

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise

W.H. Auden

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FREE POETRY

Anne Boyer

The Two Thousands

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THE TWO THOUSANDS

My mind was racing the patriarchs in the hallways. I could not fall asleep. Although they did not spray directly into my eyes, they dispensed it with vigor so that within seconds my eyes burned. I asked myself why I had been given eyes at all if I only gave them to be abraded like that. These situations were useful for species guilt: I could look up and say, "you may cock your pistol in my face" as if by defying it I was also begging. My answer had worked like that from the beginning. I should have mentioned animals.

I should have mentioned animals, but I only give credit to those who deserve it: the Latin patriarchs and the white skinned natural men who occupied that point furthest from them. I swear to you I'm linking everything. Whatever attempts had been made at defiance were jokes like "the white heat of surrender." I would let you know exactly where I got it, what was in my circle, though I hadn't been to the library lately so these were just the kinds of superficial uses that made us modern. There was no trusting me. I closed my eyes and then.

I closed my eyes then you put it wherever on me. I opened up. I would take it beyond sea level. That was digestive. No one I knew liked to watch it like that but they did it because after I had closed my eyes and let it in my mouth I was in a fit. I'm still talking to you. There's a way it all works, a cramp or shudder. My problem is aphasia mixed with having to go to work. It must be fun to rip it up like that, full on, illustrate it textually (so-to-speak).

I handed over my lancets. The first effort was embarrassing because it displayed all the qualities I later wished to obscure. We were always fucking. There were kids sitting on the floor. They thought they were the only ones who meant it. They were afraid to eat, afraid to be thought common, afraid to not be thought always fucking, afraid to be thinking, so they thought this was collage. It was like nothing when they were naked, but women with big breasts are always obscene. Yvette never thought of the future. I thought of nothing else.

Like the most some can do is litter. I was white heat, big fire, a bank account and reputation like pure freedom on the Internet: there is the free market, the technology, the money, the job, the blog. I hated having to sneak around. My friend Jen did this great routine about the natural men, but it could just as well be me. She did a precise job mocking the very thing. I didn't mean to let the natural men over here, but the truth is that they understand exactly why there should be a place that two things meet.

The natural men didn't only make maps. They made loud keys. They knew one should either have a state or shouldn't. Beyond this so much sounded like incoherence. I heard one natural man say, "What is this buzzing?" and the other cut him off before he got there. The other one said "slow down." Through marketplaces and osmosis I was natural where politics and aesthetics met. It took a couple years with the collective: Those who were destined to rule and those who were destined to be ruled didn't have the same sensory equipment, not the same eyes and ears.

Prime Minister: This is our victory! How hard we have struggled so we might see an historic day!

SMALL, INDISTINGUISHABLE MAMMAL AND CARP
FORM A COMMON BOND.

the end

THE PRIME MINISTER PARACHUTES INTO THE LAWN,
BRANDISHING A SNAKE IN ONE HAND AND A CARP IN
THE OTHER.

THE PRIME MINISTER PLACES THE SNAKE AND CARP
INTO SMALL GLASS ARENA.

THE SNAKE AND CARP TAKE THE SHAPE OF TEARS.

Prime Minister: Has anyone here seen my daughter?

ROBERT REDFORD PLACES SMALL, INDISTINGUISHABLE
MAMMAL INTO SMALL GLASS ARENA.

WILLIAM H. MACY SILENTLY WEEPS.

ROBERT REDFORD: Do you remember the aromatic dreams of
yesteryear? The winnowing gasps? The cautious feathers? My
third wife was a tree and into her I would plummet like the tiniest
of aircraft. Imagine how it was for our forefathers. All I want is to
make everyone happy.

William H. Macy: The white heat of surrender!

Prime Minister: Surely you mean it's the end of the circuitry!

William H. Macy: This eternity of prongs!

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN CHANT "FUR!"

Prime Minister: You believe you are on the receiving end of these
gifts, but I give by taking, too. My wife has spoken at length about
this in the seminars.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN CHANT "SEMINAR! SEMI-
NAR!"

Robert Redford: I brought futons for all of our citizens! Comfort
and destruction! Wranglers!

William H. Macy: This is your victory!

We were always fucking. I thought of nothing else. It was like an
art exhibit after postmodernism: 100% subtitle. I actually watched
the poets light up at the sight of that familiar word. It was like a
sign being plugged in. We were supposed to want it real bad but
not be able to get it. This was erotic like when the primitives belie-
ved in God. We weren't supposed to lose our appetites. One hour
during daylight savings we made an example of this, illustrated
it "sexually" (so-to-speak), like that time only two actions were
permitted, neither of them genital.

If you mistook donk dj for donk bj you became aroused. I deve-
loped this procedure because any relationship with language is
also the ascription of a type of being. People really got worked
up about that. It was a vocabulary of utterances that stretched out
well beyond a vocabulary of words. I swore off everything owned
by the universities. They had password protected critical inquiry.
Even with these exclusions it wasn't easy as you think. There were
those who up against it insisted and stood. I was gone so far to hate
words outside of syntax. I am pretty sure.

I am pretty sure from the moment I was born I was performing Ter-
ry Schiavo is a Shipping Agent in Abyssinia at school carnivals and
church potlucks, but what I meant to sing was that song Banker's
Utopia again and again for the stars. These were the lyrics as I can
recall them now: "citizenship is not good intensification." The true
lyrics were muffled but the critics admitted what they had heard
had turned them on. Soon enough on every electronic-happiness-
gladness-playlist it was Tell Me What To Do About Nature and
Recalcitrant Subjectivity Is Peeing On The Door.

BANKER'S UTOPIA

They wore bowler hats
as a gesture of defiance

ENTER WILDBONE STEVENS

WILDBONE STEVENS SCREAMS AND FLIES INTO THE
LARGE SCREEN, SHATTERING IT.

Wildbone Stevens: Good people, I give to you William H. Macy
and Robert Redford.

WILLIAM H. MACY AND ROBERT REDFORD CLIMB OUT
OF WILDBONE STEVENS VIA ROPE LADDER. THEY ARE
SLIGHTLY INJURED.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN CHEER.

William H. Macy: I want you to know I've got two different types
of gifts. I've got what I have, and I've got what Robert Redford
has. I've got boatloads of wires and screens and Robert Redford
has a small, indistinguishable mammal.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN CHANT "POCKET KNIFE. PO-
CKET KNIFE."

ROBERT REDFORD CLUTCHES THE SMALL, INDISTIN-
GUISHABLE MAMMAL AND SMILES WEAKLY AND THE
GROWN MEN AND WOMEN. TAKES OUT POCKET KNIFE.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN ROAR. SOME ARE SEEN TO
BE DANCING, OTHERS SMILE WITH TEARS STREAMING
DOWN THEIR FACES. GIANT HELICOPTERS APPEAR AND
FROM THEM HANG GIANT SCREENS. ON THESE SCREENS
ARE IMAGES OF THE WINKING EYES OF GROWN MEN
AND WOMEN.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN CHANT "POCKET KNIFE. PO-
CKET KNIFE."

ROBERT REDFORD CARVES HIS INITIALS INTO WILLIAM
H. MACY'S FOREHEAD.

William H. Macy: I just want to make everyone happy.

continued to eat her hamburger and continued to wink at me.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN CLAW AT THE GROUND.

Prime Minister: It has come to my attention that we are boundless.

EXIT WILDBONE STEVENS

Prime Minister: I am, like every man, composed. Every time I draw a map I am certain that I am a cartographer. Like every small, indistinguishable mammal, fairly certain of my ability to “recompense.” These are the luxuries I have in my mind: the miner’s lungs, all the lengths of plastic ropes amassed in the sea’s basements. What is not plexiglass? I am so sorry I continue to joke.

I have told my wife a thousand times if I have told her once: “Our daughter is lost in Tianjin.” She says, “We have no child.”

Sometimes I burrow into any field around my person. A desk lamp, a carpet, the large, fold-out tables that we play BINGO on, the middle of the flooring. My daughter’s purpose remains unknown in any quantifiable manner. I have gathered together experts. We have offices. I do not understand why you are worried. There are daily reports that are plastered in “N/A, N/A, N/A, N/A, N/A.”

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN FALL ASLEEP.

THE FIGURES FROM THE PLATFORMS FLOATING TEN FEET ABOVE RUB THE NOSES OF THE GROWN MEN AND WOMEN. THE GROWN MEN AND WOMEN OPEN THEIR EYES.

Prime Minister: If you knew just how late I stay up for you. I wish you had not done this, but who am I to judge? Every time I change the battery on the G.P.S. I end up at the exact same place I started, known in Chinese as “that which is nowhere but can be always be called home.” I don’t want to overstep the bounds laid out by the forces of nature, but I built the channels through which the regular messages are carried.

I was explaining the entire millennium in advance of itself. Why couldn’t this pay the rent? I saw because I couldn’t move. It was a lecture in the hallway between the room of I-got-nothing-new and the room of I-can’t-be-old. We don’t want to be remembered as literature. A few hours of that could ruin us. Are hands to feel no texture but repose? Is a whore’s work formalism like surrender? Is enabled sports an anagram for personal debts? These were patent formulas. Please answer me back / there is danger / please answer me back in code.

I wrote yet another revolutionary email. The revolutionary email said: “culture is a barbarism against the soul” and “because I have loved so many others the stakes are not myself.” The revolutionary email looked less like a revolutionary email than a close reading of a pornographic fantasy of temporary autonomy signed your true lover Anne. My city had never been like that (inviolable). The dog was eating Charlie’s homework but what Charlie’s homework said was a cartoon asking “How do you know all that was once directly lived?” I was paid to tell him nothing, just a few utopian jokes.

Please answer me back / there is danger / please answer me back in code. What is the polis, a mild surrealism or non-medicinal plant? What is the meaning of tapping? Is it aesthetics or politics when you stretch out your body on the floor? My mind has already wandered to implanting a light emitting diode in the young man’s navel and naming it post-disorder city or I love your ribs though they are not really Rome. It is wonderful, as they say in the empire, to wake up each morning and care about nothing but you and your poems.

I am pretty sure another guy said self-expression is the service station of the state. There were trucking habits: first the hubs of trucks of things meant for delivery to shopping areas, soon enough we had the hubs like Legends, too, where one could avoid altogether the core of things attending Forever 21 only on those places that paths of transit met. Was shipping the new water? I wasn't opposed to it. I searched on the Internet for that guy's name + freedom and that other guy's name + love. I begged him to make a video of me looping.

I begged him to make a video of me looping the video of Alain Badiou's coughing fit like "oh darling this would be the only true poem left and we could live in this forever like Capulets." It was sexual. Every time I reappeared in this I heard the other guys groan. How long does it take for extermination? Will it be many years? There was a certain rhythm to waiting and luck will do one in but I told one of the guys earlier something about inching on one's belly in the race oozing unbecoming tragedies on the track.

As the state owned terms so the folks owned idioms. A folk literature would combine utterances, be a shadow state or bomb. Things, stuff, shit, and etc. Whatever else we used that signals the interchangeability of the material. I was alive for years and had a job then. Whoever said we worked without risk has lied or spoken only for herself. I sit all day and everything around me is brutal and sloppy. They get angry with me. They always have. Someone bites my fingers. Someone yells. I was on the porch telling the visitors that I would like to feel a little less battered by the facts.

ling. I have loved you more than the plowed fields. I have loved you more than extinction. I have loved you more than warm water or curlicues."

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN THROW BOTTLE ROCKETS AND PAPERCLIPS AT THE SCREEN.

THE FIGURES FROM THE PLATFORMS FLOATING TEN FEET ABOVE THE LAWN QUIETLY STAND AND GENTLY PUSH THE GROWN MEN AND WOMEN INTO THEIR HOLES.

Prime Minister: As my wife wept I took out the pocketknife I planned to someday give to Robert Redford. Surely you can understand?

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN HISS LIKE SNAKES.

Prime Minister: Surely you can understand?

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN HISS LIKE SNAKES.

Prime Minister: I think there was something wrong with the neo-cortex. I don't know what to say but it suddenly become unplugged and while all I really wanted was to be a statue of a mammal instead I was a man. It was a difficult time. I don't know how I got through it. I am to be commended, you understand, and when we dropped the digital cameras, video cameras, and audio recording devices on every village it was a matter of smallest concern, an afterthought, like tapping the table maybe, or licking one's hand after a good deal.

Yesterday a young woman kept winking at me. Could she have been my daughter? I didn't know what to do. I thought I could be a lion or bear. The books had been very confusing, so many columns with figures up and down, as if one merely had to add these things together and could then know just what one was to do with it. I made no approach and continued to eat my hamburger. She

act three

OUTSIDE ON A LAWN SEVERAL HOURS PAST NIGHTFALL.

THERE ARE HOLES IN THE LAWN THAT ARE LARGE AND DEEP ENOUGH FOR A GROWN PERSON TO STAND IN. THERE ARE LARGE PLATFORMS FLOATING TEN FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. FIGURES SLEEP ON THE PLATFORMS AND THEY ALSO STAND ON THE PLATFORMS. THERE IS A SCREEN AS LARGE AS THE HORIZON AND ON THIS SCREEN THE PRIME MINISTER IS ABOUT TO GIVE A SPEECH.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN LIFT THEIR HEADS OUT FROM THE HOLES IN THE LAWN.

Prime Minister: Grown Men and Women, my fellows and hordes, we're all decent people.

A QUIET SOB RISES FROM THE GROWN MEN AND WOMEN.

Prime Minister: We are putting forth our best. I have prayed to God so many nights to tell us where we might find those heads and chairs, the ones with their zippers and their establishments. I feel that this upcoming project will make you feel like a baby. I would like for you to feel like a concentrated effort.

ENTER WILDBONE STEVENS

Prime Minister: We had so much there was nothing left to do with it. I told my wife at the time that we should make a pilaf. She said something else, and I couldn't understand what those words were, so I pretended that what she wanted was something like a tiny museum open one day a week and then only from 1 p.m. to 4. When I finally brought her to the museum and unlocked her cuffs, she wept as if what she really wanted was a light dinner, maybe some television. I knew this could not be true, and I said, "Dar-

You can say anything on the Internet. That is why I lied. I got bored in the mayhem inverting the darkness. I'd been doing that since school. My degree was in transactionless transaction, like shopping at the cemetery. There were so many cords connected to this machine. You wouldn't like it—rough stuff like bars, straps, punched in the gut while giving head or asking for it. The whole thing is about to fall out of the wall—as likely to fall out as to stay in it—an unstable power source out here.

It was all just part of something casual, just a shadow by which a shape is exposed. My boys and I would have liked to play Jerk Faced Liar but lacked a drummer. We named the city of tires and gurneys: Forget it. It was dumb. We couldn't believe the numbers: eight million sales. All I wanted to do was make a list of all the city needed so that I could forget what to love, but the contingent empire had floated way past us vis-a-vis the scissors. Remember that this was the name of our landscaping company: BILLY BUDD.

The digits were sons were zeros honestly and bankruptcy kept calling and singing that jingle The Ticking Of The Cooking Pot. I was paid to tell him nothing, just a few utopian jokes: "it is not awesome to get owned by the police" and "keep not going" and "the pole at your back won't crumble." Everyone here had to eat but instead of it falling on work it fell on the admiration of persons for the falling. I was advantaged but the barest of the sentients, a brute among the natural men who were kings they had houses were slow.

FABLE

The city was virginia city was a virgin city and in this the virgin city the men were a force like a mob. In the virgin city the movements were of men about to commerce or the commencement of a mob. I'd like to do more shopping. Outside of the virgin city the Cartwrights existed with men of many colors, I mean they ruled the men of many colors outside of this city and so the Ponderosa was a gentleman's anarchy or feudal deal though when they came to the virgin city everyone was often getting in the Cartwright's grills.

The women were always guest stars, they were easily enough handled, if they were thought to have had sex or to have been whorish or to have been manipulative of men who wanted to have sex with them they were choked or shot by thugs or their fathers, they were held by their arms, their eyes were looked into by Adam, they were never able to testify, they were distraught, they were always guest stars, you never saw them twice. Finally a woman came to me. She brought the police. I said from the closet "Did they artists kill him?"

The artists never did. That one time with Clarissa proved they couldn't have a woman on the Ponderosa. I see there is a new boss. I had watched the guns of the young artists who had come to shoot their guns. They would shoot their guns and then explain: this is where I shot and why. They explained where and why they would learn to not be free. A drunk man came to me. He held his bottle as a young artist would hold a gun. I was just trying to appreciate the artwork

SPREAD BEFORE TWO MEN ON A DINGY IN THE POND ARE A COLLECTION OF LITHIUM BATTERIES.

Man One: I find the Double A battery (AA) to be the most versatile of all batteries. The perfect size for cocktail sausages.

Man Two: I have often dreamed of an excellent counterfeit of God's infinite battery. Many times I have crawled the catacombs and hallways of the ninety largest industrial urban centers of China hoping to find this, instead what I have found is only a particular species of small mammal, known in Chinese as "that which is indistinguishable from all else but can be labeled many things." Even so, I no longer have erections.

Man One: All of us feel that if it were to be a possibility, we would certainly be reduced to adobe huts with fiber optic walls. Our children would become capable of digging the deepest holes and producing the softest crops.

THE CARP JIGGLES IN THE AIR FOR A LITTLE BIT, DROPS A FEW INCHES AND FREEZES IN TIME ONCE MORE.

Man Two: My first wife was a soybean farm.

Man One: My first wife chose to ride the train.

Man Two: My second wife was a parachute. I think you can understand.

Man One: We're all born of the same basic shapes.

Man Two: Do you ever miss the Prime Minister?

Man One: I miss the Prime Minister's iron fist on my warm chin.

THE CARP FALLS INTO THE DINGY, AND THE MEN BEGIN TO EAT.

Helicopter: How are you fine gentlemen this evening? How are you fine gentlemen doing this New York Father's Day?

Robert Redford: I knew you were not the sun!

William H. Macy: I know that the sun isn't made of moving parts!

Robert Redford: I've known about Tianjin my whole life!

William H. Macy: Robert, I'd like you to meet my new friend and our new commissioner, Wildbone Stevens the Tiny Helicopter.

Robert Redford: At 4 a.m. on the 24th you sent me that message. It was part of an intestine. There were circuits, power sources, microfibers, foods in confusing packages. I wore fur. I said, "Industry" and at this I was melancholy in the same way that a man is melancholy after having eaten a very large ham sandwich.

William H. Macy: It was bacteria.

WILDBONE ISN'T HAPPY ABOUT ANYTHING RIGHT NOW.

William H. Macy: It was my daughter's nanomachine. All of the time, all of the time it operates my left eyelid. I keep winking at women and men I have no intention of winking at. This leads to frustrating situations.

Wildbone: Even a lamb is made of moving parts.

THE PHONE IS MAKING LOUD, MUFFLED SOUNDS.

Voice from phone: This is not the Prime Minister anymore! Get me the Prime Minister!

act two

A POND.

A CARP JUMPS INTO THE AIR AND FREEZES IN TIME.

he was just trying to rape me against the car. I had no gun. I yelled you are strange, you smell strange, ran away to the closet of a church in Nebraska where I read a work of literature in imitation of my own. They often deputized the Cartwrights. Finally a woman came to me. She brought the police. The next thing you know she is going to have us wear ties to the dinner table. I said from inside the closet, "Did the artists shoot the rapist with their guns?"

I said from inside the closet, "Did the artists shoot the rapist with their guns?" The police were there but not to hear me speak. The police were a reluctant comedy routine. They had shown up naked but for black socks and badges and an accompanying cartoon which they handed to me through the cracked open door. The police performed from a work called

I WORRY OFTEN ABOUT BEING HOMELESS
or DAMNATIO DE MEMORIA
a seventeen part treatise on THE SELF SUPPRESSION OF
UNDESERVED ESPIRIT DE COEUR.

It is at this moment that I woke up and formed The Society for the Destruction of Unwritten Literature. I was no rustic man but too clumsy even in the eyes of the unskilled. I was not a field hand but ill at ease among the educated class. I had been known to have read a certain number of books concerning rare affects and common cities but I was not interesting by blood. I knew the songs of every bird but I'll admit I knew nothing of the gallantries of justice / of beauty / of guns / of rational love.

A poem is such an ugly thing to make in April. In 1261 large numbers of flagellants scourged themselves publicly for 33.5 days. To add to the horror was the impassable barrier between the city of Athens and the city of Meager (where I then lived). A man without an Athens is by nature above or below the category of man. A man with an Athens can put the most savage of animals on ships to the sea and when he disembarks with his terrible units he will have both an Athens and a new land. I got to stop.

I got to stop being a visionary (you there staring like a goat). I need a new way to live: jade necklaces, oat bran, fair trade honey, fruit strikes and majesty. Oh infinite and terrifying pastorals! Oh water and airplanes between this place and that! I want to give you a calm and puristically danced milonga sentimental, a plate of beans, idiosyncratic forms of nurture, and the most hilarious rule of law. I learned my songs.

I learned my songs from the strident oligarchs. It was the constant use of coinage that made them like everyday life. These were the symptoms: I could no longer see. Or rather, my vision was screwed. This was like experimental poetry — a commercial: my spine was wrecked, I would breathe and the breaths pushed my lungs against a recent venation of pain. I vomited at midnight. It was my back. I sweated and I fell in love. My dialect was never euphonious but it didn't spoil the beauty of my love, for which I was always apologizing.

Robert Redford: I have forgotten 478 laptops in the caves of La-scaux.

William H. Macy: This has never been a problem.

WILLIAM H. MACY DECIDES TO TALK ON THE PHONE TO TIANJIN.

Robert Redford: I think this is a bad time to talk on the phone. I'm trying to help out, you know.

WILLIAM H. MACY DOESN'T PAY ATTENTION.

William H. Macy: Yeah . . . yeah, uh-huh. Twenty boxes. Twenty-five boxes, now. I want twenty-five boxes of it.

ROBERT REDFORD FINDS HIMSELF CLUTCHING THE SMALL, INDISTINGUISHABLE MAMMAL TO HIS CHEST.

William H. Macy: Is it fair to deprive all those in China? Many came from the far away western provinces to the big industrial cities. They face a major diaspora of jobless laborers. Seventy-four. Make it seventy-four of the things with the cords and the wires.

THERE IS ROBERT REDFORD. ROBERT REDFORD BEGINS TO WEEP SILENTLY.

THE SMALL, INDISTINGUISHABLE MAMMAL LETS OUT A SMALL CHIRP.

William H. Macy: There is the matter of the pigeon silos. There is the matter of all the things composed of polymers. I want shipments of the things with microchips in them and shipments of things with screens.

Robert Redford: What do you think I am here for William? Do you think I came to the Capital Building out of love?

A HELICOPTER LOOKS INTO THE WINDOW OF THE CAPITAL BUILDING.

DAS KAPITAL

by Alex Savage and Anne Boyer

act one

THE CAPITAL BUILDING, 3 a.m.

TWO MEN SIT IN TWO DIFFERENT CHAIRS. THE CHAIRS LOOK SIMILAR BUT ONE HAS THREE LEGS AND ONE HAS FOUR LEGS. THERE ARE NO LIGHTS.

William H. Macy: Hello, let me welcome you to my home. In this place, we make sure all of our guests are kept warm and secure.

WILLIAM H. MACY HANDS THE GUEST A SMALL, INDISTINGUISHABLE MAMMAL.

William H. Macy: I hope you find our acceptance gift to be pleasurable. Now let us discuss the important matters of our time.

ROBERT REDFORD LOOKS AROUND THE DARK ROOM. THERE IS A LITTLE BIT OF SUN COMING THROUGH THE WINDOWS, BUT HE ISN'T SURE IF IT IS THE RISING SUN OR A TINY HELICOPTER.

ROBERT HOLDS THE SMALL, INDISTINGUISHABLE MAMMAL AT ARM'S LENGTH.

Robert Redford: Yes, the important matters. Well, we've got the coffins all lined up, the family pets at the infinite pet hotels, our garbage men retired, stilts placed under anything that might be threatened by the sea level. Uh, I think that could be it? I think that is all of it?

WILLIAM H. MACY LOOKS SO TIRED. HE GRABS A POKET KNIFE FROM HIS VEST POCKET.

William H. Macy: You forgot to carve your initials.

ROBERT REDFORD ADJUSTS HIS HARNESS.

It didn't spoil the beauty of my love, for which I was always apologizing: I loved not houses finely roofed, not the stones of walls well built, not canals or dockyards, but men. Soon enough this was a dream avenged: the next morning a police officer stopped me. I was wearing scant and unsupportive undergarments, stirrup pants, an old sweater of electric blue. I sat in a pile of trash listening to George Jones with expired registration. He offered to escort my children to school, but this was not quite the complete eradication of an image: some trace of

it appeared in a large and obvious hollow. Who had been totally represented? Who had been damned? I was just trying to keep it sublimated, singing, "The ways of the world and the wants of a woman, if I figured them out, it would take many years." I sang that over the secret lyrics I'd been thinking: "the polis is a chicken on a high hill." If you looked in my notes you would find <Cicero="—">. It was meant to be html for "though silent, they clamor," but I had to cut it out, race you to the end.

I have done nothing wrong but feel so awful admitting this here. I guess you could come back to me in earnest and bring on a plague of self-donation, and from whatever—these festivities and disasters—we could move expression toward a pressurized indigent code, but there is a natural rate of slumber at which I think we might be opposites besides I taught a class called “flat on my back on the institutional flooring” (this was in kinetics); I taught “at least the illusion of a pre-existing mode of delivery” (albeit dispassionately); I taught “almost non-exploitation” (from my throat).

If this were another millennium we would all be married, straighten out our crooked judgments, stifle complaints and gall. I don't think I can keep going. I wrote as much. Dear Sandra, There's a kind of dreaded everydayness about always being the Despot Superior. Would you like to take the job? I let secrets slip out like “who cares anymore but the compound fractures of the grass blades and all the jerks who pant after Information Technology troubadours or the Information Technology troubadours themselves?” As if they weren't glad impotents. I'm not lacking sympathy but I'm mean like pure song.

I'm mean like pure song, like the valves of an orchestra, like the coyotes in the parking lot—the coyotes the city hasn't killed. We are the city itself that has not the city killed, and in this I am singing in de facto but narrow plural. A WORD OF ADVICE: may my loved ones avoid sailing ships and abortionists. It's just so fundamentally that I hated what they'd done with words, just hated it, their incidents and histories, the smoke they blew in from the hills so that the sky was mute and the moon was mute, confused.

I'm closing my eyes not because I am about to take it but because I am picturing each of you directly. I think no one loves me so it's a gesture of contempt. The electronic lights are blinking. This is the end so I have lost. After this I am giving up, wrapping myself in defanged mink and surgical procedures. Who holds under her eyelids a blurry seven hundred and thirty one human faces and under their faces, those thoughts? The future has whispered of these charms: “she remains susceptible.” This was totally true. I was not that intimate.

I was a poet who wrote on the Internet. History provided me with my future's true love. Promiscuous virus, I would like to spend some time with you. I would like to create an avatar worthy of how beautiful you are. We can spend our last days licking the juice off old oranges. We'll drink rainwater and rub against respirators. I will tell you in great detail just how much I enjoy being subsumed. How does one end anything? With a profound sentiment. It's easier that way—taking some webcam photos, trailing off into vanity, into current events.

The city at last was in the epoch the natural men call free. In freedom there is a great surface width of circumstance: any act against freedom must have the thighs of Chun-li. It is no better to speak of this than of circuits and routers. I ripped up these possibilities from all their angles. I had no love but the love for a more precise understanding of why my eyes burn. In a frieze of suspended violence, I'll cower, or what is known to the historicrats as precisely experiencing "the whole world breaks at a sinister velocity."

I lost my heart in the Hotel de Ville. The antidote was regime, legacy sputtering inside the aqueducts and sewers. I wanted to introduce a guy to the underbelly of opportunity. I want to give up habits of massive rallies. I told a guy to hit me. I wanted to cease. Have I explained anything? Was there anyone else to see? There was so much chatter. I wasn't getting paid. It was only for banality those sons disappeared into a dumpster. Each day I'd go to work and come up gagging on the air now described as just and orderly.

I had a job. It was de-surfacing screens. This was either abrading or canvassing for depth but like every maid who has cleaned it can testify, terminal Athens is shit-rife with ugly. Imagine the deer in their tawny opulence, the wolves with palatial desires. Our palace is the bed. It took everything from me. I still hid a lot of stuff. I answered this is what I had to say before I died. I started with some pesticides and the ordinary sleeplessness of a visionary, but the city at last was in the epoch the natural men call free.

We're going to blow up the tired palaces, the ones that float in amniotic ennui. Tomorrow -- the magistrate! Yesterday -- the judge! Before that -- the dumb complicity of chance procedures and trustees. This speech is truthful only as Elizabeth Taylor's *An Anatomy of Economy*: a hand raised against that near constant gossip of civics and doom. We will right affections, bank accounts, and geographies, just let me belong to Art, not History. Through feral and automatic circumstances of pregnancy I have misplaced my sons and daughters, but— I speak as God here— "Children, my celestial labor is to forget thee."

My celestial labor is to forget thee: evenings were small parties devoted to the discussion of conceptual gallows, mornings in El Dorado we carved the greatest hits of graduate programs into the highest branches of the trees. Hang in there rooftops, some of which seem to sparkle. I got to get that dirt off my shoulder for what the poets once thought of as "eternity." The satellite waxes predictably, skittering across cell towers, dripping hot data onto the skirts the slums of cities. Is everything you want just a statue of Robespierre made from vulnus and vulgus? I am so afraid.

I am so afraid. Charlie dreams I am mugged but not that bad. Tiffany dreams I shouldn't go to the store. I have had all sorts of stupid bad luck lately but it is with this that I have composed from shreds of dire circumstances a "paycheck" curating chimeras of mammals and entropy. A guy walks the streets he's a flaneur. A woman walks the streets she's a whore. PLEASE REPEAT. A guy walks the streets he's a flaneur. A woman walks the streets she's a whore. Like poetry is the place for an object's laments— I am so afraid of everything (court).

I made it a point to avoid maps of the trapezoidal city. The beta versions swayed. What I'd applied for was a job collecting accounts of that which would never happen and that which always would. From these I was to compose a score like false counterpoint and vestibular planning. Each night I would dream so hard just to get a look at you. My hobby was to eat up the killer longing with sleep: what I like was that you appeared to almost always be breaking but never did. This was the anguish of security cards: I only grew.

I only grew tired when I should have been sitting. This was the anguish of security cards, all plurals changed to pluralz: nothing mattered, it was only mercury, or a sound piece called Unblinking Want (an epistle from my 85,000 acre nature preserve north of Arcady). I was sorry it looked a lot like poetry. This was a constitutional downfall, like everyone is growling they want supper but not a figure of speech. The natural men could fake an attracted sympathy. I had only to answer "yes" in the script they had laminated and taped to the table. I did.

I'd lucked out it was a hundred words because I had stopped counting. They said they don't want me to do this because there were real things to be done—menus, alterations. I had only to answer "yes" in the script they had laminated and taped to the table: "the problem with not living as a lily of the field is that you are actually a lily of the field." "The problem is your hands are a factory that only manufactures waste." I was not alone there, but the hearing was not kissing, not the stacks, was a deputized smell.

This project was awesome. I did such a great job. I was even ameliorating everything like the patriarchs and natural men with the fine fellatio of springtime as if somehow their biological thing was quaint as cuneiform and through imaginative literature, then, I had every chance to out-Hammurabi them. The particularity of one vision is nothing against the violent neutrality of types: whoever it is wins in his reductions at least so far as sighing and giving up. Fuck that. That is a universal impulse known only to one or two, but on a spaceship you and me could be sexualized.

On a spaceship you and me could be sexualized by the particularity of each skin cell from our knees. I would gnaw on a guy's bones that each is, without an anatomy, unidentified. I now want to use every word before this ends, even words like anthracite, but the cheapness of that strata: so willing to cow to geology and/or the precise goal of war. Today I'd shoot everything thinking each is only one of a type. There is that ordinary terror of a patriarch's thinking: there is the category the mother with her category the child.

There is the category the mother with her category the child. To keep us at that is the average deformation, useful for shopping and the rule of law: but rulers in a hot bath, rulers with their rules. We were always fucking. It works for them, they roll with it -- the bumpkin grip of court and possibility. But what is the type? It is composed of "cornea" and "refusal." Only those above the city can peer down at it through rifle sights. So finally at the end of everything the diggers will dig us—then do disservice to these bones.

I am almost finished so I can start again. Please pretend this is a love poem against pandemics. What would we write were the future erased? I have imported a file named a compulsive fondness for impossibility. The way I make my mouth in a shape to kiss you and then do not kiss—this is evidence my information is precise. Networks have every one of them exploded. All day it was searching for a story built of pigs like a woman in a golden dress posing for a digital photograph among her lessers. I am being taken.

I am being taken by the most stop-watched form—“mortality.” How can we kiss when we have been asked to cover our mouths? I would breathe through your body if it were against my lips. In Quarantine, America, the divisions among species and the intra-species divisions are the sorts of ways existence doesn’t work: who isn’t interested in their expected ends? For in-house agencies, this is what sharks mistake for truth: that wide-screened vision of a world-wide culling erupting, building room in the budget for face masks and anti-virals. H1N1 / amor: impatient valorization of ordinary human deaths.

Of ordinary human deaths -- one moment’s darkness mixed with unvaried day. Please keep everything in mind when reading sensational stories. We are all going to die. I bought soap and garlic. I worried that no one would live to read my book. I am sorry for everyone and fear. In arms it’s true that I’m dead already, then the future re-incarnated. All of these were my hosts: the bird, pig, human, fly. It was the last of them with allure because it had a convincing temporality. It was unmemorialized—a miniature panic, death’s so small.

The Cartesian problem was how to monetize the abyss. This was always a lie but never a fiction. Of what use, then, is character? Only Dante who vouched all that was done was done by me for the cause of research or from the cause of disarray. There was the lover once named Bo Desordre. He had developed a corporation that developed an efficient method for manufacturing odes. The prime minister suggested the entire city of America could walk around with radiant cell phones: telecommunications was milk for the perseverating animal. Everything tasted better in the measure of a spoon.

I saw a doctor, a doctor. It was Antonin Artaud. He had instructions for a great game: if one or more persons discarded motivation, motivation would itself be terrain. This paragraph was *Eruditio ex Memoria* plus my lecture notes as typed in ten minute intervals. In between was bleaching, tea, staring at the half-dangling screen on which there played a classic western: *The Logic of Barriers and Attractions*. Rogues fight over triangles and egress. The tadpoles were Egon. He fought ghosts. Egon could be remembered by the ringlets he left on the linoleum – hence the relapse to petrified life.

I had that aggressive one-on-one stance known as a treasure chest and antipathy to the thesaurus. I refused to acquire more words. The duty of the poet is to cheer up content providers and bore despoths. Everything tasted better in the measure of a spoon, like the boulevards with their Bluetooth and sexual promise. My baby was just like money, not in that he or she was of value, but in that he or she circulated from hand to hand. All sex is sex work except for the sex of kings. This was my greatest stage.

CLOSE READING

I am no expert on phenomenology or anything, only there is that problem of how to turn into body that which was okay as air. To “monetize” is to make spirit material. Blogger offers this service. Fiction implies intent, narrative structure, guiding intelligence – a lie is so often an error, an accident, a leaking self-protective fantasy. Character can mean at least two things here: good character (this poet’s lack of it), and character, as in a fictional construct. There is a third aspect to mentioning character, a reference to a scholarly work by a friend. “Who needs” indicates surrender.

What I can’t have I often pretend that I don’t want. Dante is the Italian poet, and he is the only character the work requires because he sets the literary precedent for spiteful loving visions in semi-arduous forms. Because he is a famous poet he can vouch for the author of this work: she is devoted to understanding but works from a kind of green chaos of circumstance. Often the poet thinks of the phrase “beau desordre” but has a difficult time finding out much about it because her French is so poor. She turns the concept of lyric disarray.

She turns the concept of lyric disarray into a former lover. Though the poet implied she didn’t need characters, she introduces one. Poets are jerks. The lover Bo might not even be named this anymore. This lover might be based on someone real, but I am afraid there is not much esteem here for the factories that manufacture odes. There is not actually a Prime Minister of America and America is not a city. The Prime Minister is an allusion to an earlier, unpublished work. Cell phones are actually radiant. People use these phones as beacons and guides.

I was confusing, and worse, confused— because the future was unwritten could I not write into it any moment if it had the cadence and not too obvious euphony of truth? One guy insisted I could read all the perfect documents by dissolving them in oil shares. Another said I could strap them to my chest and detonate. I could eat the paperless office and the paperless office expel. That’s nine hundred and ninety one years. There would be a clemency in my visions. I was willing to take it deep. How could he not believe in that precise word?

It was so easy to believe in words if they had the cadence of truth: it needed something less than euphony. Anything was true if arranged symmetrically. Through symmetry I told the truth. I went away breaking and I didn’t sleep and when I slept I dreamed only of a variety of guys with the same name and I called these few days in which I did not write for you and kept my nails sharp to cut out my electronics the episode lasting a few days in which everything was The Great Wall and I was confusing, and worse, confused.

Philosophers, poets, governors, scholars, generals, other soldiers, architects, the patriarchs, the prelate, the war offices, and the natural men forgot this. One day we squatted or stood. What they saw was expulsion. What we saw was the new. The girls were wearing a dazzling array of circumstances: natality vining over the tall surfaces of cities, the soft erasure of every grid, the photographic technique called iconoclasm and/ or “shattering.” Sandra began her labor. I stopped mine. I am sorry I became an interior, but there were agents everywhere: they were babies they were calculators they were police they were the broken-hearted like sharks.

Bodies are piled high! Piled high! They rush together to a constitution and end up in a stack! I am so sorry but this is what I meant to tell you about what we were doing. One man knows so much more than me. Midway into this history I am a girl and want to marry him. I've picked out my dress. It has a hoopskirt that mimics autonomy but would never let me use that word in a poem. It was designed to make me fall off all the scaffolding— to be so soft, so enervated, with a daring stench.

To be so soft, so enervated, with a daring stench of duplicity— to be alive at this time is to be like a corpse upon a heap of Smart Cars, animated by rumors and brutalities. As a patriarch I would gloat over the artisanal tundras: don't you understand this was the argument I was always making, just exactly who has to be a slave so you can be free? I will speak plainly here because for every line of poetry there is the hard motions of animals and the harder motions of slaves. I'm not going to make this pretty

because I am unsure of my abilities and don't know how to pronounce many words. This relies on no structures of legitimacy unless you count my name. If you are interested in meaning everything is referential. If you are interested in our natural syntax I have made regular every phrase I could. Injustice is harshest when furnished with feral intelligence. Zeus takes away half a man's power he takes away half a man's courage he takes away half a man's scaffolding he takes away half a man's closet he takes away half a man's poetry on the day when necessity comes.

Why telecommunications are so important is an embarrassing secret. Why milk, not manna? Because my cell phone is not like money, it is like some sort of nourishing excretion when the right voice comes out the other side. It is obvious the poet considers her literary works a symptom, like perseveration, a kind of anti-social insistence in repeating, again and again, what no one wants to hear – to her, then, the poets are perseverating animals. Then there is the story of how the poet was writing and her daughter made an obvious statement: "Everything tastes better in a spoon."

Everything tastes better in a spoon because it is a small measure. Then there is a small measure of quotation, the first line of Bernadette Mayer's *Eruditio ex Memoria*. This has so much meaning, because Antonin Artaud is actually my doctor. But so is Bernadette Mayer. And, believe it or not, this project bears a certain resemblance to that project, except that the notes on the entire history of Western Culture are not on paper but in the poet's head. At this point the poet actually merges her lecture notes with the poem: I am tired of telling you lies.

Egon is a character in *Ghost Busters*, but also the poet's lover, one who left ringlets on the poet's linoleum. The poet is so often making up absurd names for speculative cultural artifacts, and it is clear she has a taste for westerns. She can't be trusted because she has flights, goes off into her interior in which everything is corrupted by her boorish habit of imagination. But to see the ringlets—the domestic labor left for her—is to wake her up again, bring her back to reality or what someone in her lecture notes called "the petrified life."

There is some nonsense here. There is a hatred of the thesaurus which is pretty typical of someone who is embarrassed by her decorative tendencies. "The duty of the poet is to cheer up content providers and bore despots" refers to Walt Whitman who wrote "The duty of the poet is to cheer up slaves and horrify despots." Content providers are no more or less like slaves than anyone else. Despots remain despots. In this cosmology the despots are near to the natural men who assert their free expression over everything, though the natural men are often despots in miniature.

She keeps repeating herself. She keeps quoting country songs no one cares about. She makes these technology references like Bluetooth and reference to things like streets and boulevards and maps and city planning like she has gone into a trance and come back as a global positioning system. But the streets are sexual because they are a place for display and Bluetooth is sexual because it allows people and their machines to hook up to one another. Don't you understand anything? This is a poem about sex / this is a poem about work / this is a poem about information and hollowed life.

Buoyancy is less democracy than happiness. The city of America would soon be in its throes. Could this be a war? Could this be a war? Last night I cried in the grids as always and for future battles. I cried for girls and Apollo. I cried for erudition. I believed the autodidact was here to teach decency. I searched the social fabric for the hole I'd burned. The billboard kept flashing "INFANCY" so last night I also cried for this. This was like the last millennium, the one in which the strength of the intoxicated was often tested at shows.

This was like the last millennium, in which the strength of the intoxicated was often tested at shows. I don't ask for much of anything, just to float my body across you like a small water vessel the name of which I can't recall. I know next to nothing of ships or sails or seas. I know still nothing of clams or happiness. I would be used for carrying nothing but what the poet's once called a "soul," but I really don't need that either because we have cameras that can take pictures kept on the insides of our cell phones.

Here is a picture of my maybe-hollow body floating as captured on my LG phone. I don't have a lot of data options. I am trying to wake you up. Do you even think I am beautiful? I want this to be your favorite. I am such a special case because if you reach into the pockets of my jumper you can feel with your fingers some centuries, but I am interested only in your physiological reaction to my exterior. Aren't these apprehending sorts of eyes? Despite the library I am so biological. And everything makes me a mammal, no?

I was covered in it. Yes, I should clean up my tracks. There would be no more gushing, no more mention of the problem of girling effusion, it would stop then along with eating and there would be every new manner of discernment. Everybody likes a neologism. That is like pointing out a tiger. Everything I say against you I say against myself. A perfect dictionary is an organ like an instrument and also like a hole. There would be those who hear everything I say as a lecture just as every manner of storm is an occasion for hysterics.

Erica Jong you stand in metal gladiators and agree there are the first things you have done in this world like with only one hand you have written the pronoun I. That is not actually Erica Jong. I was in love with some men so said I would be a house for them. This is a spreadsheet with entries for who makes trouble, who makes promises, who behaves as if in the empire of rules she could establish herself with exacting manners, or who believes I am not interested in birds because I have sometimes spoken against them.

I meant that I have not been interested in birds who did not line up on the shelf near a label saying I am bought. I have to write anything. I am able to make a fantasy out of no desirable outcome involving a struggling woman who sings out in sentences what is only explication. I stole that line from a blue's song. It is easier to explicate some number of the humans and their dearest sensations, but this is the lecture critics have titled I have a difficult time with the most ordinary things, things like money and things like love.

That a woman is a utility and a few guys are a war—that's like a paper proposing universal Rome. When it comes to what I want, I would like to impale myself on my superiors. I cannot promise quality. Has there ever been a trustworthy desire? This is research: it's called a binary tree. Athens is the left child, ardor is the right. There are so many transactions going on right now. On the surface they appear with no lavish processes. But it's like they want to kill us. We showed up in the quadrant. Everyone wanted us to die.

Everyone wanted us to die, as if a mere appearance were provocation. These were sad flocks they admonished and for whom they rehearsed farces or scenes of freedom. They said "Look at me, I'm free." It was the hilarity that there exist people who suffer. It was that a vision could shut down their plant. Whatever we did they were weighing us down with bullets: the masses are slow when full of lead like that. Please let's meet. I must speak to you about an urgent transaction, but I am very sorry because it is about this I cannot speak.

The masses are slow when full of lead like that. My advice: if your hands are up they'll want them by your sides. If your hands are by your sides they'll want for you to hold them up high. This is so they can shoot you, also so you'll grow confused. Everybody is dead like that, making alliances that are never only genital. You will often not make enough to live but you will watch them live on beard alone. True I have been dead for ages, but I was born in an eclamptic fit. The creepy thing is how.

The creepy thing is how we came to nail an epic to our door. Eternity is the grossest idea. The future was so searchable. They said I would holler "We want prenupt" but what I counted from under my visor turned out to be 8,000 micro amulets, none of them protective. The city was free of meaning, so what was left? Some districts had a plague of sleeping. The other districts had a plague of praise. Yes I am doing my best to keep it together but find myself nodding off in what the critics claimed was an interesting way.

I thought I could make do without obvious formal complexity but make a work that is undeniable in its drive: this would necessarily involve syntax so I took on the project of self-education. What book did I write without reading? The entire argument was fronted. What role was played by invention? Only a kind of libidinal idiocy, a real time exposition without clothes or guards but no closets and entirely dependent for protection under these conditions on unreliable social filters and the community of the false. I am falling asleep in a kind of fogged up long division but

there's this reckoning thing going on. If I were a tool I'd be whatever there is that could hit it. We were always fucking. It's a mixed state of anger and wanting stuff, so I could stamp my face on any coinage but this would not make me an endorsable just what travels fast. We are hyperbolic like astronauts. We had lewd conversations between our dogs. There were three hundred men. Shit they talked. It was a cluster-fuck of silos and polite conversations, still I swear I'm just here trying to bring it though the more cunning response is what.

This is just another re-enactment of The Three Point Six Million Years' War. This is The Lost Treatise of Vore. Everything I say against the future I say against myself. It's bones and gross like a when you just want anything to happen. There's so many scandals. This whole life is like that, dying all the time, mistaking it for a factory for the sake of the Latin patriarchs and the natural men. They are free and use what they have. Those are the cooperative models but as for me it's ugly and not in service anymore.

I set off to put the fat to its better uses, to represent whatever without whatever the kids are afraid of. They say irony and I say good luck with that. They would have sex with a thousand facts. We could just rest our junk on a gate now without the smell that I am carrying around in me but no how sorry I am we were made to sneak around like this. Things must be kept going. To set this off to better use, use me or use just my image in a documentary photograph with minor digital alterations.

With minor digital alterations this is really my figure so make a formal device of it like her thighs in some pictures and in others her arms. That is the cooperative model like you can tell this is sneaking around playing tricks as if the factory is the thing that makes no product, all waste. Whoever says words fail us have misunderstood their purpose. The boy was a symposium made of ringlets and thrusters. His eyes were on sideways like an egret's. His figure was linear and a giraffe's. He ruined me each time, and I was covered in it.

This is the condition we call softness. For most any man or affluent woman to be free there must be others who will be slaves to them. Even among non-slaves there are many beasts, some allowed their viciousness, other bred as pets. I had two jobs, both full time, but decided to go to neither. I lost both. Five minutes before I had only been thinking. What I was thinking was not contingent on the millennium. What I was thinking was “life has been so hard for many of us and what we really need to do is rest.”

In response to your comments it was a highly competent midday in the stables: everything once gilded was gilded once more. Do you remember the landmark essay “Eros and the Saprogenic Gleam”? My job is to make every confession that will fit into a passage of 100 words so that we might pretend to be capable of incoherence parading as emotional complexity. I would rather code prediction engines on contract to the Augean Corp. The tarot reader wore a t-shirt: MAKE POLITICAL ECONOMY DOPE but I’m just crazy about everything Augean, love the marketing and branding, love that company’s most common exaggeration—force.

I just want to say YES. In hip-hop, what was made obvious was our obvious desire. The pirates of the by-waters lulled. They visited the headquarters wearing visors. They will give Cesar his. Not me, I’m policed conversation, the female version of any figure with inconsequential forms of power. I’m a man with shameless art school and classical allusions to desire. I’m dressed up to be Vice-looking—so opulent I’m proverbial! Oh sweet elision of taxes. Literature should be made by pretty women thinking of pretty things who cull their seasonal best from the bodies of the hipster dead.

At everything less than affect I could hear every array was an amped array, but as I was excluded from the argument I printed out a document of whatever exact shortcomings. This was the Internet but shorter. This was intended for aliens and the most gentle of mammals over fifty pounds. The ink was light but disassembling as it tried to speak without artifice of every object, like it was shy and shaking against my leg, and in the meantime these were the loudest voices I could hear: that you were naïve and next to me, disarmed like a pastoral.

Don't be non-proud. Wanting to not die is being a worm: the earth over you also around you and that you would need and want to be under the earth dumb or sensible as a worm. This is the Khan just like every hot motif. I am not a hopeless animal. I am susceptible to knowing nothing, not any other word. The question I've become to myself is the carriage between Bologna to Rome as it also is the calamity of love's division. You were naïve and next to me, disarmed like a pastoral. Must we rock till we die?

In a dream they tell The Old Haunts they are the only band to ever adequately represent sex through mathematics. Must we rock till we die? I try to sew you this sack without artifice but every second minute the thread winds up around my needle. I then have a seamless non-sack, a lost needle, nothing but a thread-covered suggestion of a non-needle-like form. This is also the action of the mind that discovers fresh perfections in its beloved at every turn of events. As if there is no point, I guess, to subject you to all of this.

If this paragraph had a title the title would be "how sorry I am for the business between us" or "how sorry I am that you are not an extension of my hand so that you may turn the back of your hand toward me and that you may use that hand on me which is my hand and is also not my hand." I don't look at the words. I am a typist. There are objects or settings outside of us in this city in the world: literature like so much sighing like using language as if we understood words.

Men can green screen onto the Ponderosa a video of one beast who disembowels another but the beast who is disemboweling is "the small and adorable beast who others have bred and sold as a pet" the beast who is disemboweled is not alive or ever living but a soft representation of a kind of living thing, that is it is a smaller stuffed lion without anything like its eyeballs or its stuffing. As part of an escape plan I have decided to become a spaceship. This stands counter to my other desire to live as a worm. I am hilarious.

I am hilarious as a spaceship because I am not very smart. I am hilarious as a worm because I am. This is the condition we call softness. We are told to sleep. We follow that command. It is only because I am stupid that I am able to identify this characteristic in others. Conditioning Failure! or two women in their underwear at the market to buy lettuce, onions, soap, squash. One wore a panda on her back and everywhere after the rain there were worms, worms, drying out where there were once puddles and often as big as sticks.