

(1-100)



## the Katechon

MICHAEL CROSS

THE FIRST HUNDRED LINES

As he lay wind into knots, the lord rade and the foul set joint to puffing joint back in its mouth; rugged, sat 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 shewed as catch can, wrought-over, face-folds elbowing out kneaded from the bone *like a trapeze apparatus upon which the flesh* 

(1-5)

is the acrobat—save holes to see, feet to tongue—put tongue to take of the dust of women what's dug free by the pate of speech, so its violence, sans-, cum-, quacruelty—the trick of speech that breath comes 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

(6-10)

it's impossible to seine the body if everything's so summararily 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 I am an instrument of peace—for taskers no nous won't needs ginger, coal-faced shoving ringlets down an ovoid head, held flexible grabs stripped to the bole's stark spars.

(11-15

No political nous, no hole in the paunch—wheat/chaff, sap/brio, cheek/jowl—it won't clewed 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 around the base of the chest so even if you recognize the first laced hole, you are with stain, without breath, doubled as a butcher knocking knotted seam, a brocade caftan

(16-20)

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 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,

(21-25)

even if such creatures feel with puckered eyes a circle-steps-blooded, wants made me die off-land 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), bees routing rabbits full of crystal teeth; this is an allegory of a mouth's

(26-30)

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, taskers violine, otiose lips spitting into peace with 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, the balks tendered between

(31-35)

where I fashion love to bear both 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 a fence as a warning to other wolves that I can't be left with nothing—I can't be left with nothing if it's nothing I rejected and now everything's on the inside of the nothing and still we plan to extradite the taskers (36-40)

so a body barely stands a chance; balls of throat wet with cruor, silk wet, tonsured, swallowing strips tanned with clewing filled the stomach with shells, honeycomb 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

(41-45)

for themselves w/o consanguinity or confidence, made trial of weathered skin, the death of which names Albus or Ater: the state and Ater, what matter who's speaking until you've hooded muscle in clusters of light, transcribing face-giving acts where face ends in matte rondure, bends back toward itself and the purlieus less brio despite our convenance: made a sump with these two hands, this false heart,

(46-50)

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 violably hewn—product of a bore heart, say, that you 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;

(51-55)

returners' pearl on the bone 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 my collop formed by men's bodies what's in its own bound cutis

(56-60)

mores of milk and cum dressed in life—it is not death for souls to be drunk on labor, it's delight just to see what if a common mess and therefore to be made wet by rashers common, that's how they got in your mouth, 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,

(61-65)

stained Achilles to knee in red ash and honey from the siphonet; young smothered in shadden and stoned wicker, sucking the dried sweets from around 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 to wrist, because every nomos

(66-70)

consists of what's within its bounds, overawing what Camille calls "the buck and bite of auditory trace": we're so stacked against ourselves from the outset, we who benefit from the recrudescence of franchise despite black earth, infixed mortgage-pillars, pilferage rote to loose debt and its deluge-hero neither bows nor baskets: these cells are pores which mouth, pore-mudded,

(71-75)

honeyed-ash and dross, schade and seisachteia, marters, matins, bulging contourless quakes through which the sharpset knows 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 quakes bearing trimmings of vair or grise,

(76-80)

bearing 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 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

(81-85)

at meat and table, narcosis by the pound and above all: no war. Above all, none. They piled how they happened to fall and chanced to foam wet 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 kneeling and resting,

(86-90)

teeming life and teeming resurrection an angle typyfing 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 heart find refuge in the house of hearts against the figures of inactivity—

hands painted with the eyes of antinomy—jaws knitting the destroyer of hearts—

(91-95)

those who plunder by the inundation-of-opening-mouth, each piece of flesh torn away made good finally by painting *ungestalt* through 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, may be lastingly renewed.

(96-100)

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