

cede



michael cross

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We cannot say concerning a wolf which eats another wolf that it violates the law decreeing that ordinarily *wolves do not eat one another*. It does not violate this law; it has simply found itself in circumstances where the law no longer applies.

Georges Bataille

Because the gush of color is held back, it mobilizes more violence, potentializes the double energy: first the full encircling ring, the black line, incisive, definitive, then the flood of broad chromatic scales in a wash of color.

Jacques Derrida

Every animal is in the world like water in water...

Georges Bataille

have oaths evinced the metron still and still each sovereign rest despite the socius and its white
they race toward the total of the social white takes honey as to face the abdomen
in excess a tangerine encampment, such that hacceties neither fold themselves free
the lapping ancillary mass at the ankles of the ring's arrangement by which behavior makes itself a lenity.

wares laid silhouette en-masse, the lime trees
the sacer green impugn to cast the Hegemon both teeth and brook
the Cardinal and its epigone on foot to face, turn and face the Hegemon
face the fissure of the sacer on one, Earth, its nexus of tags by which World,
surface of embattlement, the other (crimson) lyric-less Despiser were one to *say*

the gnosis once lye from fallow bits to tire, staged by the *doxa* of the police
folk ways want me tarred aside the rood a stealer short partition and surrection
animal has thrice the cusp, mauled me by its lawlessness in so far as *demos*,
the supplement stage a single figure by right alembic tongue
mouth's variety of black depth to condition the surface of the ring for the figure of the wolf and fawn
how the king's two bodies still a center of consensus, the grackle paws the concrete as it flees

lynch and gyre squared by hand and level at the lip of law
there by horse pins rivet to the canticle wants barren there
needs the sure hand squares the hunter by its meats
it weighs there for to leave the copse, tarry by the slack pile, law says
Logik—draws on owl to disengage the chalk springs lit upon entrance
nothing more: master from entelechy, a hide enthinned

dead heat and center shore the signet wind ascribes its noumenon
pronounce the trapper's mount the eyelet's teeth and limb
the other wants its fatigable lip submerged, the bottle lip, swoll lymph
by prime leges couched leged and garbed by strake of nerves
its lot endures the king's synchronal thrones at either end his word

but one quint the coruscent figure, disport plumes and fife
as drops arranged the surface of the strake planks
once more, the gestalt two, each to each a boon of catholic sympathies
to reach or leap away the Disinhibitor by drone, dram, *doxa*
lex records the quietus of Spirit, cylindrical drums ground to rapport flattened flush a sixth

cadence and the will affined each trope to sight and sight to see in keys
the time of which apportioned share, matter of its relumine command
its word then the sepulchral, buckram, gauche, affixed by carbon tress
draped slipshod from the scepter to the scythe
nomos finally holden to a kind of cribbed proximity
tensor by the throat, it says the plover there, matrices of animal and hand

whiteness can one add to white but white course proffer at the skirt of cause
it was Twombly and wholly in some other reference to how a lake we know in common
yields the business of a mark by four pendulant inflections
a boxy vent as to air the swan its ebullient row of grace no more
nothing of the shaled discs, unfettered ware's ledgers of the rout, volumes of
yet dregs deterred in throes of vulgar matting and a sense serves mercy:
umwelt by its compass, proffered frame by which each prey to each each mouth to each to hand

bands for police, pocketed trice, light banded veiling threads the matter and its *geist*
the slate jut marks an outcropping clay, peasant boots, their collars give what art reveals
by how the sovereign's hand, cloying in the mirror as the codicil by virtue of its frames
replete, restitute, dark circles on the white stay for *hills / earth / sky / night / clouds*

to be rendered sans stock of crux and wont, logged above the *demos* and the stage
like Pound on Mencius on Confucius, (later) Olson on Twombly:
what whiteness can one add to white, what candor in the face of the ring of address
in Pisa say, for Twombly, the frame maintains its course of shape
the frame-abyss, Apollo in the woods, lake-red for sacrifice and use

candor is enough to say the swallow at the sovran's tongue
an *aufheben* at least the trauma and to grasp—*begriff*—to grasp and fork the cantor of his paréd throat
here the Tlingit coffin is a fosse said / scored the rest, one hundred twenty seven times at rest the death
parergon]
candor lends its name to cede we see the matron and her switch betwixt Apollo's four bronz'd tongues
the rest its name, rather, cede it as a legacy / *Cowls, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost / Long after, now*
unpeopl'd and untrod]

Vigilance Society, 1917

vigilance
creative
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