

**Some Other Deaths
of Bas Jan Ader**

dana ward

flowers & cream

SOME OTHER DEATHS OF BAS JAN ADER

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Some Other Deaths of Bas Jan Ader

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Some Other Deaths of Bas Jan Ader

Sarah's employer

is conducting an audit

in order to substantiate

the status of dependants

in the house receiving benefits

by virtue of privileged

relation spelled out

in the corporation's policy

regarding who is & who isn't

a qualified love. We hadn't

received Viv's birth

certificate the day

she was born though with this

audit coming up we'd

have to have it. I

went to the health center
just south of Central
on Elm & I filled out
the forms, awful forms
as you'd guess with the
price point for certification
of death being higher
than that of a birth
record next to the box
you could check indicating
the advent of a stillbirth so
concussive just to see
the empty emblem of petition
in the flesh. I wrote our
names in the spaces
provided by the forms
paid 22 dollars & waited

with the others gathered there
with our folders
& phones with our faded
shirts gleaming sun-
glasses bordered by
mini pink rhinestones leather
planners, with headphones,
with fresh to death Adidas
dreary khakis Jesus
pieces children playing
sleeping under chairs
& the pneumatic tube
launching paper
forms from some out-
moded filing room
whose dotage is honored
by strangely subordinate screens

awaiting their inheritance
politely. The sun beamed
all over the foam of the day;
dirty marigold paint
with a buttercup border,
the walls had the color of a dwindling vigil.
One baby, face like a
rakish, aged Jetson
his candle light complexion
made him blend in with the walls
as mirage suggesting fresh
corporeality descendant
from some other, noble sphere
where the war machine
& double helix both
slain by assuagement
were set in their constabulary

boats love's triumph punctured
& sank as they began
their maiden voyage joining
Ader, Hart Crane in the
legendary world. What's it
like down there up here
the same command & capture
of a wonder
years enclosure going
quantum as the concertina
wire of it blisters that baby's face flashed
with the visage of a cat it's eyes blazed
& the whole scene
was totaled my thoughts
& the thoughts of the others
there the atmosphere
of bureaucratic languor & its

affects wow their wee Pompeii
moving ashes over interspaces
ripe for exhumation then the click
as the inter-dimensional cat baby's gaze
wrote the fullness of the room
as one QR. I blinked
at that, & was redirected back
to the forms of life encircled
by their maintenance
with its squares, jagged
stairwells cut off beside cascading
Tetris debris little dots
seeking clusters in their free
fall grids arrays of static energy
laterals webs of black crystal
inside the new snow flake
of anyone's core.

By which I mean this song
is accounted for
& valid
in the audit of love
inside the world system
in which we went down
to the UPS Store the next day
had our documents notarized paid
our ten dollars ate Bahn Mi
with coffee & green tea in the market
napped awhile then fetched the baby
from the sitter's. We were like those
drowsing bulls I saw en route to Oxford:
fungible children of god.

"But that"

as Anne said, "was when we were whores." That 'when' in Anne's sentence is my Leaves of RSS & it syndicates an undulant devotion. The updates all express themselves as simple light on water. It's like

hearing Time of the Season or something, sinews weaving slowly over wavelets like a net. The sight makes me honest & high.

Then I'm having serious moments inside; nascent Iliads & other infant works instill my mind with total recall of the youngest global epics, of all the ways we've sucked or of exigencies our frailties met, incepted by the hardcore symbiosis that harvests the ache of our autonomy as Pet Sounds I am thinking of the people & occasions that sustain me through a socio-melodic compulsion arranging these details along a continuum hostile to its regents & their time, a Taos hum.

Then I'm in some kind of museum with the people from the waiting room we're raising up a blanket incarnation of that baby made QR, high into the vaults of the space & it becomes a skylight with a liquid constitution so its patterns flicker over all the ageless bourgeois children, covers their eyes like a band of black blindfolds the Sex Pistols queen.

Then the black band is over my eyes & I'm trying all at once too many disambiguations: light from water, holding from the way I'm being held, that embrace from the way I'm adrift on the day's Marie Celeste of bounded communism found without its passengers, with all the goods intact.

Then the only thing I see is light on water.

It's the kind of water you could maybe drown tyrants in? This sort of baptismal of need Bas Jan Ader disappeared beneath searching for miracles over the near-death-experience shimmer the open sea shines on its liminal pilgrims. His grail hunt results in the dreamiest picture: nothing there but ocean, open surf, the suggestion of sea-life, of leisure at its edges, work painted over in fairy-tale tints, empty cupcake colored houses, allegorical post-snipe Olympus that's written in liquid by peaceable gods.

Still the purity of Ader's disappearance can't survive the general (capturing) audits of life. Even Mutt Lang, though mysterious, survives in a fetishized stock photo they always show anytime they have to talk about Shania. His Switzerland is like a shallow ocean, & "You're Still the One I Love" contains a measure of his face as the short, benign plunge from a tree contains 'Major Tom' longing for Zero-G floating away, outfoxing all habeas corpus. The scene of Ader's death is so smudged for me today by such time as I interpolate the whole of it to mine my callow innocence & blessings for a wormhole in the represented world.

Is that what I think of as dreaminess then? "Jesse's Girl", covetous & urgent comes on, 800 pounds of marijuana are found off the coast of Orange County in the morning & I flourish--in their molten convergence of largesse & need there is a fixture of interludes believed to be respites from history somehow inside me like a disappearing act. In the meadows festooned with the precious calamities inherent to my class, this one, unassuagable & durative keeps calling back then I blink at the patterns of dust on my copy of Loveless, or flash my eyes over the differential snowflake (ontology) that orders my belief. That dreaminess makes time seem personal & neat, a flag of one color folded perfectly & buried with its casualty, alone, in the sea. Then that song goes off. Then its friendliness departs. My only desire is to love the music, hard, & to unlearn its world without drowning. At the edge of this desire there's a phantom TBD, endless trailers play in faint black & white flickering patterns I can't seem to process in time, to be carried from their distillate figure to where, as if mated to Howl's Moving Castle, the health center moves on my Fortress of Solitude, breathing public fire, & melts my isolation chamber down into puddles of contact solution, a rinse conceived to make me more clear eyed.

Because my own sight is of no consequence alone. Nearly anything I see is like a Bethlehem to me, giving birth to the most divine irruption

then the advent adapts & its violence is blunted. Everyday is like Training Day; little red school, vibrant blue sky strobed together, the cherries & berries of its light effects & sweetened vegetation. But I would wage war on everything I've ever written to produce a form of gratitude surpassing what, permitted to return to, I acquire. Still I am so thankful for life. Yet this gratitude, brutally partial, unsettles. I want the commons of its radical suggestion yet only end up with my signature Dubai. *Still I am so thankful for life.* It's an odd thing to say, to repeat, because it departs for no site of reception. The math is sound but the soul takes it on as a joke like the water on the knee in "Hymn to Life." Its raiments are offered up in total supplication, but to whom? The styles go limp on the absence of a frame. They puddle in silk, in stiff denim, a pink cotton shirt on which someone's printed YOLO. I wait for the ghost to stand true in these clothes & deliver affirmative hugs. But there won't be commensurate floods of receipt, no circulating joy, & for me that means there is no absolution.

When we lived near Eden Park I was green & now I think in saying that I might be even more so. I would drink Folger's espresso near a citronella candle reading Mandelstam & then I'd go & visit Mirror Lake. Under the glare of the water was a wonderful pattern, curvaceous & made of spring colors, these children had painted one summer as part of a public arts project, now defunct. But the horror was the way in which the lake was all for me—existence seemed the emblem of a hurt, romantic man exteriority had processed & rendered as material no thought would ever eclipse. The wind styled over the surface of the water, freely, with easy intensity, enough to cause commotion although never any panic. The currents were mild, patterns brief from wave to wave, so I never felt obliged to organize them in my mind as more than sated victims of an uncoordinated surging. The sun was just a paper moon, its warmth an effect of its need for some beloved to believe in it & authorize the venue of its beaming. Slow swarms of dandelion spores would migrate north from the riverbank & settle

on an aimlessness the airflow agreed to. Shamelessly happy I sailed into a parallel universe dreaminess blew into this one's unbearable completeness.

"As sweet as pain to the saint" as Notley wrote, "is the door to the actuality of those events." I am pushing it open with my nose like a cat, & going blind as the dazzle from its surface hits my eyes I wince & shudder making vague figures out in a room overcoming or eluding crude representations through maneuvers which appear to me, like dancing to a child, as the movement of the real world in rehearsal.

There's a flickering black & white pattern moving over the air & their forms are bleeding endlessly & freely flowing into it, out of it, streams, & sprays untraceable & lost to destination like the most evasive sentiment seeming to come to a critical truth. My eyes loose the thread of this movement in a moment of being bound into it, care like distortion through being enforced or bound inside these audits to the forms of certain persons whose abandonment describes the very limits of existence. Then one of them, another svelte & hurt romantic man, emerges from the overwhelming motion to seek the miraculous, alone, in the dreamiest fashion, as then he went down to his ship, which was already poised, tiny argosy of sacrificial love, where the Venus deer he would become found its headlights, the sea, reached via the streets of a city at night.

The last thing he would see is light on water.

Then Micah stops by & I smoke while he nurses a nicotine lozenge & helps me better understand Laurelle.

Then Kathy moves her shoulder in just such a way so that I can sneak around her through the door.

Then Nancy is working my shift.

Then I shit my pants & a friend of my mother's comes to pick me up from school so I can change.

Then Blake sits beside me on the waterbed talking me down from some harrowing trip.

Then Anne brings me ice in a washcloth to see to the finger I've busted in Overland Park.

Then Jen hangs out with Vivian while I track down my car.

The Charlie drives me back from the impoundment lot on Sunday.

Then Randy is taking me home.

Then Joey comes to take me to the openings, & dinner.

Then Joe picks me up for the show.

Then Maria gets me home before midnight.

Then Pastor finds some money in the budget.

Then cris hooks me up with a gig.

Then Paul stands me drinks at the Comet.

Then Kasey has me out to Ashland I see all my friends.

Then Brandon is lifting my head with an amulet he's typing up for me against my meltdown.

Then Karen reassures me that she knows it's going to happen.

Then Patricia tells me that the basement's not on fire.

Then Bill recommends this sci-fi book the Starlight Fraction.

Then Jesse holds the baby while I'm smoking at the protest.

Then Thom buys me coffee & a bagel.

Then Jordan gets me high in his terrarium during the noise show that's raging downstairs.

Then John lets me play the piano.

Then Cynthia brings Vicodin, cheese cubes & beer

Then David sends a line-inducing rainbow in the mail.

Then Chris reminds me shit like this is really no big deal.

Then Rob is introducing me to several of my heroes.

Then Emily's making me laugh on the porch.

Then Stephanie's taking me to buy some stomach pill.

Then Norman is fixing the hole in our floor.

Then Geoff helps me out of the bar to my yard where he leaves me outside to sleep it off.

Then Caroline gives me a drawing.

Then Nat gives me magazines I'd never find.

Then Brandon escorts to some tiny grocery & buys me a vitamin water, granola bar, C-Pak & bottle of Dasani.

Then Charles helps me navigate the trains.

Then Les helps me clear the fallen tree limbs from our porch.

Then Anselm is walking me home on his arm.

Then Kathy is lending us money.

Then my brother takes me to the Greyhound station late Thanksgiving evening where a friend has been stranded for hours.

Then Sarah down the street makes me her kissing doll one summer. This mints a pendant inside me the luster of which runs aground in my skin.

Then things are slow at the store & I'm sent home. I nap alone in our bed, which is floating on pure lover's hideaway feeling both illicit & supremely domestic.

Then we're snowed in against some family obligation. We fuck & sleep & drink surpassing Christmas in our bodies.

Then the sun, the cab goes so slow into midtown I'm moving further up the little island, & it's setting. We could ride into the river or sound I don't know the names of these bodies of water I want everyone to drown in my enormous teenage dream.

Then my new mordancy & boring paranoia are swallowed by mouthfuls of smoke & sangria. "Obliterate all this sudden inwardness" I think "obliterate this useless fucking fear".

Then I'm unwrapping the copy of Purple Rain my brother bought me on a balmy summer evening. There are lavender doves in the lindens, illegible stirring of sexual focus in me.

Then I'm on my way to Taco Bell & I know the inhabiting song of the world is omnipotent. It surges through illuminated tacos on the menu, buzzing, as it does, with an "I heard a fly buzz" sort of buzz & mixing in frequencies of Ginsberg's interventionist OM. Were the Pentagon with me it would float the fuck away.

Then I somehow get sleep on the plane & I dream of Mary's grace & an autopsy wherein the bodies of believer's are dissected revealing strange 'faith organs' common to all pious souls. In the dream this scenario augurs a war that concludes with the end of the world.

Then I get to go to Art Basel Miami. I buy drugs on the street & we drink by the surf & eat 15 dollar grilled cheese.

Then there's a beer garden just down the street when I feel like my legs will give out if I don't have a drink & read poems until we're set to meet. By the time I see your face I'm Jesus Christ through transfusions of lush shade & happy hour lager.

Then I'm hung over our daughter who never sleeps into the morning wakes up I bring her from her crib to our bed I can't fathom doing more than maybe reading to her there. At some point during one of her books she nods off as do I by the time we come to I'm recovered.

Then I seem that year in Maryland to lose weight by the day we're broke & eat mainly these stale bags of popcorn a friend of ours brings from the cinema's trash. When we have the money for a meal it's Ruby Tuesday's, a matinee of Clueless & a pint of Southern Star O the way Alicia's Cher informs our decency forever Bel Air of her reign, & the city of this poem.

Then Floyd plays a glorious set at the party. I'm weak from dancing, hoarse from singing, spent (in perfect health).

Then after days of rain a cloudless dawn greets us in Destin. The tropical depression blows away.

Then I catch sight of some painkillers fallen between the kitchen counter & the oven. I lower a USB cable into the crevice brush the pills into the open & get high with sunglasses on because life is brutal, our friends die, & sunglasses rule.

Then I worry for hours you hate me, then you write me. I'm convinced then that no matter what happens you'll love me forever I bury myself in that ground walk away leaving no trail of crumbs to return by.

Then my father cures chronic insomnia. He turns my radio on in the dark.

Then the way I can tell that you know what I mean almost purely, built from years of our agreements. That look of not another word is needed.

Then I'm sobbing & I can't remember why now the supermodel colic in the willows just goes on throughout the years. My touchstone music is your reassuring voice.

Then my mom lends me 25 dollars. I order the second Grove edition of the Sonnets.

Then Joey turns me on to Bas Jan Ader when I (unwittingly) need it the most. The elegance, mystery, & bluntness of the work appeals directly to my sense of things as always disappearing; lost either in circular discourse, or the sea.

Then Megan writes forgiving me for missing her reading. She says 'being an adult with responsibilities is stupid I suffer from that too.'

Then Sylvie, with her sunbrella, draws us a little path back to the house through sand pocked by razory shells & bordered by dunes where rare plovers are hatching. The frantic babies scatter as we pass them in the morning.

Then snow flurries caught on long grasses are lit up by headlights left on up the street. I get the mental antihistamine of Larry Eigner valentines at night & stay awake with my notebook.

Then I see the fox turds laced with pips so I know I can eat the cherries in the orchard they taste like mini-sugar bombs of badly welted flesh.

Then someone informs me a blowjob is not exhaling streams of air onto a lover's nipples. I'm grateful that I learn this just in time to not offer such a service to my earliest girlfriend.

Then we have a February heat wave, a San Diego March, a Monte Carlo April. The disaster at the edge of this beauty somehow hits me only later when it rains too much in May.

Then Vivian plunges into my arms after I've been away & relief fixes my equilibrium into an icon of itself. Absence, travel, art, & care become a prayer flag made of densely woven ribbon.

Then Dr. Kress is moving the stethoscope (oddly its warm) on my chest she's telling me my lungs sound fine.

Then all I can think of are emails from Mike. They express a type of sadness that's corrosive to its type in that their loneliness is modified by politics that gives them definition, a sense of deeper solitude

through shape. They collaborate with nothingness by saturating absence with faith & thus they offer me a pilgrim's love of god.

Then Sarah is driving, with the baby, in the middle of the night, for an hour, all the way up 27 past the farms & dozing bulls to find me slumped over in front of the station, waiting in tears after being arrested for driving after drinking too much wine.

Then John is guiding me, by phone from San Francisco, in the dark through unfamiliar parts of Brooklyn. He's giving me directions to his place & I relay to them driver, who delivers me safely. He moves me through the glut of keys assembled on his ring & the locks fall one by one like little kingdoms.

Then the illusion that things will always work. The toilet flushes with a whoosh. The tap expels water, hot & cold both, with all the pleasing gradients between them. The soap dispenser puffs out foamy soap in a soft cone of white into my hand. The paper towels crank out as scrolls of fresh parchment. This table's too small & yet everything fits.

Then when I want to chill in a Shellyian vapor cube connected to the internet by starlets in a rope line cradling physical summations of 'the cloud' as supreme fetish object with the metabolic engine of a racehorse I can do it. I'm the embodied global north!

Then I see everyone's anthemic photos on a day when our era's auto-narcissism manifests vertical phantasms; hentai drones circling statues of Zelda that evanesce while playing Fur Elise. The heads of the town are awash in this correlating rapture of age-reversed pictures.

Then the largeness of my claims & my dreams are revealed in their diminishment to be the petty figments of a charred communal logic. The content I'd masked for myself, out of fear, goes rushing through me then asserts a new resilience that is cozening even as I speak.

Then there are new forms of empathy designed by an impulse to vanish yet stand against death. Everything forced to appear & report can partake of these forms as the YOLO script skywrites itself as a herald to the Whitmans of this mystical condition.

Then my QR reader moves over spectralised black & white code at which point I'm re-directed to a video of giant French poodles galloping toward a battalion of cops they topple as flash bombs explode.

Then I conquer Call of Duty: Lacanian Ops. When you defeat the Real you get to see its human face by which I mean you see a cat that is forever readjusting the vanishing point of a menacing abstraction while prancing around on your grave.

Then in some immersive dulcimer sound-world a semblance machine describes likenesses of auditory sunset for those who are blinded by the moneyed look of dusk.

Then from each according to ability to anyone according to their need can be heard on the play grounds & in the ruined cities sung by children as mysterious & rich as 'the Rosey' was for Duncan, Billie Holiday to Weiner's perfect ear.

Then we all fall down, are pushed down in ashes ashes as our circling retains its prized mirage of ambulation. The circle sighs & whimpers, sings & cries, becomes human itself, rises up in rebellion against its creators, makes stuff in its image, goes beyond the arborescent, projects astrally, overcomes time by consuming it, forages for other circles far in the universe, finds them, goes to war, forms a unity government, flames out in a moment of over-exposure, goes into hiding, dies in southern California, circles back around through all of that this time backwards then we all fall down again are all pushed down in ashes ashes.

Then mercy & forgiveness as acculturated treacle are converted to hard gem like flame it's this candy-painted beacon in the new tricked out person-esque being made of pure exteriority.

Then Mirror Lake is drained in Eden Park leaving only the a-symbolic swirl those children painted in its basin. When I look for my face that's what I see.

Then my personal life becomes a cabbage rose growing enormous to effect a self-eclipse. I was writing the immaculate collection of my happiness when all of its poisons broke true.

Then dreaminess recovers from historical amnesia to find its aspect integral & dear. Its interludes dissolve into the life of their occasions, desperation for relief & how the mind made peacock flesh resolves to deepen, in its iridescent crest, the fantasies developed in its overleveraged bliss.

Then there is a real benediction.

Then the satellites combust from exposure to glamour.

Then the hard golden American glow is absorbed into dense velvet textures & radiant clouds like the petals of newborn Dutch flowers.

Then there is a sliver disco timeline encircling the globe as the serpents turn to stardust & crumbles.

Then there is a color like no color I've ever seen, an impossible color & its years.

Then the only thing I see is light on water.

It's the kind of water I could maybe build my love back in, lost somehow this summer as I waded in how could that be given everything I've told you here submerged in that how could that be umm my love.

& it isn't even mine.

There's a book called the Sheltering Sky I've never read & its name reflects the sea I've just emerged from in my mind its color blue as well classically sky-like the canopy deep & forbidding now stupid & sweet then banal & sublime.

Isn't it a kind of imperious naturalization masquerading as endearment, the trees & the grasses beneath it nurse its emptiness & come up looking much as you'd expect them to, so doing, me, a little boy at 36 I guess or something & the trees remain a swath of shapeless green beyond my reading, long days inhaling info-meth, nose pressed to screen it made me hotter & invariably thoughtless then at night I'd seek a cure; falling asleep to David Harvey in the ear buds, reading Jodi Dean in bed alone, on my phone. My Bas Jan Ader thoughts were like this nice boy ouroboros that carousel'd away inside my body. Either get god or full communization (for meaning) is what the circle plainly said, repeating, as when my love is nothing then it's nothing like the sky reflects the emptiness present in owning my life reflects blue of impossible gratitude sapphire made to be strung in a dream catcher hung in the window to plume with the 'night of the world'. As it moves through the gem it turns viscous as dreaminess has always turned on me a healing syrup you can see when you look in the eyes of a person, lyrics to the Coaster's "Searchin" stitched beneath their lids & the flashlight buried, scattered, dimmed & born in need to be beyond a waning metronome (home) to be acquitted it comes through the texture of sapphire oozes through Vivian's nursery to bathe her sleeping body in its blue security camera type glow. Here, a dead balloon shoots through youngish pines, & there another corpse flares to freeze receipts & regiment cinders in burning appearance.

The balloon goes up, onward, a multi-directional Adele apparatus that scans sorrow's tissue for all ideational correlates & song. It's scanning our bodies while we sleep from a number of distances given its singular appearance, here, as dirigible in flight from the night of the world that belies its omnipotence, a Zelig drone towed by this same white balloon will show up in old photos of 'the Blitz' & shit like that. Tonight it's all for us, auditing our bodies, roving scanner moving over Sarah's skull collecting dermal samples or angling her bangs so they fall toward West Point. The balloon's not a figment or metaphor it's a real thing it has its humanity, rictus, regime of human rights, whimsy to protect itself from want/self-immolation, universalized sight made through anyone's best Annie Liebowitz eyes with a Lisa Frank infusion so good I can see the non-abattoir parts of life deliver on their promise in these pictures that exceed the limn of image. We contribute to this body this poetry journal this book of dreams, soft, filled with pictures of children, heavy Marie Cassat scenes & the affiliated havens the balloon keeps as its charges. It turns its light on me & I am plunged into an ocean. There I report all the kindnesses provided, list with hurried diction, concluding with velveteen apocalypse redemption of dreamiest times & how they honeyed. Then the only things I see are pictures of men fucking money. I hear a gang of dudes somewhere, performing 'Mony Mony', the 'you make me feel of it' filling my ears like I'd pressed a pink conch to them, headphones. I'm aloft in the sky of the night of the world in the arms of the big white balloon. I push my feet hard against the sand & emerge, covered in the sheen shelter ripples with perfectly draped like a dress of sheer fabric I would wear in a scene of emergence drenched in water from the sea where the clothes cling with fine second skinness those rich kids on Tumblr their torsos an expropriated muscled golden shroud. Mine's soft but of similar stuff.

From up here the streets looks like a busy epaulet & the land is a uniformed bank warden's shoulder. A unified theory of physics turns

up in a book about penology & feeling. The balloon I see now is just a cloud, vaporous, seemingly impossible to pop with its census perfume that moves sentience, collectivized, between us soft flesh forms, contagions & parasites, sorrowful patterns & praise work absorbed by the dark. The balloon takes a shit. A little blue sapphire drops in the ocean, like spit. The waves arrange themselves into squares, jagged stairwells cut off beside cascading Tetris debris, little dots seeking clusters in their free fall grids arrays of static energy, laterals, webs of blue crystal inside the eventual Atlantean deluge. I pass my eyes over that cerulean QR & am returned to a cool room in our cozy house as the retina display of the world is breaking down & the pixels of things become visible. Blood.

If you are waiting for the disaster of your personality to become beautiful & modern again you are probably waiting in line at a food truck. The quality of light, rouge & pink, gives your skin & your lover's a champion glow. Your hands brush, & thoughtlessly clasp. It feels intimate enough to sustain you in that moment but contracts, & all bets, are off. You glance at your phone in the twilight, mindlessly flick your thumb against its liquid flint, bring your eyes up as the magic hour pours through city glass & pools in standing water, remnants of the morning's summer shower. Your lover throws their now empty carton—a small paper boat containing balled foil, wax paper smeared with orange grease— into a blue receptacle that glows on its own, 'in love', somehow you think, with simply being there, like you. Indeed, every object you encounter seems to generate its own specific radiance. These nimbi are embellished by the nearness of your crush, who has let your hand drop, & is now chatting warmly with some friends who've just arrived. They've heard about this food, & have to try it. You strike up a conversation with some of them, friends of friends, people you know somehow, vaguely. You begin to plan the rest of your night. "Soft opening" "gallery" "after party" "secret!" The words strung together have a magnetic warmth that pulls your

group forward through darkening streets. You stop & take a picture of a large graffiti mural, its colorful pattern of squares with branching radials & intersecting lines seems to indicate an angel had painted this design, the transcription of a sacred geometry. Its uncanny quality startles you a bit then its freshness is arranged on the horizontal line where you constellate sights & sensations in your body. Calibrations of this sort occur with no effort, the perceptual shape of each moment is a child, an infant that suddenly dies as the next affective instance exhausts the totality of consciousness-- feeling & thought, arousal, attachment. Shame & guilt were liquidated long ago. Then your lover's face is bathed in vintage neon near the bar. The kiss you share then has a perfect duration, neither too long to discomfort your friends nor too brief to deny the sexy promise of your evening. The craft beers & specialty cocktails arrive. "Suri Cruise" someone says, "Honeymoon." "Festival." "Design school." "Election." The alcohol warms your blood mildly, Goldilocks sunshine in chilly October. Your feeling for time is now time's ultimatum—your lover, your phone, your friend's conversation, the drinks & the crowd, each one is engaged in with such graceful proportion the durative is governed by that kiss. Back on the street you're approaching a building of beige brick & glass. Units are for rent in the space above the gallery that occupies the building's ground floor. One of your friends has a friend who has work in the show but the art is irrelevant. You, a Giotto of time, have contrived the most contemporary consciousness, & this supreme work subordinates these mere aesthetic artifacts to relics of quickly fading age. As you activate the editing software you've internalized you effect a wipe of the scene before your eyes & replace it with an image of the mural you'd encountered some hours before. Its authenticity persuades you to begin an integration, to assimilate its assertive difference in a manner that will further your feelings of distinction. You have eradicated crude & hierarchal attachment. A dazzling lifestyle maneuver dissolves the whole optative universe into your measure, ergonomic interior of spirit where each occasion stimulates nodes of relation, productive

imbalance, impossible synthesis & symmetries, configurations as robust as they are fine & delicate. There is no remainder to this system only shadows of transports en route to its substance. The stuff of their immanent arrival forms your golden intuition, is precisely the fuel that makes it go. You slide the image of the mural away & find the opening is ending, your lover's by your side, & the two of you are on your way home. The city is the best, without tension, post-liminal space, and the outside of the outside as you've claimed it for a moment of self-modulation to distribute through your interwoven platforms. After sex you drift off into undisturbed sleep. Having vanquished irreconciliation, murdered elsewhere, & raised satisfaction to a masterwork gestalt, the mind, once beset by low drives & frantic detail, has no need of dreaming at all. Through that

darkness someone is

walking. Flawless dysphoria

constitutes this territory's

capex & Edens brightly

as what light

there is there makes

wealth by incentivized

photochromatic sea-

farming for

mutually privatized

sweetness a qualified
love.
As moths move
through the dustbowl
the Beinecke will be so
the person here
moves in sadness seeking
the light they burned up in
is it me?
& what's a
person anyway garbage
or a demi-god ask someone
who thinks they know.
I thought they were
splendors of ruthless particular
shape, brute predacious
ecologies stars

made from meat interred
angels & scrim
of the system's investiture bloodied
& colorful bodies constructed
from stage lights that changed
as a mood ring responds
to the hot
& the cold of global money.
Whoever it is
that is walking here holds
such oscillations of
conscriptio as a
rabbit's foot baby
steps to deepen the occulted
insulation that preserves
the fraying warmth they still
inhabit childhood's

only a recent invention
we don't even know
what we are. Nothing
answers anyone who thinks they
know everything someone else
answers we're only a recent
invention metaphysics insurrection
festive teeming or murderous
incessant war waged
in manifold ways
as diverse as the gaiety
of difference that obtains
even now in what
had once been
called the wild.
But this night
has no correlate

whoever is walking there
is in that moment
unknowable exactly
as they are
abiding worthless
value moving free through
dreamed acquittal poised
perhaps somewhere in the populated
middle if this night that's fallen
is familiar as it seems
a drop or crash of
life had stood a loaded
all the hits played loud
as fuck the depths
blessed with cosmetics
& drugs like
authentic emotions.

Are they mine?
Shit that can't be me
who is walking to the
edge of the sea in this night
of actually existing my
life-ism. Then the only
thing that's seen
is a miracle of need
as it decorates the mean
of total emptiness with sorrow
& ferocious restitution
for the depths of neglect
that are the only
real that matters
to a person
where nothing's
inherent but something

inheres, fucking crazy
& weird, made
aphasia we're seared
by & ripped with the system
ingresses through that this
impossible, being,
appears.

"But that"

as Anne said,

