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## Letter Blocks

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# LETTER BLOCKS

[Image: Letter Blocks Spelling Letter Blocks]

LUKAS HEMMER

“Imagine the sky suddenly opens to a vast black hole leaving your life completely void of articulation including the articulation of the complete void of articulation. What do you do?”

“...”

“Stop imagining”

“You didn’t even give me a chance to answer”

“Yeah. Whatever”

-Children in Central Park

“One of the things I fucking hate about assignments is that they allow you not to pay attention. It’s like if you know what you are supposed to do, or to have done, in the end then you can organize your time around achieving that end, which is always only a form of pretending to know or to have come to some conclusion. You get to move in the organized safety, which is to say brutal surveillance, of having been told what to do, rather than the complexity and danger, but also fun and pleasure, of paying attention to what you are doing, which is an activity that is given in process and in practice and in common”

FRED MOTEN, “Anassignment Letters”

## **INTEGERS FROM A HYPERVOLUME OF CONSCIOUSNESS**

### **SECTION I**

My poetry comes from a desire to make language material. I harvested a big pile of predetermined language from your books and “mine” and then arranged them in a way that purports sutured fragmentation and cognitive dissonance as a form of cohesion.

We'd make a pile of leaves to jump in, but then got scared when the teacher warned of ringworm.

I wanted the poetry and verisimilitude of cohesion to take the grade school pastime form of letter blocks.

Lines and curves approaching an idyllic asymptote eventually inverting on themselves, forgetting their prior objectives by the distance of time to spell the word “done”.

## LETTER BLOCKS

thoughts are letter blocks  
you play along

with all the other amorphous clones  
on a solar system rug

turning scatters into castles  
your teacher ecstatic exclaims

“look at your words”  
and you stare at her blank

then back at what you thought  
was only yours

## SECTION II: WORDLESS WORDS AS EMBODIED DISCOURSE

“In fact to return upon my theme for the time nearly all writing, up to the present, if not all art, has been especially designed to keep up the barrier between sense and the vaporous fringe which distracts the attention from its agonized approach to the moment. It has always been a search for ,, the beautiful illusion”. Very well, I am not in search of the beautiful illusion’.”

-William Carlos Williams(*Spring and All*, 3)

“There is nothing passive about mindfulness. One might even say that it expresses a specific kind of passion—a passion for discerning what is subjectively real in every moment. It is a mode of cognition that is, above all, undistracted, accepting, and (ultimately) nonconceptual. Being mindful is not a matter of thinking more clearly about experience; it is the act of experiencing more clearly, including the arising of thoughts themselves. Mindfulness is a vivid awareness of whatever is appearing in one’s mind or body—thoughts, sensations, moods—without grasping at the pleasant or recoiling from the unpleasant.”

—Sam Harris(*Waking Up*, 36)

Words can work like a painting in that nobody asks the painter their process behind all the predetermined paints they bought from the store. Paints they bought from the store already stocked on the shelves by storeworkers who’ve never even met the truck driver, who ships the paints and likely also never met the factory-workers involved in the creation of paints.

I want poetry to be like a painting in that paintings can speak without words just like words can speak without painting as well as without words. For example, to paraphrase Raymond Carver, what are we talking about when we talk about love?

In Susan Sontag’s seminal essay, “Against Interpretation,” she suggests that “interpretation takes the sensory experience of the work of art for granted, and proceeds from there” (14).

Our intellectual modes of experience have the audacity to claim the intellectual mode is somehow divorced from our automatic multimodal perceptual stimulation, and in the process dulls our sentience and sense-making. Only interpretation and intellectual exertion have the audacity to believe themselves somehow separate from the pleroma of what we immediately have.

Sontag later says “in place of a hermeneutics we need an erotics of art” (14).

Is the solution substitution? Not translation but exchange in a zero-sum game. Is this merely an extension of the vestigial pattern of things? Eventual absence for eventual absence. Or is substitution only happening. Always not only blurring these imaginary delimitations of binarisms, but also bleeding through and osmosing constantly. Much like how we’re here and somehow we’ve never been here. And how we oscillate on that as well in this liminal state.

“None of us can retrieve that innocence before all theory when art knew no need to justify itself, when one did not ask of a work of art what it said because one knew(or thought one knew) what it did.”(Sontag, 4)

On the contrary to Sontag, I believe art and the whole interpretation process are oblivious to the innocent pre-theory realm they reside in. That is, I believe everything is not divorced from the sensuous multimodal perceptual stimulation they reside in. After all, it's only us mistaking that we're understanding by presuming that the words we use are a form of understanding, and not somehow more unexplainable appearance left to stand as its own in a lineage of more appearances. The continuity of interpretation and material is in itself a new pre-theoretical realm, undivorced from the haptical embodied and phenomenological discourse we all immerse ourselves in.

I wanted to return to the idea that we still are what we were before words were. Because no word has achieved or brought consensus to what words are, and what it means to achieve being a word.

Sontag refers to something Oscar Wilde wrote in a letter: “it is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. The mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible.”

But I think words are integers of the asymptote of this visible ineffability in which they approach. They articulate this ineffability while being yet more ineffability. This ineffability, this embodied discourse, this sensuous immediacy of multimodal perceptual stimulation.

Writing is a continuation of experience. There is no binary between analysis and experience. Words as a form of understanding always remain lost in embodied discourse.

## PRIMORDIAL CEREBELLUM POND

unspecified specie  
intangible span

neural sonographic  
vista

walked off laconic  
like a backdrop

moiled in the  
cavernous nimbus

the hyle of  
cyberspatial hypostasis

alluvial attractors  
avant personautical

superimpositional convolutions  
flourished and traipsed

quasi-solid  
holographic strata

akashic swim  
anonymous

the panoramic drop  
of elevatorial mind

through esophageal shaft  
frozen in a sinuous rod

the nonchalant facade  
of existentially nauseous

nostalgic gnostics  
blacking out in a ballpit

giving up an after life of



going one hundred percent  
after life  
where the blade

of ideation plunges  
the fabric of continua

the misnomered  
aliorelative preinterpellation

motatorious moratorium  
how to translate

this blank slate  
in uniform template

of estrangement  
a population construed by

copious comatotic copulation  
euthanasiac aphasia

pneumatographical agraphia  
anacoluthon marathons

phosphene warp sped  
ocular filament

consciousness as a  
microchip

and a versor's  
visuospatial dysgnosia

as an extraterrestrial afloat  
in cathetic repose

an atmosphere at most here  
though a topophilic lack

of a whereness  
the fascismo of such

brain space  
vestibuled you

innominate pleroma  
memory extinguished

in hyperlapse  
paranormal suprabulia

pulling at the revolving  
door's smudged glass

added up  
nonsense

lost in translation  
of rna

and one day one day  
will be one day

so does cell division  
make divorce innate

individuals divided  
in duality

not a cacophony  
of loneliness

potentia the propellant  
the missing link still

hyperventilates  
not finding

what's not lost  
viral interregna

under sunbursts  
from apex to theta

to faux feel  
between on and on

now and now  
pink or somewhat

## INFINITE REST

he gave up  
dancing

the happy haptical jiggle  
of rotund tummy

and bearded breasts  
or it gave up

on him  
the shimmered bursts

in his back  
suddenly

become at odds  
with tolerance

no longer  
as dynamic

as a fourth of  
july night

he reached a point  
where any dosage

of selfless proprioception  
was desensitized

ineffective  
and so averted

his body and  
ridges of digits

to the grainy back  
of a leather belt

and how

its smooth top  
felt like  
feeling itself

he looked up  
at a pipe

probably leading  
to the kitchen

above the garage  
then the rafter

and thought  
of writing a note

knowing how petty  
even his lexicon

was for something  
too idiosyncratically somatic

to be bridged  
or explained

and so he jiggled  
in dull sensation

with the same emphasis  
one would

knowing it was  
the last

no longer  
the choreomaniacal effect

the premiere had  
and leapt off

a chair  
into a loop

### SECTION III: HAPPENING TO HAPPEN

“There is no such thing as an empty space or an empty time. There is always something to see, something to hear. In fact, try as we may to make a silence, we cannot.”

-John Cage(*Silence*, 8)

“This is a msg [message] rising out of nothing and happening for no one.”

-Jim Carrey(from Twitter)

“When Maharishi first arrived in the United States in 1959, the Unified field from quantum physics hadn’t yet been discovered. So people would say, ‘Oh, that’s baloney—they’re looking for some field at the base of everything, but it doesn’t really exist; no one knows if it’s true.’ But then, about thirty years ago, quantum physics discovered this field. They discovered it by going into matter, deeper and deeper, and deeper, and one day, there it was: the Unified Field. And then scientists like Dr. John Hagelin said that it’s true: Every single thing that is a thing emerges from this field”(47-48)

David Lynch(*Catching the Big Fish*, 47-48)

Maybe the term for this always happening to be happening is the unified field. Maybe it has something to do with motility or peristalsis, or whatever biological condition makes it so that you don’t have to think in order to breathe or have your heart beat. Maybe the word is being-in-the-world.

Maybe the word is “world” standing in as some sort of ever-changing ever expansive happenstance—unified field out of nowhere from no one including all the intellectual penumbra that suggests it’s somehow divorced from the sensuous phenomenological immediacy it’s always immersed in. How to explain this always happening to happen to be articulated?

“For certain engineering purposes, it is desirable to have as silent a situation as possible. Such a room is called an anechoic chamber, its six walls made of special material, a room without echoes. I entered one at Harvard University several years ago and heard two sounds, one high and one low. When I described them to the engineer in charge, he informed me that the high one was my nervous system in operation, the low one my blood in circulation. Until I die there will be sounds. And they will continue following my death. One need not fear about the future of music”(Cage, 8)

Think about the mindless music of your body. Or think about the mindless act of walking. Does any thought have to arise in order for the mechanisms of somatic tones, walking to be in order? Isn’t the mind walking, isn’t the mind used to the same sort of patternized performance, so deeply ingrained as to be perfunctory. The mind’s walk is the same repetitive performance, except we call it thinking, or recalling, remembering, dreaming, seeing, feeling, being aware, writing.

The mind is mindless. Home homeless. Words wordless.

So why not resort to nihilism, if everything has an indifferent motile undertone—the indifferent motility underlying sense-making such as “the indifferent motility underlying sense-making such as”—well that’s exactly why we simply can’t do nothing. It’s this motile, happening to happen, quality which is exactly why instead of resorting to doing nothing we end up finding ourselves articulated, no matter how strong our possible desire (happenstance desire) for post-articulation. This motility refuses to halt in the supposed identification with either nihilism or logotherapy or teleology, and hence we find ourselves somehow still around.

## SO WHAT

if anything is  
an imitation of you

your insistence to be met  
somewhere in the middle

hovering an unbridgeable interval  
somewhere there where

reason keeps looking for reason  
and you keep looking for you

because no matter how far  
the breath pushes out

sentiment like i've never been  
alive or i feel so alive

because even when the mind yells  
so what it's not enough

the circulatory system doesn't halt  
its solipsistic indifference

as so what looks for so what  
the heart pump for the heart pump

yet synchrony doesn't equate empathy  
and they pretend to be

on different wavelengths  
speaking perfunctorily

their native language  
at one another

foreign even to themselves  
yet dissonant happenstance

bridged by anastomosis  
conflated in a larger circulatory order



disclosure this closer to closure  
closing in on the you

the so what it circulates  
and by apophatic coincidence outlines

where reason keeps looking for reason  
and so what for so what

## **SECTION IV**

I think this project came along when I went to donate blood, and found myself laying on a black leather bed with a syringe tubing blood—the stuff which runs my visceral turbine—out the crease of my arm. I realized, in some sort of soporific euphoria, rush of clarity, that I'm neither the tube nor the blood nor the act of running through. Though this blood keeps me being and speaking it doesn't speak for me, and neither do I, and neither of us have a large say in my saying or being.

## RECEPTICS

it took us aeons  
on this readymade

to get to this point  
would one more

infinitesimalith step  
verisimilitude of effort

be as conspicuous  
as from breath

to sentience  
if our fish descendants

communicate with their piss  
what might that say

about humanity's trajectory  
in this department

conflictual miction  
pinnacled peristalsis

uncoincidentally  
we've used

the same paper  
the same tree

to write our opus  
to wipe our ass

such as  
caught in this web

of responding to another's motility  
territorial markings

another's anothering  
all perfunctory

we talk  
so much waste

but what is  
the world

throwing away  
perhaps it's yet

another frustrated poet  
crumbling tossing

séancical starts  
occasionally missing

the receptacles  
it happens

to mistake us  
much like one man

mistakes  
his treasures

for fetters  
another

his urine  
for sermons

## SECTION V: YOU AREN'T YOUR CHILD

Ann Lauterbach said in one afternoon class: “the composition is your child and you aren’t your child” .

Words, much like us, are our child.

How could anyone or anything be accountable for composition, let alone life?

This foster child between us, like a line between two dots.

“Or, as before, one may give up the desire to control sound, clear his mind of music, and set about discovering means to let sounds be themselves rather than vehicles for man-made theories or expressions of human sentiments”(Cage, 8).

I gave up using words for communication a while ago. I never gave up the words themselves, or at least they never gave me up. But I gave up communication. For one, there was always the issue of the superimposed obscuration of interpretation—our sense-making projected atop the hypostatic material another transfers.

It also seemed like words have been doing without words this whole time, only eliciting the placebic condition of communication, of a direct unobscured transference of material across one another’s multimodal perception thresholds. Only phantasmagoria crystallized by repetition.

But mostly, I couldn’t see how I could communicate a message I’m only struggling to discern myself, a message I’m uncertain I believe. To know what I was doing and execute it as such didn’t seem humanly feasible. To somehow have the analytical perfectly conquer and drive the phenomenological seemed to be in line with the far-fetched conviction someone could know their next thought before they think it and then execute it as such.

Why bother to communicate at all? Well thanks to this whole unified-field-happening-to-happen phenomena, we don’t really have a say in whether or what we say, we just say it.

But certainly we share something more than just the solidarity of not sharing?

“because to dream is not to dream  
if waking up is never finished.”

-Ed Roberson, “dreaming has made more strict the terms of dreaming”

Roberson describes these lines as follows:

“Well, I'm not using dream as entertainment or escape, of course. The dream here is about vision and the accomplishment. It is creation, the act of creativity, you know, the process of the work, through to the poem itself. That sage who didn't know if he was a man dreaming he was a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming he was a man, to my way of thinking, was actually questioning whether he was busy creating or living his accomplished creation, whether he was writing the poem or living the poem. And by 'living the poem' I mean living a life you can feel the poems come out of, or living the given world the poem has brought you to understand - all, I think, by way of the writing...But when I look back, yes, it's nice to see that I had some skills, but it's more honest to admit to myself that even though I had some control, the best moments in the really good poems were written when I gave over the control to something beyond myself, some larger thing that, at that time, I called the Work or the Art. But later I came to find out some folks call it Martians<sup>1</sup>.”

Again this Martian idea. More Martian child. Yet something to live through and by.

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<sup>1</sup> Horton, R., & Roberson, E. (2010). "THE STRUCTURE, THEN THE MUSIC": An Interview with Ed Roberson. *Callaloo*, 33(3), 762-769. Retrieved May 4, 2020, from [www.jstor.org/stable/40962667](http://www.jstor.org/stable/40962667)

## GENESIS

discombobulated  
the mirror portrays bodice

chewing not tasting  
swallowing not processed

each holographic moment  
a wall dissolved

null and all  
veins quenched in pollutants

the bass booms muted  
through plasmic phantasmagoric flesh

no endocrinal repose  
we strip reticence

nevi-ridden flesh and bones  
ride along the rungs

of our dna  
let the whole ladder

percolate through the night  
in dimensional dementia

you as a liminal state  
downslope disclosure

a pooling void awaits stasis  
looks up to you

from the bottom of a see-saw  
hungover mimicked by

a hand slipping off  
a snapped ladder

neurasthenic withered myalgia  
in search of suture

one nebulaic drift  
capacious placehelden

extemporizing in the meantime  
a makeshift for the fatalistic script

the oneiric vision  
of a tundric lifespan

collaged collapsed  
we splash if only if

we could wipe away  
our gamut of mutants

our carbon footprints  
ensconced in swept evanescence

drain the bathtub brain  
and begin again

to before you stood  
on ped xing

and questioned if it's projection  
everyone acquiesces

quasi-posthumous  
wishes to begin again

to grab this multiverse  
by its concentrics

and crumble the circumference  
into our grip

to begin again  
to before the tabula rasa



was factory-sealed  
each ion, a bygone

where we sighed with elbows on the sill  
wouldn't it be nice

looking out the indifference  
of a windowpane

from this cell of a cell  
chained by our association links

analogizing our handcuffs  
to infinity signs

infinities to double helices  
in this cell of a cell

molting our molten selves  
somehow unwound from prior realms

we stared at the stucco in silence  
you spoke an unforeseen dream

of having a child  
to which we replied

we're already our own  
ambivalently abiding

some sort of provisional improvisational script  
always wondering if below is an abyss

or maybe just an inch afar  
two strangers together apart

on this bed of a page  
absent-minded

barely listening  
sinking through sequence

in a liquefied bliss  
this heritage as is

a sedimentary tale  
a cataclastic obsidian trail

of departing departing  
“and that’s how babies are made”

seatbelt like an arm sling  
you lay motionless in the back

still unsure whether or what  
you even asked

## SECTION VI: UNDELIMITABLE HERE AS LIMINAL CARESS

“This was an adequate enough performance, as improvisations go. The only problem was that my entire education, everything I had ever been told or had told myself, insisted that the production was never meant to be improvised: I was supposed to have a script, and had mislaid it. I was supposed to hear cues, and no longer did. I was meant to know the plot, but all I knew was what I saw: flash pictures in variable sequence, images with no “meaning” beyond their temporary arrangement, not a movie but a cutting-room experience. In what would probably be the middle of my life I wanted still to believe in the narrative and in the narrative’s intelligibility, but to know that one could change the sense with every cut was to begin to perceive the experience as rather more electrical than ethical”

— Joan Didion, *The White Album*

I think Joan Didion understood the liminal point of watching the meaningless blood of cinematic cuts run one’s visceral turbine of watching visual stimuli without a sense of narrative of attachable meaning or association.

This is why I can’t help but feel so connected to Joan Didion’s infectious unaffectedness in discussing the whole feeling of the electrical phenomenon of continuous happenstance, the feeling of stepping off the “meaning” of temporary arrangement to get to the next eventual absence.

I experience the same electrical phenomenon with words themselves as some sort of galvanic embodied semantic in which I can see and detach from their semiotic machinery. Like a conveyor belt, neither either the moving nor or the product on the line. Again, only stepping off the “meaning” of temporary arrangement to get to the next eventual absence.

So I suppose the letter blocks, the whole language as sculpture, had something to do with cinematic suture.

This integer neologizes “continuaagnosia.” The incapacity to fathom a span or a grand-scheme. Taken from the term “visual simultanagnosia,” which is a disorder of visual attention that leaves the patient’s world unglued and scenes and objects perceived in a piecemeal manner. In other words, the patient is unable to see each component of a picture as part of a whole. Though we may or may not be subject to visual simultanagnosia in our lifetime, our lifetime is undoubtedly fated to experience continuaagnosia, the incapacity to see these imaginary cuts known as “moments” somehow being constituents of a whole continua of a lifetime. We only see the cuts, and not the whole film. We see the cuts, not the full film. The infinitesimal step, not the infinity. Yet what delimits each moment anyway?

What is the delimitation between non-sequitur and cohesion? Focus versus diffuse attention. And again, how or when do we say the moment has transpired?

What exactly delimits the fleeting sadness you felt when you were four from [insert feeling] now. Has that moment reached it's full decay because apart from holographic evidence there is nothing corroborating your having been there or for that matter your being here.

Nobody's been here, and yet they are. Nobody's ever seen this newly disclosed unfolded moment, and yet they are.

I think the whole cinematic suture had something to do with this feeling of liminal hover. This state of both having been here finitely and infinitely never here—neither either going through the world nor the world going through you

Something about this current (current as in waveform, as in oscillation, but also as in the present), always wiggling out of our grip long enough for us to recall the vague gestalt of its tangibility. Something about caressed in this liminal space of not here nor there. Recessed between eventual absence for eventual absence.

*"Babies do not remember being held well—what they remember is the traumatic experience of not being held well enough. Some might read in this a recipe for the classic ungratefulness of children—after everything I've done for you, and so on. To me, at the moment anyway, it is a tremendous relief, an incitement to give Iggy no memory, save the sense, likely unconscious, of having once been gathered together, made to feel real"*

-Maggie Nelson and *Donald Winnicott*(*The Argonauts*, 142)

This perhaps sheds more light on Didion's memories in the atomized late American 60's. It also might explain all those other moments of being caught in the liminal caress of flash pictures in variable sequence where Didion found the relief of no memory. Maybe an idyllic lifestyle is free from memory, though that borders on the line of ignorance is bliss, which of course I'm not a fan of.

Though is ignorance ignorance?

But it's interesting to think how much of our time didn't turn to a memory because we were too busy holding each other so well. Because here holds us so well even when we're just wiggling out of its grip long enough for it to recall the vague gestalt of our tangibility.

"in the metaphysical streets of the physical town"(Wallace Stevens, "An Ordinary Evening In New Haven," 255)

Wallace Stevens is very much centered around the inextricable relationship of intellect and sensuousness. The experience of seeing how one sees with the mind and the eyes. Caught in this liminal state between binaries where we're neither either here nor not here, neither either going through the world nor the world going through us. Wiggling like the current we're immersed in.

“it is not in the premise that reality  
is a solid. it may be a shade that traverses  
a dust, a force that traverses a shade”  
(Wallace Stevens, “An Ordinary Evening In New Haven,” 271)

## **PINK THREAD FALSE START**

out of the box  
into a flux

curious you jumped  
the fenced up crib

ocular drift  
photic mobius strip

without an out of body  
floatation device

focal roam  
kudzu cloaked lightning bug strobe

you left as empty-handed  
as you arrived

aromatic soma  
sapien salience

how are you the elephant  
enigmatic simian

segued fugue  
when you are also the room

leaving itself  
collapsing on what else is else

simulacrum ipsia  
quantum matinee

noctilucent maelstrom  
thinned out isness

hidden in a cotton duvet  
mistaking halation for a burnt out bulb

how do you cope  
like a brush stroke

the cardiokleptomaniacal culprits  
of our lovelorn cardiodynia

putting the aesthetic in anaesthesia  
the vivid in vida

holographic strata  
non-sequitur quark

if only we could've embalmed our love  
fluttering along

pockets of oxygen  
in a triassic deluge

an ablutinal amnesia  
delusion not conclusion

adit of tunnel vision  
hyperretinal flood image

is as the figurative vehicle  
the fuel of story

sinewavered in dimensional depth  
machismo tear ducts

like rottweilers reared and retch  
what is the apocalypse

to a masochist  
neuropeptides down

the thalamus or  
vertebral axis from this

photosynthetic vantage  
anomic avatar

legs dangle the overpass  
treads break the pool lights

and where do the vast passerbys  
at the airport reside

kaleidocyclops  
polka dot cloth

nonstop kilowatts  
anodyne nanobytes

clock and likewise  
your whys

since matter matters  
i i's

or would a curatorial device  
be of any facility

that a canvas of experience  
were by jesus or gaia

not just some guy's channel-surf  
button mash

colorful three-fold splash about  
monadic nonage

comparatively short-fallen  
to ongoing interorbital

at arms length  
blank motion

cranial gray matter  
therianthropic penumbra

by our reach repelled  
maybe ask the river if it's lost as well

in its blueprint realm  
visuals swell



where the breeze wafts  
and leaves raft away

under street lights  
pitch pines

how do you tie your shoes  
egressless maze

with the laces  
or right after they sag fastened

in a quasi-solid  
hallucinatory plane

the same alien crustacean  
provisional relief

provisional fit in the frame  
you evade

edge chasing  
neuroplastic prancing

heaven on earth  
draped in sunbursts

eavesdropping people-watching  
in your electromagnetic soil

now dyopic ripples  
planal collisions

the vision no longer  
as wide as the serape horizon

asphalt scented  
continual plateaux

pinching the fence mesh  
fingerprint ridges

branches of a vacuous hush  
the information pushed us

out of form  
holding hands through a dog door flap

orthogonal encapsulation  
corrugated absentia

peeling the moment's linoleum  
skimming the vicissitudes

everyone has an equal view  
of the universe the drowsy

planetarium usher insinuates  
take a remaining seat

someday your heart will beat  
you to death

the center'll distend  
and you'll dig a hole out of this

galvanic embodiment  
haptical repletion

## WAKING UP (MAÑANA)

this aerial view  
spirals in echoes

splashes a monochrome fountain  
pooling filtering cycling

neuronal striated light  
of fluttered utterance

muddled otherness  
paratactical syntactical paths

of paralytic analysis  
on the axis of access

photic empty phonemes  
capered waves in glades

silhouetted in crepuscular convos  
you osmose through the cosmos

float supine down a stream  
of phonemes and consciousness

hypnotized in flesh bright  
closed eyes

beads of intermittent warmth  
spell-absorbed

the sun hung pendulum suns  
metamorphic plasmic primordia

portals flaunting currents  
pauses and pivots

to liquefied continuum  
these frames flicker

through barred stitials  
sonorous sips

of truncated midst  
every photic point infunded

under the weight of infundibular you  
funnel of light

bed of river  
these particles shimmer

this awashed bond  
this bond is awash

its unity continuity  
someness sameness

each ray permeated  
educed infused

attention's uncurled aperture and fist  
bud and crisp

frissons fade to fornicate  
feelings placebic

fused verisimilitudes  
mixed metaphors

vicarious routes  
toward a pour out

every exhalation  
every elevated pore

that signifiers bring back  
forth the exact inexact

in sync with even breaths  
the shade on stucco swells

resumes removed  
the room of you

this muffled tone your mother  
this hand familiarity

a window  
a floor someone built

not thinking of you  
but their version

this is looking  
this a ceiling

beneath someone else's floor  
this is contraction on the verge

of popping every dimensionless dot  
every atomical orb

neither either joy  
nor or rage

what is familiarity  
atomical orb dimensionless dot

this is a question  
imbricative shed lost in

sonographic iridescence  
the brain the cage

afterspace  
yet another vestige

## SECTION VII: AFTERWARDS

“And what is the purpose of writing music? One is, of course, not dealing with purposes but dealing with sounds. Or the answer must take the form of paradox: a purposeful purposelessness or a purposeless play. This play, however, is an affirmation of life—not an attempt to bring order out of chaos nor to suggest improvements in creation, but simply a way of waking up to the very life we’re living, which is so excellent once one gets one’s mind and one’s desires out of its way and lets it act of its own accord.”

-John Cage(*Silence*,12)

My poetry is a yearning to come to terms with the lack of control that includes the lack of control of the impulse to engineer and control. My paralytic perfectionism stems from a conviction that language could somehow be a lasting substitute for what is only ever substituted. Eventual absence for eventual absence. This conviction premised in some sort of death-denial that language is innately revenant and resurrection, as though I’d somehow already terminated the life I was living this whole time, when in fact that conviction was the only thing terminating it.

## PERENNIAL PLUMMET

“to all those  
on the precipice

to understand  
may we fall

and never land”  
-swim

it can be hard to hear  
“we’re so secure” all

passing down  
castle owners shout

over their carpenters  
hunched over busy

pretending they’re busy  
amid the ripping wind

of perennial plummet  
where you proceed

to lay on the plot  
of your back

## **YOUR RIGHT**

use this material however  
tear this page out

begin your book  
start on this

throw the entirety out  
burn it if you have the materials

yearn to do so  
the canvas is canvas

palimpsestic and hyperimposed  
eventual absence over eventual absence

blank done over a blank undertone  
it is yours

do as you please  
erase or blur any delineation

between you and me  
you and yours

make a sculpture  
from the corners

use it as a weapon  
if that's your intention

of course consequence awaits  
a reminder you need no one

to remind you  
waiting while you wonder

what qualifies as wait  
it's all up to however the material

draws you to do something  
with it apart from despite it



you may know what that may be  
just because it's a book

with words in it  
doesn't imply

those words were meant  
to be read

a book doesn't afford  
any specific action

of the endless actions  
you happen to make

words can be seen  
words can be heard

words can be being  
can tell you you're telling

just how words inform you  
you're reading your mind

your mind informs you  
you're reading your right



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