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## A BUILDER OF THE SIGN

Open the image  
there is a man standing there  
always  
always a man inside the image  
standing

you go into a church  
there is a dome above you  
in another religion  
a man is sitting there  
looking down  
indoor sky dome light  
down around you

he looks at you  
the way they do.

2.

Now go into *into a church*.

Open the door  
again and again.

The man now is nothing  
or nothing but his gaze  
or glance or blind eyes  
turned vaguely towards you.

**Now go into his gaze.**

**Open the image.**

**Open what he sees.**

**Say: Man,**

**move into what I see.**

**There is nowhere else**

**for you to be,**

**Say: when it comes to being,**

**Man, you can only be**

**in what I see.**

**Nowhere else for such as thee.**

**3.**

**You go there again and again  
island after island.**

**The wind comes through the window,  
things flutter around you.**

**You sit on every chair.**

**You sit there.**

**You stop seeing the man,  
stop opening the image**

**never. The door**

**is never open**

never locked, your hand  
knows the way  
the way your mouth  
knows how to say  
but stays silent.

A word hurts an image  
always. You know.  
You know the way.

4.

Now this is another country  
the religion is the same.  
Notice the floor  
how it shines.  
The flowers. Notice  
the grey old monkeys  
doing nothing on the old grey stone.  
It is a shrine. Religion  
always. The man  
sitting by the stone  
table. Old  
as the stone  
from far away.  
Now open the image again.  
Here is the dome  
full of light  
at last. There is an anvil

**on a rock ledge, a man  
without a hammer.  
His empty hands  
thrill you.  
It is time  
to stop seeing now.  
Everything is open.  
You sit on every chair.**

**13 August 2013**

## **ALKIBIADES**

**Examine the Greek story.**

**The lover who betrays  
his country but is true  
more or less to you.**

**You are his feelings,  
his philosophy. Dear friend  
they showed you his name  
on a piece of paper**

**that was enough  
from long ago. Now  
you are old but he  
is the same.**

**Same as what  
he asks in that sly  
seductive voice you  
loved so well.**

**ame as yourself  
you tell him,  
how could that  
ever be changed?**

**13 August 2013**

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**As if it were morning  
the dawn persists  
the flowers on the bush  
seem to give light  
themselves but all  
around the dim  
remains.**

**We know things,  
we are born  
knowing some things.  
It is our kind of weather.  
I was born for cloud  
to be my bread,  
I look up and am fed.  
And rain is my pure wine.**

**13 August 2013**

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**Sometimes you just don't  
like how people smell.  
It changes the way  
you think about them,**

**they become visual-  
conceptual units  
like a Robt. Williams painting  
of some desperado.**

**Don't get too close. The body  
must be absent  
from the perceptual field except  
as an optic trace. And then**

**if you're lucky it starts to rain.**

**13 August 2013**



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**Comes the sound  
later the sense of rain**

**then the breath of it  
through the window**

**and only then the ground  
turns wet and glistens**

**two yellow birds zip by  
hurrying home.**

**13 August 2013**

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**Can we type in the dark  
using such means,  
a keyboard with infernal lights  
as if Mephisto held a candle for my work  
and here we are.**

**... 13.VIII.13**

## **CONSOLATIO**

**Time passes**

**time passes and comes again**

**time passes**

**catch it as it passes by**

**Catch it next time**

**if you miss**

**Next time time passes**

**you can't miss it**

**it passes all the time.**

**14 August 2013**

## PROLEGOMENON TO ANY FUTURE LECTURE

Poem is posse,  
possibly hence dangerous.  
A posse. A lot of different  
people in it, poem, posse.  
Posse: to be able to.

It is important that it becomes clear  
to those who hear  
that I'm not expressing anything.

I'm not expressing, I'm saying.

The distinction between [self-]expression  
and [pure] saying  
is immeasurable.

*I is the name of convenient, energetic  
grammatical vector.*

People use the word I all the time  
supposing it has a clear referent—  
the referent in fact is non-existent,  
and reference is being made, vague  
gesture, towards the fuzz of their self-awareness.

**Such as it is.**

**This is what I'm saying**

**= This is saying.**

**So this is what it's saying.**

**It says**

**it makes sense**

**as long as you can see it.**

**I mean hear it.**

**14 August 2013**

## **THE NOUMENOLOGY**

**Of course the brain updates  
itself as we sleep.**

**We go to sleep to let it do that  
and we get tired if we don't.  
If it doesn't.**

**Dreams are what we wake  
remembering from what brain's work  
was busy doing while we slept.  
Every night it has to download  
the whole world  
remembered and imagined,  
all the years and fears  
and fantasies have to be renewed.**

**This is why we have to sleep so long—  
a quarter or a third of our lives spent  
to make sure the larger fraction.  
thw waking tide, is more or less in sync  
with the dreams and desires of other people,  
all the other people.**

**The brain is lateral while we sleep  
vertical when we wake  
and dare to presume ourselves to be alone.**

**But if only we could catch  
in conscious waking  
that lateral awareness we  
would know everything  
that is and was and everyone.**

**I have heard it said  
there is a way to wake that way.**

**14 August 2013**

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**Want lyr-  
ic want  
noise of it  
the sounds out-  
side inside it.**

**14 August 2013**



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**Cast so  
away you**

**a spine  
some sympathy**

**can you brother?  
can you even?**

**hear the not me  
talking to who?**

**14 August 2013**