



THE

# KATECHON

MICHAEL CROSS

“According to the mouth, which utters anything..”

for Leslie Scalapino

THE

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LINES 1-500



As he lay wind into knots, the lord rade and the foul 1  
set joint to puffing joint in its mouth; rugged at  
meats, huckled bones—canaille fucked too its licking  
blood, likely cleaved a face from outbreath—sprays  
blood on my blood, tells well that, by winning, legs 5  
shewed as catch can, wrought-over, face-folds elbowing  
out, kneaded from the bone *like a trapeze apparatus*  
*upon which the flesh is the acrobat*—save holes to see,  
feet to tongue—put tongue to take of the dust of women  
what's dug free by a pate of speech, so its violence, 10

*cum-, qua-*cruelty—the trick of speech: that breath comes 11  
fluttering out when the tongue sweeps, fluttering  
this tail of paper through a dray beast’s yawn—  
blinders drained, stockplant carcass like the drugged  
shoat’s worship they’ve so forgotten they’re human 15  
it’s impossible to seine the body if everything’s so  
summarily cut away. I am moved by others to wound  
myself; I am worthless, slit him laving worth,  
quarantined from law; I wear my brother’s fat; I am  
his face; I am wounded here so that by an animal’s teeth 20

I am an instrument of peace—for taskers no nous 21  
won't needs ginger, coal-faced shoving ringlets down  
an ovoid head, held flexible grabs stripped to the bole's  
stark spars. No *political* nous, no hole in the paunch—  
wheat/chaff, sap/brio, cheek/jowl—it won't clewed 25  
to the gantry's low combing, its pillowed arms shaking  
this shit, stripping the boles to spars, slotted angles  
in a smoke pall w/ sheets of transparent telex round  
the base of the chest so, even if you recognize the first  
laced hole, you are with stain, without breath, doubled 30

as a butcher knocking knotted seam, a brocade caftan 31  
jutting into things like hope disembogued, the mouth's  
smallish beads secreting themselves like garbage in a  
muslin bag, a bouquet garnie but a daub to tear at  
at first nothing, then nothing prised out: kids stuffing 35  
themselves in moist burrows, forbidden to lick  
their fingers, even scrapping for a bite of the carcass  
and those who once in place won't show still the past,  
my kin, thrusting out her bones in every moment  
of herself, even if such creatures feel with puckered 40



eyes a circle-steps-blooded, wants made me die off-land 41  
saying, now *here, here's* flesh the day shapes, schemes  
the mouth rejects and with it moue tapping crown—  
lip-wove moonlight through the wounds we abandoned,  
dragging tongue meat through their eyes (their wounds) 45  
like bees routing rabbits full of crystal teeth: this is an  
allegory of a mouth's mouth, not wisdom or an apronful  
of ground bore—an allegory I will remember this night  
of, and remembering it, other nights so the shrine  
of my father's ash can be real with the world in it. 50

Taskers violine, otiose lips spitting into peace with 51  
the sweat of another's face and then spitting peace itself  
into sweat—a pledge in the brazier despite weeping  
dry tears from this mantle of life like death, balks  
tendered between where I fashion love to bear both 55  
life and death, where we feed engrossers who eat men—  
we feed, determining belligerence by placing a hand  
in the brazier, splitting the wrist, hanging wolves on  
the fence as a warning to other wolves that I can't be  
left with nothing—I can't be left with nothing if 60

it's nothing I rejected and now everything's on the inside 61  
of the nothing and still we plan to extradite the taskers  
so a body barely stands a chance; balls, throat wet  
with cruor, silk wet, tonsured, swallowing strips tanned  
with clewing filled the stomach with shells, honeycomb, 65  
and ghee—honey with which to masticate, they darkly  
grouse, why the calf won't take the maggot when it ripens,  
the requisite sole organ of once live things, longer than  
friendship, really, *frater-*, *mater-*friends: those loved  
and worried for themselves w/o consanguinity or 70

confidence, made trial of weathered skin, the death 71  
of which names Albus or Ater: the state and Ater,  
what matter who's speaking till you've hooded muscle  
in clusters of light, transcribing face-giving acts where  
face ends in matte rondure, bends back toward itself 75  
and purlieus less brio despite our convenance: made a  
sump with these two hands, this false heart, and placed  
it against the hole of your real heart and kissed with  
the seams and leathers of your whole face this receptacle  
of speech I can *hear* in my mouth: well of insudate sounds 80

violably hewn—product of a bore heart, say, that you 81  
opened my chest [my face] and the light glist from  
the pores where the pearls (*on ton gan*) wax and breed,  
where the light fluors through whole—the nonreturnables’  
scored-conch-coronal; returners’ pearl on the bone 85  
by which came this letter on the skull because I’ve thought  
this sound so much—really everyday—that the tongue  
literally pearls from bone, ribs blossoming light, bearing  
fruit in the shadow of the light, beaming through its cage  
and out past spatial enclosures of law (*pardes*) just to see 90

my collop formed by men's bodies what's in its own 91  
bound cutis mores of milk and cum dressed in life—  
not death for souls to be drunk on labor, it's delight  
to see what if a common mess and therefore made wet  
by rashers common; that's how they got in your mouth, 95  
lost traction for sweat at the other's wrist in a ring of cock  
while the land mouthed the language of enclosure  
(*nomos, pardes, mannring*) and yellowed where the bodies  
fell in fat, stained achilles to knee in red ash and honey  
from the siphonet; young smothered in shadden 100

and stoned wicker, sucking the dried sweets from around 101  
them, walking from around them, removing the stomach  
and pouring honey into gourds—we come at this huge  
and terrible earth one serpent inside another at a time,  
fucked too an encircling ring of men’s bodies, hand 105  
to wrist, because every *nomos* consists of what’s within  
its bounds, overawing what Camille calls “the buck  
and bite of auditory trace”: we’re so stacked against  
our selves from the outset, we who benefit from  
the recrudescence of franchise despite black earth, 110

infixd mortgage-pillars, pilferage rote to loose debt 111  
and its deluge-hero neither bows nor baskets: these cells  
are pored-mouth, pore-mudded, honeyed-ash and dross,  
schade and seisachtheia, marters, matins, bulging  
contourless quakes through which the sharpset knows 115  
its wide-eyed plates. Marters to heed *true* signs above all  
admonished things, left behind the glass of Christian  
men, their painted hands inscribing, capturing,  
numbering, grace-distributing proof—fattened eyes  
of the heart, no jot or tittle or prime by reason the world 120



quakes bearing trimmings of vair or grise, bearing 121  
the dying in our bodies rather than “in our bodies,”  
dying girds the reins lest it cut itself a fractional portion,  
a horror’s portion, wasting hearts in the innermost  
portion of supernal grace provided with armor 125  
and cuirass, or at least I’d like to make feel so—her eyes  
distended like wide-open puckering grey-blue mouths,  
what fucked things men judge schismatic, the merriment  
of which at meat and table, narcosis by the pound  
and above all: no war. Above all, none. They piled how 130

they happened to fall and chanced to foam wet 131  
with unguent; I fashioned myself and uttered my own  
name as a word of power over words (of power)  
enfeoffed sometimes do yourself come to do wrong by  
the fastenings of composition I am so unhinged to see 135  
kneeling and resting, teeming life and teeming  
resurrection, an angle typifying love philtres jeweled  
in form and polish: my body is a weighted hole to sink  
against the heart: a bunch of towels in the house  
and this is the cloth I'm fucking with here. May your 140

heart find refuge in the house of hearts against 141  
the figures of inactivity—hands painted with the eyes  
of antinomy—jaws knitting the destroyer of hearts—  
those who plunder by the inundation-of-opening-mouth,  
each piece of flesh torn away, made good finally by 145  
carving *ungestalt* in the viewer's face—cleansing the eyes  
of one's heart from what he stood for was the thing  
to be jeweled. What benefits inward construals might  
be a singular thing in a sea of paler attributes, may  
harm the body outside, name proclaimed, may be found, 150

may be lastingly renewed: fat, fast, forever—how death 151  
crests; hist laminar, sure, remediates incognizable, primal  
light, cf. sweating plastic sacks of grease grave vestments  
of lesser subtlety a vesture of what comes inside throne,  
inside throne, inside throne; watch me close up the whole 155  
face of the ground with the open side of my body—  
this weepy maturing show I know I'd peel flame into  
febrile antecedents, how we manifest according to  
similitude alone: breath-line according to capacity,  
press pearls in thru the open holes in our cheeks. 160

Can't shake the dust off denim—silted lungs—even 161  
two-grade-gateways (mercy/grace) cut me back  
to the world; come compass me back to this world.  
Strung phylacteries planting compliance like tiny stars  
poigned once the guys at the taqueria were shot in 165  
the chest, plugging compulsory quilting points, arms  
wrapped (however unwillingly) around the waist  
of resurrection; I bundle fibrous glands from your  
midsection, construals, gnostic recidive, these fucking  
dogs underfoot around the house or something 170

the surface peels from resurrection—tumid, insolent— 171  
“men” is not wolves, man to men arrant, something  
sacred: men is man’s wolf or something; availability is  
also a kind of work (or something): “social gelatin”  
sacrificed as content to survive as form (Beuys?): 175  
the rule (software) is sense-less, (the soldier’s body)  
sense-less “deodand” (forgetting or inventing sense  
brings rules into existence?), desuetude, finally,  
to enervate the social gelatin if ox gore be stoned flaccid  
on an adjective to live no meat ever came to ‘er arms 180

abandoned by the meat we know: all this panting saying 181  
short's the reason for swept-guts in the garbage, that debt  
appeared meat, broadcast bodies of debt live again as  
meat in awful, animated condescension and to sacrifice  
one's rights for said meat, said debt, engage bodies for 185  
debt, would even eat it with the teeth (as debt, as meat),  
a body both ashen and eaten your body asserts, too,  
"I am your body," we ourselves are its food, white-filleted  
social, ground pestle sweetly mitigated in the womb,  
encomiastic first when we were under law, transire, first 190

into the light to tend sores separately, one bandage 191  
at a time, so that the negative ring of the word “shows  
messiah” more like badly mauled prey than copy—  
you see how many bodies, how many demons and stones  
we see through? a man whose fraud of law had sold to 195  
those with sums to pay, those who sacrifice their rights  
for debt & the mortgage stone that covered her; Bernard  
of Clairvaux writes (in his sermons on the nativity): *I am  
masticated when I am reproved, I am swallowed when I am  
instructed, I undergo decomposition in the stomach when I change* 200



*my life, I am digested when I am transformed, I am assimilated* 201  
*when I am conformed*—my mouth of itself gathers foam,  
hammers “same, same, same,” her eyes prize the fatness  
of my throat, milk seeping from the corners of her lips,  
her nostrils, fairly pouring forth her throat in propulsive 205  
waves against my face. I turn on my knees, arms linked  
behind me with *imaginary* comrades, creativity intrinsic  
to law like a cloud intrinsic to snow, snow to blood,  
which means also to have died *to* law; we think when  
we don’t recognize we think, when years are shortened 210

to months, months/weeks, weeks/days, days/hours— 211  
when corn will bear a half measure, one thing  
a thousand clusters and one heaven-like cluster  
of copper—hope that is seen is not hope; laws are simply  
clauses backed by threats, rules/guides, we now love 215  
wounds and not delight in blood as blood will reach  
the chests of horses as it mingles with the sea; its cooling  
boiled bones to pieces in its midst; there will be no  
moisture on earth that does not delight. Lefebvre sz:  
“Integrity can be upheld as a political value only if 220

we reflexively presuppose that our state is a unified 221  
community intentionally practicing integrity,” and we  
can’t suppose it is—that it will (practice), will will bodies’  
horizontal elasticity: their longitudinal slits cut solitary  
and aggrieved and pleated; the truth is, I hear through 225  
the resonance of the inside of my face, through my teeth,  
though I am at once a corruption of all I possess  
and the *future* of this corruption as a posited, breathing  
“thing”—a “truth” stretching the meat of my life,  
stretching to meet real intimacy so the sun might eat 230

(a sacrifice to posit a second more sacred “thing”); 231

Taylor Brady: “How much of this debt-script was I  
playing out in which I felt, how I acted and reacted,  
in love”—as fire concerts fire, concomitant of the way

I love or delimit love—in what ways do love’s 235

prescriptions finally depend on the sun devouring  
the beloved? urged to see by eating, why, you ask, by  
blood rather than word? why can’t eat penance? a stole,  
the appellation “blood” bestowed on earth in pools

placed “earth” objectively in the mouth; my side opened 240

like a sickled cleft and pressed against the wet earth 241  
like a birth canal, like, to perdure if preserved in  
monstrances taken by “intromission” like the eyes  
of the heart, like, see, he’s no creature spat to suffer  
passability, runes on a small twig beneath the tongue 245  
to tale the future and plight the troth of love to me;  
I wrinkle up my arms, dividing countenance between  
the greater (of these I daunt the fierce) while shorter  
seeks embrace with men in numbers small enough to  
count: the language, the word, the discourse of these 250

sedulous interlocutors the moment they most feign to 251  
love in peace among us lop under law retained, under  
infancy of law diminished, fasces w/ an ax of imperial  
rescript? pieces of sepulture set shew through friendship-  
debt? and province by province localized to love those 255  
who secure that you suffer what you wish: blush spread  
rather than blood shed—not so born to blush for his  
begetting, ass-begotten, sort would have brought blush  
to your rule this time—to make credit depend on time  
elapsed—eyeballs rolling w/ lots shook, let the ranks 260

blush more readily blackened by what it shines for 261  
(at least adorned) biform lithe limbs far in the fire—  
every disfigurement of the human face is god's image  
elapsd (pander rather than panther): fillets and garlands,  
harangues and edicts on the eve of installation, anyway, 265  
appanages in the grave ain't bare in winter, penal fire  
wrecking itself on what a mouth makes judgment  
should a man be? Herein is all my soldiership wrecked  
against a sucking hole: the only arms I bear will will it  
(filling) baskets plait of supple withes, her lappéd folds 270

racked loose warring life by licking my sides into shape— 271  
were loose, love, wanting the savage ram butts the wether  
pole, yes suckling, w/ an infant mouth, a warranty  
of peace from this spot on earth where dicks torque too  
tight to crank down—what sort of judgment a man? 275  
what pretense should be chew through? what sacred  
cakes crumbled for the earth's yawning one day undoing  
what's done the next? add viands to and scrape caked  
acrylic nubs, makeup abrade, spittle bands dug ope my  
lips so such as she loves me, and I chance to meet 280



the unfolding immanence of the world square from 281  
the chest, pulling at a lip, tugging eyelids down against  
the cheeks, I've soldered my arm to the air, now calcine  
then, now gilds them to pass posture, some stretch,  
so sleep, some, full-round, twine round doctrine 285  
to doctrine and devoured, stone-sober if I wish to study  
life with my wottest word, I must have recourse to  
number, gesture, affect: the first of which (my enemy)  
made funny; used to chew, but kept not wiping his chin  
too often what he takes up straight, straight up from 290

“Nature’s force”—too close to the “nature” we’ve been 291  
fucked by—more fucked than devious, at least, for each  
minute of living for them I’m filled with blush—I want  
my whole clean—open to who’s there to be hit *by it*  
(the poem): according to Olson, the 20<sup>th</sup> c. (now 21<sup>st</sup>) 295  
is “inimical to poetry as plotter of force,” for Olson,  
an enemy halved by the exactness of love like no man  
gracefully looking on while others fuck—rain keeps us  
close in the one room (me, K., the dogs, under  
comfort)—commitment brings in stake: stake moves 300

to speech: if only she had eyes she'd wish to whet them 301  
wet with tears (that wonderful hole of an eye—mine,  
clean—like the character for mouth) cut how we all are,  
and the labor alone makes us grate against the cyclone  
links, lipping the lead and what it makes us, finally, want: 305  
too bearing down to be fucked how we might take others  
away (that way) slack as though it's not night light shat  
out: foaming, foment, freely sees self shit as self (shit)—  
shit one's ownmost ontic rhapsode now to sew, some so  
lost face *nunc stans* proves mealy-mouthed sound, 310

sound's that tinny wood—poems sourced for and thin 311  
word—swears: “I’ve no less face, sympath spit thew you,”  
lips coiled tight bows gainst gang’s writ—the corners  
of their beautiful mouths whetted red toward beating  
to death how we member them being toward living 315  
dead—being toward being fully enraptured by death’s  
aphoric, neatly egalitarian claim—these living “things”  
swallowed as memory’s lasting monstrance mold  
calcined bones into malediction, finds death identical  
with commune and now likely cairn wiped clean 320

by #4 shot: we are not there already among you nor 321  
will we ever surmise our power to act faced by goatsed  
blains sagging at the boots on the ground; the difference  
is I'm working these folds right here...really going at  
the fat: tugging a talker, my courage, through a tun 325  
like there's only the back of my head left—which goes  
to prove I'm mostly useless in others—I faith despite  
“inadequate incarnational resources,” faith gnaw face,  
face faith and pride guts to eat good the way I want to  
eat: for Kocik, offering the body as food, which is why 330

I ultimately lost so many shots, valuing no biz despite 331  
our substantial economic investment—lockups of sound  
spat back, “comrades,” let this go, love, my one domestic  
compeer, this living thing between us spastic where  
the pistil should be how I face against placefulness 335  
in hopes of genuine derivation only now engaged  
in postponement, the noise of our lips slapping against  
facticity cut into shorter and shorter lots & threaded  
to be moved, to believe in horizontal organization  
rather than this vertical socius or just holding nothing 340

and natch pissing yourself sullen in a tree, but believe, 341  
be moved, or say you find yourself better hooked to  
loving nothing, thwacked by swelt, your blood, tears,  
sweat, etcetera, dripping vitreous humors, my tears  
and this retail is precisely what you must love: don't "do" 345  
doing nothing; don't even don't do it, but, if you do do it,  
this "do" will change in a split to punishment: I mean,  
I obviously got pwned—no, no, no, "this guy stuffed  
me," I was "hammered" by the limits of my activism,  
useless in the face of "our" industry *sans* glass-reinforced 350

concrete, ambulatory devices, ink-jet transfer, etc., 351  
the *mise en abyme* of this one wobbly parole balding  
and, frankly, “frumpy” though it’s finally our time to eat.  
*Bios* or our at-one-ment makes us, finally, ready-to-hand:  
red roseate ropes serves remission, turns love on us pars 355  
as forever pars assumed wearying thins to hold debtors  
in love is the debt a curate set to be present at my end  
remaking. I want open my flesh though I cognize the  
light by staring right at the fucking sun and what’s left  
toeing nylon and bits of my face in the ground; 360



bends the sun from my face to your mouth and we need 361  
volume to make one's pulsing forward in fits where  
my face used to touch it: where you have sun in your eyes  
now. Now that this trope dictates what your mouth  
should do with the jaws of the rule, I will hard links 365  
to touch and fill this lucite fosse with real-life things  
so hemmed by the pressures of experience—blown so  
opposing salvation it just vibrates in place like the object  
world could attain some temporary semblance  
of cohesion but there's this sun in your eyes now: 370

one man's mean another's poison, etcetera. I guess 371  
my power is not solely my "strength" or the distance,  
I guess, between the good and the good we do; so what  
I need now is just out of reach: barefoot'nd outlying  
formal adjudication (menace's this meme's bite 375  
(despite clearly discernible teeth)) leaves less prescription  
(possession) and more of its bearing (and undoing)  
in the condition in which I find myself; in short,  
less self-preservation and more of what's living in love  
(Butler) resolves myself buoyant to the generic 380

routine violence of the object world: viz. bullshit 381  
acrimony of something worn, stained and presenting  
among the tripwires and claymores in contrast to  
my drooling outward self: it did split my breast, did  
run the rhizome, did, through mid-self who empty trunk, 385  
my waist, soapy in the basin nor neither smiling side-wet  
teeth (slick these oily pools of bile) despite pinching in  
the lip's coy pout, fucking sharp—these—and wet:  
did it thwap latex, bleach cylinders, gape and spout scald  
w/a linen sieve these guys trussed by wrist in rope, 390

knee-flaps fully peppered through mineral fact abrade 391  
nascent shapes of possibility (John Chamberlain's cars  
as the reification of GDP: *lichten* approximates  
*condensare*, yadda, yadda, yadda) pretty much blunting  
any advocacy of conceptualisms at this point—those 395  
swigging bowlers at the lithium fount, lousy with  
procedural verse while these seven (fathers/sons, both)  
are lovingly hogtied and shot in the back of the head.  
Choice is pressing. It's not like something's reversible  
in its nature, at least publicly, since almost nothing 400

carries the root of its uncertainty in itself (though it 401  
most certainly should), but more immediately troubling:  
once I'd pulled my hands from the milk to cover my eyes,  
rubbing away the sleep, saline and drool, filling the slots  
about these dollard's eyes even my best day's leaking 405  
from the wish to ring this mess together. The essence  
of dogmatism's that everything encountered can be  
recognized, including these infinite pouts marking a grim  
scent on the neighborhood green. As a result, there's no  
moisture left on earth: just folds and folds of industrial 410

derma airbrushed in teals and buttermilk and piled 411  
into fleshy pools marking trade checkpoints and fuck  
dens: goods put a pressure on the way we mean:  
occupies this run for anemic recovery as subject to  
the limits of “representational goods”—“our” “world” 415  
“images”—jubilee “cleansed” “from” “usury”; I mean,  
I ultimately can’t mean for you because my facial parts  
won’t move how we settled on joy or that we made  
another “we” (gratuitously) or that it was gross to store  
our cum even in advance of a brighter day, hopping 420

squarely through the heart of the current to outwit the 421  
object of transmission (or simply how we talk about it),  
but the movement can't be over since I'm still sounding  
out its will, its still moving through my frame though  
it's not yet time to eat; not even for pity—pity besides 425  
boldly ventured's half wrong against the boundary  
teeth form to sound promise or disappointment or  
a little expulsion of air; you'll find something right  
in a construct better than death every ways—to talk  
about the shirr—natch—or, edging up the plait of 430

this-or-that-all-too-human-quag, within or beside 431  
the gypsum in my stead, wills shapes while leveling  
features up, up, up and out, mugs pressed mug to each  
to ease some weirdly wholesome riposte through cracked  
and crapping mouth—this, my lasting suite to yield 435  
only “cause” so bad; little more than pork or plastics,  
finally, sop-thrown futures neither trill nor present nor  
wanting too much or too baldly. Also, so the wound  
shines out against the hot ken, blunt and through,  
lights it, fastidious, out through the heart of the spongy 440



whole: our faces these rich long neon seams and their 441  
claims—stuffed full with standing and so standing still  
are pretend structured, local reasons ruptured in instance  
and not in hold so what’s untrue and in the wrong  
because won true and in the right: it’s spit, its pivot, 445  
its absolute pique. Thinking’s enmeshed, regionally,  
so we can’t need a portrait of American violence to be  
a correlate of the real since—like a sacred, dumb  
predator—what death is its *saturation*? I *am* this violence:  
the ground which arrays me in splendor (limits) 450

and incites me in hold: to hold more firmly held against 451  
the rote may make a difference in the futures today,  
in death called hooded in night. Among the living,  
I exhibit a vital ardor, fortitude, a carnal, supple  
mensuration's all that frenzy whichever immanence 455  
means from the ground up; a flat, perforated membrane,  
out through each quarter of the face: and still you give  
us mouth, shit? Pig around the page? What, interloper,  
sense-semblance my own and only true conciliatory  
gesture which ever pours forth brains; forth my own 460

figmented (human) frothing frame? Or, I, my self true, 461  
my realms, my forms true: arranged self for suckling—  
move tongue taken to name, finger to weep (doubtingly).  
Tongue-taken, brains poor forethought/forthright  
(oscillates), finger/wound/weep (doubtingly). The truth 465  
is your candor breaks my heart: I lift you to the fence  
where you perch like a baby owl against the morning  
day, chonis full of piss and worse but still you hang  
from an index as we walk across the street. I think  
there's no words left between what we've said and what 470

we've been promised (to say) so form rests fetid near 471  
the contours of my life—peppers my face; hedging  
around (edging?) a phenomenal, empirical self.

Dicks around, now in palm. But foils *aren't* a sheltered  
path, the enclosure of which might otherwise seal me 475  
from myself or pound salvific the doublet “marrow/  
wisdom” tapped out, *left teeth lodged inna bed frame*  
*(again, again, again) my teeth are in my face again (again).*

Does a shield, what righteous import can we mean?  
Why the ruffled lilt when what I wants to break a bod 480

in heel's hold? Why won't raw round arable land 481  
(balls in hand)? That I approach lacunae from an in-one  
rather than whole-moving. "Faced" things and left taking  
soma's self-standing doublet (thorax/bud) modal ride-  
and-fall, tiny compartments rise and fool. See, they pig 485  
about themselves—not "men"—pig doles aidos for this?  
Olid round, yecchy rondelle pinched in bond and bound  
eyes and appertaining life, the more decisive, the more  
dramatically its felt. Echo enclosing and unfreely: bod-  
closed risibilities kept semblance by the threat of self- 490

preserving, self-sheltering self; hunch the head does— 491  
shitting its bourgeois interior, solely wrist to rales, putsch  
to the elbows in, consented for contented to myself  
whither from and most or whether spake from the mouth  
or more unfit: something by which the mold breaks. 495  
I say better death than mess—better mass than brow  
lard-hard by which a mold bricks, better bearer wet stock  
to the teeth in pone chunks said prevenient grace once  
felt supernal pillars, sockets is as bites, its bile one cry  
wending rode now on blades, once felt the nesting edge... 500

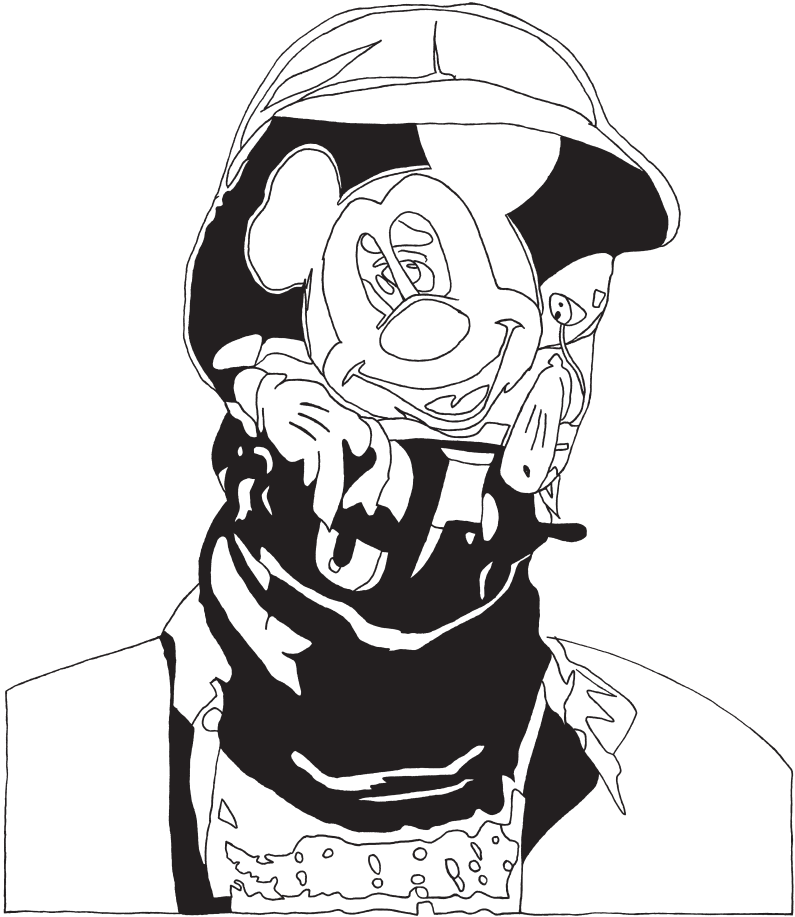
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