

1-1-2006

## The lyric subject

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THE LYRIC SUBJECT

by

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A creative dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the

**Doctorate of Philosophy in English**  
**Department of English**  
**College of Liberal Arts**

**Graduate College**  
**University of Nevada, Las Vegas**  
**May 2006**

UMI Number: 3226630

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**Dissertation Approval**  
The Graduate College  
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

March 8, 2006

The Dissertation prepared by

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Entitled

The Lyric Subject

is approved in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy in English

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ABSTRACT

**Approaching the lyric subject**

by

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The ensuing creative dissertation operates, essentially, as a book of poems. As such, it demonstrates my most up to date engagement with poetry and poetics, although many poems have been discarded during my stay at UNLV. One of the weaknesses of my outlook on poetry as I entered school here was the hodgepodge of received opinions which, when mixed with a kind of individualized vision of writing, operated in place of “theory,” and under the sign of “poetics.” In short, what I most needed to develop was some sort of critical/theoretical apparatus, in terms of reading and writing.

But poets are always doing this, it seems; disavowing their earlier authorial selves in the service of their latest developments. I am not nearly so positive-minded. I believe that many of the poems that ended up in my “Recycle Bin” helped me to develop more as a poet than many of the poems that have been included in this manuscript. And so I acknowledge them here, just as I acknowledge my first manuscript, *\_light*, as that manuscript which demonstrated to me that I could write a book, and *The River Series*, a manuscript that I have vowed never to remove from my shelf again. Without *The River Series*, this manuscript, *the lyric subject*, would never have been written, and, at the risk of sounding maudlin, it is entirely possible I would have stopped writing altogether.

It is, of course, impossible to “introduce” *the lyric subject*, and disadvantageous to do so anyhow. I have completed as much of an introduction as I am willing to complete in the preface, “forgetfulness as work/ (the work of forgetfulness).” Instead, I conclude with these words from William Carlos Williams: “Fools have big wombs. For the rest?— here is pennyroyal if one knows how to use it.”

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## PREFACE

### FORGETFULNESS AS WORK/ (THE WORK OF FORGETFULNESS)

- had it begun this way.<sup>1</sup> later, while you were reading quietly, what could have fallen in the kitchen. had it always been about retention? the promise of that kind of suspension.
- that it was always reconstructing what had been reconstituted was neither heaven nor hell. were they looking for a gate? a mailbox? what one might have been thinking, reclining on a lavender divan in the corner of the room, the hint of a smile. always, always, the residual question: is this allowed? or even, under whose jurisdiction, and/or by what mandate?<sup>2</sup>
- he dreamed a storm of torn sentences breaking against trees, houses, swirling in a gust of wind that had come up suddenly, howling. amidst the voices that collected there, the red tinge on the low hanging clouds, the effervescence, voices unwound into a continuous breath that would not stop breaking. each time he reached for the “landscape,” it contracted.
- (in the dream, the one dreaming, with the intensity of passion, disallowed the easy conceptualization of the “subconscious.”<sup>3</sup> instead, what was at work was forgetfulness, the clang of it against the infrastructure of some kind of narrative/(narrator?)
- they said they were inspired, that they were asking to be inspired, that inspiration was a kind of endgame, that inspiration could have been enforced, that they were inspired with that kind of inspiration

---

<sup>1</sup> As though one had entered a room, and, not recognizing the people sprawled there, had coughed, bowed slightly, and exited. As though one had been ashamed. The kind of intimacy of that kind of shame. Where that staircase might ~~have lead/have been leading~~ crumble, (toward/away from) etc.

<sup>2</sup> What was “watching over” them when they were being “watched over?”

<sup>3</sup> Even so, subjectivity remained.



that might allow them to better recognize culture, that culture is a kind of inspiration, that inspiration is a kind of acculturation, what they were asking of inspiration when they were evoking it, when they were divining it.<sup>4</sup>

- had it begun this way: a leaflet, a brochure, a phone book, a notepad,<sup>5</sup> a pdf file.
- it would never remain as anything but a remainder. although it was difficult to say anything else about it . . . nothing had ever been *committed* to writing . . . or memory for that matter.
- it was always coming to . . . an ending.<sup>6</sup>
- the kind of exteriority which could not be trusted, the type of interiority which could not be trusted. that trust had an interiority and an exteriority seemed relevant, for a time.
- in the dream she wandered through an idealized meadow. she thought that she should be making daisy chains in such an atmosphere, but instead, she continued looking for a child which had been lost for days<sup>7</sup> and days<sup>8</sup> and days.<sup>9</sup>

---

<sup>4</sup> Even so, subjectivity remained.

<sup>5</sup> She had discovered the notepad when removing some boxes from the garage of a friend after there had been a small electrical fire in the basement. They were moving the smoky and damaged things from the basement out into the garage to allow the insurance people to look around. They were moving boxes which had been stored in the garage out into the driveway and were taking them down to the curb to be hauled away to the landfill by a man in a pickup truck. She had found the notepad when it dropped from an open box in the garage. Nothing had ever been written in it.

<sup>6</sup> The news grew large and billowed with the sound of a helicopter inside the living room. Below, a wildfire raged. ~~Above, a cloud lifting in a breeze.~~ As he entered into relation with these things he dismissed the “windows to the soul.” The helicopter spoke of something different. As did the wildfire. He realized he was not speaking about what he thought he would be speaking about.

<sup>7</sup> Even so, subjectivity remained.

<sup>8</sup> Even so, subjectivity remained.

<sup>9</sup> When she realized the child would not be found, she waited by an overgrown tower, singing softly to herself. She knew that she could not rescue the child, just as she knew that she could not escape the confines of the idealized meadow. Instead, the grass held a chill, and she understood that somewhere else, somewhere nearby, she was dying again, of terror.

- the voice that, having “occurred” to him late at night, sounded like an old radio . . . intermittent, static. what was it that echoed throughout the room, that the sun might come, they wondered. its edge, metallic, its “substance,” what surged inevitably against the sky, the glimpse of a process, were that kind of “gaze” advisable. what answer might have been gifted in that torrent, what myriad death revolved slowly, tumbling down, ~~held up to the light~~, moving toward/against the light. the sheen that it carried perhaps demonstrated the be(-ing)/yond . . . transmitting itself as such. that kind of darkness, in the place of that kind of darkness.<sup>10</sup>

- no one was holding the frame. the frame was a voice that had been yet to be spoken in a kind of duration that had not been generated/could not be generated.

- had it a structure. had it begun this way.<sup>11</sup>

- the programme was both less and more than each had equivocated. parcels remained, things tied up with colorful bows; however, he thought, nothing had ever been equal, and what was that kind of equality that entered into that kind of sentence in that kind of logic. who was advocating that kind of excellence, that kind of misery, in that kind of snowy woods.

- the more she pressed against it, the more it receded; this, as though the sky were as constant as a dream. was she conscious at all, she wondered, removing herself from the sequence of events. outside of time, she grasped again for the kind of impossibility which might hold a crowd at bay, which might overturn the tables, but again, it receded. in its recession she watched particles that at one time, must have held meaning<sup>12</sup> . . . now releasing meaning.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Not only would the binary oppositions slip away from one another, the picture itself was falling out of the frame. And who was holding the frame? Could that kind of spatial/temporal reality expand any further?

<sup>11</sup> Together they were poring over the roadmap. The countryside was on fire. The car was on fire.

<sup>12</sup> When she was a small child, the Arctic Circle seemed far away, with its ice floes and its polar bears and its Aurora Borealis. Those things were still in place, she knew, only now their surfaces were breaking apart, and had been doing so for as long as she could remember.

<sup>13</sup> The poem that he knew he would write ~~someday~~ had been disappearing and disappearing . . . although he could not remember when this had begun happening. The more he chased it, followed it, the more poignant

- as a “writer,” he was always entering into negation; as a “reader,” he was always entering into negation. as a “reader” of his own “writing,” nothing could be remembered,<sup>14</sup> and vice versa.
  
- out in the wilderness, she remembered how she had lamented the disappearance of the child. the tower, she reflected, had been composed of tongues, was a vast edifice of language compressed into an idea she didn’t know she was capable of housing. who was it waving by the roadside? as she walked further into the smoky haze, things became more familiar, rather than less so. touching them, however, revealed that they were comprised of holes, and holes within holes. she heard herself responding to a voice from outside the rim of one of the holes, and wondered whether her disappearance would be catalogued, whether her selfhood was any more than a passing apparition. “i am not lost,” she called out. “i am not found.”
  
- the terror of that kind of resolution—
  
- (they had been answering with the same implied reference system for as long as anyone could remember.<sup>15</sup> there were only so many ways to be redeemed, he thought. perhaps they have gotten to the end of this list? his doubts, however, were soon mollified. on the television, the paradigms were changing again, and “character” and “substance” were again being demonstrated as operating interchangeably. he remembered his more romantic self, the kind of celebration that might have occasioned within him.)
  
- the structure that became him, briefly, could not be rewritten. although he could never become the structure, although he could never be/come . . .

---

his feelings of loss became. Although he had never possessed the poem, and the poem had never “spoken” to him, it intermittently sought him out, it seemed, and encountered him in languages of things he new very little about. “There is nothing to write about,” he said, “besides this.”

<sup>14</sup> In the photograph, she is pointing at some wood in the Petrified Forest in Arizona. There is a rabbit in the background. The Park itself has many helpful brochures, should more information become necessary. But it isn’t really “on the way” to anywhere.

<sup>15</sup> Could that kind of “generational” claim truly be made? Who were they looking to for an answer? And where were they looking? That great good sense could masquerade for so long seemed improbable. What had the question been, to begin with?

- as though the light played upon some inner chamber that was expressible only in the instant that she thought she might have disappeared from the world; the cars on the highway, only lights, the street signs, only gestures, her exact location<sup>16</sup>, somewhere in between. and who was there left to tell of the journey, who might have relinquished that kind of expectation, that kind of narrative; she could not trick herself into believing the end must come. she could not dream the tortures of the inevitable, the prophetic. instead, she counted cars for awhile, and sang along with some old songs, things she hadn't done since the last time this unavoidable mystery welled up within her.

- a preface is inherently belated . . . is inherently forgotten—

- if anything needed to be rethought, he thought, it is myself. after all, i am always changing, i am always changing, i am always changing. he had been spending a lot of time thinking about his “audience,” his “aesthetic,” his “sensibility,” his “intentions,” his “interests” and his “ambition.” these were very interesting things to him.<sup>17</sup>

- she walked up to the painting and illustrated how it “was never done” because “there is always something else to do,” and illustrated how illustrating was an act of talking about “how any artist’s relationship” and other universal things. she was talking about a story which she had written which she read which i can’t remember and which had something to do with a motorcycle which she had to do a lot of research for. afterward i knew she was clearly demonstrating an intense relationship with her writing and that she was demonstrating how “writing” meant “craft,” how “craft” meant “seriousness,” how

---

<sup>16</sup> “You will not be satisfied by “intuition,” you know. That will only get you to a place where the ceiling feels reachable and the walls look somewhat familiar. The patterns on the floor will feel as though you had selected them, and the countertops will match accordingly. There are only so many ways to sing this song, there are only so many ways to recognize yourself in the inter-workings of everyone else’s images.”

Even so, subjectivity remained.

<sup>17</sup> “And you will never be satisfied by passé “theories” concerning “the role of the artist.” Each of these, here, of course, privileges a conception of the artist as a totalizing figure whose intentionality in some way contains the capacity for constructing historicizing narratives which enslave, colonize, and disallow variation. For Blanchot, this is the fate of the modern world, this kind of “interiority.” (This kind of “exteriority,” as well . . .)”

Even so, subjectivity remained.

“seriousness” meant “control” and how “control” meant “professionalism.” her writing was intensely full of professionalism.<sup>18</sup>

- the countryside was on fire, the car was on fire. she believed she had had a dream wherein she watched a mysterious figure move across this kind of idealized landscape in a kind of daze. something about the scene suggested to her that someone had died, that the woman might already know that that someone had died, but was not yet ready to believe it. what concerned her were the myriad ways in which “belief” and “dream” and “ideal” blurred into one another. was it she who had died, she wondered. was it she who was on fire.

- in that kind of storm, words become unnecessary. what cannot release itself from the wind catches in the throat of what might have sounded: a siren, a bell, a siren. the wind itself suggests that place where the poem both began and ended; the rain its only rhythm . . . torn sheet metal its only rhythm . . .

- the manner in which that kind of storm disallows “memory,” alters “remembrance.”<sup>19</sup>

- had you been climbing the staircase when some larger category, “the world,” “society,” “african americans” etc. encroached upon your thoughts. had you been in the middle of repeating a sentence in a conversation you had been having over coffee in the past hour or so. how you might have interrupted yourself then.<sup>20</sup> what that might have looked like on paper.

- she had often thought of the distant cliffs jutting out in the desert as she walked along the trail as \_\_\_\_\_ . when she realized that this kind of metaphoricity was destroying the world, she stopped

---

<sup>18</sup> Forgetfulness as work. Forgetfulness is work.

<sup>19</sup> When \_\_\_ left for the \_\_\_, \_\_\_ hadn't covered up the \_\_\_\_\_. Although this had become a \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_, \_\_\_ had begun changing her \_\_\_\_\_ to mitigate her own \_\_\_\_\_. First, \_\_\_ began writing \_\_\_\_\_, then \_\_\_ began typing \_\_\_\_\_ to herself. Neither could prevent the \_\_\_\_\_ from catching \_\_\_\_\_. When \_\_\_ returned \_\_\_, all that \_\_\_ found in her \_\_\_\_\_ were her \_\_\_\_\_.

<sup>20</sup> Had you the patience to wait for the second or third answer, had you the patience to wait for an answer to be repeated. Had you the patience to wait until silence was the only answer left, and perhaps the most accurate one. Had you the patience to recognize the lack of questions and answers in that kind of silence, had you the patience to ask of it anyway.

contributing to it.<sup>21</sup> instead, she noticed what appeared to be the geographical layers of stone, the tint of the sky, the way in which the sky never repeated itself. instead, she thought about why she had needed to liken the cliffs to \_\_\_\_\_, what relationship she had demanded of her surroundings, what about that relationship had resonated, and resonated within her.

- an ending . . . it was always coming to.
- no, not that kind of symphony—a symphony without instruments, without conductor; a symphony dislocated from time, location, audience, economic viability—a symphony dislocated from perfection, expectation, social hierarchies, historicization; a disparate symphony, the “a” in a-symphonic. perhaps then.
- had i been meaning to stay “here” for a period of time. had i been meaning to go “there.” in either case, it seems, no choice could ever be forgiven.<sup>22</sup>
- would it be possible to speak of the poem after it had been written? had it ever been “written?”<sup>23</sup>

---

<sup>21</sup> And yet the recited version of events accrues with each repetition. As though all that was lost in the recitation interrupted it, as though each of those who had been hammered into the standard issues had escaped and were allowed to say one word each. What that symphony might sound like.

<sup>22</sup> The idealized landscape was something she had always felt inside of her. The trees, the swaying grasslands, the tower she could just barely see beyond the hills. The bells that were calling out across the terrain, the sun, the clouds, the birds. As she was walking she remembered one walking in search of a missing child. That seemed like a long time ago, and seemed unreal. The woman walking in that dream was always walking away from something that was walking toward her; she, on the other hand, was walking toward everything that was walking away from her. It was the difference between life and death, she thought, it was the difference between a kind of existence.

<sup>23</sup> *The sun had not yet risen. The sea was indistinguishable from the sky, except that the sea was slightly creased as if a cloth had wrinkles in it. Gradually as the sky whitened a dark line lay on the horizon dividing the sea from the sky and the grey cloth became barred with thick strokes moving, one after another, beneath the surface, following each other, pursuing each other, perpetually.*

*As they reached the shore each bar rose, heaped itself, broke and swept a thin veil of white water across the sand. The wave paused, and then drew out again, sighing like a sleeper whose breath comes and goes unconsciously. Gradually the dark bar on the horizon became clear as if the sediment in an old wine bottle had sunk and left the glass green. Behind it, too, the sky cleared as if the white sediment there had sunk, or as if the arm of a woman crouched beneath the horizon had raised a lamp and flat bars of white, green and yellow, spread across the sky like the blades of a fan. Then she raised her lamp higher and the air seemed to become fibrous and to tear away from the green surface flickering and flaming in red and yellow fibres like the smoky fire that roars from a bonfire. Gradually the fibres of the burning bonfire were fused into one haze, one incandescence which lifted the weight of the woolen grey sky on top of it and*

- the kind of annihilation he was seeking, the moment before that annihilation, the inability to return to the room, the inability to writ/e on water, the inability to locate these things, the moment before that inability, the name that was being writing while writing was all that the name contained, the moment before that writing was fully written, the manner in which he was attached to that name, to that place, to that time.<sup>24</sup>

- this could keep going, thusly—

- had it begun this way: a garden, a male, a female, a tree, a fruit, a sin.<sup>25</sup>

- what it was carrying away with it, as it carried on. what it was able to engage, as it moved away from itself, as it dis-engaged. the moment before it dis-engaged, what collected within that recess, the memory of that recession as it progressed into departure, the rupture that each bore within itself.<sup>26</sup>

- in the dream, his immediate surroundings were pixilated, and his immediate interface with the world involved reading out his own bodily functions on charts and grids. each thing before him appeared in this way, as a series of statistics graphed and uploaded into some kind of master computer, a master computer which had frozen, or which was malfunctioning, multiply exposing its information, distorting the picture. everything in the dream had to be read this way; first as a printout, next, as the product of technology, and

---

*turned it into a million atoms of soft blue. The surface of the sea slowly became transparent and lay rippling and sparkling until the dark stripes were almost rubbed out. Slowly the arm that held the lamp raised it higher and then higher until a broad flame became visible; an arc of fire burnt on the rim of the horizon, and all around it the sea blazed gold.*

*The light struck upon the trees in the garden, making one leaf transparent then another. One bird chirped high up; there was a pause; another chirped lower down. The sun sharpened the walls of the house, and rested like the tip of a fan upon a white blind and made a blue fingerprint of shadow under the leaf by the bedroom window. The blind stirred slightly, but all within was dim and insubstantial. The birds sang their blank melody outside.*

<sup>24</sup> As though the day had been opened through several doors, all at once, as though those doors were transparent, as though there was no enlightenment, as though there was a slight breeze.

<sup>25</sup> (Often he had entered into an interaction thinking that one thing was happening only to discover later that something else had been happening. Often he found the rule of this type of interaction more consistent than others he had observed. When asked if he would like anything else, he replied, “no, thank you.”)

<sup>26</sup> The opening that had never been open, but was, rather, transitional, a brief wind through an absent desert, the radiation that would not be carried away, the hole in the map that explained the status of “events,” the memorial that explained what had been “de-classified.”

only then, as something which had formerly been alive. he realized in the dream, though he could not willfully exit the scenario, that he had not been completely human for a long time. the dream itself only opened onto vacancy; where windows should have been, something like a screen saver appeared instead; stars, supernovae, and a feeling of intense emptiness which drew/drove him toward the edges of the vision.

- as they were looking through the wreckage, a radio tuned to the news repeated the following phrase: “this is no longer a rescue mission, this is a recovery.” looking up from her magazine, she thought, “it is the passing of god . . . the passing of the promise of transcendence.” afterward, she resumed reading the magazine.
- the memory came to him,<sup>27</sup> (it could not be recalled) blurred yet hardened, as though it were a paper he had spilled wine on; a street, some rain, the sound of cars coming to a stop somewhere beyond his vision.
- as though it were some kind of “form” they were carrying with them as they searched for “emptiness.” as though there would be distinguishable features, characteristics, as though any one of which might have suggested something fundamentally human about it. as though the “emptiness” would then take “shape,” as though it would cease being “emptiness” simply because they had entered into relation with it.<sup>28</sup>
- from the lavender divan, she calmly reached for the television remote control, and turned down the volume. The intruder was wearing a plastic hat, a lei, and carried a noisemaker in his hand. “Happy New Year,” she said.

---

<sup>27</sup> Tampering with the memory, he knew, would only supply a false kind of narrative; one dedicated to both artifice and ego, and one necessarily driven by nostalgia. And yet this characterization did not satisfy him either; he had no way of comparing the memory to its earlier evocations, and no real way of knowing what elisions had taken place. Furthermore, the origin of the memory itself was unstable, and entirely debatable. Could he really be so suspicious of artifice? Wasn't it true that this memory itself was multiple, and multiply exposed? And wasn't it also true that “memory” itself was a word used in both the singular and collective senses? If he was sure of anything, he was sure that memory opened on to memory; that was its logic, it seemed.

<sup>28</sup> In the film version, they had taken some liberties, it seemed, with her “true identity.”



- the less effort he made in restoring memory, the more language was able to speak, the more it seemed to be composed of silence, of condensations of silence within silence; the less composed it seemed to be, the less memory seemed an exercise in reconstruction, the less he seemed to be able to determine its course.<sup>29</sup>

- coming to an ending . . . it was always.<sup>30</sup>

---

<sup>29</sup> *All words are adult. Only the space in which they reverberate—a space infinitely empty, like a garden where, even after the children have disappeared, their joyful cries continue to be heard—leads them back towards the perpetual death in which they seem to keep being born.*

<sup>30</sup> **falling structure**

what i can remember of my biography demands, a redness torn apart from what was  
 collecting who were collecting details, when details sufficed suffixes, affixed trimmed  
 in violences that collected alongside mornings which would not awaken the silence that  
 knows silence that collected alongside the necessary unconsciousnesses covered in clouds  
 that would not linger longer than they lingered we wouldn't tell each other apart, in  
 its decisive dreams where yellow didn't where blue departed easily, in sentences that  
 loved their narrative where its myth was in love with making real what might have been, had  
 it fulfilled later, there were trees among the spaces, that gathered within it edges came  
 into bloom where flowers could not contain the kind of mourning that leaned into that  
 dictation, that dictated where flowers could not contain the kind of mourning that demanded  
 answers had i spoken truthfully she said, had i been arriving then when it was opening into  
 lightness into dialectics of lightness that patterned a dream which was singing, then among the  
 moons that razed the edifice of inspiration where she called out when is this supposed  
 to begin

what returns returns unheeded could i recognize what i had named then when the glass  
 closed, when the picture took flight it sounded its distance in remembrance was this too a  
 thing passed that touch could also linger its foundation of pain she recalled what had been  
 said in part that locating it might make it more permanent that locating something more  
 permanent, more recognizable although the day recedes a flowered edge into distinction its gaze so  
 deliberate it was a question, of what could be approximated what could be shared in that region  
 of unlikeness they too were recording what they believed was history, was posterity what  
 they believed might make it whole, again where that dream rests we had forgotten each  
 other we were returning to each other again, facing a kind of sun, in a kind of forest, in a kind of  
 memory that believed it was returning when the narratives replace the dreams when the idylls  
 no longer sing they said that is not silence, that is not absence that is a kind of love,  
 something not to be appropriated that is not redemption that is how distinction lives

she became, in a pasture full of holograms the utensils that later seemed necessary that  
 burned into commodities, the directions which diminish place the wind that sometimes arises in  
 unconscious memory how that picture burns at its edges how those people are always  
 coming apart she was pulling apart the metaphors that gathered around her in the  
 manure, in the lens that covered everything in the threads of a dream carried in the air, in the  
 eye of the air that splashed into allegory, the sublime dust which never gathers in those halls  
 around her in small piles the heap of broken images, the song that might have also arisen  
 dispersed in a wind, where no one was moving no one picked up the projector when  
 emptiness gathered, in the stitches of the dream she arose, flickered

- there is that (something of the madness) within me, though “I” could never know it, (the madness) of some unseen power, that “I” would not desire to know, to know only that the madness, a season of mists, came from the Outside, *whoever says “I” still says presence, (in the real language of men.)*<sup>31</sup>
- never before had the way they spoke to each other seemed so important. outside, something was happening that was causing the birds to stop singing and the dogs to fall silent as well. there were no cars in the street, and he could not be sure, but it seemed everyone was waiting for something to happen, and it was this kind of waiting that language had been forced to maintain. long ago she had decided not to wait any longer in this manner. long ago she had decided that this was not the work of mourning, rather it was some barbaric celebration of the sanctity of the ego. when the storm had passed, they had been laughing together for most of the afternoon.
- “history’s” “narrative” . . . as though one could possess the other, as though one could predate the other.<sup>32</sup>
- although they had dreamed that their emotions were unique, that their activities original, they were not the first to have felt this way. it was a belief in a kind of absolute distinction; looking around and around and everywhere, only seeing the arbitrary erections of the self. only when those lines began to calcify did they become aware of voices that had been speaking to them, patiently, for what seemed like an eternity.<sup>33</sup>
- each time a word was pressed down, a second and a third arose. it was this way with writing, with being written by writing.

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<sup>31</sup> Even so, subjectivity remained.

<sup>32</sup> She had crawled to the edge of the planar sphere with the runes in hand, despite the nagging pain pulsating from her injured shoulder. Although her oxygen suit had very little power left in it, the phosphorescent light from her magical amulet was enough to see by. She placed each of the seven runes in the order she had learned from the old shaman back in town, whispered an incantation, and braced herself for the surge of power that was sure to emanate from the planar sphere the moment the evil essence was summoned. Instead, she was granted a vision wherein all of the past became instantly available to her, and that entering into any of these chapters of human history could be accomplished by activating her tingling body armor, which had clearly been enchanted by the cosmic alteration. When she reflected upon this absolute presence, she realized that she was no longer mortal, that she could no longer think, that she could no longer speak.

<sup>33</sup> Cathartic poetry has had its day, although it is its hardened definition that has yet to pass.

- as though something had been happening down the hallway, a glint of light, a stir in the air, the click of a door somewhere out of sight. later, as though a piano were playing in the hall, as though a violin carried through the ventilation shafts. she was saying something about “the reader,”<sup>34</sup> although the reader, too, was dead.

- in the dream she carried the body of the child toward the crack in the canyons where she remembered the waterfall to have been. when she arrived, she found some strange markings in the sand, and the rock walls also appeared to have been damaged. she had been to this spot infinite times, she knew, and yet this time, the dream took over where she left off, and she realized she was in some further dream, some place outside the reaches of her own memory; it was as though she were being dreamed by someone else, as though each of her actions had become unclasped from destiny, as though each of her thoughts were coming apart as she thought them.<sup>35</sup>

- (each time his “intention” became clear to him, he knew that the writing was dying. each time his “drive” pushed him into the next word, the next fragment, the next sentence, he knew the writing was dying. each time his writing became “exercise” or “an exercise,” he knew the writing was dying. each time he felt the writing was “complete,” he knew the writing was dying. each time the writing “began,” he knew the writing was dying. each time the writing was dying, writing appeared in the writing; writing was then writing the writing.)

- had it ~~begun~~ this way: an ebb, an apogee, a pulsation, a wave, a wavelength, a bang.<sup>36</sup>

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<sup>34</sup> The postcard that arrived in the mail said “Aloha from Hawaii!” The back of the postcard contained some encyclopedic information about the island chain, and the demographics of one its major cities, Maui.

<sup>35</sup> In the dream, the woman had been walking through the desert for what seemed like an eternity. Although he was never able to discern what the woman was carrying, he knew that it was important, integral even. When he strove to assist her, the vision collapsed, and all that remained were the distant reverberations of the urges he had felt within him before the woman disappeared—

<sup>36</sup> Could it have answered the question that had been posed when it had been deemed that that was the question which had been needed to respond to the insistence of the perpetuation of the kind of uncertainty that disallowed “answers,” that disavowed “comfort,” that had refused the parameters of each of the preceding formulations of “understanding?”

- as though they were in love with the power structure, as though the manifestations of enslavement could really be overlooked, as though entering into the master/slave dialectic could still be sold as “upward mobility,” as though “economic viability” were responsible, as though there was nothing inherently wrong with “the system,” as though an “ownership society” could placate, as though the lyric speaker had anything at all to say.

- what he called “isolate flecks,” forgetfulness . . . as the potential of forgetfulness; the “brevity” of unclasping, the “dis” in dis-uniting, the “fled is that music” of the fled is that music.<sup>37</sup>

- as he entered the café, he entered into relation with all of the other inhabitants of the café. in that relation, anonymity was a method of knowledge, and this method of knowledge was composed of chance, of the disparate edges of broken narratives that had collected, albeit briefly, among the license plate holders, dashboard hula dancers, beef jerky, diesel fuel, fried food, playing cards and hairnets. as he meandered through the aisles, he thought of what it might have looked like in language, in a language that bore no yearning, that contained no desire, that could not represent the scenario,<sup>38</sup> not for lack of information, but for lack of capacity; he thought of what it might have looked like had he not been the one thinking it, (if that were possible) had his entering the café borne no relation whatsoever to the other inhabitants of the café, were it truly anonymous, were it not composed of broken narratives, but by ~~spools~~ *of* (threads of) broken language, winding and unwinding.

- even so, subjectivity remained.

- “this is not a rescue mission, this is a recovery.”<sup>39</sup>

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<sup>37</sup> Who was it that could determine the state of exception within the state of exception? And how could this stabilize relations? How could it resist the re-establishment of an interchange predicated on dominance and subjugation? How could it resist the establishment?

<sup>38</sup> As though he could have ordered apple pie and ice cream, as though he might have had a cup of coffee, the road outside winding and unwinding.

<sup>39</sup> There was a dream, she knew, that contained her, and that contained everything that was dream-able about her. It was this dream, she realized, as she ran, that she was running from— It was inside of this dream that she could never speak, that she could never move. She was calling out as she was running, calling out in a language which had no need of words, which couldn’t be approximated. The echo of her

- when they could not “see” themselves, they could not recognize the “world” as they knew it, and they could not recognize “themselves” within “it.” it was composed of eternal silences overlapping each other, it was composed of the sound of that perpetual instability, it was composed of the mumuration of the “sound” that might have become “voice,” it was composed of the weight/wait of the movement away/toward the continuous present. it was the retrograde of the continuous present that drove the continuous present, it was the incompleteness of the continuous present that drove the continuous present. it *was / driving* the continuous present, it *is being / driven* by the continuous present.

- the problem had always been great good sense.<sup>40</sup>

- as it opened into an opening (within and without them), the edges stretched out across it, a bridge that only bridged, a suspension of suspension. within and without them (the structure could not be said to collapse, could not be said to be composed, as duration, as the lack of duration, could not be said to be united or re-united.)<sup>41</sup> that the meeting would not occur, that its opposite could not formulate an “event;” that they were always “entering into relation” with this, that this relation had always already opened into an opening of the “event”/uality (within and without them.)

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“self” was resounding inside the dreamscape as though it were surrounded by walls, as though it were a sound-proof chamber, as though there were no outside outside of it, as though there were no other other than she.

<sup>40</sup> As he parked the pick up truck beside the curb, people were streaming out of the house carrying small, charred boxes, pictures, trinkets, glassware, plates and other small kitchen appliances, and handfuls of books, many of which also portrayed the signs of the fire. The woman who had been telling him about the notepad had stuck it in the back pocket of her jeans, as though it contained some kind of secret, as though it contained something that had some kind of meaning, a meaning that continued meaning, or, rather, as though the unpredictability of the notepad, its mysterious appearance, its lack of any definitive biography had intrigued her. Later, as he was pulling away, he saw the woman toss the notepad into the back of the pick up.

<sup>41</sup> “I had never been speaking for you, rather I had been speaking as you might have been speaking, and it was this speaking that ~~needed to be heard~~ could be heard. Later, one began speaking about ‘the return of the self,’ as though it had ever gone away, as though it had ever departed from the writing. Later, one began speaking of the ‘return of the lyric,’ as though it had ever gone away, as though it had ever departed from the writing. I knew I had been speaking to you then, I knew I had been speaking of you then, although neither of us could be known in that way, although neither of us could be recognized in those terms, although neither of us could compose a “we,” as we had each been de-composing all of the times that we hadn’t yet met.”

- that forgetfulness was an active passivity, that it, too, was something to be forgotten . . .<sup>42</sup> something that could never be forgotten, a kind of perpetual death which continued appearing, a reverberation of what once was, of what never was, of what might have been, in a different kind of future. in this way, the poem had never ended, and had not yet begun, in this way it was something that could not be written, that could not write, in this way it was not speaking, in this way it would not remember its silence.
- the narrative was always surrounding the “subject” (as multiple), and while it would move into different facets of narration, always, the narrative remained, as something they remembered, something that could be used to examine the future, the past. the narrative would rise up, and things that were incomplete seemed less so, things that were inaccurate could be examined further, things that had disappeared could stay gone. that the narrative was always retelling itself suggested that it was related to memory, that memory was always repeating itself suggested that it was driving the narrative, that the relation of the “subject” to its “narrative” was one of mutual blindness was a subject that could be avoided, a permanence that was always eating away at its multiplicities.<sup>43</sup>
- she had been repeating the phrase, “they will come soon,” for several days. she was not sure who she was speaking to, or why she was speaking to them, but she felt as though it were necessary, integral even, that she continue repeating this phrase. the sky looked blank, the trail up ahead disappeared into the blankness, and she briefly had the desire to look behind her, not to see if anyone was coming, but, rather, to make sure that time was passing, in some kind of way. “they will come soon,” she said again, the dust rising up and dispersing into the hot air, “they will come soon.”

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<sup>42</sup> *Very well. I am not after the beautiful illusion.*

<sup>43</sup> The snow had begun to fall again as I considered walking out to the aging Pontiac to warm it up for the drive over into Idaho. Outside, the large dog across the street was running around, and the man on the television appeared to be making curry. The sound of the heat moving through the house carried with it that somewhat haunting feeling of someone close being near to death, (she had had a “small stroke,” they said) that kind of mystery, that kind of emptiness. The cats had gone back to sleep after eating, and the scent of coffee permeated. I had again lost the phone number of the person I was supposed to call, several days ago now, and Edward Said’s book, *Culture and Imperialism*, still needed to be finished. Had the telephone been ringing, I might have answered it, and said that nothing much was going on.

- had it begun this way: a mammogram, a biopsy, a malignancy . . . a fever, a failure, a dialysis . . .<sup>44</sup>
- in her dream, “what had been written” was doing the writing, along the edges, the borders of what she recognized as “the self.” that “the poem” spoke in these recesses, in the pauses for / the catching the breath of “the subject” made her “recognition” of her surroundings within “the vast edifice of language” an incomplete picture, indeed, the traces of a picture which had been erased / which were about to be drawn in. that it was this “place” that she was carving out / that was carving “her” out, seemed to suggest that she had “arrived” at the “vast edifice of language” only to discover that “her” language was not required, that “the vast edifice of language” was heaving and speaking and collapsing and dis-re- uniting amongst its ~~disparate selves, pieces, manifestations, chambers~~. . . that “the vast edifice of language” was always being “built” as it was being “destroyed”; that there was no “agent” of this destruction/erection, that it required nothing, that it provided nothing, that she had never “departed,” that the dream would collapse the moment she allowed it to . . . that her “allowance” played no role whatsoever.<sup>45</sup>
- *The disaster— experience none can undergo— obliterates (while leaving perfectly intact) our relation to the world as presence or as absence; it does not thereby free us, however, from this obsession with which it burdens us: others. For the lack of reciprocity with the Other toward which it turns us— the immediate and infinite question— is no part of sidereal space, to which, were disaster the substitution of a radical heterogeneity, it would be subordinated. This does not mean that we are unconcerned for those who, unlike ourselves, suffer from an unjust order, our own suffering being ever justified— beyond justice. For we are responsible for whoever would cause us to suffer (we are responsible for others). It is not that we have to assume whatever evil they would cause us to suffer, but rather that the patience which surpasses every conceivable passive mode— the patience to which they assign us— leads us back toward a past*

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<sup>44</sup> The radio had been playing for a long time before he recognized a song. When one of the refrains caught in his mind, he mouthed a few words, silently, waiting: “Amarillo by morning.”

<sup>45</sup> What “had to be written,” as “necessity,” had to be “unwritten,” as the lack of necessity, the space which “necessity” leaves behind, that opening which cannot be filled by “self” or “other,” that opening which is itself Other. The coming to an end of the language of that opening. As though that could be called “the poem,” as though that could be called writing.

*without any present. This pseudo-intransitiveness of writing is linked to the patience of which no complement— life, or death— can ever complete.*<sup>46</sup>

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<sup>46</sup> *The gift of writing is precisely what writing refuses. He who no longer knows how to write, who renounces the gift which he has received, whose language is unrecognizable, is closer to the untried experience, closer to the absence of the "proper" which, even without being, gives place to the advent. Whoever praises style, the originality of style, only exalts the self of the writer who has refused to abandon everything and to be abandoned by everything . . . Neither reading, nor writing nor speaking: this is not muteness, but perhaps a murmur utterly unheard of: thunder and silence.*



**an all**

what continued, aware

its longing, so deemed, began again

began, a reaching

with them, nearly, each, uncovered

the dream one spoke, (of spring

outside i, could not distinguish

a version from

a tree filling, with stars

which continued, who spoke

in its trace

so its landscape, impressed

upon its nearness, they followed

a nearness again, nearing

\*\*\*

so its furtherance,

withdrew, toward another, a tongue

measured without, equivocation

the daffodils suggested

its longing, when it began, they were

surging, looking back

an inspiration, of landscape

a place, without refuge

crystallizing, the song strung over

a fence, a presence

one gathered, i could

not, distinguish one from each,

as they sung, they released

**a become**

twice along they looked  
outland-ish, that cavernous

text he fell over and into and out of and  
again: they which,

the watch. yellow the day it bunched  
up and spooled, she lay supine

dee-vine. in clover a matched field,  
who was who was moving

who into it, a warmth,  
of a kind. could

not a hand, could not a loose  
ness, could not a child?

moving along a thigh, a spine,  
the eye which followed.

often something covers something often,  
often covers often: again, he

a sunshade, a canopy of parasols  
a blanket curtained a shroud covering

the cloud of it, a rolling along  
each reaching for/into its horizon

## **a border**

could they keep it lovely, when they were uprising, where it was still and beginning and could they instate, where they were, could it still be beginning. could they keep it lovely dreamt and dreamed and clean, could it still beginning lovely, still brutalize, still dream. they were searching for a pathogen and loving, that they were searching and loving their pathogen and seeking their pathogen they were loving their pathogen. which they were looking for and loving clean. it was a lovely dance that they were dancing and killing and hunting down in a dance in a dream with an accompaniment. that one was lingering and held, that one was preserved, that what was preserved was preserved that they were preserving what they held, that was holding that was holding up. progress can be so difficult so angry that progress must progress must progress its pathogen that progress was lovely and they were holding it still and dreaming its history full. could they keep it still, could they keep it still lovely, was it still lovely when they held it down, when they were holding it down, was it still that lovely.

**a constant**

only they were dreaming, that having  
a lost toward a next-ing, a concord that singing,  
its memory, in vaulted chambers,  
a smallish thought dreaming, if i were some  
what awakening, if along the risen ways, if  
such were since, if along, amongst alit

and lifted, a dream each requested, so  
the day longer than the bird's  
shadow, so the shadow lengthening some  
what; a dream dreaming  
such a long, long way, such a thought,  
a disappearance each, twice, in forming.

the peaceable natures, of coursing, accrue  
a whichness passing/over a similar mountain;  
someone beginning, departing— along  
the street an also, a soothing; they never-ed  
in a crossing, a smallish-ness, a  
dream drawn from/into, a dream drawn out

**a darkness, i answered**

the radical could not see its variable, a closet of frost in its metaphysical winter, that the age of innocence somewhat too. continually, the ravishment, the rapture, its nature/nurture. what became popular, what development, which nomenclature of institutionalization. that its human-ism, appropriated, called out: yes/hosanna/hello, yes/hosanna/hello, a mirror pressed against the vortex. churning, its stomach followed.

of the landscape stretching/receding into its eye, a collage of reason followed. that the footsteps, near dawn, could no longer be traced, that the traces no longer replicating. suspended in a consumable virtue, the values of tradition, its mythological precedent. he became a flower, that history lifted, underneath the rubble, underneath its ink. the whirl of its vortex, lost its frequency, later the call of yes/hosanna/hello, the limit of intelligibility, the coarseness of its fiber. her longing, antiquated, forgot itself, amidst the broken ships, the burnt out cities.

**a disturbance**

nothing was fundamental  
the balloons released  
into the air  
no further landscape carried among  
the baskets, the  
balloons released  
carried along the winds  
nothing was delivered  
in a whiteness.  
among its conversations

over its skyline an image  
of smoke  
rolling outside the sweetness  
the balloons released  
into the air, into  
the ideas  
where no further landscapes  
no further mouths.  
the tongue of its perpetual  
afternoon, leaping  
from/into loud windows



**an efficient**

the fever through eras, burnt  
eyelids away from a sun  
unseen in that picture held  
to its ground a reason one  
furthered, a bridge through the city  
spread every laminate toward  
an edge unsolid they spoke  
of yearning and why we  
echoing a cavernous progression  
they dream only of ending

to the fever, the fervor a cell  
clung to the rooftops a light  
stuck in eternity the infinite  
model scaffolding smaller and  
smaller windows a breach  
of ors the irises dropping  
a reinvention of self in street  
it could not be written, only  
the motion of moving toward it  
that opposition has its pluses

they dream only of ending  
what the sickness said, to whom  
it may concern to whom  
displaying fear, bravura the ex-

hibition documenting the processes  
of exhibition one leaning in  
to another, the remoteness of i  
each time a marble hallway  
a remembrance of things passed  
a belief, of outside to be attained

**an else**

everyone stood braced, against  
the vacuum we shared,  
staring down into it, as it swirled,  
an old shirt, something unidentifiable,  
a piece of redness, a refrain,

once, there was silence  
there was silence,  
a brightness sometimes interrupts  
a sequence,  
i had said, goodbye to you,

when it is no longer useful,  
it goes away, or is forgotten,  
no one could remember  
the exact words for this,  
we imagined a clearing, and began

**an endemic**

it consoled, embedded      fraught, collateral  
mimicries one noticed (a further spring, a rose, a moon  
severed, one reading      the dilemmas of class, taste  
an ordered, an efficiency      burgeoning in signs  
of stars once traced, their atlas      equipped a  
transcendent/transcending its borders,      the trappings  
of a small dream, of a bird in flight, of tomorrow

constrained. every message, spreading (wings, a wave  
without breath, the starlings too      crowded, darkness  
in the envelopes/enveloping      a limit, of speech  
considered, bloomed      the rotting heap, lifting, tended  
a blanket of youth, of clouds, of every  
the light somewhat, filthy      a crashing each heard  
distinctly. a without, harboring      a scent of ships

could its economics      could its revelation  
a watchtower of yore, a risen      the neon burnt  
if smoke, if the answer      if the question (one read  
a terrarium, the grief, of those      within, what left  
behind, the vase      which had carried, an ocean  
could never      allow anything, unequal  
a street echoing      in the spaces      of home

**a fascination**

in its virtual city      a mass, of voices      tangling with ghosts  
they invoked, an after-image      reviving  
its image, a horizon      that was disappearing      in its transmission,  
a public broadcast      that forecast      'fear god  
and the stupidity of the populace'      nebulous, they subsumed  
that the dream of a benevolent father, that the *ex nihilo*  
sweltered      *de facto*, that is now      and ever shall be  
what overlay, the standard issue      which consumed what,  
had there been      its permanent revolution, its permanent eulogy  
that its 'inner life,' that its inner circle      one could look  
to the mountains, with versions of clouds      where the traffic,  
the trafficking, a spectacle      united, a state,      of illusory equality  
under the banners      it processed in Mexico      dreaming each  
in its own neon, its own      promenade      in the destruction  
'pick up your china doll,' 'pick up your china doll,' pick up your  
china doll,'      *ad hoc-ed*, could its meaning      carrying  
the stamp      of communication,      the unraveling of the boulevard  
as it recombined      a phantasmagoria,      its exhaust, feedback

**a frontier**

could it have been reduced, i was walking  
she carried several species of flowers, a roadside suggests  
the distance i felt, within me, shaping  
that it was a kind of bouquet, that there was a sentence  
thought that lendeth itself but to entertainment  
is but a courtesan, i had been walking amongst myself  
the pieces of Tuesday, where its color had not  
in the pieces of Tuesday, where i was picking things up  
that it flowered, that it mushroomed ahead  
where glass meant separation, she was reading the edge  
that it was national, what objectivity rested  
the city in a hologram lingered, the decals in a window  
nothing meant something else, she asked about ex—  
the birds were in the street, an argument of trees  
a furnace of holograms, what was subsiding  
in its midst, i asked where i had been, she would not  
they suggested options, the pieces of Tuesday  
a roadside suggests, the time spent in transit  
was it exchanged, what was to be exchanged, a window  
the song that was playing, what pooled inside  
the remainder of rain, one proclaiming 'the end of—  
  
you were not listening, stasis clattered  
that the 'scene' spent its frames, he said 'framed language'  
did he say 'framed language,' reason was a sidewalk  
had they purchased a place, what grieved

'the age of terror' 'time out of mind' 'a routine grounder'  
"perhaps you should telephone them," he said,  
replacing the canister which had fallen. "perhaps there  
is something to say."  
he disagreed, that it was Tuesday, the ceiling rotted  
a narrative started again, the dogs were in the street  
could it have been waiting, they were walking toward  
did it mean 'aesthetic," was it packaged  
a roadside suggests, where a definition collected safely  
the sidewalk full of whistles, that a freight train clattered  
what did she mean by "myth," the trees had begun to stop  
which modeled that, where became,  
she left the entrance with a purpose, was flight still  
the shape of a bird in the yard, the shape of a bird in a yard  
"damn" she whispered, "i thought that's what you said."  
the clock upon the wall clicked. in the tremor of the room  
he felt suddenly unsure of himself, and ran his finger along  
the top of the refrigerator. "things were simpler then," he said.  
outside, the night gathered.

it had fallen, they were in the midst of its falling  
an arm that meant camaraderie, its ball and socket joint  
they covered it up, she asked where it had been  
had it been called America, had it truly been called America  
moreover, there is strong evidence to the contrary, therefore  
it was not Tuesday after all, they decided, she continued  
where the picture was a wholeness, where it was receding  
that it was to be, interpreted, she extracted the afternoon

a hammock in a garden, a statue near a hammock in a garden  
a statue of a hammock in a garden, a statue of a garden  
how much did the first world cost, what was 'business as usual'  
they picked up the edges of the afternoon, she disappeared  
no one spoke. there was no speaker.  
my childhood, though, was a happy childhood.  
i was born in a small town in Ohio.  
i remember seeing a fox.  
there were Vanilla Wafers around.  
i had a dog that would *run away and come back*.  
i can't remember how its bark sounded.  
there was a row of big pine trees.  
"you can't be serious," he said, fidgeting. "i can assure you,"  
she replied, "that i am quite serious." a crowd erupted.



## **a garden**

if one avowed a they, and solemnly. that the paper they said were lying, and lying around. if one avowed and solemnly a they a who. so it was lying, lying, lying, so it was. when they were walking toward where it had been, and singing, justifiably, all the same. where everything was all the same it was all the same just the same and there weren't any. not that they had been. where it was solemnly so and all the same just the same and the news was lying around and also lifting somewhat away. when they were forgetting the news, and what they were avowing, privately. that it was private all the same, and privately solemn. one dreamed a kind of public, one fervently dreamed its fervent, its religiosity. solemnly, its they began climbing, an imaginary ladder. when were we climbing, an imaginary ladder, was the foundation beset with imaginary ladders. was that kind of concrete really advisable who was quarantined after all, and just the same. was anyone alive in that particularity, were things still flying around. that the news was carrying itself securely, privately, that it was merited that they were passionately meritocratical. emphatical, in the sense of hierarchies, when things deserved other things, when it became a discussion of optics, and fiber-optics, judgments. they were privately personal and just the same, they were angry at the undocumented processes, which were counterfeit and which were celebrating counterfeiting. why they were so blue. why they were so solemnly so blue. why the blue was all around and what they were continually asking of clouds.

**a genesis/an exodus**

that its 'world,' denuded      fell  
a rational      project, leaves      only little  
movements, living      committed  
to writing/warfare, his globe  
smaller than      it had been, smaller than  
the pages torn, out      in the bleak  
midwinter, what replaced      the sun  
in its inquiries      a window, one looking  
  
everywhere the implied      dream,  
fashioned happenstance, trimmed      beauty  
along desire's edge      the chintzy speeches  
of desire,      a stream      of endlessness  
harrowing. of the act      of falling,  
a reason      replacing the act, the accumulation  
of 'man,' a snowfall      the causality      a wish  
fulfilling      of the echoes, of prophesy, ersatz  
  
phantasmagorias      its unreal city, a mode/model  
of hate, a country spreading      its quest/ion  
for history, were the dialectic  
smaller      than it had been, the glass  
one saw, only silicate      a timeless descent  
never outside/never complete/never  
authorized,      to its clouds, the panorama  
drizzling at its borders,      at the running of them

[a horizon]

a horizon is a kind of love is a kind of love also a kind of love that a  
horizon is a kind of a kind of love before what was said to it said  
what it said to it before a horizon brings what was said of it to its horizon a  
kind of love could touch before it said its Word a language that could say what it  
was saying touch what it was touching as it could as it brings as a horizon is a  
kind of love a kind of love is touching before it had arrived what had been spoken  
its Word a language a horizon loves its language a Word a horizon loves its love a  
horizon that was bringing it to itself could touching it bring its touch when it was  
bringing its touch its kind of love a horizon is a kind of love was it speaking as it spoke  
were they speaking could it be spoken as a horizon brings could it be brought as a horizon  
speaks a horizon is a kind of love that was written that was written was writing was writing  
its horizon what horizon was writing which horizon among horizons was writing itself  
a writing horizon touching what it was bringing was it writing what was being said what  
was already spoken was it a kind of touch of love that was bringing itself to itself was itself  
full was it full of what was emptied what was emptied of empty what was empty was  
full what was empty what was bringing itself was emptying a kind of full what was  
being spoken was writing what was being spoken was it written as writing as language  
what was being spoken was empty being spoken was full was writing being language  
was language being language the language of language was being spoken was full a horizon is a  
kind of love that language loves to love itself a kind of love that was written was  
writing a kind of love that language loved what language was emptied what horizon  
was language a world was it remade was it ready made could making love loving  
could a world be a language was it remade was it making as it was bringing what it was  
bringing a world is a kind of language was love a kind of Word was it promised was it  
being promised what was being promised was language a kind of love what kind of  
world was being full a being empty was language a kind of love what love was

speaking in it what kind of world was making what it was making were they  
 making what it was making was it ready-made what was making was a world a world  
 what kind of horizon loved a world that was writing what was writing a kind of  
 world its world was bringing itself what it loved that was writing what it loved that was  
 bringing a kind of horizon the horizon was bringing a kind of love a kind of world that  
 was bringing what language was doing what was language doing with making  
 was it making what kind of doing was it undoing was it making a language that was  
 making was it making a kind of world a horizon is a kind of love what kind of love  
 is a horizon unmaking what unmaking a horizon could love a kind of making what was it  
 making what kind of making was unmaking a horizon a language a kind of love a world  
 unmaking a kind of horizon what was filling a kind of love what was touching a  
 promise a language what kind of unmaking was loving its kind of love a horizon is a  
 kind of love a world that language left unthought that was unthought in language could  
 its language remain unthought and what was remaining of its horizon a kind of love what  
 kind of love was touching what was remaining full that was filling a kind of emptying a  
 kind of horizon that was making what it was unmaking and loving what kind of horizon was  
 language a horizon is a kind of love is a kind of love also a kind of love that a  
 horizon is a kind of a kind of love before what was said to it said what it said to it  
 before a horizon brings what was said of it to its horizon a kind of love could  
 touch before it said its Word a language that could say what it was saying touch  
 what it was touching as it could as it brings as a horizon is a kind of love a kind of love is  
 touching before it had arrived what had been spoken its Word a language a horizon  
 loves its language a Word a horizon loves its love a horizon that was bringing it to itself  
 could touching it bring its touch when it was bringing its touch its kind of love a horizon is a  
 kind of love was it speaking as it spoke were they speaking could it be spoken as a  
 horizon brings could it be brought as a horizon speaks a horizon is a kind of love that was  
 written that was written was writing was writing its horizon what horizon was writing  
 which horizon among horizons was writing itself a writing horizon touching what it was

bringing was it writing what was being said what was already spoken was it a kind of touch of  
 love that was bringing itself to itself was itself full was it full of what was emptied  
 what was emptied of empty what was empty was full what was empty what was bringing itself was  
 emptying a kind of full what was being spoken was writing what was being spoken  
 was it written as writing as language what was being spoken was empty being spoken was  
 full was writing being language was language being language the language of  
 language was being spoken was full a horizon is a kind of love that language loves to  
 love itself a kind of love that was written was writing a kind of love that language loved  
 what language was emptied what horizon was language a world was it remade was  
 it ready made could making love loving could a world be a language was it remade was  
 it making as it was bringing what it was bringing a world is a kind of language  
 was love a kind of Word was it promised was it being promised what was being promised  
 was language a kind of love what kind of world was being full a being  
 empty was language a kind of love what love was speaking in it what kind of world  
 was making what it was making were they making what it was making was it ready-made  
 what was making was a world a world what kind of horizon loved a world that was  
 writing what was writing a kind of world its world was bringing itself what it loved that  
 was writing what it loved that was bringing a kind of horizon the horizon was bringing a  
 kind of love a kind of world that was bringing what language was doing what was  
 language doing with making was it making what kind of doing was it undoing was  
 it making a language that was making was it making a kind of world a horizon is a  
 kind of love what kind of love is a horizon unmaking what unmaking a horizon  
 could love a kind of making what was it making what kind of making was unmaking a horizon a  
 language a kind of love a world unmaking a kind of horizon what was filling a kind of love what  
 was touching a promise a language what kind of unmaking was loving its kind of  
 love a horizon is a kind of love a world that language left unthought that was  
 unthought in language could its language remain unthought and what was remaining of its horizon  
 a kind of love what kind of love was touching what was remaining full that was filling a

kindof emptying a kind of horizon that was making what it was unmaking and loving what kind  
of horizon was language

**an interest**

home's crystal, an emergence  
a vision assembling, a picture of  
youth, polished in a symbolic order  
the perfection, chosen a purveyor  
stopping the windows in motion  
threadbare, the arterial walls beneath  
a cavern Narcissus imagined  
inside its field of flowerings

were it resuscitated, a discretion  
matching corners of its reality  
and a throng of clipped narratives,  
the fragments of the dream  
each believed to share petals, lifting  
a constancy, a pixilated stretch  
of water questioning its veracity  
summoning its spirit world to dance

were i, complete a shelf of ocean  
a raising of monies to medicate  
a modernity nearly free of  
freedom were i, an archipelago  
carted away in Echo's persistence  
were i, a witness to such glory  
were i, a willingness a ledger, were i,  
a moral circulating, the gravity

**a kind**

takes its middle, thrown: this tossed, what  
might. along, one called, alee

alone. along, one called, a forest of forests,  
a choosing. often blue the lines that,  
stretch, so discovery so open so stretched.

a felt, vibrating the edges (what he lifted:  
a later, this inevitability, a space the wind  
tangled, pulled apart. its blur  
a blue-green aquamarine crux, a plot)

chosen, amassed, one posited: dream  
a quotation that lingered, unraveled

its forgotten a hollow, plucked plucked the  
caricatures of morning, polishing the sea.



**a kind of we/a kind of they**

that its flight is a kind of bazaar, something that its music kept  
carrying, when a forgotten surrounded, in its crux of wind,  
a cartoon encampment, what the wall meant, in this case,  
where they were digging a degree of tulips, a tumult.  
what had been/has it been what was being pasted along  
the floorboards of its psychological space, its paper  
utopia, that was always recuperating those elements,  
among its elementals. o dream, your fruition, o cow, o surface  
o area, a compound is a kind of nurture, what its demo-  
critic love was loving/providing, how it was loving/chiseling  
militias, and what they loved and what they were loving to be  
and to believe who they were and how they were listening  
to what it thought it could have said, were it reiterated  
somewhat differently. this kind of aggression, that type  
of certainty. it was coming up tulips, dressed in preparations,  
documentia, what could have been a small universe, a  
kind of museum that kept talking its secrets, its slant  
of light, its air of dustiness, the shades that were swishing  
although it was writing what it what was writing itself  
could one be made of it could one have lacerated what they had  
laminated, its plastic a considered a recent-ness a whirl  
of wind, that brushing against its considerable, its weight.  
had it been deeply engraved that kind of malfunction  
had it been deeply cut, a certain fabric, a kind of cloth  
or clothing, had it been so deeply covering and so elevated.  
that its flight is a kind of pandering or squawking, even

the panhandlers of which to of which about of which  
servant that loved its dialectical opposition its kind  
of stocking cap, its favorite pair of shoes. if they were  
leaving they were creating, that it might have sought  
a kind of then, its conclusion unraveling in the confines  
of the language that had been authorized that they  
had been apprehending, the subject that the subject was being  
apprehended a certain level of dread can be very helpful  
can be its own motivational speaker which could be  
apprehending the subject of which the subject might  
reach its necessity, had it been reaching for its conflict,  
had it been a conviction. were they laudable/audible could  
a kind of we laud a kind of them were they truly laudable  
given which subject had what authorized and where positions  
might fit/in and which types were streaming and what color  
were the tulips they were eating and were they also trees

**a kind of why**

if it could have wished itself, and could it have, wished itself.

had it might have wished, that each was waiting for a *purpose*, a *meaning*.

that each was waiting for each, of these.

of those there were ~~not~~ others, and others were among those who were not among them.

were they not.

and why, with a *purpose*, a *meaning*.

and were they dreaming of each, of purposes and meanings, and would they say it if they were, could

they be so useful, could they be so sure.

everyone was so sure of someone else, something of everyone that was sighing.

could it have been dreamt somewhat, could its difference also, have been.

what was being was being, and what was being, that being, a being, a kind of Being.

that it could not have been, agreed upon, that there was no fountain.

that despite everything else, there could have been a *purpose*, a *meaning*.

although it was proposing something, even so, even then.

could it have been harmed, could it have been so harmful, what was the harm,

it was doing.

could it have been, what it might also have been.

that it was/wasn't, that was its question, its kind of little town.

everyone loves its kind of little town, everyone loves its kind of love.

a little town is a kind of love to some, however.

the degree to which, and that kind of insistence, everyone loves this kind of motion.

they were full of joy, although it was slippery, it was also very expensive.

with which kind of *purpose*, with which kind of *meaning*.

was it not/was it so.

and if ~~so~~, and if ~~not~~, that it might have been observed, a kind of elsewhere.

if its dream could reflect the kinds of mirrors that a little town talks.

it could sound like the blurring edges of a little town, a dream, the disappearing streets.

everyone loves a *purpose*, a *meaning*.

everyone was in love with everyone else, although it was also joyful.

they were dreaming of joy, as if it were a kind of joy, as if it might have been also an otherwise.

it could not be kept, to itself/by itself, as it was loving itself, it was dreaming itself, together.

while it was wishing itself, that it followed.

while it was being followed, it was also discontinuing.

why it might not be joyous, why it might not follow, as it might.

although they seemed pleasant.

although they had been \_\_\_\_\_ing, despite feeling otherwise.

### the lyric subject

someone that history forgot that forgetting so positively. a positively someone that disappearing mattered most recently. where its name went, where it arrived. should it have been 'made,' should it have been 'constructed,' were Plato etc. instead, should, say, someone so positive, someone so identified, someone so fully. what it could not remember what could not be remembered. where was it looking, and with/at whom. the present does not does not ask questions. about someone so positively there could not be asked, someone so forgotten, so disappearing. who was it, that thought to ask: as it departed it could not impart.

completely, severally, properties stretched. a unification a myth. 'people' so distinct, so contrasted. as it contrasted, so fully, there were logics. as it considered, it became, mechanized. the future did not/does not whisper. its ghosts so sated. that it was punctured, that words were leaking, into its landscape. what was peripheral was anything peripheral was everything peripheral. who, concerned, mentioned its dimensions. nobody was keeping score. there 'one' said 'we' without noticing. on a plane so flat, so treated. its weather. overlooking it, looking back at it, that it had not made suggestions/impressions.

nothing could be emptied of. one so timely could be emptying when it was beginning. nearly nearly leaving it was nearly there. where it had presence/presences. that one so timely considered moving forward/not moving. where it neared what it was nearing where it was. had it lamented justly. one so justly speaking. 'people' in thinking of other 'people.' a landscape emptying the landscape where they had been speaking. one heard it lightly, positively. the essence of it, the essences of it, its 'essential nature.' it was splitting it so positively so completely. if it were separating, if it were unifying. they were all asking, what they were forgetting.

what they were trying to do, when they were moving toward. that it was always collapsing. could they positively. it might reiterate what could have been happening, it might just reiterate. could they all fit inside of it. who was crossing, who was so self-possessed, so timely. what they were doing when they were building. what they were building along with building. so many were filling, so many were filling out. it was 'making room,' for its substitutions. were they waiting, in the wings, were they. some things were written, 'others' were written about. where everything answered/was answering everything else. utility is a pitiless god.



did it linger its nation. did it ascertain, it was completely civil, when it was in order, when was it in order. they were thinking 'it is completely civil,' it was completely entertained. from it sprang, it sprang from, caricatures, shades they were springing. it had been outlined, it was blurring. everything was running/reuniting from. from it sprang equivocations/it sprang from where, two sides were meeting. where two sides were meeting they were talking of meeting/reuniting. that it was justified in. there were concerns, that it was behind everything. holding it up, to the light. it could have been reiterated/returned. that it could have been something else, that there were 'others' there.

noone was calling out to everyone else. what noone said when it called, the space it used. how the sounds resembled, a type of music, how the music suggested, a kind of finale. they were humming along, a sort of harmony. that they had been, breeding, an apocalypse. that its 'wait here' surrounded. that it was pushing through. fabric, skin, the text that each might have been, the coloration of. a certain eternity. it's tablecloths. the firmament which upheld, what upheld its firmament. they were humming along, a sort of harmony. a road, a tree with a few leaves. they were patrolling, the border/s, that alienation might yet, blossom, fruitful.

a road, drenched in sky, the houses of a road, its meanings. that it implicated, its viewer. that its viewer was viewing, something already viewed. that the parameters were altering. a road drenched in sky, the houses of a road, its meanings. the city/country, urban/rural of its spent, its infusion. where a kind, of investment, where it could have been. a road, drenched in sky, the houses of a road, its meanings. given its placement, its signature/s, looping through/into whiteness. where whiteness, a kind of dream, a kind of road, a kind of insurance/assurance. the regulations leaching, toward/away (from) the order of things. in general, the natural, a process of process. a road, drenched in sky, the houses of a road, its meanings.

what the picture could be, what it knew. where it could have been, what was, excluded. a perceiver shouldered, what it was thinking of. it held its eye, they held their gaze, it was not static. when the sequence believed/contaminated. when the frame became, unauthorized. that a kind, of American, a kind of pastoral. what was pushing, against the skyline. when it claimed, its difference. something coming through it, clearly. one so cleanly speaking, others so cleanly listening. what was agreed upon. this too began. could it 'hold forth,' could it 'come to terms.' could/did its material resolve/dissolve. was it always, already an ideal. what they were/were they holding onto.

anything loves a something particularly. practically anyone loves them all. each one, a full of possibilities, each one a kind of recourse/resource. practically anyone is an everyone, even a someone particularly. particularly everyone, doubly singular, a kind of multiple. a multiple of kind, a kind of likeness. a like of kindness. what liked an unlike, it was certainly saying something. what disliked, what it disliked, what was it like. what it liked it loved, were it a who. practically a particular love, a particulate view, a new. were it a view, were it empty of who. was it certainly saying something. was it reminded of, what was it reminded of, was it reminding/remaining.

so blank, a blanketing of. that it might have returned, had it. what was walking, through/with. where it became blanker, could it have been an everyone, an i. the marks it was making, hollowing out. as it thought, its world. a kind of nothing, filled with trees, a suggestion of wind, the burnt edges, thumbbed. it was still moving, the possibilities of rivers. a blanketing of rivers. the sky unechoed. where a road had been, with its inflections. could its edge remain an edge, could it. an edge, a question, a tongue. the tension of a bird they were watching, as an arrow somewhat, unmoving. its marginalia. had it already been, resolved, a mirror of sorts. elsewhere, a cloud ringing mountains. in its distance, a type of rain.

had we seen something different/differently. a kind of inking, had it pressed, linking.  
an inkling, the things a hand might do/say. were we touching. that its 'avant garde'  
had a 'how to' manual. with certain pieces of sky. on surfaces, which might have  
reflected/refracted. a circumstance/circumference. light was, salvation, a kind of  
stillness, a miniature, a kind of, eternity. where its writing occurred, what it was  
writing about/around. they had been 'just leaving' for a while. that time was all  
around, transcending. were leaving, a kind of loving. if/that its 'position,' was  
always changing. had it taken, action. they were asking, were we touching, was it  
full, of signatures, was it.

did they know what they were knowing. when they were knowing it. that it could have been, had it. that it clearly, nearly was. was it so each, so distinct. that it discarded, a selection of clouds. so natural, it had been easily. eliminating everything, it was determined. there were determinations, definitely. so easily differing definitely, so nearly purely. so surely. they could not see, what was coming. an event, that had been coming, somewhat eventually. somewhat elevated, a kind of dictation. that there was a code. although it had been, loosely defined, definitely. what had been deferred, so deferential. they became defensive. they were knowing what they had been. that they were knowing, and knowingly known.



i could not cover, where it was/where it was going. i could not dis-cover. that anything might have occurred. that occurring, a kind of either/or, a type of reason. had it been speaking, of windows. had it clearly, wintered. it had been dealing, with kinds, of information/with which kinds of information. had it been dealing with informations. were informations informative, were they in-forming. what was in, what was forming. the type was telling. the type of in-formation, that was telling. that form, too, would always, fall, a kind of snowing. a kind of wind, that was wrapping. had it a forest. could they have weathered it. where dis-covery was becoming. in a kind of orientation, in a kind of destruction.

nothing could be ended evenly. if they were clipped, if they trailed sentences, colors.  
were it nearing what it had been claiming. upon which, had it sufficed. in the  
meantime, had the situation been changed. what they were driving through it, how it  
changed, the shape of it, how it altered itself, evenly. that its sylvan historian,  
suggested a kind of otherwise. that they were dedicated, along a kind of otherwise.  
which kind of otherwise would. would which remember itself as other, as a  
meaning, as a leaving. it seemed the dirge, what had already begun. they were  
reaching each other, into/among the borderlands. were its dream so delightful, so  
dreamy. when it was catalogued, when it began stopping, meaning.

to be or not to be, that is its answer. it was representing, what it what was representing, that representation, in a kind of craft. and were they sailing/stalling. that it was nearly time, that it was nearly a time, that it was currently, and passing. and were they sailing along, and was it confessing something. to whom is a home, they were always renovating, innovating the innovated, and innovatively. was it an ovation, that was being born, could it be a birth and was it really sailing. long long, along the horizon, long long, along the horizon, what might have been, inside a line, how it was opening. and were they really sailing. if it had a curtain, if it had a balcony. had it believed, in an outline, in that kind of caress.

it was so dirty, it was fucking. they didn't want its nakedness, its exposition. it could not be subtle, they were only waiting, in a smaller distraction. what it might have called/what it might have called out. and what for. were they thinking, its audience, were they. it was so dirty, it was loving, it was a kind of curtain. that there was a panorama, a kind of outside, something wished, something sailing. had it been a window, a castle. a partition, a patrician, a kind of noise. in its exposition, an exposing. that it was always covering up. that they were always covering up. what they were saying, and so baroque. from the window, a kind of baroque, a firmament. and could they see its façade, could they.

a rising of hounds, could a howl still. once placed, the extent, of its damage. was it, 'in the distance.' he was 'replaying it,' that it 'had to be repeated,' when it 'had to be spoken.' it had to deliver, what it had to deliver upon. could a howl, still breathe, at its reach, at its river. and where was it opening/its opening. that a clearing, streamed, that its sounds were placing/replacing. what was, once, itself. what was receiving and was it also howling. must it have been forgotten, and was it fading/fading away. how were they feeling, about their perceptions. and what could be brought, to them. were they 'in the distance,' were they smeared/smudged, what was flowing, against its textures/its grains.

its heart, always open/broken. opening/breaking away from it-self. that its self was opening itself open. although where, its captivating, its conclusion. could it be opening/breaking, summarily, could it be its continually. its open/broken, always heart, hurt. a dis-heartening crest, so fallen, what it was picking up. what was being received. at its reception, nothings were leaving, a part of something, each. an opening/broken plane, a field of which. that its heart was opening its heart was. and where, they were loving. and where it-self opening/breaking, that its opening, un-open. as if it were spoken, leaving. as if it were leaving, it-self behind. a part of something, not-beyond, un-returning, a heart opening closing.

**a man**

what he knows knows  
no limits, what he does not know  
limits a nothing, a nothing  
knows no limits, what he  
knows of nothing, what nothing,  
what knows. what nothing  
limits, a nothing limits, what  
knows he of nothing but  
limits of what he does not  
and what he does and what  
does he know of he of it, what  
he does not and does  
and what limits what he does  
and does not but nothing  
and a nothing which knows.

**a market**

were the heirlooms      agreed, upon were  
the spirits packaged, in      weather, neighborhoods  
tongued into      each other, identity caressed  
what the consciousness said it answered  
the burning      of its dream, this type of fire  
in the absent,      foundation      could its reach  
how it thought itself, how it said it answered  
one spoke,      a knowledge,      an application  
they did not recognize each other,      skin was  
everywhere      reincarnation was, everywhere



**a meeting**

amongst my sun i addressed  
myself i too a phantom you that we  
were quite lyric and loving  
each other functionally/frantically  
with too many other things  
also seeming to be a morning  
and as sunny as interested as ever.

my audience was also me a more  
passionate version a better  
more useful person any way you  
look at it a bunch of language toting  
around a mortified (as in: rigor  
mortified "author" that neither  
of us liked very much and who  
we had all agreed to ostracize.

nothing could stop my sun  
and my presence as i was quickly  
becoming universal and you  
were very metaphysical about  
our manifesto which others found  
charming and were beginning to  
dream about and to join hands.

## the narrative

its remains, a skyline in haze, rust breaks a city/a community, a radio playing/scraped  
that the limits transcended a model, of limits a scrap heap, of broken cars how its  
chickenwire, how its diagnosis a symbolic initiative, a gesture of progress could not be  
spoken, that its evening, a slow dance imbued with cicadas, transmissions

in its deliverance, one spoke of 'vital necessities' the cloak, a hero's cloak could his steed,  
could the passage, of time that the Absolute can be conjured she read Ann Rice, in a gazebo  
onward, onward, en garde 'may I please speak with \_\_\_\_\_' they awaited a decision/an  
escape unfurling, unmitigated

the outside a dream of fingerprints, of horror the persecution, of information, were freedom  
a grand narrative his arm swept, across the horizon 'all this' later he returned, from  
the Bastille with chocolate To sir: (with love) it has come to my attention there  
was no language, no network

from inside it, a radiant beam megawatt, the disappeared, the tucked away the fruits, its  
labor automatic, where it required, its opposite to purchase a permit beyond  
its machines/machinations they painted lines on the highway, it could not recognize  
itself, its hypocrisy, as it toured

they too, were nightingales      aflight, in a summer bordering      its eternal, spectral commotion  
the largess, of its slabs, pouring      its human, content      white clouds, mingling rows, a  
greenness      that darkening, sang      its allegorical, imperative      awash, in sleepy  
moonlight, there walking      amidst, the harbingers      of tradition

of eloquence, the crushing salve      its master/slave      symbiosis, a symptom      coughing  
fragile evenings      to the birds, (hawks/doves)      its freight, a leitmotif      aspiring symbols, to  
agencies of worth, its formal valuation      its endearing, bylaws      'those were the best days of  
my life'      its honor,      a scintillating vigilance

coming down, from the Alhambra,      a bastard      god, a culture, an imperialism      his  
notebook, stuffed      with pork, coattails      arms swishing, in its Prospect,      an enveloping,  
harbor      a stair, a curtain, somewhat      could its evidence      'a dream we dreamed one  
afternoon, long ago'      they drafted, the lives      on parchment, obsidian

that its revenue, its homestead      flaked, apart      it flung, into its abyss      its abyss, a vibrant  
longing      where the ego, shelters      its sun, from its acts, of creation      a glory spilling, over,  
into the fields, (Elysium or otherwise)      what Psyche applying, for nationalism trembled,      in the  
wings,      of which pata-meta-      physical angel

the spectacle guaranteed, quarantines an insoluble crux, abated the lost, its shadows, her  
renewal were the insistence, it labored a crystal which lit, up the voice swinging  
through its measured, delirium were the promenades, flushed that its act, suspended  
meaning, a dress which ordered a touch, a sight

the incurable, witness contented, 'the truth of the matter' a body, counted its intimacy,  
a negligence threaded through words, a routine 'he says he is writing the perfect sentence'  
over and over what the lights said, to a traveler a figure, of dread superimposed in  
antiquities that they urged/surged, cleanly

its Great Wall, delivered a border, of the mind electromagnetisms, stratagems  
hoarded, across the plain, through its cities divided, toward a faultline, carrying debt  
that they too, were samples a clock bearing, its nakedness what the still life placed,  
where the coats hung it cornered, a spirit, a form/formless

his fortune cookie read, 'to whom it may concern' its gleam, of brilliance where its  
denizens, washed usefulness into its streets, skylines, the inside/outside, the form/from  
he counted advertisements, loosely when applicable, when thoughts began  
uncovering, their systems, its panoptic, red orange yellow green blue indigo violet

in 4/4 time, the squandering rage, of its incest a certain dream, a familiarity, a snapshot  
that it continued, receding that it assembled/disassembled could it have been packaged, with  
care, interest had one delivered, nothing its rose, unwinding the red carpet, which  
glittered as extravagance as mouths as openings

'would you like me to seduce you' that it too, engulfed a breeze, with artificial  
memories, what seemed necessary, driven the good citizens, of Geneva duly saluted, the  
ordinance gathering, that the skylights covered that the snows, were convincing how  
justice, how the man of taste, to persuade, which garden of its/whose gardener

that his taboo, caught a throng, mid-step its tongue, a throng mid-step, that his vision  
included what it could not, include the pavement thundering, its silence that thundering,  
abolished a toss, of its dice a chance a tongue a throng, mid-step its romance,  
ungrafted the skin that mattered/manifested

where it could not move, where it sheltered which came before, that it appropriated destiny,  
a stampede, so its mission its legions, its Helios burning through, a canvas a  
Decalogue, that the inhabitants, supplicants had chosen, a few good men, kind sirs  
that honor sweltered a unified field, of irises

\*\*\*

'say hello to Valerie say hello to Vivian giver her all my salary on the waters of  
oblivion'

archetypal, a listless      quaint, its hometown      who brought ideologies/ideograms      that  
destiny could be squandered, that its carving      inroads, a folding      horoscope, placed exits  
nearly      contaminants      of its relegated sublime      that demonstration, a co-operative      a  
namesake, a revivalist congregation      standing its nearness

the fascination one felt, (he was the kind      that it left the machines, idling      traces of passing,  
its abrupt air      churning, the ceremony, was it not      an emblematic, a canister      limping  
suburban, trafficking the sake, the goodness      could not be spread      with the script, of bombers  
where the illustrious, darwinisms      conjugal/commingled

they kissed, a force/a forceps      'every grain of sand'      its inventory, the warehouse  
another box, of light      of the place they had not      astonished, the science of it      that the  
protesters could not protest, the location      of the protest      its free speech zone, its gray zone  
that the clamoring, quarantined, a servant,      of its minions

on Tuesday, Phoebus      in the palace      an articulation, of its agency      that the lobby fed,  
that the fed, reserved      she could not locate, her footsteps      the trailing, off she had uttered  
where she had      disappeared, the view      obscured, she thought      her thought, what veiled,  
its veil      that its manifestation, an abstracting      its alteration, imparting

that they caressed, the lightening of its earth, that the singular, a multiplicity a throng/a  
throat it its permanent reaching, there were waves that there were waves, the crashing  
of its vision of its infinite murdering nothings/nothingnesses a cradled desperation, so  
long the firmament weather-beaten/weathering a constant, a shading

(light was salvation wrested, itself where the disaster ended, a clearing a clarification  
of the setting, the necessary errata, a forest of were its history, so easily an expensive  
hegemony, that its input sequestered, her camera lucida, glass of Antigone, that its  
frame, a blight, which spreading gathered, its traces/carets

exurban, bang its cave painting, that mimicked accidentals, its preference to speech,  
which totaled a siren song, a nightmare that lucid dreaming, that leveled its  
awakening, a thought of its boom, where things could situate half a world, away  
its ivory tower, scheduling an appreciation of its third world

that the fragmentation, acquired spirit swaying, an imaginary breeze what calculated its  
abstraction, what was always already bifurcated, irresolvable that its shoreline, that its sky  
were neutrality, disinterested, where its foundation erected, a negativity awaiting a  
consumeration, were its unconscious so delved, delivered

he was crafting, a Victorian letter      searching for apt biographies, addenda      that its identity, a  
struggle,      a particular, universality      on its one condition      could Darfour ('Dayroom'  
its closest approximation)      remain unspelled/dis-spelled      given, 'nation-building'      were  
its hothouse flowers,      truly spectacular, was he coming      with an offer of marriage

they dreamed deeply, its Iron Curtain      a physical stage, clanking,      its crime/punishment, rent  
apart      by criminals      pulling open the drama      that its binding, contract      showcased  
the heroic, that they cried      for Realism      could the superhighway, satisfy      the pages  
flying through, overlaid,      its Theater of Cruelty,      were its symbols agreed/upon

'a man with a horse and a gun'      they were full, of passionate intensity      its reticence  
approximated, in its fever      the cities, the plains, again, filled      that the brink, collapsed  
that its authors, shoved/shoveled      were the semblance recreated, a lingering twilight      in  
which they were waiting      for it,      that arrival, heralds arrival, that its onto-logical,  
another lighthouse

everything but, disastrous      illuminated in its diminishing light      (which elongated, a texture  
evaporating, its perpetual system      the watercolor, the graffiti      which version, destined  
the fittest      hardening, which flaked      into the dream, where its house,      the hill, a  
searchlight      where the mirrors, dusted      with/for fingerprints



would you remember me, as radiance, as a nuclear wish had i salvaged its wreckage,  
had i suggested a mirror, a heart that it would, immaterial radiate, a kind of brilliance  
a green field overgrowing dislocated, a/its sleep uncontaminated in its saturated, future  
a gate, its barbed wire, the small collections after-images

the forest of it, a river they were responding, to its industriousness the outside, it touched  
what was, inside of it, driving it he remembered, he was speaking that its violence,  
convinced a noon, a railway where he/she had been 'a rose is a rose is a rose' the  
great wings, beating still what clung to, the air in its iron lung

a wellspring, a certain trail, that trailing line forming/reforming, that its musicality  
were/where its conditions circumscribed, a wilderness where its forest before, cantering  
the cartoons, drawing deeply, a watering hole that the migration, a song of desperation  
the fugue in carrying the wind, a wind in parts/parting

the cultural re-establishment, packaged in generations, language dis-associated its  
history, that history, reactionary trailed and blazed what remained/escaped, a general  
impression each dreamed a pond, water lilies a free present, a free speech spilling,  
pooling, in and around itself, re-ingesting a Flood (of information a gold-plated covenant

\*\*\*

'say hello to Valerie say hello to Vivian give her all my salary on the waters of  
oblivion'

**a never/an always**

could it have been completely, outside  
of itself, one is always thinking  
thinking thinking. so definitively, a caste of thousands  
the little people, who made this possible, so red, a type of carpet  
was it absorbing,  
thoroughly, he said he was having surgery,  
she was having a baby, everything was whining, dishonorable.  
the man of his Word was keeping it.  
secret, diligent, they were building a boring kind of poem  
that was aging badly, but speaking honestly about it.  
earnestly blaming it on the stylized sun,  
and other neons. i had been carefully, sweetly, lying around,  
there was always a highway, always a textbook,  
always a notebook, always a railing.  
could it all have been completely  
what was not understood.  
frequently, they were pausing at landscape/weather,  
how its speaker/speaking was feeling, about landscape/weather.  
that true feelings  
were truer, bluer, more similar.  
nothing was holding it, was anything together.  
they had been lying, lying, lying for many solidly sinful centuries.  
although nobody was blaming the handgun.  
a beholder is also a bore,  
and not nearly so seductive.  
they were still waiting, for it to never happen again.

**a next**

what becomes lost, an i wishes  
permanence upon, where you could  
not leave it, where it wasn't,  
it speaks, *there is no death*, nature  
couldn't argue, any differently.

they became absences, it seemed  
when it folded up, when did it close,  
we weren't certainly, upon a table  
in a voicelessness, the duration  
felt along the edges, was i there

at all. later the still-framed rose,  
something flying, through the window,  
sight carried little, i thought  
of hammers, and other disasters  
rose and began, to separate quickly.

**[a nothing]**

a nothing            it was talking/taking when            it was coming

when,

it was making it beautiful            when it was, making what it was

becoming            more, when            it was becoming/becoming

what it was to become,            and nothing more beautiful

what it was to become more            beautiful, what it was without

becoming            had it relieved/relieved            what it promised, it

promised            what could it have been            so leaving, that

order supplied, how            it considered emptiness, how/that

it was becoming streamlined, promised            how/that it was

so reachable, not so            un-reachable

that they could make it more beautiful, that they could even

i without i,            with out, without con/in-clusion            occlusion

a with out,            that was not un-entering, that was, some

what            further, behind

that was some kind            of always, that was            where, a reach of

it            was relived/relieved            that it could have been more

beautiful, if it were waiting, still

**an object**

home, a crystal      a space

in/inside      unity, a parade, caught

throated      each's dream, thought

apace, they      were waiting

a silver bell      not yet, ringing

a toward, a progression, a myth.

nothing could, not await      division

a doubling      sight (with holes

spilling      a/its decisive heaven

a crystal, a waking      a willing.

the window      cornered, a bird

which did not      flutter, dreamt

in isolate      banners, the parable

of several agreeing      on principle

a crystal, a space      turned, sharply

a tangible, omission      hardening

which spoke, of itself a long

time ago trickling letters.

of a forest, of hearts which, could not

contain its/their dream/ing

**an obsolescence**

the heads (a hallway      verticality plucked  
of a crystal      the sphere, spoken  
namelessness, a worth      (hung placement, deliverance  
of its undoing, the surplus      curtains flickering  
samples, examples      above all (what aspired  
lengthening, could its overt  
a handle, a lament      when it was/was it defined  
the outline slated,      renewal,      its occurrence split  
(a vision of population      a hill  
its destruction, a progress      excavations of need  
utility was      all the glory, the marbles  
where one trailed      off (a housing, a dream  
dotted, it seemed, with      a constant  
a stream      settled/settling, the orders of dust  
toward its lament, a decoration      why the noise  
positioned, a sunlight      either/and  
its thematic reading, its call      hurled throughout,  
a kind (of causality      a kind, of likeness

**an over/an under**

even the wreckage      piling, flowing  
passing      disease, authorship  
to the newsmedia      could not remain  
a dream      of several distinct purities,  
only in a vision      of the angel (of  
history)      limp and fluttering, loosened  
from a further dream      or something  
dreamt, while dreaming      a deluge  
of possibilities, of memory      collapsing  
into unspoken cities, unspoken  
frequencies:      that shape is flux,  
that flux is stasis      that its angel,  
unpropelled      could not reach  
through broken lives      could not turn

that the first world      grieves itself  
toward its future      that the advent of  
things      remains untouched, untouchable  
that the advertisement would not stop  
expanding, its perpetual dream,      a motion  
of its perfect      machine, its collateral  
damage      remained intact, a perfect  
artifact, preserved      as preservation, as  
the rebuilding process      is written  
whose lament can be sung      whose  
nation      what people      presented



as stories of hope      the advertisement  
would not stop      that the advertisement  
would not stop,      its indestructible/destruction

## **an oversight**

what had been erased/delivered, and they were asking each other about the type of pattern, what it had been, when something lifted out into it. from below a kind of wish, that which called itself, by a different name, a differing. among its high-flying acrobatics, what could not stop its twirling, its twirling, a kind of omission. had somewhat been, virtually becoming, a need, where they were offering, a fine price. the costume designers were being interviewed, they thought, while it was 'in process.' later, it was only called: Guantanamo.

were they dreaming, truly, were they truly dreaming, truly, which kind of exile would fit, which would need fitted. what they were fitting, when they were fitting, how it could become fitter. the fittest had always already been, formally invited, what kind of clouds were spinning around, there might have been a sun, perhaps, said the neo-thinker, perhaps, perhaps. could a routine love itself silly, could a routine become, so lovely, could it become so lovingly, could it love so lovely. the kinds of things that were spreading, the catchiness of them.

**a passing/a spreading**

its act of disappearance followed another demonstration  
its public space receding in indistinct patchwork  
an ossification of formulae larvae if longing could  
they dreamed of networks inter-connectivity four sparrows  
dotting his wiring what message decoded sounded  
sunrise sunrise in permanence sunrise sunrise as beginning  
how the common ground advanced its logic how clearly  
the wall which distorts an enveloping could not forget  
itself what the telephone meant what phantasm  
rummaging through a version of history with earrings unclasped  
a compression chamber in its nanosecond of action waving  
could its i upon awaking suggest an alternative window  
where the street ended where its image/images awaited  
the ground of a negativity pulsating through its fabric  
its certified documentation a superhighway full of exits  
it could not negate anymore it could not suggest/infer its text  
the incompleteness of its residues its unearthed cacophonies

**a position**

their closure began with beginnings

an opening lying supine

the table somewhat incomplete

how the disaster did not

carry its weight away how the light

sought itself moving against every

position the hole swallowed

a boundary of small stars strung

along a beach the wind severed

its persistence a tide receding

a direction linking

placement with intention

a shimmering non-entity a cloud

where they moved into futures of

grief a ground hollowed

out a foundation which damaged

a mouth caught in its flickering

an elevation clearing into song

one dreamed waking a blankness

without morning the edges of

sound coming apart outlines

shorelines in mist lifting

away promises      impelled always  
the use      of force      the resistance  
it fed      upon      a space filled with  
no earth      its earth      without sky

**a predicate**

he became, more secure, the window let  
twice, the birds seemed to consider  
returning: a labyrinth with erasures, traced  
to come back, to stay  
the glass upon the counter-top, the dream of once  
you were not looking, that is all  
she followed the tracks of the train, the rain

to believe, is insoluble, is already: dreamt  
to carry her home, a threshold  
the question you would not answer, the rain  
in the corner, a violin, the question  
of music: the window let in, what it did not keep  
out, in pastures, to snap a picture,  
the idea of trucks along an overpass

**a progress**

however the houses, opened  
outside the inferno's  
last dance, a frame, someone calling  
a long line, walking, outward  
suggestions of lessening

which horse, the cenotaph  
an ordinary hula hoop  
the bang of things, if bereavement  
a belief, they were walking  
one emptied, another

\*\*\*

ouch the whiteheat, cawed  
as much as it seemed  
to glisten: a forgetting  
as much as it seemed, certain windows  
a certain truth, the arc of flowers

streamed forth, froth  
a river, twice  
the ceiling cawed, lifted outward  
a music box, desire spun  
one looking homeward, a belief

\*\*\*

their rose, they said  
onethousand acres, filling in  
the shape of a dream, its gloss  
an omniscience  
their antithesis, presenting

whitenoises, in which collapsing  
a vase, along a vase  
towers of earth, of glass  
in love, so long  
cawed, a small enough distance



**a purpose, not an instrument**

even as it packaged, it packaged as it wrapped/unwrapped  
that it became, then, new that it curtained, a surface  
what it might have told it told, differently inflected  
a national, a regional, what it took, for supplies  
and re-supplied that it stocked, a wilderness  
a solitary beagle, with howls what it celebrated  
when it turned/returned, where its jurisdiction, was touring

had one brought a window, had one looked through it  
the final frontier, all filled up, specialized, privatized  
what it was saying, what it was trying to say to whom  
that hegemony, of a kind, of history that otherwise  
faltered, collected that a process ontology, they processed  
were Being so many, beings could it speak of freedom  
could it not a destiny, not a property, not a dogma

not an argument, not an alternative, not a destruction  
what perceived its filter, what filtered that language  
could always comply what was systematized/  
systematic, what implied that language that its universal/s  
regularized, could be, reinvested that its reserve, charted,  
a renewable resource, a conservation area, how it was  
speaking what it was speaking, its spirit/spiriting

**a questioning**

how could it not rising  
be named Crisis-now  
how. could it not rising  
be arising.  
was it so  
risen. that it called  
itself something else  
that it called out.  
it had been  
saved, again/against.  
they were looking for  
what it was saving,  
in its wake/in its waking.  
that it was always rising.

\*\*\*

how could it not  
be named Crisis-now.  
the spreading  
of yes, and which out  
of certain versions  
of how loving, of its  
Benevolent now.  
it was such  
Unity. and units

of conversion.  
amongst the tables  
of suffering-meaning  
it was always still  
nebulous. as it was  
answering itself  
it its echoes and  
cutting, through  
what still-ness.

\*\*\*

the vigil  
was un-American  
the concerns were  
un-American so many  
could be so un-  
American when it was.  
even then, so  
un-American as it  
was. in a fit  
of coughing. its bleak  
passion always  
found/founding. away  
from here, "founded"  
could not  
answer, as it was,  
"freedom"

as it was “kingdom”

as it was also

every not among

at which crying.

**a river, a little town**

what they were carrying, in a post-industrial.

could its dream have seen it, could it have dreamed its airs,

what they would be carrying, post-industrial.

had it been shared, that dream, could it have been seen,

in the love of a little town, in the pride of a love of a little town.

what they were carrying in a little town,

what they were loving. in a post-industrial, the growth

of a little town, where it was going/growing

in a dream that was dreaming, in a post-industrial, the love

of a little town, of the little people, that made this possible.

could its dream have seen it, what it was loving,

could its plant have been growing, steadily, inside them.

had it dreamed its excess, had it dreamed its post-industrial.

what they were carrying, inside of its dream

the future was, a kind of contamination, that was a future.

what was a future, in a kind of contamination,

what kind of dream, were they carrying in a kind of future.

when they were loving a kind of future, when it was

a cancer in a dream, that was carrying itself toward.

did they dream its airs, when it was growing, did they dream

its growing. they were loving the sound of a river,

of a river flowing through, the love of a little town.

was it patriotic, to suffer, was it patriotic to carry, was it patriotic  
to dream. the sound of a river in the middle, of a little town.

they were loving, post-industrial, the dream of a river  
in a little town, the sound of a river in a dream of a little town.  
had it been growing, steadily, had it been among

those undreamt. what was outside the dream of the dream,  
where a love of a river in a little town was flowing, where it  
was flowing to, where it was being borne, in another future.

**a seeming**

digital soule, a kept; in virtuous linen  
closets, with firemen along the firmament  
dressed, with X-rays, with small excess

es. a citar replaced, the sky filled  
with released balloons. behind the stain  
glass kosmos, the traffic light burned.

what they lifted; a vellum scroll, named:

D=E=S=T=I=N=A=T=I=O=N.

her dowry, heavy, among drowning sirens.

**a self**

inside of it, it no longer  
a matter of it, no longer an  
inside of it inside dispersing  
an outside an it, the warmth  
of it, the glowing presence  
inside of inside of it, a  
matter no longer no longer  
a warmth a matter an  
inside of it dispersing an  
outside of it a whole, an  
it spreading each it thin,  
a glowing which shattered  
a shattered which glowing  
held, for a time, a time  
a whole that could that  
could not which shattered  
each whole a glowing of  
what had been and what  
had been there, whole



**a sighting**

a narrative would surrender suddenly  
impressed, in unended layers  
could return in given scenic, indices  
spread toward its touch— that several were  
tissues worn, alighting.  
had it circumstance, to forget  
that it was suddenly the whiteness  
that it was hurtled, a grace  
that it was wandering. had it been perfectly given  
perfectly surrounded, the discharge,  
what re-sounded. had it burned, as it leapt  
the fire they were tending. its glance,  
worn, wearing away. a nothing  
was to be carried, from it as it leapt  
the speech that it thought better of,  
the arresting resonance, that razed, its  
ideal of where. how it planted the road  
that had not been, received kindly.

un-earthed, what seraphim remained.  
the birds that had been, had been  
slaughtered, alighted in a fabric  
of navigation, of its impartial dream,  
a tracing, of the broken noise  
which erupted. from its foundations,  
none proclaimed a history,

none lacking what had been  
forgotten, none moving  
in the shadow-hall. which discontinued.  
the one that had been speaking,  
the many. where the flickering leapt  
into the blueness one thought, collapsing.  
had it sustenance, in its dismemberment,  
had it opened into a small window  
lit with vacancy. the disturbances of  
what was calling out, un-formed  
torn out of meaning, torn from its eyes.

## **a situation**

you had been walking if you had. that there you were, that you. you had been something, it had been you, had it been. you had been wondering, had it been, was it wandering, which way, everywhichway. nonetheless it was orchestrated, evenly. you had been humming, along, you had it, every inch of it. that it was in the middle of the street, that it was being talked. so this was what it was about, this was where it was going. they were right in the middle, of the street, looking both directions. you had been considering what it might have been. that it was something that the scene provided, dissuaded. implied. had they been wondering while wandering, had they been fruitless. they were helplessly romantic. it was something like a card, something that had been sent, a day or so afterward. the problem became. you had been developing, what could stand in, what could relinquish. what was it holding, holding onto, however. they had been deliberating in the middle of the street, for some time, immemorial. you had been eavesdropping. things were louder, when that was happening. they had been shouting. had it been shouted, they had been shouting, what had been shouting. what was all the ruckus about. they had been stopping traffic, it seemed, plausible. you would have been a good edition. you would have been quite wondered. you were hindered, in seemed, rendered. where all the frames were coming from. it simply was not allowed. that simply, would not do. there, in the light, at the end of the tunnel.

**a social poem**

morning a cathedral, of space  
the constancy,  
a kind of wind: the prayer left  
unhinged, its metaphors  
spilling open  
what caught, in the throat  
(of dust? of ash?  
the particulate mist, disintegrating  
the reason for remaining  
the reason, its 'outside':  
could its repository,  
a cathedral of space, have  
filled. "she asked me:  
how it could, explain itself  
out there, in the streets

**a social poem**

when they were killing its animal.  
when perhaps he should have. done something else.  
while they were, the question.  
remained. open.  
perhaps he should have done something  
else.  
other its open. remained.  
while they were away, killing, killing, killing—  
while it was 'being killed off.'  
where. other, than  
the question of which. remained.  
had it been done. had it been done. had it been done.  
when they were killing its animal.  
were they. away.  
open.  
have you met them.  
when, perhaps, then, you should have done so.  
they were killing its animal.  
i was being 'thinned out'—  
had it been done.  
now it is the kind of dreamt that always did it.  
had it been done.  
in a Dream.  
while they had been watching,  
what they were looking for.  
it was always doing what it was doing.

\*\*\*

so minimal, its animal.

infinitesimal.

a decimal, a decibel.

a crucible.

there were so many, on its Crusade.

along the way—killing, killing, killing

could it have loved terror.

could it have been named, terror.

else, it claimed.

had they been thinking, something else.

it claimed. perhaps it should have been not.

altogether, unthought.

although it was not unheard.

it was being painted over and over and over

again. could not

come. would not it, again

come killing its animal. and weren't they,

if they could/if they couldn't.

in what kind of Dream, were they coming.

have you spoken to them.

did they have plans.

was it, rather, a Plan. perhaps they should have

done something else.

other than, Man.

a man a plan a canal—

did he know what it was always doing.

did he know what it was always doing.

when did it run.

**a social poem**

'figment hosanna,' nuclear          a kind of sameness, place  
a rose,                  figment hosanna, a tremor  
a lookout (looking, out                  shading, handed  
a kind of, delirium                  unraveling it, unfurling          anthems

planted source    opening                  a re-collection, of a kind  
plated course, a stem                  enraptured, clutched,  
anthems end          hurling closeness                  un-hurling it  
a kind of re-course                  brushed along, side

un-dreamt          a following                  a strain, colored, furthering  
a kind of clearing                  figment hosanna, harbored  
as it continued, concerning                  as it, swept                  im-printed  
nuclear, dispersing                  a lift, of song

un-returned          a plaster, a breath                  trapped, broken  
a kind of beginning, tongued                  clung  
un-promised, touch                  a touching  
a bounding                  a station, falling                  its kind of star

figment hosanna, hung                  its origin, slightly  
pressed                  a rose, tightly                  (in a dream,                  caught  
aureole forged, forced                  open, a hurried,                  catching  
its kind of star,                  lifting, spirited                  together

to gather                  un-chosen                  anthems end,



a kind of movement, drifting, a field  
of fields drawn, up among a harvest, it loved  
calling, out what it loved, in a kind, of autumn

**a text/a context**

what one 'knew'      given all, that it could be said  
for its paradigmatic, for its choice      of truth  
that it suppressed      its limits, a belief, that it suppressed  
could it have been isolated.      could it 'say'  
that it remained      unintentional, what it heard

what was exchanged      it was 'in the air'  
they were not who, who was not them      could it  
be said      an empire of salt,      a pillar  
of righteousness      the imaginary green, the dream  
of its sweeping. what was not addressed

a reinterpretation, a re-incarnation      the dream  
it 'overheard'      that its speaker, think  
hardly, then came      the French Revolution  
kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, genus, species  
what was exchanged,      its FDA approval, that

there was no offence      (prophecy stepped in  
that its control group, scurrying      restless, breathless

**a threshold**

where it was crossing, with painting  
where it was crossing and dotting, as well as  
operatic, cinematic, where it had been  
going and going to. where it was scheduled,  
where it was intimately involved, another  
gleamed, a wing, a spoon for allegorical  
imperatives, strangers in the night, a solid  
silhouette. he could not stop being  
an allegorical figure, the kind of figurine,  
had it been rusting, which might forego  
a public appearance. they could not argue  
about the weight, of its disappearance, how  
it was throwing even that weight around, how  
all the eyes were hanging lowly, a sort of  
relief that is always gathering,  
pointing toward, the proper kind of else.

i might have disagreed, however i was  
yearning. i might have followed the space  
of desire a little further, although.  
why he was becoming, a cartoon, a kind of  
dancing, a gleam in someone else's eye.  
where it was becoming, less fructified, less  
wasteful, and sweetly, was clinging,  
to the type of backdrop, which signified the presence  
of memory, although she said it was a cauldron,

although it might have been churning,  
counter-clockwise. a voice among voicings,  
its kind of ventriloquism, that yearning  
was, in fact, everywhere, it had only to be  
summoned, purposefully, asked nicely, written to.  
that the deep heart's core, that amongst well-wishers,  
with a kind of goodbye, a wave, some music.

**a toward**

with language one speaking a carcass  
of flight imprints  
of suburban wings in outlines of trees whose voice  
in unpolished glass listed listless in the open  
ground granules of an image  
held and holding a certain sky up  
to infrared songs the flesh a resurrected after  
noon after departing a pulling against  
the fabric of distance a rectangular hinge  
squeaking dry chromatic  
chromosome a weather a weather  
ing fibrous a serrated place for a shadow  
to drape whose voice  
in which unpatterned pattern

**a wholeness, i answered**

of a new garden they dreamed its winter, everything electric, kinetic, he was walking through it, where she followed, where she went. only the language, unsorted, lifted in a wind that brought nothing, the absence of gardens he was walking, where she followed, where she went. that the signified could not lighten, that neither was carrying it. an impossible dance enmeshed the lights, the lenses, where its winter expanded, where it fell away. that the fallen world, was not theirs, that the voices each carried, tangled, in the spaces they opened, where a sun could have been. only everything, was infinite, he could no longer, celebrate its landscape, she could no longer, include a sprinkling of stars, the edge of morning. that the risen world, was not theirs, he was walking, where she followed, where she went. an impossible music lifted, a further music, one that returned, with the absence of music. the ends of dream narratives spread out into the blankness, words, letters dissociating, vestiges of themselves, they were walking where it followed, where it went. everything insubstantial, potential, each to be written again, to be dreamed again, each one disappearing together.

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Dissertation Title: The Lyric Subject

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