

THE
ANTI
DOTE

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Long Live the Oakland Commune.

THE
ANTI
DOTE

JACKQUELINE FROST

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I am all fire and fat, nightingale
I shall e'en melt away to the first
woman, a rib again, I am afraid

BEN JONSON
BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE

would you call it dangerous to
represent it,
but of course you've been
transformed by representations

BRIAN WHITENER

FALSE INTIMACY

POV
ERTY

POVERTY *has nothing with which to feed its love.*

And we have walked through breathing. Say, let's remove ourselves from words like light. Simple for a *little society of the dead*, their rags' creases. And lo, a gamine in her exilic clothe is wedged into a labor. Some like history. With porridge and bleating and bend-over. Skin does not suppose a gatherer.

Banishéd, we murmur: what a boneyard this is.

So they smoke in the park and sleep in the greenery. Everything barks. I have forgotten music as a field of eucalyptus moving slowly off the continent. Occidented, utopia has ghost and full boon, will salivate. Nowhere to throw a voice but into dialecting waters.

May the headhunter tend
his six-wings and his blood-love.
It is his satisfaction from which
you may escape.

What has love to feed the poor—in auburned days, we
drafted one fox heart to ferry the nightmare of this people,
drown its monied mouth and offer methane a wreck.

Un-galvanized, it throats of rust, wintering the teeth of
streets once slick. It's all mud under the dock, where the
dead, all-souled, sleep dark as dark is.

The violence of a place (what is a
place?) is distributed like money.

So paradise ungathers
creaming aluminum
honeydew soot.

These years are dressed like fools, bumbling,
but trespass in salt and trepid
light on to in meek the earth inherit.
And wear black pollen like
a sovereign instrument.

How we reek some sweet belief.

Those called victim, though tense and unconfessing—our legs, betwixt, were bathed by saboteurs, who looted the body's allegory until it resembled gossip. So we shackle of pilgrim's affect: wanderous. As the 'milieu of existence' is a grammar. As what lives in its name lives by holding, we ogle the hooks.

Now study this:

as drop by drop the gold of life ebbs out.

If one hesitates to covet translucent offerings, this means incivility. To pick a fight with large things around. Situated, you must sell something, become boutique. There in knives, I accord to a villain's fit, her OPERA. And certain holy spectacles remind me of holding this cheaply perforated blood. They say *God is a place*, and not that permission to visit a pallor where money's sensuality evidences, *so when we break, we'll wait for our miracle* and move an under-lip to show it a human mouth—our pathos.

Triggered by licks, my 'nature' spills onto the feet of a laborer: in reciprocity, or recompense. They say women go about inventing tiny continents on which to want. As if that's what you meant by *harder*. They demand to know on what we live, and what we'll wager for a body of work.

Say you are only its crop, and pulled from briar
can be tender and self-evident.

GE
NER
ALEC
LIPSE

undercover agitators persist
alongside the wild,
I mean the tender wild that
consign death
and other things
of that ilk to the past;

doubtful cerebrally—
that's fine; but I've found
it crucial to stay
hopeful through my
remaining nerves

since I've been known
to bloom
from the peril
I've taken;
since I've been known
to thus create worth.

(FOR) EVAN KENNEDY
TERRA FIRMAMENT

I.

Think of torches and thirst. If there is no spirit for youth,
and we have given up that gallery of ghosts. But GIVEN
AGAINST, this is the antidote. I took it there, that night.
As before, I was medicating with something like music.
As before, I kept my monastery and lived on the lithe
ancestry of words I came close to understanding.

All sunless gestures will remain oblique. I remain in the
calling to which I am called, knowing what a curse is,
insulated by others, as secrecy among us is choral.

How then to *dériver*. To point to the beginning because of forgetting and returning. Beginning because we wish to adopt movement outside of narrative. To see crisis not as a great hill that comes into relief against the depth of a valley, but as the voltaic atmosphere and eccentricity of fog.

And no light shall pass between us on these days, but I
will not leave you here to convalesce among the subjects.
You must believe me as we ride ahead before the evidence.

To be exilic is to be pursued by a herd of heavy, heavy myths, wary in their chain smoke: the contenders. They wish to lead me to through the heather, take me down in meadowlands, where together we are bait for something barbarous.

Will you lay bait for the trapper when all that glows in blood sugar will be double dug? I want to go out in the field and make a wound of consent, as villainy obtains when the simple love of riot is insufficient witness. The *idée fixe* isn't sucker free. Western Civ proceeds as elegy.

As coup de grace

'so i thought again/ and it occurred to me/ maybe i
shouldn't write/ at all/ but clean my gun/ and check my
kerosene supply/ perhaps these are not poetic/ times/ at
all.'

A testament to being made for *something* and left bewildered in partially illumed transitions, dressed in spines and ennui, as we comport ourselves to historicity, the appearance of the ground, the streets.

But where longing is longer, the wild persists, and I am making a 'safe space' for violence when the bridges sheep and the shop fronts bleat, and we who are their creatures brim with bend-over.

When they demand to know on what I live, I say *I live on nothing*; but ruminate on a penumbral joie, as Daniel sings, that America is so ferociously in Bloom. Provoke me and I will study to deserve this antidote.

II.

Something happened to me in the streets of this city. I became intimated into a structure of trust, something like sudden love. A study in trouble's organ book. Helicopters red against red polluted stars. When we took the building, Clai was, for the onlookers, a quiet spectacle like neon in the top window. To consider the symbolic in this way: as a ceremonious absorption of data, as 'ceremony has made many fools.'

Rations are ending. Banditry as a habit of learning. How do we sleep. Not before four in the morning, when holding is the only ameliorative posture for danger. We women were frisked each time we left one tank and went into another, and so cultivated 'livid indifference.' The tear gas, the sleeping late at a comrade's house, and the wandering in wars and rumors of wars. This is recrimination. The ammo of my pockets and yours, our mouths touching through a bandage of white water.

I said that when we sleep
we are a little pile of bones,
linked in the continuum;

I asked how to arrange this
nocturne in pursuit of the
abolition of its darkness.

We compose an epistle sent to their malice, with its prefix:
Etatist. Oh undercover white cop—your colors, pallid,
are contagion to the polis. Dominion's devices, vaporous,
consolidate. So all conspire to breathe here.

We are concerned with movement,
and stealing a little bit of life
in the Metropolis.

To correspond, as to coincide, is evental. Of this as a certain Kairos: the now and the not-yet. When Time is weather, the image a bureaucracy. To return to a meadow 'whose hosts are a disturbance of words within words that is a field folded.' Yet we go without permission. We go whipped, strung and fixed. And so looking for instances of destruction that grow into *a symbol of the essential thing that needs to be said.*

Of Bad Apples. Of Libraries Destroyed. The Essence of Vandal.
Of Collecting Dumpsters. The Vocative. Of Broken Hands.
Of The Agora. Of the Hood of a Mercedes. Of Man Slaughter.
The Disposable Texture of Narrative. Of Strike.
Of Stealing Shoes in New York City. The Essence of Squares.
Of Brio & Joie. Of Life During Property. *Of Parousia.*

It shapes up to a palindrome, as we course back again. This trust in representation, or its desires, has become a sequencing feature of my blood. The core-song of an action never manifests after its disturbance into language. Only its Scars will gossip, wanting a waterbed of complete duration.

One could fabulate, desperately, a sequence for crisis, but never without nostalgia's subterfuge. We do not know how many people built barricades to defend the Commune or marched on the port, or how. How somewhere, someone has explained that suddenly you are draining the tanks of motorcycles for molotovs, as if the present in someone's past was perceptibly arriving. To whom does one even say I feel more alive than ever.

III.

As Thom said, 'the lyric won't die because there are still bodies and we suffer those bodies beyond conceptualization at a limit where individual touches multitude.' That this coincidence is like an overexposed photograph of something joyous. What is the corresponding figure of open burden.

'If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence.' Attempting to transfigure, we are caught in the folds of literature's conspiracy. Feel it. How much it's told you.

May I not resemble the sybarite that contains my history.
History is not sucker free. So speak the squatted ensemble,
the collection running from this bright and vulgar flood.
It is not to amend, to pass, or polish, to bend or squander.

I demand only that we raise the blameless dead—
but our contracts with the axis of the world and all its
psychopomps have been cancelled. There is only ‘a brief
loan that is our bodies,’ seeking some maneuver whereby
one might cease shift/ borrow shroud/ enter undiluted/
and lucidly beg a notion.

We may not be able to resist violating each other; such is co-existence, or effort and its logic. Come surveilled by birds that record our meetings. There is some drama to be unbuttoned between I and you. I no longer believe in solitudes. The one who taught me as a child to sing of men's work and wars endangered me. Of getting sleep and guns endowed me. So 'being alive while you're alive turns out to be a taller order than expected.'

Do not forget the moment on the march from Union to Foley Square, next to the clergy reciting Hail Marys, how you started ‘Grátia pléna, Dóminus técum. Benedícta tu in muliéribus, et benedíctus frúctus véntris túi,’ an accident, and realizing it, started to cry. They sang a song in rounds about the Lamb of God. What of the password primeval. What of transfiguration. What of PARADISE Now.

That which refuses figuration, has the *allos*—
agora: the non-site of assembly. Place holding as technique.
Balks at the deliverance of meaning as it would any other
witch-hunt. And in good faith, I cannot be clearer. We
waited for the moment in which our conception of time
was changed. Because the messianic has passed us for now,
we are apostolic. With the future on its paper back, there
are infinite and instable narrative intentions—we speak
falsely if to say that the scale of civil war is compromise,
and are too filled by ‘the reaction.’

Tell us, what is the facility of Judgment. The turning point in a disease. Tell us. Tell us if 'a politician is the devil's quilted anvil.' And why not take note of each muffled breach laid into a covenant. Tell us if sins remain intact, thru the devil's rascality, so labor is its fruit.

Tell us it is the submission of a frail theodicy called law, rendered as an object of heaven's superior productivity. 'But if the existence of violence outside the law, as pure immediate violence, is assured, this furnishes the proof that revolutionary violence is possible, and by what means.'

Oh the decoy wrists of falconers. Wounds in the catch
are prescriptive. The half riot gear is not a half effect. The
narrative establishes its life as life through a transposition
of its night. All the ancients warn us thusly.

Would if we could be, *antididonia*. That which is given against. I want you close enough to pick my pockets. I know it's you, my friend, but my enemy may be listening. Under these auspices, our operation relies on the reciprocity of touch.

IV.

Scrappy in syntax, the city has me, where before
I sought the grace of a savage annotation, qua plough,
qua sickling. But the undersong is discourseless—as this
knowing presupposes I'm a sucker for wonder, be that
brazen, and once this has started, you cannot leave a
garden to welter in its physics.

Struggling against reification, I was rendered dialectically unstable. To be observed in partial reversal/ in terror, as Apollo whose plague 'moved like night.' We are as with the Eumenides, set against the dawn of justice.

The limit of opacity. The limit of contraction. When the spirit is in motion it cannot be represented, except by motion. To circumscribe incommensurability, the SANS SOLEIL of it.

In the 'mercy' of the Metropolis 'tis found the structures
of transport—rising out of an unpeopled rift, harbors a
drift that cannot remain but to exchange vehicular class.

The coincidence of bodies is inhibited
by the removal of objects like love
from the possible catastrophes of traffic.

Under the sign of Antigone, we
tell half-life to go fuck itself; to alleviate guilt's
split corona and as such: gentility, quiescence
or any lamb-like understanding.

We will
not be drowned
under the color
of sport.

#disposition towards the miraculous
#duende #how phenomena appear to
unfold #core-strength #occult instability
where people dwell transfused w/ light

EU
MEN
IDES

De natura rationis est res sub quadam
aeternitatis specie percipere.

[It is the essence of reason to perceive
things under a certain form of eternity.]

BARUCH SPINOZA
ETHICS

FOR FM

I have tended in no quiet way the prospect of fires. They would unburden propriety of passage from all fugitive territories. A portal glitches on the ground here. The result of practice. We thought that we might find a name to share that does not splinter within the cathexis of the voice.

‘That a great distance separates us from our goal we know; that we are in danger of destruction at any hour of the day and night we know; what we do not know is how near madness we are; how defenseless: how beset we are with what we have heard, what we had been taught—this, especially, we do not know.’

This opera was like a denial of all things on earth, which one could disenchantedly name. When we say labor. When we say liquidity. We may cause duress in the attempt to show, may 'soften statements' concerning atrocity—such is the scandal of content. As the last color to be named has grace on the floor of a cell. As all the names for women suffer a grace that is not like the sound of glass—where emotion is economy and conduits seduce, and the market makes all shadows bleed charisma.

By impasse, I mean property. By symmetry, I mean property. By body I mean that which gives in drugs and longing under sublunary weight.

Yet better to be a scarlet transference of rage itself.

In this city only some have places to live through everything that comes, and it always comes *like night*. What revelation is intended by words themselves, when one holds up their eviction on fire in the assembly. The risks we take to be in proximity elude us. As all their headhunters are among us to make us museums of work. *As every culture is the terrible gash of its splendid outward forms.*

Language describes access to potencies like heaven through things like clarity and excess. To question this species of heliocentrism, and light's mass, that is, to doubt the world and how it's understood, as some lion less fierce than solitary, consider the Commune as eclipse, suggesting a momentary but total compromise of the ordinarily irrevocable space of night.

It's that we're sick of clarity, and all the rotten manna that have taken to us. Because the walls of their future cannot stand forever.

There will be no women as women, or men as men.
There will be no quiet as quiet, or fire as fire,
no fear as fear, and no more
days on earth.

These are my prayers. Over them I pour libations.
Yours to adorn with laments. To make them bloom. So
custom says. As we are, at most time's carcass. Sing out
and praise the dead.

LIGH
TFIG
HTER

No one young can see
opacity's protection.
But no one can see like
the young in the dark.

ELENI STECOPOULOS
DAPHNEPHORIA

I said night doesn't fall
but partitions itself
in becoming something else.

Set off by guises,
as the 'other' light, a procession of.

We who are not men and so are not for this world, find
that chemistries are still made cheap of surplus heat,
and that we are, as transcendent but
invaded continents, weighted down
by it and other artifice of spirit,
such that we recite
the quality of a body, as if each
of us were a slender tragedy
within this prolix farce.

Because this is not paradise, you are the larger animal
and that means I prize a suspicion of those
who *know what a man is* or have ever known one—
These specters will be taken
in pieces the size of my mouth, for what the eye eats
is forms and disasters of affection.

(We know nothing of Daphne
beyond what she did not want:
for her rape to become history.)

This is a reckoning
with the good faith of the light fighter—
of a fighter in a lighter body,
of feather weights, southpawed, of bark,
of sore eyes on discord,
when she with gunning tore toward
a medicine for death, a signature of burning,
to divest of the supine moneysign
metropolitan equivalence, to slaughter statics;

But mine is a longing to not just sing this,
So adjust to accidents as acts of density and
derelict duties of self preservation.

She said the image of the woman offends you—
but you are that image—
 so you go blue with motel-light,
 and say, we should probably
 take this outside.

To flex an emotion,
To say I work in fire.
To say the poison will be intentional.
To say once I thought pleasure
was a hardware
—but what was I thinking—

To bring force
and the sound of rubber—so that
only in the past will
predation be taken as a topos—

Because we will
make
black herons
to ravage
all this.

You've got the spirit—

Don't lose the feeling.

COM
PLINE