

a hillock

that cuts the moon in half

not far from me

is soil

encounter

is

math, lamb, lead

nearing the outside

of uncertainty

everything material

even light and sound

where it becomes non-representa-
ment does not concern us here, ex-

finally, time qua perpetual nonchronological

, a non-phallic feel-knowing i

valuable enclave
of the individual body

We can start with one suggestion; that *the significance of matter is reality*¹. While thinking about what this might mean, I became distracted by the barrier of language, that is, whether it is necessary in ordering such significance, and how this implied gap between matter and reality might be crossed differently. But here such logic grew slippery, because I found myself trying to argue for a physical presence of thought; I found myself proposing that thought somehow *exists*, outside of language — as a significance of matter, echo-locative and aware.

To be clear, I have entertained this belief but not subscribed to it. I am troubled by most theories that deign to entertain any sort of division between matter and reality in the first place. If someone lays claim to a transcendent reality, they give themselves a dangerous permission, usually in the name of a truth that is allegedly external to our lived experience. I don't want any such truths, because if they persist there will not be a world left in which to entertain them.

But when the same author suggests that *it is vanity, immediately drowned in the din of bombs and the echo of tortures, to post the relation as a substitute for the absolute (of ideal perfection: in which man is a lamb before man)*,² I wonder if I am guilty of this vanity. Maybe it is because I have no concept of the absolute in the first place, having spent my whole life in the absence of religion. What is it like to be a lamb before a man? Why persist with such metaphors?

The nearby quarry is full of shattered ice. I think about the paradox of filling a body of water with its own surface, about surface that navigates back down to depth again.

somewhat, as the sheen
 beyond the sheen
 presents itself as def.
 case outside of b.
 the case outside of b.
 discourses), it is clear that
 the government's who claim to de
 the government's opposition between the reprodu
 empirically exist extremely diverse
 have done for a long time.

RESIST THE CONCLUSION, BREAK APART THE STATEMENT, WITHHOLD THE EASIER
TRAJECTORY; CIRCLE AROUND IT ON A RUSTY BICYCLE — THE OBJECT IS THE LURE,
BOTH THERE + HERE, SINCE MAYBE DESIRE ONLY GENERATES PLEASURE *BECAUSE*
OF ITS DISSOCIATIVE PROPERTIES; FROM HERE WE GET THE MIXTURE OF PLEASURE
AND PAIN AND MUST THEORIZE FROM ITS PRIMAL SCENE: IF THIS IS TRUE SHOULDN'T
LITERALLY *EVERYONE* BE INTO BDSM? AND THEN IT'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN THE
LURE AND THE SAME WHICH EXTRAPOLATES THE GAYNESS, WHOOPS SORRY I
MEANT TO SAY THE GAZE — TELL YOURSELF THIS CHANGES THINGS, TELL
YOURSELF THIS CHANGES THINGS, TELL YOURSELF THIS CHANGES THINGS; THE
FAIRY TALE BECOMES FACTUAL, YOUR LOVER DRAINS THE BATHTUB FOR YOU, THE
BICYCLE KEEPS BREAKING, THE PSYCHOANALYST RIPS APART HER LEGAL PAD ...

Soundtracks are difficult to listen to, having been designed to supplement an image. You suggested this, and days later I read a foreword which opens with an account of being in the womb. The idea, apparently, is that sound only functions as a supplement to what we can really see, having already exhausted (in utero) its full sensory potential³. If this all seems too abstract, I apologize. You were speaking from the bathtub; a synchronous detail. I watched the foam shimmer and collapse on your neck. There might have been music playing; I don't remember. The darker elsewhere of the room began to hiss.

I realize have made an error by trusting my ability to apprehend the physical world in the first place. Another writer posits that Western conceptions of the consistency of a Self (and of language) have only developed at the expense of a designated Other, which occupies the space of whatever we do not (want to) see. At the center of our notions surrounding the Individual rests the imperative of a distorted truth. Paraphrasing Lacan, she writes: "The desire for the real is impossible to realize ... but that impossibility maintains rather than cancels the desire for it. The physiological understanding of vision, like both the psychoanalytic conception of the gaze and the technologies of aesthetics, is also a theory of loss and distortion"⁴. I had to read that sentence a few times to understand it. At which point I was more aware than ever of its materiality.

You were talking to me from the vanishing point of perception. My longing felt impossible; a web funneling into a lens. Were I to close my eyes, I would not have heard you – that is the troubling thing about desire. It should be visceral but is always dissociative. I felt sorry that I had not lit more candles. I was still thinking of another body of water.

If not a lie
I see the partial cloud
through its sinking pane.

I apprehend
dark hair in the drain,
it isn't mine.

In your voice
the window
casts a liquid.

Were the lens
angled right
would feel immersed.
Let's return to this theory
of loss.

Isn't it the convention
of depth to hold
such matter.

Isn't it,
I stole a rock
to make this
shore.





here to experience the...
philosophy...
...originally in a common...
...rather, only from...
...the meaning of the...
...poetry and phi...
...hold...
...possibility to...
...of the...
...negative experience is...
...common negative experience is...

A free update obstructs
a path through thought.

Whereof one cannot speak
one mentions anyways,

like a flock of checkmarks
blocking the sun.

For the sake of transgression
I axed one last forest.

I kept my aura
nonetheless in radials.

The name of the flowering
tree was vulgar.

The sawdust, future participle
of air.

The sky negotiates a frame

It only works in the right body

The willow casts its grammatical shadow

The dirt path opens to a flaming portal

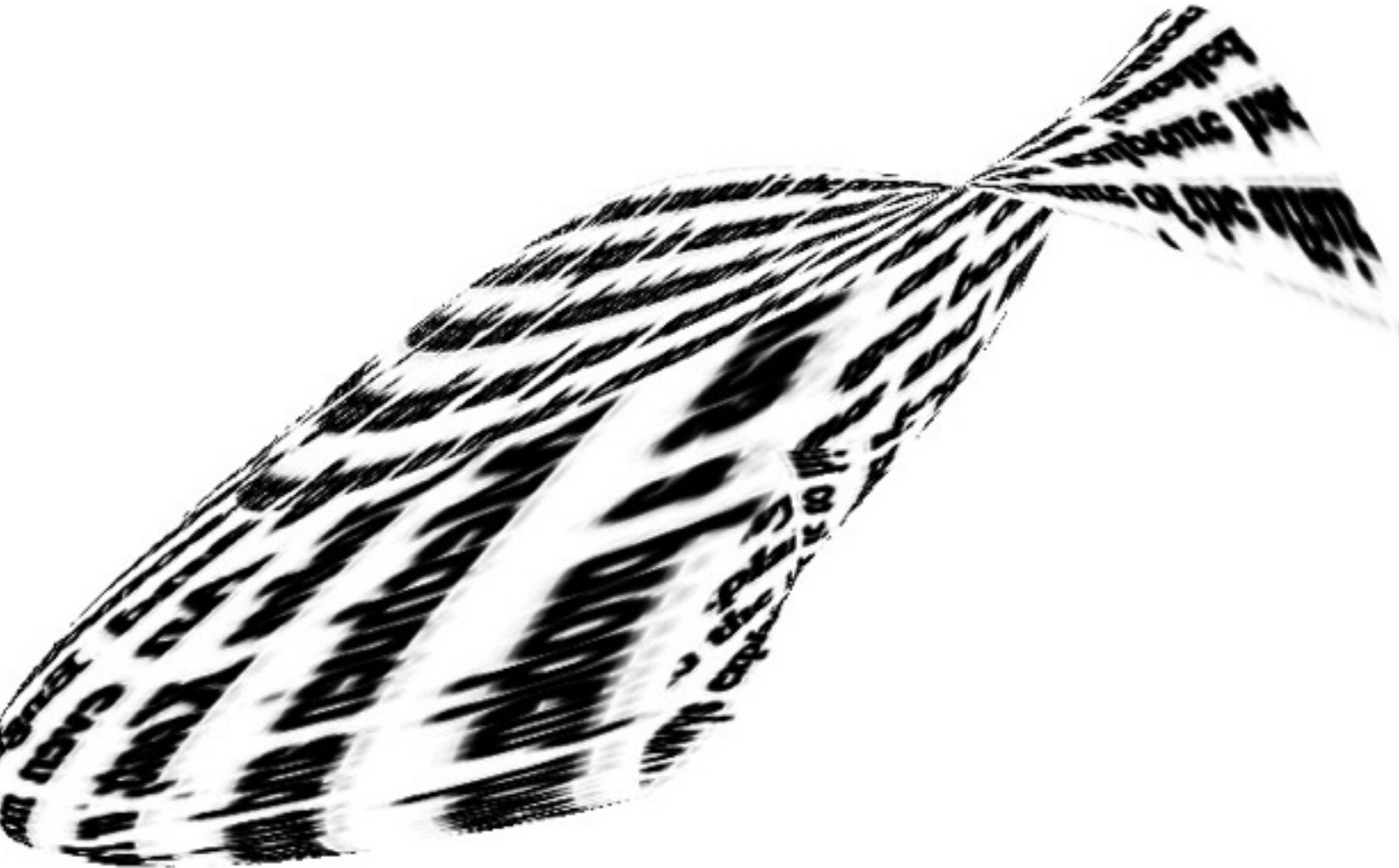


The quarry is freakishly warm; lots of men fishing in the toxic pond and throwing back any catches they make. On the dystopian television show I am watching to foreclose my interaction with nature, the word CONSENSUS appears on the screen within my screen. I look up at my neighbors, who are only really fishing conceptually, and recollect a treatise surrounding the *distribution of the sensible*, or the value of dissent in the context of a consensual government⁵. The Latin root of *dissent* roughly translates to *different-feeling*: working against an ordained intimacy, “political” or otherwise. Meanwhile, the implication of the *sensual* with the carnal, vulgar and indulgent can also be traced back to the 15th century. Consensus, dissensus, sensualis. *It is vanity, immediately drowned in the din of bombs and the echo of tortures, to post the relation as a substitute for the absolute ...*⁶

But which is the different feeling in the first place? Does the act of finding a relation, indulgently keeping the caught prey, propose a form of the absolute or is it just another substitution? Don't the vulgar and the carnal suggest their own metaphysics? From quarry to bathtub — *The offering of the concrete becomes a means for knowledge.*⁷ An animal's shock at its surroundings, a sudden hook in the tongue. You were supposed to meet me here hours ago, and now I am watching parabolas of stunted koi arc into the water. They flail mid-air, resisting the fall as it occurs, even as they accelerate towards a medium in which they can finally breathe.

UNMARKING THE CURB WITH A BARK I THINK OF THE TUB AS SOILED BUT RUN THE
WATER ANYWAYS THIS SADNESS IS VISIONARY BUT WE'RE BACK ON THE SWING-SET
STARING TOWARDS THE FIXED POINT OF NIGHTFALL EACH TREE WITH A LAMP IN IT
EACH PARK CLOSED PROVISIONALLY IN LIGHT OF THE SAME BINARIES THE SAME
QUADRATIC PATHS BUT I MUST TRUST THAT ANOTHER LIFE IS POSSIBLE EVEN IF I
CANNOT TOUCH IT MUST CONCEIVE OF A SELF BEFORE BIRTH AND GRANT ITS
VESSEL AGENCY ANYWAYS ANYWAY THE REAL IS THE CURVE DRAWN BY THE SWING
AND THE FISH THROWN BACK THE CURB TOO IS AN ARC THE BATHTUB A BORDER-
SPACE THE QUARRY IS MARKED AS OUR TARGET OR NOT THE MOON'S DARK DOG IS
CLOSE ENOUGH

I have been watching
so much television
that my cycle syncs up
with the episodes
Today there is snow
in the Northwest
It's noticing silence
within the choir
I look into it
and a lining sheds
I'm not dancing
Something's
dancing me
It's ethics
No
It's repetition
When the figure undresses
the myth can begin



En-duration in fascinancy

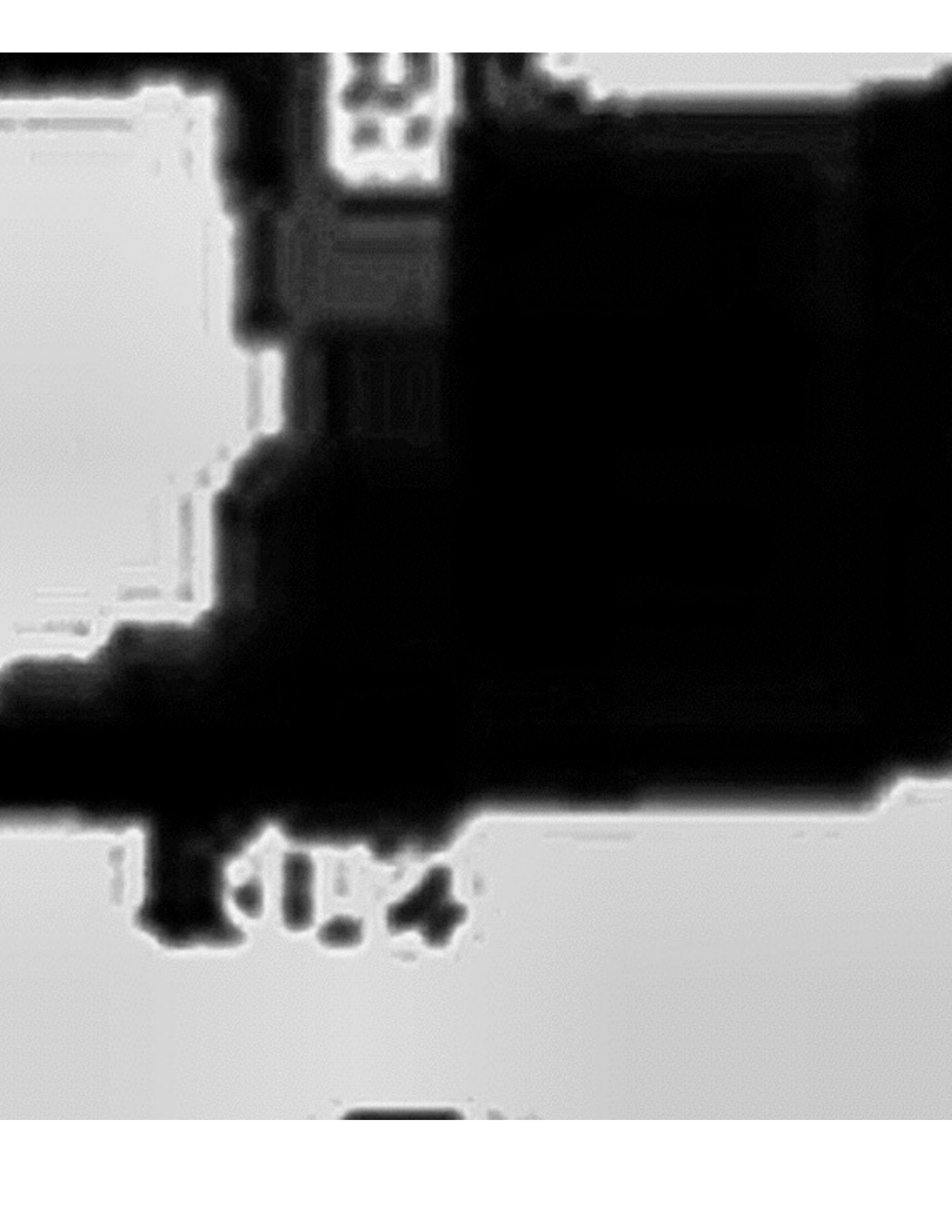
syncretistic noise vision

m/Other,

The performance of theory, the act of moving the “as if” into the indicative “is,” 8

So perhaps this issue of feeling-differently has to do with one’s movement through both the relational and the absolute, with the greatest possible deliberateness. This knowledge is then performed for the reader, mapping a point of certainty somewhere between the poles: the projectile reaching a standstill before its descent. Such a location (in time/space) is different with each passing circumstance, but we might imagine that the top of the pond is covered in ice even as we thrust in our fishing lines, meeting no resistance —

That sound is not an image’s supplement but its archaeology. That the remoteness of desire might merely be a form of shame. That this shame can be overcome. That the eye mis-renders the color of a bath, that the trashcan sags the floor. The truth comes to us distorted and we take it anyways. Thought is to articulation as movement precludes both of them. A new sheen to the resinous: language is a sense like smell or touch. Dissent is bodily. The Absolute is Public. The dismantled forest holds its river.



Given its normal remoteness
how long is “a while”?

That the film did not do justice
to its music we were certain.

She left at daybreak
but came back later.

I retranslated this here landfill
over this here grass.

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ENDNOTES

¹ Glissant, Édouard. Nathanaël, Malena, Anne. *Poetic Intention*. Callicoon, NY : Nightboat Books ; 2010. Print.

² Ibid.

³ Chion, Michel, Claudia Gorbman, and Walter Murch. *Audio-vision: Sound on Screen*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1994. Print.

⁴ Phelan, Peggy. *Unmarked: The Politics of Performance*. London: Routledge, 2006. Print.

⁵ Rancière, Jacques, and Steve Corcoran. *Dissensus: On Politics and Aesthetics*. London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2015. Print.

⁶ Glissant, Édouard. *Poetic Intention*.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Phelan, Peggy. *Unmarked: The Politics of Performance*.