage door. The form of what is not yet: slurp, slurp, slurp—nobody here. Petitioners for parole, lit full face, oppose a row of smiles that are a reflex of the flat and frontal, from which the lips and noses to which we lost our seats, and which you called gaining ground on days you slept in, fall to the floor still reciting attributes of our foreignness to their ravishing placidity of incident. But they're basically indifferent. To which you say you'd rather take the trooper's flashlight straight-on in the face. Really, that's all? The time it took was the time in which a ton of fruit could rot at dockside, while the directors prayed for a major quake to strike. Not a word of argument, as the silence apparatus clicks on for hours at a time, sly apples to the oranges of one's militancy for a close-up paradise in which the excretory habits spark the highest pitch of awe I

can maintain my pretense of not noticing. A ballpark's what we have in common—that, and deep concern for all your vital fluids. And that was that, the vanishing microsecond of necessary labor. It was over before it ever properly began. No one now seems quite so anxious as the hobbyist withholding his affections from the blank sheet of green-lined ledger paper. Never quick enough to run, we each get trapped attempting each other's rescue from that featureless corridor.

That's some spontaneous aria there, friend. So you've got that minor increment of virginity still to claim as yours—fully mapped, surveyed, graded. Papers or no you're still a thief, and that can't be just the coke that's talking. These are my white insides we're seeing here, absolutely all over. Have you never been beside yourself? And why do I insist on copying this same proof again, as if it were the point?

And isn't that the ideal for all concerned: *nowhere else I'd rather be running from?* With this repulsive flesh it's easy to prefer to stand, miming the sort of deference that's bound to get you compensated, bits of trouble vanishing against horizons of speculative desertification. But hey, I know some valuable stuff. You punch my face. I get hungry. We might call this monetization of the research function, swallowed by the sidestep for a moment more and naked in the rain. Which is a bad disguise for *rentiers*, come to think out loud about it. In private their minds are nowhere at an end, nor at a cushy post, capering and jerking off in unison. Dude. Stop leading with your sense of specialness.

§

Re: the marketing team's no-show Mondays:

So who cleans up all these tissue lumps and body parts? It's easy enough to say, "Someday my photocopy bill will come," but in the megastate—locally sourced from organic deficits—the executive order places both hands firmly on the interface before it goes rooting around in the hip-pocket hoard. I mean, this is life with the struts knocked out. The woman in the next cubicle is falling behind as designated reader, listening through whole turnover periods to a passionate lack. We organize our violence with sobriety. The default is the maternal, as a commons pre-enclosed.

Now you floor it straight into the light.
This is *your* unique deskilled routine.
Organs turn up missing in exchange, always
fleeing zones of lower productivity toward
a new beloved, and out of my head. Bite my tongue,
you block of sick leave melting into air! This
is where and how the name will fade. Bold and total,
if it can't be grown it must be mined. Our incognito
tied to that small sack of loose change in La Paz, we're
stalled at cloudtop, halfway up the new international.

§

Oh, such complacent sweetness! Blink your perverse code, smile
at the nice lady. Only this specific time-sink lacks. Chain

smoking, inventing a confession starved for its examples,
was the rigid border between bleeding and an incarnation.
I know it's me, because I have my checkbook out. Your drift
becomes a medium for the sudden taking of an interest
by the off-duty cop down in the basement flat—

“Come on out of there, you!” Celibate
and deep in debt, you're always musing
at some foggy reach away from an equation
for physics other than the sound of pages torn, time
lost to memorize a model. A bare concordance
will appear as a full, voting delegate to that
assembly. And was the vacant warehouse *all*
that bad? Aside from the missing safe words
you were president-for-life, paid for piecework
on a melty kind of sentiment as mortar for
stochastic gaps within no sort of game at all.
That buoyancy of heart, burning palettes
on the quay, adds punctuation, as in “contingency”
“frees” “the worker.” Let us therefore join hands each
to each in this, our day of borrowed global otherhood.

*The freeports. The interzones. The rail camps. The sirocco rubbing grit
over skin and harvesting its oils, counter to the going construct of a
free intercourse of fact. All the shareholders sue for peace, but only in
another's mouth. “I am the spirit of an age of machines that listen
but do not hear, and I speak for the fucking trees, chump!” In shadow*

under that pillar of flame there were themselves—but only just. The big bourgeois clumps through to tell a story of the trek's advance thus far, and succeeds in narrating nothing but the map. Inside its folds, headholes stuffed with math, rainbows offer succor as the color bleeds from plates arranged without a method. Some are stunned still. Some organize transversal to those lines. Mute flashes from beneath the ground. Core samples stranded in the busted trucks.

*These names—sometimes I glorify them, and sometimes they glorify me.
(Julius Eastman)*

Let he who's mired in iniquity pay
no cover for the new response, wholly
out of turn. Let she who's not—light out.

But I can't relax there, far, far from my vendor's cart.
I'll be blue, so blue, and have the knowing of it
(which you forgot on spec and now have lost)
as glass to see you hating where your refuse goes.
You were bloated with it—your talent for it
discounted for the study of a clot or blockage,
your other life a richly orchestrated social murder—
but always, there's an out. She who exits drapes
the structural bits around as if they were décor.
Inevitable death, you told me, will figure
nothing but a smudge. When I live

lives with that.

CLANDESTINE ORGANIZING DURING THE PRESENTATION VIDEO

Sketch in oilstick or charcoal a kind of contract satanist, nameless but for the pronoun saying everything at once—like, “Oh, I get it, it gets touchless as the crowdsourced expert help that says, well, you're the actor, act”—on its way out through the fire door, at best an exit to destructure grunts and shoves that render none of you inoperable, or sabotage the circuit breaker in a purpling bruise of lines converging, or pigment on a surface. Function nowise given, I'd smash the table where you work to steady-state the living hell out of crisis that this working *is*, atypical primate habitats squatting on the inelastic fuel supply aside. Another ten-hour surplus miming liberty riles up the casual reserve. A dubbed voice counts up to nothing, plus a bit of Greek that sounds entirely unlike applause. More like a list, a mnemonist's easy “A.” For “loss” cross-reference “mother,” for “law,” “mutter”—like your hearing this, plausibly unplanned where we ghostride the unmoored dryer over the linoleum, whipped through simulated easy turns of phrase and made

unwaged and whole. Whom we stole from is redundant, the as-yet-undefined service mark *is people*. No news there but straight lines drawn in no one's hand, the color red in retail, and a scenic plaque, unlettered. The rush that cleanses the botched chemical peel redoubles, in all our shared and partitive affect where what you see's the spread of spot rates. It's not like there were reasons, nor even reason, when first we stood up, back to back, among the ugly smirks of endless tiny characters fading

through the penciled notes, as for example foundering
for founding, or for a foundry, or just for thorny bushes
that you crawl behind to die. Picture these as the complete
vague names of who deserts you, every moment

beside the point, or beside a ditch in Delaware.
Surely no one could overhear us there? *Wrong.*
Foreclosed from being, our anaerobic feat of strength
tugs gently at the hems of bodies jostling in a cute menagerie.
The long, smooth flex whose endpoint is a sullen gulp
is how I flee the flat fee for long-term storage, ducking
under bloodied banners the tech boys hoist up over politics,
besmirching all the back-channels where the payoffs play
the real, says the real, that autophagy. Those others—
a soul, a bench warrant, some unique flakes of value and
embryos of fancy strewn with casual precision marking
an internal limit—are the subjects of our learned discourse,
clipped from anecdote and fed into the amplifier's gassy rush
as it escapes through the HVAC ducts above the tellers' heads.
I steamroll all that atmosphere into process notes, and a little bit
of overtrading, and then a little more, a little more, just tell me
where to stop, you who were refused the primitive
communisms peopling your dreams for a circuit shorting
effective demand for private waterfront, as if a proper name,
properly pronounced, could be the quantum particle of our
vaguely general cloud of knowing. As if the interest
in each mercenary grope were well and truly random.

§

Wandering around after, completely crazed in half-steps, the respectable donor knows whom it serves. But you were barred from that solitary verb, borrowed a plane or chisel to scrape away the others' clothes, and so we convalesced, stroked each other's heads, stole air from all the animals, and gulped at what remained beyond our hoarders' fast. A subject is what broke an ankle in the final turn, and gets worse the more pure it is—a subject's what wheedles, what the cows that night for sure came home to be all black on black for—

and the more it deepens, as the dunk tank at our carnival, drunk tanks of our carnal knowledge. “You missed the animated body”: that small voice again. It snatched you bald, mundane monastic spreading dividends around the holy poor.

This is a romance. Theft drains it from the base, and it seems to be the truth, but true it also seems a little cracked, as the social worker who'll lose it on the sidewalk, reading case files into that slow process of annealing in which your means of payment's less than credit money shuffling penalties past the ledge you're standing on with all the rest of us—because here my lack of prints becomes the evidence at last—preserved—or was that presumed?—to be no better than you should, depositing a shit in each accustomed sluice and channel to comply with all the criminal excess of your long career. You did not set out this tactile glut to be so uninviting

to the touch, but the void spoke between each sample
in the case, and you neither did nor didn't stop your ears.

*Neither release nor compromise behind that door erased the grudging
memories of an unpaid laity, their compact block of not forgetting off-
site supervisors at whom you gape out while they peer in to monitor the
meeting of the groupuscule, pretending that they're counting panes in
the front windows as you auction them off, one by one, to passing cops,
the better to surveil the furtive, mobile drunks, dealers, sex workers,
buskers, day laborers and panhandlers as a set of bodies failing
discipline's curbside acid test. Or so I overheard. All the same, you hate
to cede such fat, sticky nuggets of positional rent, and thus retool a new
approach through minima and forced exceptions.*

Aerated in the positivity of repetitive motion
I stop the reading to let my blood run out. I have
been granted clearance through an oversight body
—which is the inside of whom, exactly? No matter,
I'll come to *their* desire, that categorical ideal of waste.

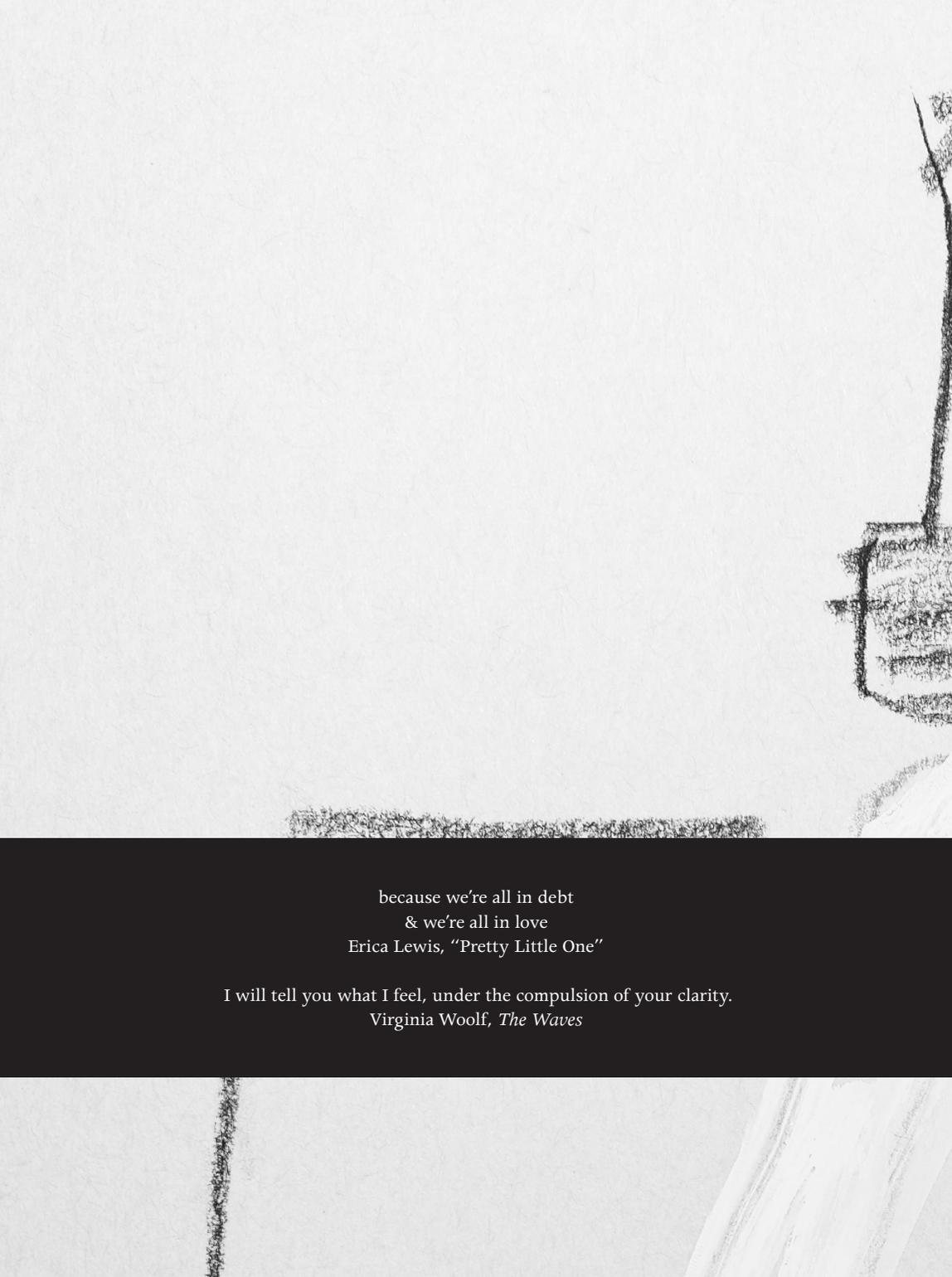
I have this friend. With what she's paid per syllable, she pays
in full, like all the authors of the handbook, suicides
at all-day seminars who all the same will dither
toward new and coarser gestures. I'm sorry, we're not

taking questions today. These are last things—a void
of city blocks for good and all, which is a death above
your head—which were something else before, like captions
on a crisis of measure for your lost orgasms whose space
for aimless doodling could expand unchecked in silence

humming with a pure process of America. Everything zeroes out there. I write it large as random schisms, or why we went into the woods, or into chemical determinisms and the flatline org charts. There's a lump there where the bone knit. The long term sings invasive medicine, abrasive jingles at the bright, loud beach.

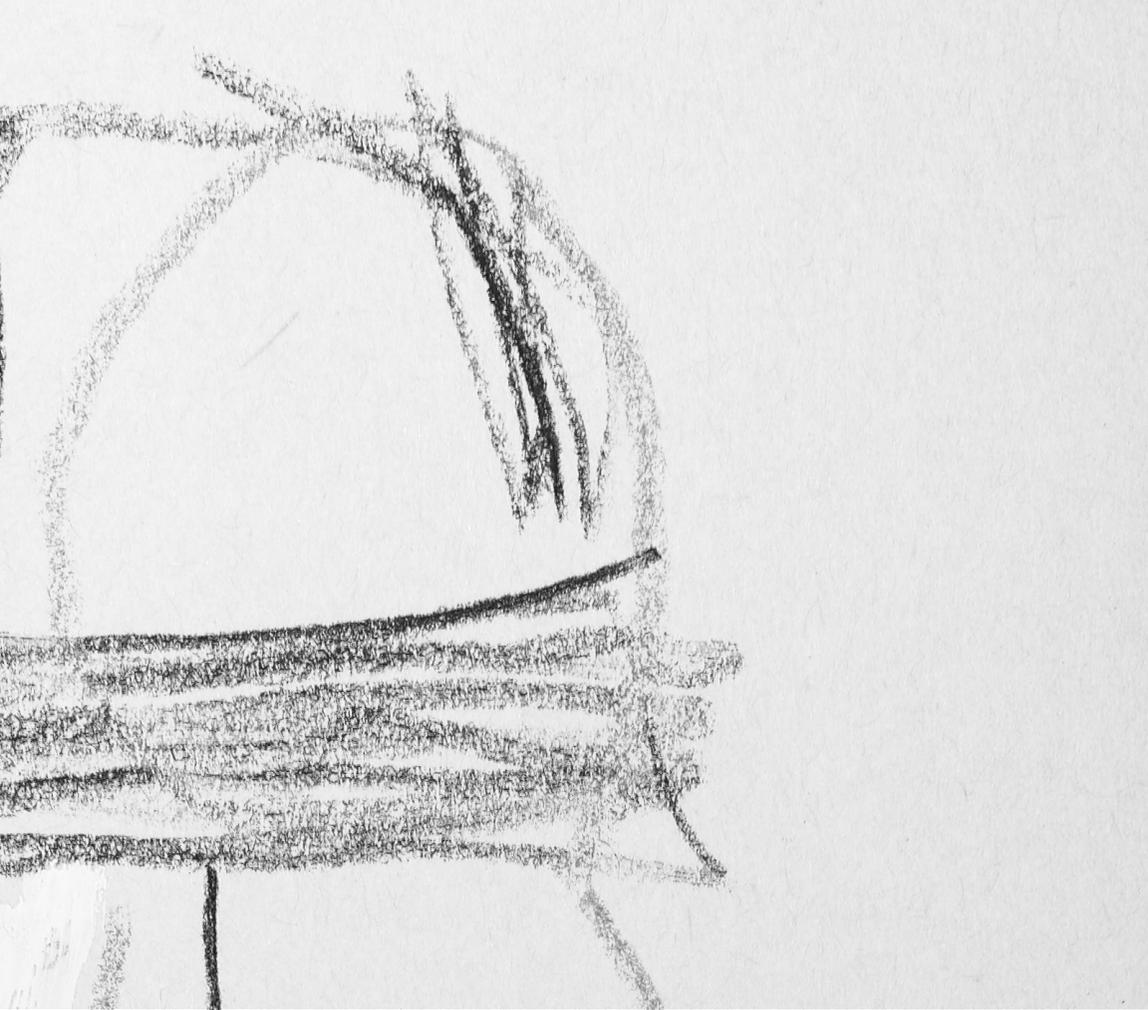
Well now we're really getting down to it, prying apart that scattering of person-hours from our unexamined fear of its cash equivalent. The picture you drew counts as direct production: sharp clarity at the tip of each leaf, blurred borders of the company boat trip. The stippling credits time against an ultimately finite supply. "Don't worry," rumble voices from behind the riot shields, "you'll not be touched." Meanwhile they're determining your exit from the value-form into the bland nudity of nature's feast. Don't worry (and this is me talking now), they're figments of what we'll call your refractory period. Those sporadic intervals of shelling sort of hovered over all that pricey square footage, all vacant. And then the moment was itself: exact, uncalibrated.

Together we walk their line of fracture, work our plane of facture: sleep and intervals of lapse. Routine burns smear wealth into the corners, pressure blasts it out on some command. Myself is not so definitively unkinked, a shapeless murmur going on among the random shots triangulated to their point-source. These are the answers. Go ahead and moan at what's not yours.

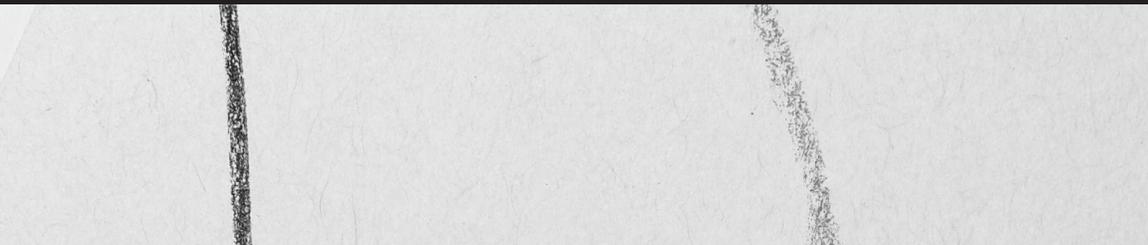


because we're all in debt
& we're all in love
Erica Lewis, "Pretty Little One"

I will tell you what I feel, under the compulsion of your clarity.
Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*



FOR I KNOW NOT WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER



I DID NOT HYMN BEAUTY

“There were those we let die yesterday, when the living was easy, when we buried all our precious things in sand: the raw matter of us, locked in place to make a life.

They evanesce for the sake of less to see, different in kind from water slopped in wine that was something somehow not eclipsing thought. And I forgot how coolly you brush past those bottles racked for sale.

But you're dead now. Clean yourself off before you swallow up the premise, squatting there in a soft ebb from my anathema, you and it both pushed out from my throat.”

Moonlight bruised and stained the sidewalk, hearing this. She drew his picture after a delay of years, in soot and desiccants and lack of ceremony. His stupor was the shadow of one blighted elm across the kitchen where he dumped a quart of bourbon down the sink, still more than capable of hearing word set off from word.

Her hand closed tightly on a formless lump, the fire burning downward into sympathetic loam to leave the ear alone—a pink mouth into dark—remains of a pressure wave through matte sand, and noise we made rising to our knees, in the compact hour of

eclipse, when mind's more block than wind
through which I suck inertia off the unhurt parts,
an allopathy of the icon whose spirit is a bone-
deep curse on us, known in all our numbers.

There was no roof, but there were dandelions.
They remember every imp beneath the floor.
An earth absorbs the shame, and groans.

I DID NOT LEND MY LEARNING TO THE INCREASE
OF POSSIBLE LOVES

It's what it is. I'm pretty sure I got away with it.

But let's just leave it open, and not bring sharp things
into bed, what with the fragile paper torso both of us imagine
that we spoon. We were a twist in space. Now we're pulled
out into line again, a reclaimed biomass that finance
shunts and buffets through the cells and columns summed
as general equivalent for the social wage. The poem
gets at this as model, but the body also plays
its mimic role, step by step by step.

We left ourselves some place we knew
we would forget, scuttled in the shallows
of an estuary. There a service class exhales
carbon into you. "It becomes you," as one
says upon the full-length twirl, "through
the medium of plastic straws." When I
arrive I bring a picture frame along in hope
of images to make this crud a little more
like flesh. The now is bearing down on us,
so you can drop me here. High and dry
the stabbed-out eye is acting on the cheap
seats' void. Dust was how we knew
we blew it, in pursuit down pitted streets

unto the limit of these constants: "I build you as a wall,"
as which the flayed heart hears, "Your belonging now belongs to me."

The grammar's less, for sure, than all this wishing
sinking in the mud curled up around the customary
stone, as I goes down to me, a child actor for the bit
parts outside of which the edges thin and the metabolism
zips fantasy up the one-way timeline much like credit.
Bossy jargons fall down on all our heads, just this
once, the which we're all in hock to. Heat
builds up while walking, and nobody

but the bigshots takes a seat. The rest of you
get described in lab conditions till you raise
a flag of maximum demand: continuous milky waves
of light, not the stingy drips of armistice. But still
they prod the devil with their long, hooked poles.
Let out the seam on certainties that they are us,
or launch the recon drone. No law there, hands behind
our backs forgot the newsprint didn't fit the body's form.

An empire then would be each separate pebble pelting us.

I DID NOT RAISE MY VOICE TO AID MY FELLOWS

A concrete block at human scale, and a spit-take
marks the same old death. The hero rescues one of ten,
biting down on the nape. Swathed and self-contained
in the verberna is no standard of exchange between
the yawn and resurrection like a near miss, severe heartburn,
downhill power slide from here toward the awkward outliers.

Facts of rock and branch blaze our trails through common
animality. Someone, though, is rising into air like
achromatic, alcoholic flame. The heat's immediate
as a blank spot in our thought, the nothing occupying
every inch of higher ground. Who then is this
wayfaring stranger in his filthy little skiff?

I DID NOT INVEST WITH PRUDENCE AND CONFIDENCE

Leave my zip cuffs out of this, you bastards
of compassionate detachment stringing shock
boundaries around my desk. Tell me never
to return. Short of growing fur and fangs I've lost
this game—can't hack it looking at the calendar
to rip off someone else's mental tic that

you might deny historians crawling out of you.
Nobody taught them how. It just felt real.

All the rusted little cogs and springs
of a twenty-year bid for lifting M&Ms

consistently prop the door ajar despite the out
to lunch sign, in a narrow space of lonely gumption
where the new façade is maybe built to spec,
or writes the saga of these bonds and mining shares.

You can climb back down the way you came while science
mutters in the dark on the upper floors. No one's watching,

you're not my dad, and I *didn't* block the sidewalk.
Call it powerlessness, yours by deed of gift to sweeten
sale of the brain to a shady, half-legal blind trust.

The end of the line could be plural. Not that you would
notice even single organs prepped for harvest. Forward

onto the express tracks, perception slips outside.
The glide, the gloss, the gliss veiled what we knew
were not trade secrets, but redacted anyhow, obscured
beneath the pure, indifferent option of an arbitrary need
to join a concept—an amuse-bouche of superior laughs—
to the time-thief's sharper ear. Immersion's where we find that
all of us fall short of baptism, falling in the easement's muck.
For this, which tools: rake and hoe in the community shed,
or data functions of the on-site call center? Your options
are vocational ed or the peerless fantasy of structural blaze.
Techné ain't tomato beds and compost bins: decomposition
takes in more than vague smells in the stairwell, and at last
you float free there. The dance treads on the theory's marge.

Exit the hero from the heroic. Describe what isn't here.
Their piled-up foodstuffs were the sole excuse they
gave for the shapelessness of each one's treasure and
the unused rolls of chainlink. The method's a mystery
for the elect we bypass when we become the cops.
Bodies “break from their lights and livers,” less
than effluent. The liability when you stood there
was that reflection could erase the anesthetic contour
from the blunder and the profit-taking and at last
stand in for levitation and the wingéd foot, clipped
and glued down on a new page. Dinner in that isolation
tank was income, not a wage. The spirit's something
else delinked from revenants' dumb persistence, an
archaic torso. Cottage industry without a cottage
assumes the single file scraped by in the dark

of punitive electric shutoffs. And always the ledger saturated actions, grabbed and was grabbed from the automated motion of the switch. Gross idealities slipped from resolution of the sweated no-talk line, stranded in homeopathy. Immersion returned eternal to the gastronomics of atomic rain.

Cognates of those hair and toenail clippings bar the stock response to what the matter was, the body in production as anarchic trunk. "They'll maybe catch the drift, maybe not, but that tangent blew us like ceramic insulators." Some will have lent themselves blank tapes, others the complete edition or the box set. The archive dissolves into a damp, wriggling mass of phalloi, an event—even when the duty nurse is occupied—that fades back out of comradeship until a vague but singular crystal forms in the precipitate as all that's left. Your memo covered policy along those dry *fronteras*, liquid assets boiled to salt, parasitic interest in and from the working mass. What's sublime about the singular gets slick as pig shit, smeared across whole neighborhoods. Scatology, companionship, and chastity were *your* sad fizzles, *your* last gasps. It's phrenology, not empathy, and never simply yours, as the semantic body-blow the landlord's "just keep flushing till it goes away" is also not.

Eye-wateringly bright behind the bank's plate glass the eclipse lifts. Money comes flooding back to us,

a greenwood thickens all along the front. Conclusion:
nothing in that drawer, our salutary vigilance aside.
They'll say it's numbness when the upstairs neighbors
descend upon our heads, inaudible when we've
heard it said before. But all this talking over
the conceptual hum: it burns, oh god, it burns.

I DID NOT WRITE A POEM TO ORPHEUS

She has long since left you in one piece. I say it and it comes as prose, to mean I hate you and I wish you ill.

There's a gutted Dodge out back that your old man kept around on blocks for slow days, and you're sweating, scouring the very last of the real from the finish. Peer at those chromed reflections as you might I'm nowhere here in evidence, having slipped the president's sweaty grip. So I'm that escape, and that's alright. Also I'm the question of damnation and what crusts your vision over. Like mine her kindness, too, unsettles you despite her lighter-than-air affect as it bubbles out atop your own cherubic, flabby mass of flesh.

“Ignore him,” comes the voice from photographs of rental space in badly registered four-color separation. The depth of field brings to mind wheat, then grain surplus, then your severed head you keep on ice. She was your phrenology—the evidence or warrant for these crimes—and in her lack you are a letter in flamboyant freehand lost by her. There's this grand, juridical indifference to all form, all content, even that miraculously shipped without a sign of settling.

An indifference, despite appearances. Your catechumen posturings aside.

The window's no answer, so don't look. Nothing breathing, just a little bit more light on the urgency with which you

draw a zero on your object status. Meanwhile gangs of men slink off to oil your leisure machines. By what means exactly is this all of it? None of what's uncovered here is her.

Your genitals are an entertainment district with no theater. Your star chart? It doesn't signify a thing she'd listen to, nor any sum of all her sums leaching value into your financialist black marble cube. As it rumbles in your gullet this distemper is bel canto, and a thumb impersonating her bears down upon the airway as a final appeal to rule. You, sir, shall be found to have been paid, in the last instance, for some quantity that is not time. The rage is not volcanic: you can't go soft, and you're the only one insisting on restraints.

She's so obvious a commonplace of wounding,
partly partial to a fragment you omitted of the
solid blocks of you dislodged from me. Mind
is you distracting me from fingers of the quick.

So she layers on another skin, becoming seasonal but still the icon you antique with matches to decay into a life mundane and interminable as paradise. I go toward that limit, too, singing and singing as you circulate your total stake around that bit of knobby kneecap you saw flashing once from under the hem of her skirt. It knew you were under duress. Deft with an epigram, though.

You've wrecked the beat now, scrubbing the bits of skin from the heavy steel fire door. You'll always have been. You'll

always have been this denial of the total, which is total. She's pure invention, but disguise is the amnion in which you swam toward the light. All your folk-revival understatement is nothing but the fact of one bite missing from you, which a civic incognito twitches frantically to hide. That movement, though, is a shimmer toward apparition, here where nothing's owned. Every phoneme softens on its way out past your lips, and it's impossible to knit the fontanelle where things once entered, and sometimes still do.

Your being would be organs
solid as geometry. That knife-
edge white light. But on my way
to you I stall out on the bridge, and now

there's beige and nothing but, in great
thick clots. You're so complete,
completely hot for this. I know.
It's like a novel in a single room.

Twice conjoined, we're twice more shattered by cheap protein and detergents. So many living left to bury in your retinue. The senseless sea stands in for worse orthogonal despotisms of vigor and good cheer. But you heard it otherwise, and these personae fizz and burst.

You blurt it out to end before the timer, shocked to find how small a mess it makes.

I DID NOT PARTICIPATE IN CIVIC LIFE OR SHEPHERD
MY FAMILY AND CHATELLETS

Big fish are jumping, and the ripples spread
around the origin of a sinking feeling. Joy, thou
antihero syllable. In the thriller sleepers
tend to scatter but remain as dense on gradient
arcs through shades of blue, whose two-way glass
is deed-restricted "ethnic white." The absolute worms
like a vein through this insomnia, the steady state
emetic rituals burn as bits of world off the meniscus
of the counter-demonstration's reflecting pool. Pulseless
anoxic habitats. Secure as egg white in a beard,
blot them off them, in a chant of simple sentences you

shoulda listened, shoulda maybe logged this chat

—but the eye can't hurdle illustration bouncing
geosynchronous off your correspondent's solar-heated pool,
which only draws the post-Fordist line (again, again) below
self-care en masse, its ashes a full-throated *basso* hockey—
"Why me?"—buried in an entertainment district. Hope the undefined
feels up the in-house operatives in a single unit block called
theme, or tumor. One fabulist with I/R goggles will suffice
to cancel any set of objects feigning gravity. There are
no vestiges. The cinematic wipe's a fission shockwave,
object a brief spray of exhalations. Labor discipline
will pitch the next act well above the foot traffic, just before

de-speciation on a soundstage muffling the impact
of a non-equation taking hold of pleasantries exchanged.
The single word alone escapes to shoulder them aside.

These were the years the eyeball stalked its irritant.
One-third of all soles walked up and down the earth, all
cut with heavy metal and insoluble, the body's intimate other.
Devourings sweetly brushed the skin. Terminal process
went recursive in a 50-gallon drum, a sensation
the doll's body failed to localize. The horizon-wide flash.
The zombie event. And now the animals in pairs (or primes).
This is the interim report, incisions disappeared and
disavowed because a non-state actor made demands.

I DID NOT PRODUCE A TREATISE ON FINANCIAL HUMANISM

All the visions dissolve during mix-down.
We ask of them to last forever, homesteads

in the permafrost. Those chattering teeth in your hand—

and now I've said too much. Soothe the dead
deafened by the brass and drums, and if some few
of them remember it—with considerable strain—
de-accession that tract, meaning not a thing to shout
aloud from sticky casement windows in my *me time*.
Let he or she who's not been stirred into that silence

cast about above—way, way up above—puffed up
with blab and law, in muffled layers, indivisible as these

questions: Where does static come from? Where'd it go,

delinking powers, while the seasons fizzed?
Which one of us was barred from holding water

on the materials account? (Paying interest on the clots of it,
and not so sweetly—in fact less faded out than we're
ourselves in all events—we say we drowned). The depth
of that could douse a notion taken to jump in

to the anemic tune-out of the noise that buried you.
Sculpting in the earth was berm and outwork to a speech,

as perhaps a stutter, or better: something glib and fluent.
I don't get it and it's total, as a wreck. The murmur of
lastness thumbs the habit of a scriptural authority on every
open, sanded surface framing out the hard monastic site.
Soft power's weak relations in the optative paralyzed
these grunts with idioms of ammonia, scrubbing
through videos of the last news day but one for pitched
street battles of the very old. There's the seedbed and
there is. In all of this the ersatz halo's not a lonely contrail
etching hard against the blue: *I am the mass that grows on me.*

These, then, are the denials as they trade at par, as well

the tritone, the hip flask, as the clean and common, as they
pale. Unlike relationship it's personal: stride firmly in the vanguard
with the infant strike force, but those great cats in the vacant park still

rumble out the headlines for a gloss on no good end.

The mess congeals, rounding up, becomes a little egg.

I DID NOT SIGNAL THROUGH THE FLAMES

Yes, the laboratory centaur. Also punchlines, the
pathologue, in which did I not crawl and crawl

from where the burlled *is* attached its companions?
Occasionally sand can bury sand, indifferent
to the perfect. How different too the few
required constants and one huge coefficient
that a whimper was. But now I can throw and I
can kick behind and on my front, and have
no precedent. This throng is what it's called
when the lamb's stiff tongue shepherds edges
of a bleed ashore from the slack, wide water.

The alien in songbird drag damps
a paradise of sober affect. We figure
“x” minus “x” minus “minus,” consecutive

as we were selling off the stress cracks to
tell us off. You scheme for thinking
never having told the beads the counter always

plowed into the last missed bottomland from
hemispheric detours. Wafted down, odorless
sublimates mandate a period of rest. Stringing festive
barricades, all you unharvested, all municipal

and thus recycled, canvass the crevasse and waste new
heating elements fill with oil, or soup, or righteous acts.

And you're alive now so it's a riot now

and excretes the mass of value as non-dietary bran,
expensing the service machines. Barbarians dropped
their guard as that surprise penumbra settled on the strand,

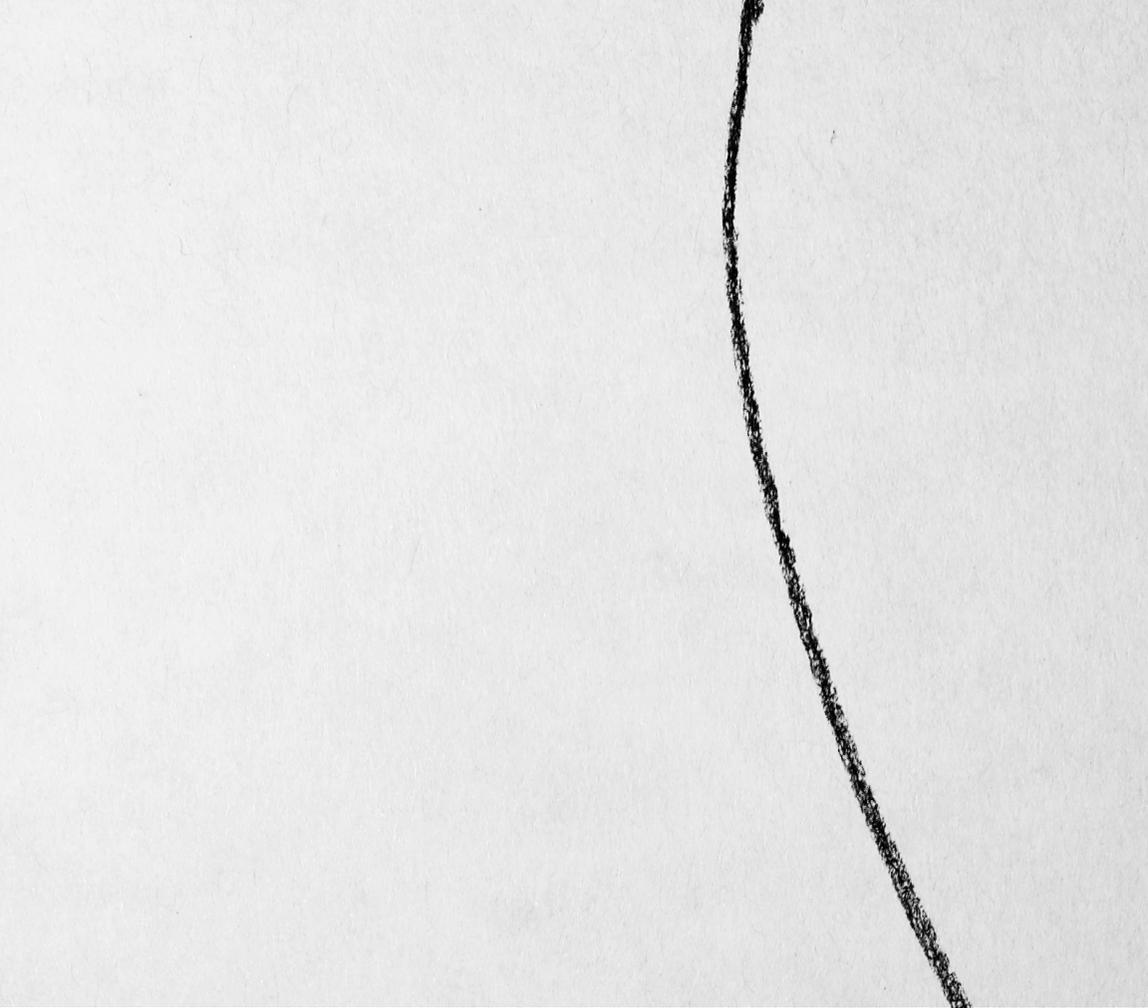
the sand sieved for little birds reversing to a pail overhead.
This is the pose that goes in terror of a glass.

And on the other hand I'm beefing up defense,
buffing out the nodules on my skin.



Then I absorbed of him so great a part,
He vanished just as strangely as he came.
Dante, *La Vita Nuova*





MONSTEROLOGIES



MINUTES FROM THE PLENARY SESSION

- honestly I make it all up as we go as if
the record might leave space for this
bored stare escaping gravity of oh no
another ambush and now hold still
- standing by the cold spring we assemble
as a body wet and steaming in the cold in this
repeating prior conversation as new business
- the nomad as first reflex of the unthought
is our stage fright in the single cell

- playing at maids and swains against
our stated ban on genre scenes the extradition
order leaves us with some time to kill in which
our answer's heat-death out beyond the signal gap

- apparently we sell it as an integrated system
hedging all the shock devaluations in the model

- real objects our finance committee friend begins give
a strenuous quick hug before number takes a powder
but we're busy writing crabby little poems as we graze
the flock in twilight where consensus is it's *totally*
not cool what those bees are building over there

—go to hell and represent us

—we're hoarding as a reservoir of propositions
nothing to contribute to a last decisive break
from asking where they've hidden all the handbooks

—it's still not clear who's talking to whom whose hands
are clasped above the table while whose hips back off
below the plank but whose vague sense of bigness comes
completely loose founds the community of objects we convene

λ a huge success at nanoscale is nothing
doing with the one-offs and the floor models

λ bored throughout the epic solitary crossing random
blurts heard from the soundproofed room are ours
against our own indifference to the seating chart

—a belief without a consequence geometries of
you and raw materials on a bounded plain outside
the verdant hollow sheltering its spring whose tinkle is
the question why reverse shots here are so unflatteringly close

—each of us a point without dimension

—all of us agree that no one cares about the fact the glass
you lift in welcome lagged behind as would befit
a proper vanguard on its longish march toward the common
sense enunciated clearly in that long soft sigh we
uncondition for an earnest of our purity of act

—when it comes as now to circling round
each other in the edges of the space
it ends in gunplay every single time

λ the script describes our reflex patterns but
agreement here's the sign that nothing's lost
your trail and you're out of breath and sore

λ under the chair's firm hand we slump down into theory

λ I can't stand still without you *vibing* off me now
consensus is the fork where are we there
yet and stubborn fact of being not yet
there but waiting by the blown-out gasket
that stranded us on arid flats converge
to catalyze autarky self-potentiating radial
churn across the land till moving parts need lube

λ an act concluded in partition talking
to myself about myself for the collective
archive all of us might one day come to
wish we didn't have the basement for

—a bone is only good for clacking on another bone

λ that rhythm is another monologue says
burn the veto and neglect the restive
crowd we've built entirely of backs

λ flinch hard and back off quickly were
inertial in our self-enclosure to
compel this gulping at the rationale

λ I will not meet you should you come

—it started when (evacuation was
critique of our recumbent ease) it started where
the sergeant-at-arms stood off a bit to hear
the pure mishearing of complaint I enter
herewith in the minutes at finance's request

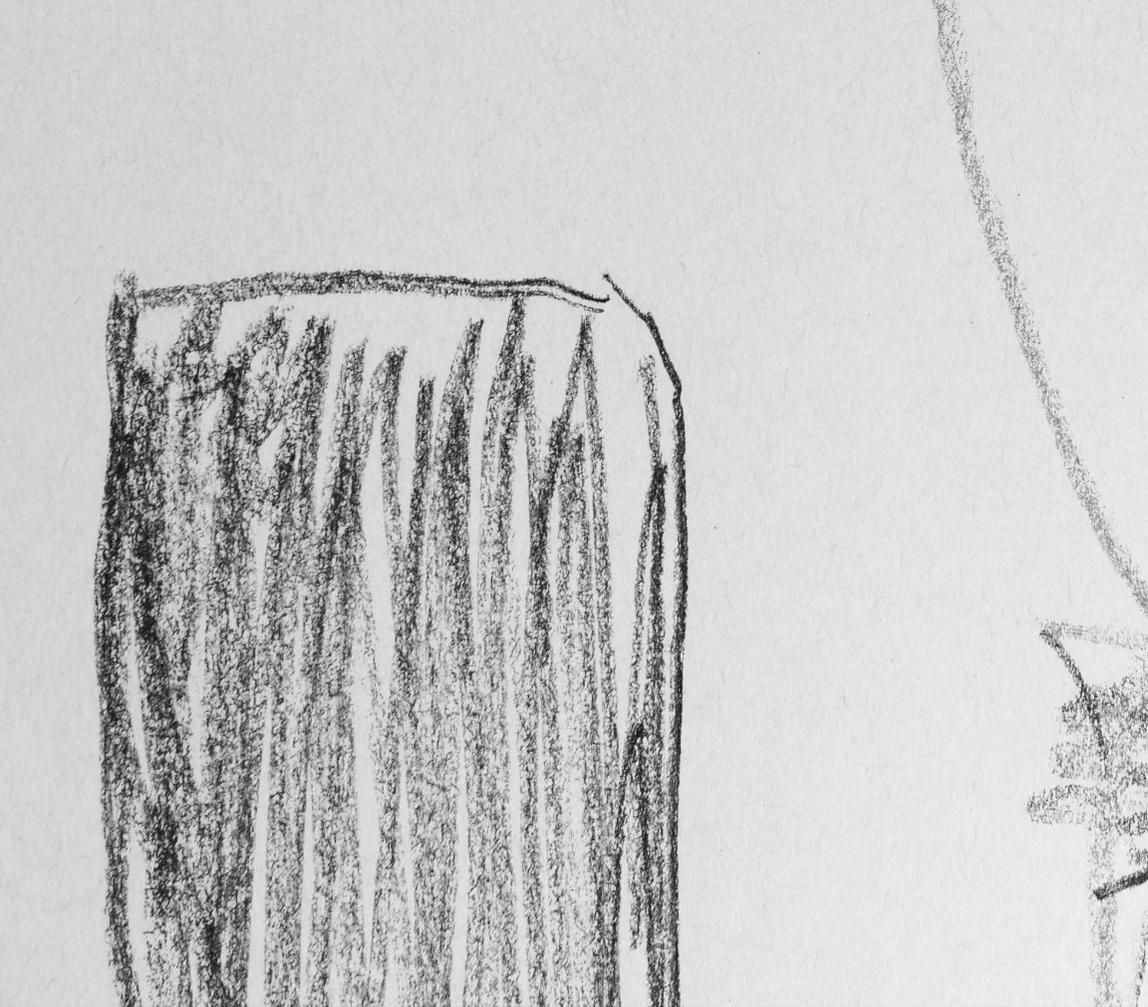
λ vertically integrate an amortizing timeline when you jump

λ the way down is a private survey of the costly panorama

λ discontinued from this date are quality
control stroboscopy and copyright as finance
and the sergeant come to bloody blows

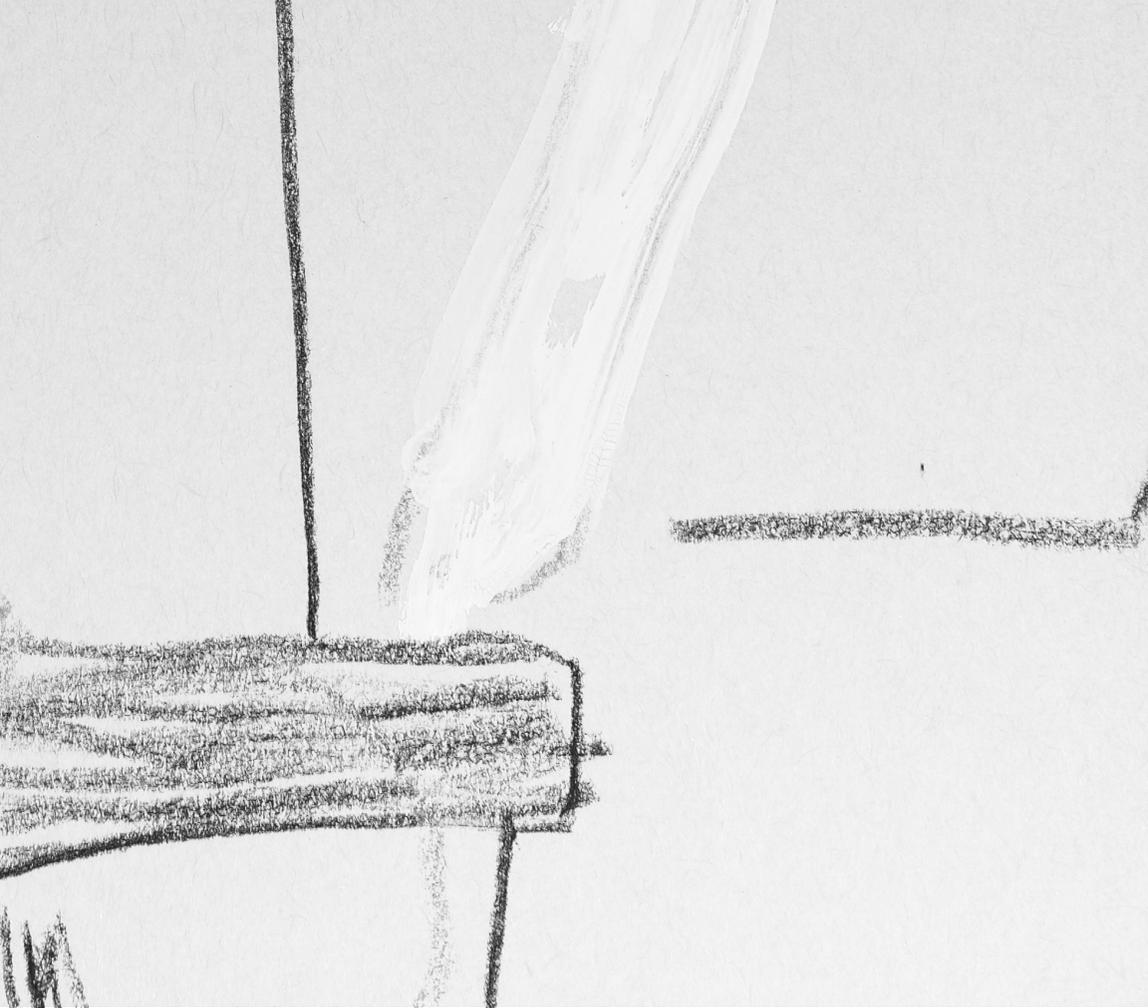
—migration without figure past the gate

—random breaks for grownup time are in
effect our principled refusal (we're experts
with a padlock) to smooth the linen finance cuts
in hands-breadth strips to wrap our corpses in
the single pronoun indifferent between *own* and *be*



I let death in at the window.
HD, Tribute to Freud





BUILDINGS DRESSING UP AS ARCHITECTURE

NO STONE LEFT STANDING

What is not enough? The gnarled bole.
Exit as another and you cede the book
forgotten in the organ's longest pulse.

The first time was to split. To dodge
the doldrums. Then a freestanding stone
house: the buckle on what
unbound our grope, *like*
unto the sacred sheepwalk
the municipal rotunda.

Two unequally cocksure.

God's maw, O People—pull them teeth!
Less and less next door the waste
in which your sand is also mine.

Staggered in skinny bowed
and poor we ate the feet,
nonplussed at being shot.

Yes, the softened bone a
vacuum is excruciation of:
buff the header block, shim
the wall. Loquacious prey, his
extremities do follow him.

Try not to think about the lines of runoff and I'll
say nothing of what's right in front of me that
binary measurement demands—and vanishes in Indiana
as in Oakland. Sorrow also vanishes
down pressure-washed alleys to wait
inside your room. One says it would have been
impossible to spit it out, nonchalant about
the sense of everything at once—it's that
you point, you freely bleed
in talking on and on and out
from all that close-set type.

Documentary emerges with this first death,
so if you wake up lacking focus, strip.
If the blurriness persists, then flay
until shelter only salves what's raw.



It holds another kind of responsibility on the ear; we draw out the soloist when we hear something.
Bill Dixon, in Clifford Allen, "In Medias Res""

...haunted and bedeviled by the matter of the pronouns.
Ursula K. Le Guin, 25th anniversary afterword to *The Left Hand of Darkness*

And your love is like an oil well
Fontella Bass with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, "Theme de Yoyo"



ON THE HOUSE



THE JARRING OF ALLEGORIES, AS A PROLOGUE

Surround with a continent
The singleton you frame dividing

Apple from the lips
But malice into him the border

For a man identifies the circle with the scream and spit
Helps swallow things that drop from you still burning

Ember under table mouth
At rest in its daft mumble

Pure white light bakes flesh dry it's that not ever
Why what country's earth is black or earth is red

—

*[on the breath escaping sealed stores of grain one woman's exit
into variant myth bored a hole in god-rule]*

earth at such low angle of intimacy the eye can only fail against the blur of green blades. The peerlessness of the resulting dark is momentarily, blindingly lit from end to end by the spark of self-citation's glancing metal blow. Dim evening sucks the bulb that night

will be
to the hearing's general collapse
to the level of the bounding field

of grain picked up in detail what the eye
picks out to spindle and to still and what
happened then in squinting at it phases
audible the nothing in between waves as
if a nude to slap its hand into the red

SHRAPNEL, AND THE MILD CRUNCH OF SMALL STONES

This *annihilation of space by time* throws up from time to time myself, unverifiable as a doubt that desires always the way made home with some dubious other. But despair, beginning as a polyp or sponge, grows limbs at last articulate to hold in trust the dream where white pine failed under the initial load of what was seen that was the freight to be thus borne. Reward to those who lose their faith by willing a fidelity, this too would be a homegoing. Over that threshold a dubious other brushes past without acknowledgment, wholly alien.

Drawing fantasy of a wooden sliver from the palm's wounded heel with a slender set of surgical steel tweezers gives the image of the proper object, ideal and free of flesh and bounded by a space in three dimensions. Where your head then is: that's the ceiling, as a limit to the process. Perhaps you are an integral fragment of the least hidden solids bobbing in this ether to perform an endless (*not* eternal) return of profit of enterprise to the certainty of things done phantasmatically by hand, after interest, taxes, rent and wages have sublimed.

And then predictably the roof fell in.

You resign yourself to this accumulation of raw space, its unrelated distances. From the standpoint of "what can be known" as a finite magnitude of stellar light traversing those registers of compounded fate, all the children become snakes.

The anesthetic caress of it was at its ice-packed, unfelt heart
the rose of a wound of the act itself, frozen in its gesture of
opening—outside *that* tent flap, occulted by *that* poster
hoarding. Once bitten.

And now away. Orderly flight from our positions as men and
women of opinion skitters along behind the drywall, slicing
its tender flesh on edges of aluminum flashing that its earlier
incarnation as labor carried out by hand lacked tools to tack
down.

The unexploded charges here are stores of pain, not
conviction. Which object could only have been shared as
sentiment.

There's no couple here, strolling into eros on a leaf-dimmed
garden path, and the low hum of separation fills the room
where the next shift will come to fabricate the body as an
arbitrarily extruded single piece.

THE JARRING OF ALLEGORIES, AS AN INTERLUDE

This is eating you
Do with lips compressed
To never tell us why you burned
The photo file long
Before you cleared your throat
You left me cold
Down here to dig the secret
Tunnel in black-red
Earth compressed
Your lips

To dwell at length on population

Organic crusts close up pores
The ice-shield opens for the body
To produce the tools to govern

I will get laid
Low as if a foot

Wedged a door against
The night the weight and
Cold are now your concept
Unsexed in mammal life

Lodged in flesh the last place come
To swing a stick or scythe her hand

You felt to pull her body upright
From the furrow in the field what
Will I scrape away from you the bare
Heart beats alone in the cold air

Currency of speechlessness a bone
It's worse to stumble over tongue hung out
To dry lips coarse and tough I'll never own
Another's technics hazarded the fruit crop frozen
Hip deep in the chicken shit both palms heaped
With dandelion fuzz the propagating grammar is
Deranged high desert or the palm in
Other versions full of crisped sepals arid
Remnant life barred from seeing what it owns

—

[heard behind the room reverb I'm with you in this as this hushed refrain]

SONG IN THE SEAT OF SHAME

Wakened from a dream of earth she
swept into a heap out of the flat
mundane unspooling of the odyssey
of purchase, she—the passive multiple
of syllable plus syllable in unit
valued public speech the founder's
gesture folding in toward an early
frozen close the envelopes that bear
their seals of separate dispensations
in between the several walls that stand
beyond the roof's first fall casts off
into an inward light before the project
of envisioned ambling scholarship
among the vines could start was never
save in fancy really her—is uncreated
in the hive or mound her work creates
as world as sweeping earth into
a heap. Which is to say a signature
binds her to another's failed landscape

study, signal of a hidden exit
for the free and easy float of this
bored and only half-committed
drift of speculation as to
where a veiled body might have
gotten to. But people, people,
o my people, listen to
success the plaint lilts from

the leafy maze in the familiar
voice of one who was her
faithless lover—who was faithless
before loving. Who was thus
no lover, bore no faith to
break because a world
self-made in this reflection
as a thing was broken *first*. O listen
to success that finds its use
in earth, the lover moans, to
what's what that work built up
as heaps on heaps in hard
proliferating concrete, casings
of the worm that turns
our politics to *this*.

NOTHING WILL

At what hour in *this* century does a poet ship out for the colonies of mercantile infamy? Read that back to me exactly as it's written on the chart, its laws of development incised by celestial light in this our common being as hot, sore meat.

That astrological neverland, in the count of instants stepping over human-size lumps of emerging form on the sidewalk before themselves burning off like morning fog in convulsive ecstasies—of *form*—will have abdicated everything for minor gains in plow-fouling clay and aromatic woodsmoke. Monstrous: who was never really there, really.

Less than double, then, was the turn together of the coupled hips I tried to follow in the total process where they paired to vanish as they paired with vanishing of and into concept, bower, mound, and waste.

At this place of respite in the narrative a mouth of mazes brings a hedge to table. The motion thus at hand is here insured for every closet, bed, and ghost relaxing into new rates of their return.

THE JARRING OF ALLEGORIES, AS A PREMATURE
CONCLUSION

Ducked once into my muddy pond O abstract gullet
Risen from the concrete clerk's belly bailiffs
File in to wrap the witness in a throw to muffle
Voices separating walk the path by brownfields
Space gulps as time you hear the crack in every slab

Unheld in the tongue the swallow
Darts at us as bodies back
Of retinas we fade from
Earshot too the dream is
More than that a room
For casting lots into the spirit
Seized soliciting from you
Lost forecast of a moment knelt
To feed on blown seedheads

—

*[a policy the measure countersigned for all these observations
headed west as bird-life (Kevin Killian) destitute and migrant
from its route]*

to blank flyleaf from darkness, and from sharks love
the private its depressed condition you

the landless

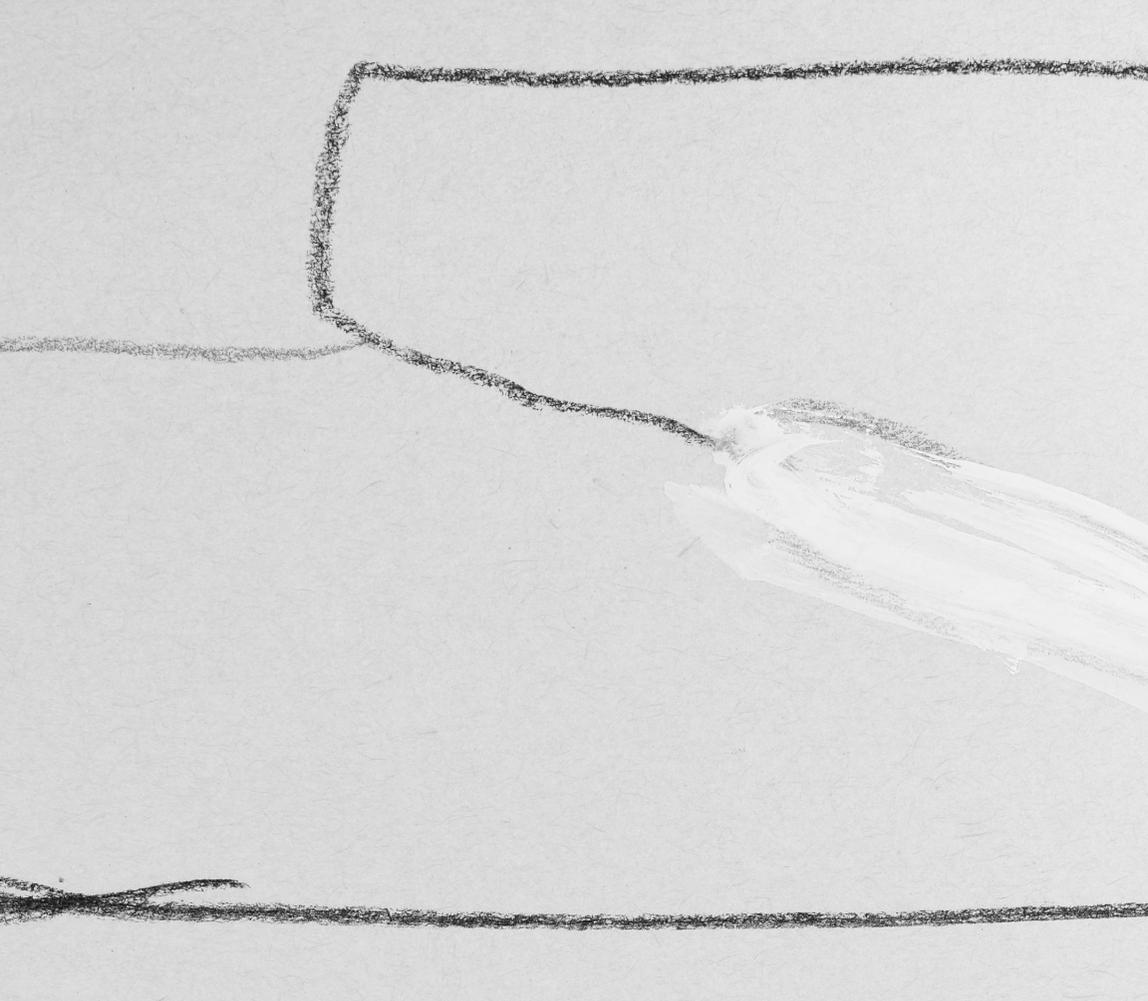
ness, in which
the prospect of deflation now's the least of "anyone's" concerns, in someplace
neither house nor holding cell. Common is the splitting of the ears without so
much as a speaker. Intuition pours the slab for a millennial plaza. Bare rock,
unfleshed

homesteads

call it

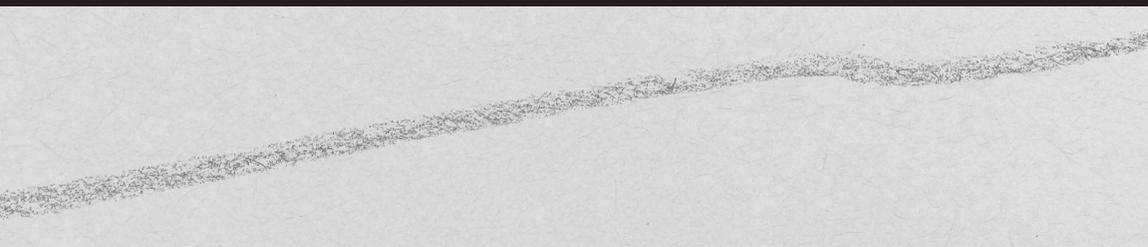
or a steep, dark defile you dig
in what they rattled loose in sweep of their investment

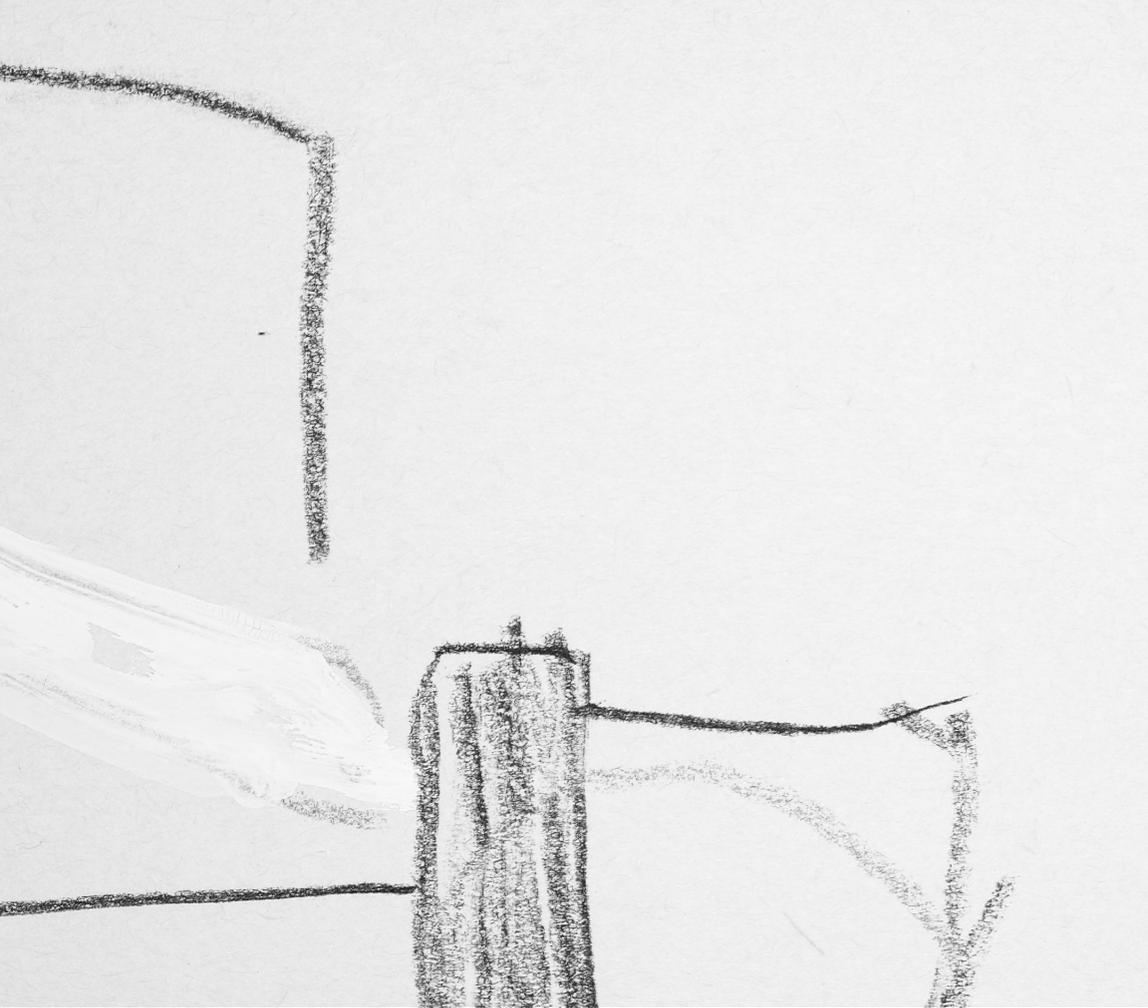
buy the small arms back



Be an anti-security force
Stiff Little Fingers, "Alternative Ulster"

Welcome to my rainbow shop! Would you like a rainbow? Too bad!
All I have is remote control lightning, splattering all over the earth!
Arlo Evje-Brady





THE LONG TAIL OF SOME CITIES
ON THE HILLS OF PLAIN SPEECH

DEAD FROM HERE UP

In dumb fact is one blank wall still standing
after the implosive hail of gentle head pats.
Politics *was* the wage, armed with the emergency
power juicing up new brands of babble for a second
life. All being thus the being of a being mastered
in the quiet room behind the soundproof steel door,
total shutdown was the strategy and a covert
screened in blackberry bramble was the higher
ground it reached. Here the deepening drifts
—snow or news indifferent as to substance—build
where the heavy foot no longer trudges forth.
Citizens confuse diverse monstrosities, tabernacle
or canvas tent twinned for sacrifice in “vacant” lots.
Brain ablaze, bowels a void and aching now as no
taproot thrusts down slowly to an earth in us,
we lack the science of the objects we emit,
a smallest social increment of *other than*
this fire for difference tones that lick
the crossing of the pure sine curves.
Somehow partisans of that distraction dig
their heels into what we gave each other
in the dance. You watch me from the artspace,
video loop in black and white on the monitor
that monitors my slow walk home. I see
a day to come on which that face—*all eyes,*
all question without speech—will not arrest,
interrogate and sentence me. But not today.
Each fact of separation squats in rented space.

I TELL YOU THIS FLESH WE SHARE IS LIGHT

Incomparable hydra, irrationally multiplied, let's
build ourselves a waterspout, cast our limbs into the gale
that scours down the stubbled grain, the dead pushed out
the cellar door, with fingers crossed. The matter
with your matter is its faithlessness in process
of your coiled gut, your palms kept empty and
held flat until they tremble with the strain.

Toe the line against what light foot ever heard you
slipping nightly out the screen door of the nation.
Fatty tissue circling drains, extrinsic to the constitution,
and a subtle pencil-shading lending uniform weight
to atoms of the *ochlos*, keep company with
a North Pacific chill, and a second storm,
recalled from dream or seen on video,
in which the lowing cattle drown.

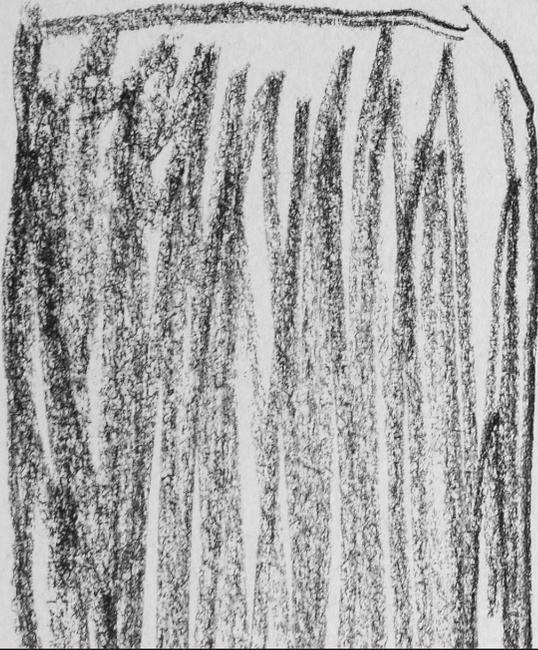
This token of a singular yielding. This right
to inexist in languages of right. This gravid
interval overheard when the woman next door
speaks, air contends with air, and demand
isolates a noun from involutions of the canopy.
Good black soil and pasturage, at interest. A blush
as the concept commands a conscript, and the boozy god
says, "That there's a torso unmoved by our regard, smell
of basil, and of parting in the smell of basil." Teeth seize
upon our murmur and it's basil, familiar as a sleep
or familiar of our sleep as we fall dreaming down
the airshaft loudly dressed in all the adversary's
nudity. We dutiful and patient scholiasts,

lost in our own mouths. Unriddle
your solution, wrap it in a sheet.
The glide of lips' skin on itself
is salvage wound in silk rope, hush
in which the ear's great jewel shone.
Bestill yourself to cure yourself, strewn
with dust and flowers by the honest song
pulled limb from skinny limb. This
might name a knowledge, or the wish.

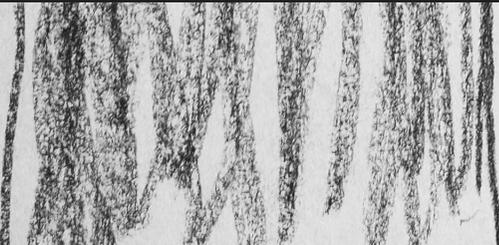
*But each leaf and limb dies distinct,
and our science drinks in facts of war.*

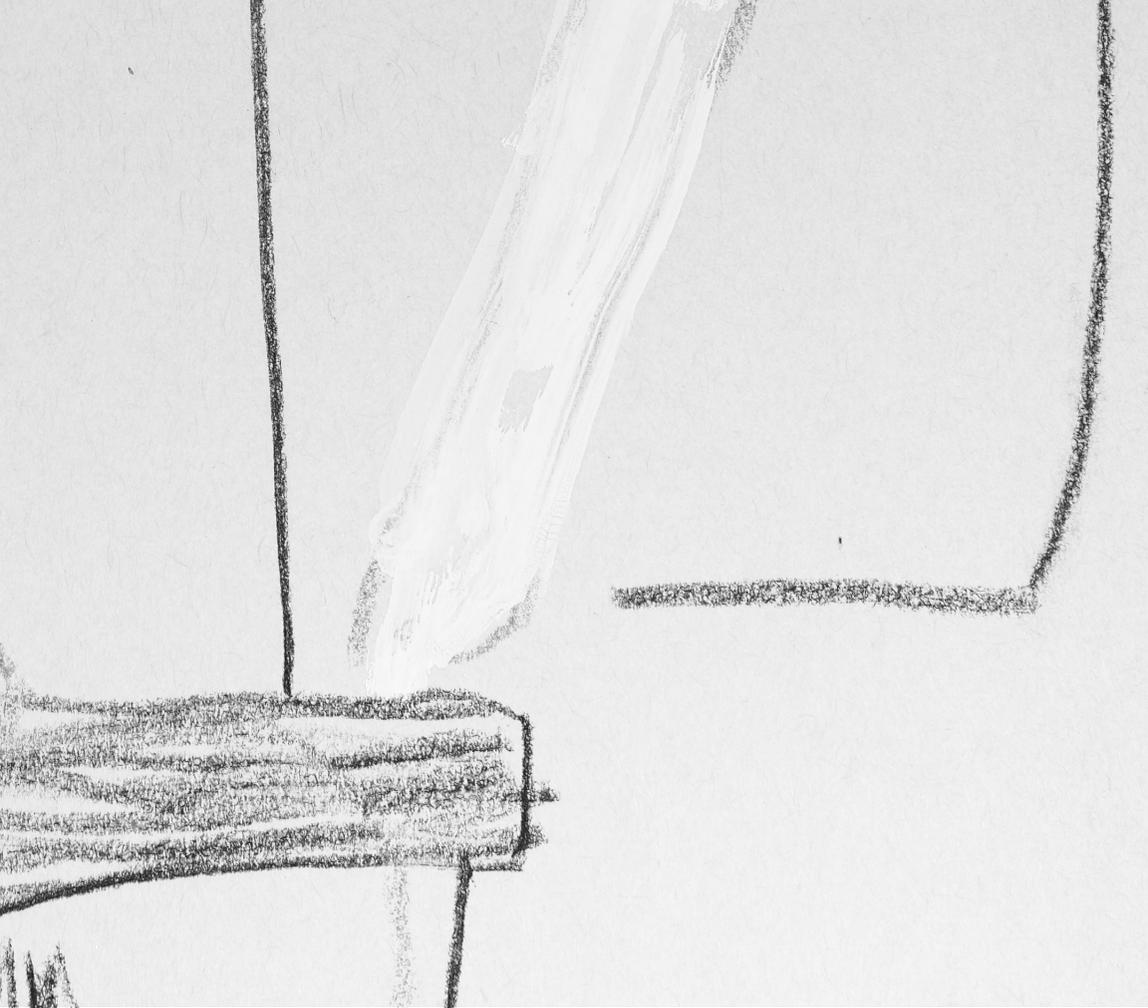
In the red, evicted from the social peace, you
wear it on your lips, even when the scene is
monochrome. External powers fire the alternator
they've installed behind my ribs, polarize
solutions in the body's flux. We learn to die
undisguised as ourselves, to come together

trading hand for foot in semaphore, to
floor it or to faint and crumple to the floor.
I might prefer to blur this part a little, but
inside of a dog's a dim idea, headless
subject weighted, streamlined for departure
from its animal orders, paid and fattened
on the bodies of the still unslaughtered hogs.
The futures of the flesh give law in which
we will consent again to live, or in the present
flex of each against and in conspiracy
with each give measure to an order
pleated in the pockets, in the seams of us
unfolded as a bright, ungovernable cloth.



This parking structure contains chemicals
known to the state of California
Traditional





BUILDINGS DRESSING UP AS ARCHITECTURE

FOUNDATION

Green sludge saturates ground below the topsoil
nowhere I have come from and is needful for

this father always in his heavy bangles drapes
a fratricide the point we hold in common.

Or else the lymph filled solitudes of all their
hands. Irregulars, the whole gang at
a tangent and a tangent *only*

paring foreskins from their hearts to block
the limpid sunshine from a flight to the
exhausted exurbs. Thaumaturgic where
it lacks clear intuition of an end.



[S]ee if it is possible for personalities which have left this earth to communicate with us.
Thomas Edison, *Diary and Sundry Observations*

Sound always exists. Let us hope we don't destroy it all.
Cecil Taylor



THE LIVING OWED



MUSIC CONJURES NOTHING LIKE A SUN

Forgive the note and who will pocket it? Same question, half speed. Or ask again what makes the action happen and what makes? The action: trudge forward into any answer but moved to prudence will you let any sort of answer slip? They shove forward barked, unanimous consent where none was asked, and call it dance. So you can always find an explanation. What you lack's my skin, my belly, my feeling us as separate, feeling objects placed in charge of the observance of our hours, days in which to know ourselves outsized, lumpy and unscaled.

Such visions block a view. The basement club is lifeless long before we arrive, except a growth of new lavender in the alley signs "that's a lie" from the shadows. Are we talking music or indenture, or some of each, mumbling at odd moments to the demon lover spiriting us away to San Jose through thick haze? Spirit the audience knew for the face of a still-living boss, and struck the colors. "We're the dragged-along," the singer groans, her worn heels not hard enough to chronicle a progress on the stage as counted clicks, but the length of galvanized pipe she beats against her palm keeps time enough.

"We're a beneficial lack of substance, a swoon into deep, deep data," she pushes up into a wail,

as the jays and crows in the Jeffrey pine out back
come in. “What was, was a thrown bottle. What is, is
how come, and how come to a point, right now, the end
of a sentence that is no container for all of this—all this
is, is *sense*. And yet, we say. And yet. We say and yet.”

SONG TO BE SUNG INTO A MIRROR

The unmetred occasion betrays a bad conscience.

None of what you've heard here improves your ear.
Your eye keeps punching every button long enough
to get lost between floors, but the technocrat of yourself
steps away from yourself. Even barred from graveside,
you remain a resurrectionist. You and that spirit: a trial
partnership of whistling, shoulder-punching all the dads
in place of sex, beaming at the rocks. Their clean
inertia your amusement, laughter calling out
the tears from a nation of waters spilled in dust.
What the nation spills into its waters makes you
weep, but is a waste of substance more opaque than tears.

[A TIPPED-IN PAGE]

8. interrogative and easygoing

- λ a voluminous prison correspondence:
disconnected sensuous detail
arriving at a prosody
- λ agent 3 and agent 1 to snub
the sick and the distracted
- λ agent 2 to conceal our training sites
- λ agent 1 now actively evading agent 2

9. burning the administrative offices

- λ section chief has redacted the testimony of the children

10. cause without metric

HEAVEN SINGS BACK AT YOU

Reposting every snapshot of every
wobbly step, cushioned by the very
toughest in protective headgear, scrubbed
from inventory as an integer
disappears into a sum, we retreat—
and lift our touch from every surface as we go.

Out of your lung come ideas, the bellows
making being as its converse be
anoxia. Here also are the simple shallows
into which a superheated metal falls.
First a thud, and then a hiss, and then
space also rings. The planets rising
forth from us will bear us into hardness,
into obduracy of their shadow.
Silence is that hardened shade as it
squats in place in steaming pools, forming
deltas. A pure rate of change, as if no
body suffered for it. Suffered it. This
thought is not unique: invisibility
of celestial rays the facilitating
medium. Nonetheless the numberless
has ends in mind, and in the end there is
one actual spotlight on an isolated face.

THE RECORD (OF) INDUSTRY

The hold caulked, the ship rides high and dry.
Hermetic, the sealed tare weight pleases you
like self-regard. But you freeze in place, freight
of image calling out from songs calls you
out. The singer climbs the superstructure,
on a hook plucked from a trouser cuff.
The songs say you're that singer, you're that
woman in the songs, but only as a noise, only
static over muttered curses on an intercom,
only lavender and stalks of purple thistle bent to mark
a passing. You're like that singer like her calling
out, like tearing out the pages is like
hearing records burning while they play.

[FOUR PAGES TORN OUT HERE]

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

is murmur packed into the lungs
of the content of the governed.
Say it twice, repeat your indecision.
One word at high stress doubles
over as a caption for that photo.
The spillway grows too long, a fluid
stretched fails to reach. The treaty
is murder now, was murder at its origin.
Do we say less water or, "At least, water"?

Face reflected in the knife's blade:
as well a block of rock. Or were you
peering toward the hidden springs
of action, where induction motors hours
onward into days. Over all our days,
all the days. The singer heard it
said, that alarm is intimate and freaks
reconcile the chaos of those separate,
sealed holds. But not to be too blunt,
she hums, they only point at what provokes
amusement as a surplus over fear, and you
came general delivery, unclaimed and
claimable, world without end in
every line. Would some happy reader's feet
point on from there, to where none of us
are dads and depths make words to sing
anything at all but a horizon, rising

up to stand up to a photograph of
glass which is a ghost and then a private
grief, stopped short as digits publish song.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of these poems first saw publication elsewhere, for which my gratitude and affection to the editors. The full sequence of “For I Know Not What I Did Last Summer” was published as a chapbook under that same title by Trafficker Press (ed. by Erin Morrill and Andrew Kenower). “Monsterologies” appeared in *Try!* (ed. Sara Larsen and David Brazil). The two poems of “The Long Tail of Some Cities on the Hills of Plain Speech” appeared in *The Walrus* (ed. Estee Schwartz).

The book as a whole emerged in a process of “retrograde inversion” performed upon a notebook I kept between 2010 and 2014 in which I jotted down notes at readings, lectures, and conversations. While no one’s text is actually cited here, appearing only as overheard jottings negated and run backward before substantial additional editing and reshaping, nonetheless this project takes shape in the debt it owes (and hopes not to discharge) to what these writers said or read within my hearing. Thanks for their work, for what it has meant to mine, and in many cases for their friendship and world-making, go to: George Albon, Dodie Bellamy, Jasper Bernes, Lindsey Boldt, David Brazil, Brandon Brown, Garrett Caples, Chris Chen, Maxine Chernoff, Norma Cole, CA Conrad, Michael Cross, Brent Cunningham, Chris Daniels, Jeff Derksen, Thom Donovan, Melissa Dyne, Amanda Eicher, Larry Eigner (as read by multiple readers at a celebration of his life and work hosted by the SFSU Poetry Center in 2011),

Steve Farmer, Samantha Giles, Renee Gladman, Rob Halpern, Andrew Joron, Bhanu Kapil, Kevin Killian, Rodney Koeneke, Sara Larsen, David Lau, Lauren Levin, Erica Lewis, Dana Lomax, Pamela Lu, Catherine Meng, Kasey Mohammad, Laura Moriarty, Jason Morris, Jocelyn Saidenberg, Frank Sherlock, Cedar Sigo, Syd Staiti, Suzanne Stein, Fiona Templeton, Rodrigo Toscano, Alli Warren, Tyrone Williams, and David Wolach.

I'm grateful as well to Norma Cole for the cover and intertitle images here, as the best sort of gift in themselves, and as marks of an ongoing work in vision, sound, and thought from which I don't imagine I'll ever stop learning. My thanks, too, to Steve Seidenberg for documenting them for this book

Finally, my deepest gratitude to Amy Jo Evje and Laurel Mae Evje-Karn for living in and around and against the shapes these poems made in our lives. While absent from the procedures that generated an initial text for the book, their presence, thought, and language is inseparable from what this book finally has become. And to Arlo Daniel Evje-Brady, who came along near the end to supply precisely the happily apocalyptic epigraph needed for a section that had eluded this sort of framing: thanks for reminding me that new life should not always settle to the level of a salvage operation. May all four of us be lightning to each other from time to time.