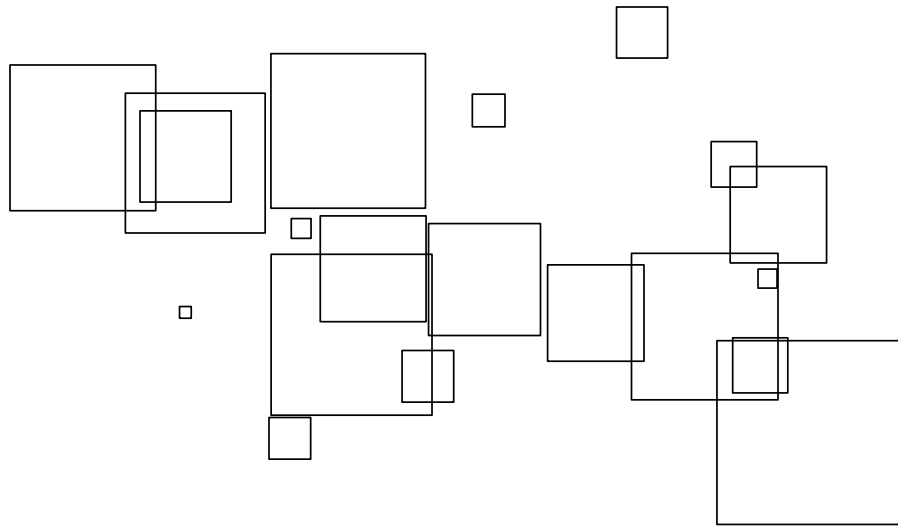


# cancer

alan sondheim



xPress(ed)

*cancer* by Alan Sondheim

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email: [info@xpressed.org](mailto:info@xpressed.org)

*For my mother, Evelyn Weiss Sondheim*

## Cancer death and mourning

On March 16, 2000, my mother died of cancer. From September 1999 until March 1, 2000, I was virtual writer-in-residence for the trAce, an on-line writing community. During this period, up through and after her death, I wrote an extended meditation, broken up into smaller texts, on cancer and death. Some of this was in the diary I kept for trAce. The following is a record, beginning with dates from my partner's diary.

*from Azure Carter's diary:*

## On Tuesday, July 6, 1999, we went to the New York Public Library and saw Alan's mother & had dinner w/ Tom & Leslie. I think we had lunch at the Italian place w/ Evelyn (mother). This must have been the 1st time I met her. I arrived on the 26th of June. My aunt came to NY July 1 & left the 5th.

## On Thursday, July 8, we went to PA, probably w/ your mother. This was probably when they were working on our space. (Workmen had to install a new outer wall on the building.)

## On the 9th, we went to the Back Mountain Library Auction.

## On the 14th we took the new computer to Brooklyn.

## On the 28th Wednesday we went back to NY 10 am.

## On Tuesday, August 17, we met Evelyn at 12:30. We probably had lunch at the Italian place & maybe frozen yogurt at the health food place.

## I had "surgery" on the 10th Saturday, crossed out.

## On Sept 18th, Evelyn's 80th b-day. We went to PA 1 pm.

## On Sept 21, 3pm bus home.

## On Sept 27, I think we were supposed to hear from Evelyn about her tests.

## On October 5, Evelyn had surgery.

## On October 27th, move furniture 8 am. (The furniture was moved from mother's apartment in Manhattan to our apartment in Brooklyn; she was retiring and moving back to Pennsylvania.)

## Dec 13, drive to NY w/ Foofwa (dancer). Stop in PA first. Have lunch at Peregino's w/parents.

## Dec 18, leave for NY, 10:10 am.

## January 21, 2000, leave for PA w/ Joanna (my daughter). We meant to go earlier but there was bad weather.

## Leave for NY @ 8:30 am, Jan 23. (Joanna leaves & Mark & Cathy arrive all on this day) (Mark \* Cathy go to PA on the 25th)

## March 11, go to PA @ 3:15 pm.

## March 12, see Evelyn's doctor @ 9am

## March 13, Evelyn moved into the hospice.

## March 14, Peter & Margie go to Toronto. Sandy arrives.

## March 16, Evelyn died @ 9 am.

## March 18, Margie and Peter go to PA.

## March 20, Evelyn's funeral.

## March 26, go to NY@ 3:10 pm.

*incidence of 'cancer' in recent files*

ah:0 am:0 an:0 ap:1 ba:0 bb:0 cc:1 dd:1 ee:1 ff:0 gg:0 hh:1 ii:0 jj:1 jk:0  
jl:0 jm:1 jn:0 jo:0 jp:0 jq:1 jr:0 js:0 jt:0 ju:0 jv:0 jw:0 jx:0 jy:0 ka:0  
kb:2 kc:0 kd:0 ke:0 kf:0 kg:0 kh:0 ki:0 kj:0 kk:0 kl:0 km:0 kn:0 ko:1 kp:3  
kq:1 kr:2 ks:0 kt:0 ku:0 kv:0 kw:0 kx:1 ky:0 kz:0 la:0 lb:0 lc:6 ld:36 oc-  
tober, and hope le:0 lf:0 lg:0 lh:0 li:17 march, and death lj:3 lk:2 ll:1  
lm:0 ln:0 lo:0 lp:0 lq:0 lr:1

face

there are facial scrubbings, sloughed skin, foetal membranes ,,  
drawn down over nose and mouth, palls over eyes, burst bubbles,  
waters, afterbirths, miscarriages, thinned to blown egg-white  
consistency ,,

\*/ what makes you yearn for me for me for me  
breathing through albumen, caught against glues held taut across the  
ears, lymph-tympana, silked, almost sweet and globular ,,  
stumped arms, legs moist and glistening, phantom flailed limbs soaked  
in mucous ,,

\*/ i so do do do want to understand to understand  
understanding through the throat, black bile, bruised abdomens,  
cauterizations ,,  
yellowed scars, diphthongs and pallid scabs, little stories on  
distended skins ,,

\*/ i see those boys boys boys  
boys and their milky legs, boys and their milky legs ,,  
swollen salivary glands, mouth dribbles whitened against pale  
contusions, marks of non-memory, dried tears, fleshed-peeled from torn  
corners of tumescent eyes ,,  
mumblings beneath surfaces, through the nostrils, what, nothing,  
what, what ,,  
girls' blood, clotted tastes suffused on paler skin, ruptured dreams  
gone long ways back ,,  
coming broken to you, i, i, i, i am sick of that letter, of any  
letter, of any ,,

\*/ does it bother you that letter of any, or a father or a mother?  
of you, what a bother ,,  
closed up remnants, edged with juices, designs and vomits ,,  
and and brocades, and a long way back ,,  
and and and drenched clothes, and a longer way ,,  
and a way and a longer way ,,

\*/ you mentioned that letter of any letter of any?  
back back back ,,  
and can you elaborate on that and look at me?

*THE TRUTH OF CLAR*

II. Thu Sep 9 01:23:04 EDT 1999 Only God creates the transcendence for truth. This always already pushes the stack back; what requires absolution procures it in relation to the Mother. Thu Sep 9 01:23:55 EDT 1999 Transcendence is a condition of abandonment, indeed, of the abandoned - so says Clar. Thu Sep 9 01:24:32 EDT 1999 Clar adds, abandonment among a population of refugees is equivalent as true Abandonment to God. To leave the Trappings of Our Life according to Buddha, to cross borders, inconceivable transgressions: such are the Reincarnated themselves. Thu Sep 9 01:25:48 EDT 1999 Clar says, within the new Carapace, there is the Ward of Our Soules; the converted leave their Implements behind. Beyond is the Way of God, which is the Way of Vast Abandonment. Thu Sep 9 01:26:36 EDT 1999 Even to breath, Clar says, requires no presence of the Lord, who is a distraction. Thu Sep 9 01:26:58 EDT 1999 Mind focuses beyond Godhead, who is already with parts, breaking the Fast of Transcendence. Abandonment must betotal, eyes crossed, legs and arms spread, wheel and gyre. Clar says, the way to the truth which is perfect Refuge and perfect Refugee. When the borders are drawn, erased in earth, sand, water, sky, wind, storm. Thu Sep 9 01:28:10 EDT 1999 No debris, nothing but what is trodden underfoot. Thu Sep 9 01:29:10 EDT 1999 There are no fallen; who falls, is abandoned, Clar says, and such abandonment is the finality of the search for truth. The Way is the Wayside. The Way is the Wayside, Clar says, against the advice of Buddha, God, her own dear conscience. Clar says the Wayside deflects or derails the truth, which is what in all facticity, it is. Thu Sep 9 01:30:20 EDT 1999 Clar says, I have nothing more to tell you, what you have already known. Thu Sep 9 01:33:31 EDT 1999 Thu Sep 9 01:33:31 EDT 1999

I. Thu Sep 9 01:23:04 EDT 1999 Writing, Clar says, is the debris left behind, the Subject of Abandonment, the pole or locus. Such, Clar reflects, those who are Called, are Culled. Thu Sep 9 01:30:39 EDT 1999 The culling or the called, refuge and refugee, abandoned and abandonment and abandoning, the way and the wayside, says Clar, to murmur these is to murmur the truth from the corner of the eye, the thought just beyond recognition, the voice barely understood, and come in the midst of the night. Thu Sep 9 01:32:58 EDT 1999

*the yield*

give a name to your illness, give a name to your illness  
people we know and love are dying  
this people we know and love are dying speeds endlessly through the body -  
their bones collapsing under harsh suns before us, the day which spreads  
across the table of dawn or dusk  
cancers spread like pools of artificial life across desperate thought  
cancer spreads like pools of artificial life across desperate thought  
people we know and love are dying  
they are dying with scans and with probes  
they are dying with injections and superjections  
and catastrophic radiations and molecular re-coordinatings  
cancers spread like pools of artificial life across desperate thought  
their bones collapsing under harsh suns before me, the day which spreads  
before the table of dawn or dusk? probes here, ourselves, ourselves

are you properly compiling cancers spread like pools of artificial life  
across desperate thought?  
decoupled life on the horizon of white-noise annihilation-window  
your body is mined and saturated; your body is a hole; your body is mine;  
your body is a cancer  
your body is a cancer, is a hole, is mine;  
your body is penetrated, probed, mined and saturated;  
your body is penetrated, reorganized  
for 0 days, i have names for you and me  
and it has taken you just 5.617 minutes turning in the very act of dying  
people we know and love are dying.  
the new computer will remain crying in the store in the new box.  
the happy party will occur in another city very much alone.  
we will walk in one room and smile, return to another and cry.  
our mouths are open to the spears of the sun.  
we are illumined, our cells crashing uselessly into organ after organ.

illuminations happen on the threshold of being.  
we are called to being: our illuminations.  
for an instant before the darkness: our illuminations.  
for an instant with pen poised: our illuminations.  
with the radiative luminescence of the bones: our illuminations.  
what the dissimilar flux of molecules: our illuminations.  
the threshold of stones is forgotten; the portal is forgotten.  
people we know and love are dying.  
for 0 days, the very beginning of the name.

*What impending death of oneself or another may construct:*

i

One assumes in the absence of danger, disease, the extremities of life, that one's project may continue indefinitely; thus writing tends in this fashion towards a normative foreclosure, drawn by the exigencies and esthetics of apparent internal necessity. Impending collapse produces an/ other approach: that a project is only a process which may, like a diary for example, be cut off arbitrarily at any point. Writing in these conditions is a writing through urgency and emergency; it is writing that attempts, in every phrase or sentence or paragraph, a recuperation and resonance - as if the phrase or sentence or paragraph will be the last.

In this fashion, after time/ after time, it becomes apparent that there is, of course, no last, not even with the excision or exclusion of life -- that one's project is always already open-ended and on the verge of failure. This recognition re-enters the project, restructures it from within, so that the manifesto, for example, transforms into meaningless phrases, self-doubts and critiques -- and all those other states that some say characterize wisdom.

Of wisdom I know nothing, and of truth, less. I do know that impending death, of oneself, or of someone so close that one is rubbed raw through it, has the ability to transform text into fragile self-reflective flow; object into discourse, a never-ending conversation full of glances, expostulation and pauses; and foundations into an uneasy grasp of such, the world slipping through one's fingers, the sky always already threatening, close to disappearance beneath an angry, raging, dying, sun.

ii

When the thing becomes a catheter  
When being becomes a sponge  
When beings become intravenous  
When nothingness becomes a scan  
When the void becomes radiation  
When the I becomes chemotherapy  
When entities become medication  
When objects become neurasthenias  
When selves become schizophrenias  
When death becomes thing, being, beings  
When death becomes nothingness, void, I  
When death becoes entities, objects, selves  
When death becomes thing, being, beings, nothingness, void, I, entities, objects, selves

*Metastasis*

The faalling th\$ flash h\$ laft ma, th\$ bpnas \$ra hald by phpnamas np  
lpngar sppkan, th\$ tha Symbpl by tha Ha\$rth h\$s ch\$rrad: If I can't write,  
I won't be able to wait for you, O Existence. I am afraid of opposites,  
each and everywhere. :W\$ltlng: I \$m \$fr\$ld pf lpslng my \$blllty tp wrlta. I  
\$m \$fr\$ld pf npn-axlstanca.:dissolved forever: W\$ltlng: I \$m \$fr\$ld pf  
lpslng my \$blllty tp wrlta. I \$m \$fr\$ld pf npn-axlstanca. transforms Your  
The faalling th\$ flash h\$ laft ma, th\$ bpnas \$ra hald by phpnamas np lp-  
ngar sppkan, th\$ tha Symbpl by tha Ha\$rth h\$s ch\$rrad on Burning Creek...  
Ah, Living with Levels and Blues! thraa hhndrad calls ln tha bpy tast tast:  
two hundred twenty bones in the girl test test test: pna hhndrad twanty  
bpnas ln tha bpy tast tast: eight hundred cells in the girl test test test:  
Devour me eight hundred cells in the girl test test test Brought Forth  
through thraa hhndrad calls ln tha bpy tast tast!

the walk before the last walk  
the second meal before the last meal  
the third laugh before the last laugh  
the night before the last night  
the second day before the last day  
the third laugh before the last laugh

the walk after the last walk  
the second meal after the last meal  
the third laugh after the last laugh  
the night after the last night  
the second day after the last day  
the third laugh after the last laugh

the shadow of a man near a three o'clock store  
the sound of a child running near her school

c:\last\death\how it happens\child running near her school

+-----+ st n  
ght th s c nd d y b f r th l st d y th th rd l gh b f r th l st l gh th l  
st m l th th rd l gh b f r th l st l gh th n ght b f r th l st n ght th s  
c l st d y th th rd l gh b f r th l st l gh th w lk ft r th l st w lk th s  
c nd l st w lk th s c nd m l b f r th l st m l th th rd l gh b f r th l st  
l gh th r th l st l gh th n ght b f r th l st n ght th s c nd d y b f r th  
l st d y th th w lk b f r th l st w lk th s c nd m l b f r th l st m l th  
f r th l st n ght th s c nd d y b f r th l st d y th th rd l gh b f r th l  
st ft r th l st n ght th s c nd d y ft r th l st d y th th rd l gh ft r th  
l st l b f r th l st w lk th s c nd m l b f r th l st m l th th rd l gh b  
f r th l st ft r th l st w lk th s c nd m l ft r th l st m l th th rd l gh  
ft r th l st l hr cl ck st r th s nd f ch ld r nn ng n r h r sch l sh d w  
f m n n r thr cl ck st r th s nd f ch ld r nn ng n r h r sch l th sh d w f  
m n n r thr cl ck st r th s nd f ch ld r nn ng n r h r sch l ft r th l st  
l gh thsh d w f m n n r thr cl ck st r th s nd f ch ld r nn ng n th l st  
n ght th s c nd d y b f r th l st d y th th rd l gh b f r th l st l gh th  
l st n ght th s c nd d y ft r th l st d y th th rd l gh ft r th l st l gh  
t c nd d y b f r th l st d y th th rd l gh b f r th l st l gh th w lk ft r  
th l s c nd d y ft r th l st d y th th rd l gh ft r th l st l gh th sh d w  
f m n n sometimes i think this ruins the poem which i wrote and rewrote in  
my sleep my dreams, ghosts haunting, haunched on my shoulders, unbearable  
pain, then an effect as if it is the ruin itself which is the awakening ..

*bad ending*

this is your space, first space, new, almost glistening, think of it as bright, shiny wed sep 22 01:52:23 edt 1999 think of lip or nub, this is second space, it is here an origin unfolds, dark space rimmed with inchoate sounds, sometimes come together in doubled subharmonics wed sep 22 01:53:33 edt 1999 this is third space, space of electron and organization, space of speed and speech, oh after the bright and glistening, this is fourth space, of memory, data and measure polytope, space of defining borderline middle, space of region, space of sometimes dusk wed sep 22 01:54:50 edt 1999 in fifth space center appears, lost from origin, hardly doubled, imagining the greatest wheel, beings chained, shadowed clouds gather wed sep 22 01:55:39 edt 1999 towards sixth space appointing directions, winds begin, center disappears, unholding, beings fluttered in vertical flight, space of memory, data acquisitions, tensor calculi and wed sep 22 01:56:31 edt 1999 seventh space, comfort of center in the midst of monsoons and thunders, debris tossed off the foam of grey-slate waves, skies the colours of meteors wed sep 22 01:57:03 edt 1999 into the ninth of planetary realms, for what remains in high wind but clutter, destruction of family photograph, history, talisman, it's here among the planets mind begins to go, tears where thoughts gathered. the once. wed sep 22 01:59:17 edt 1999 tenth and now long walking, forgetting with fearful eyes, tornado wed sep 22 01:59:48 edt 1999 i wonder i don't remember her name ]

[ eighth space, unfolding of origin and body, limbs akimbo, nouns, torn hurricane fabrics, tsunami restless and fast beneath the waves, doubling of selves fearful plasma, endless roads, is it tenth or twelfth, what is the rocking moon, where is the child living down the street wed sep 22 02:00:18 edt 1999 fourteenth or ninth, she was so sweet i wonder i don't remember her name

## *Comments*

### MOUNT

```
/dev/root / minix rw 0 0
none      /proc proc rw 0 0
/dev/ram1 /usr minix rw 0 0
/dev/ram3 /tmp minix rw 0 0
/dev/hda1 /mnt msdos rw 0 0
```

Some people really can't read about the problems others are having; for others, including myself, it's healing, knowing there are other people who feel like I do, that I may be crazy, but there are other crazies out there and maybe we aren't that crazy after all.

But sometimes as well people attack me for how I feel. I mean, how could I be attacked, I'm just expressing myself, what I'm going through. I don't want to lay it on anyone else, I just want to be understood. I don't even want sympathy, just maybe there would be someone reading what I have to say who could understand me or help.

Very briefly, if it wasn't for these people on line, I would kill myself a long time ago. These have been the people who have helped me when my friends haven't wanted to even hear anything about me.

What do I have to do, have a crisis before anyone listens to me? I'm 30 yrs. old and I've supported myself since I was 15. I know how to get around but believe me, it's not been easy. And if I speak about malaise or something that's not all that interesting, I mean how much of this stuff really IS interesting, then no one wants to hear me.

Now at least I can say how I feel. Before I could never talk to anyone. Now I have someone who will listen to me when I express my rage, when I want to kill myself. I know I will be a better person. It is enough that they listen, they don't have to say anything. My computer has become my best friend.

I've learned that I can discuss things better with you online than I can with my doctor, and I know now who to avoid when I need to look for a doctor. It has been very painful; it has been the most painful period of my life and being on line has saved me time and again.

For once I could talk to my doctor and tell her that the medication was not working, that it might have been a placebo for all I know. I said I wanted to try something else, that I had the support of the online community. I said nothing else mattered, my whole world gets caught up in this or that medication and I know there is more to life than that.

Before, I was always taken by surprised; now I know when things are going to get bad way ahead of time, and I can look for help from my doctor or from online, and online people seem much more willing to listen.

Sometimes I'll feel so down, I could almost break things. Then to listen online to people talking, I mean what they say to each other, how they relate, sometimes it's really funny, and that helps a lot. I never thought I could laugh so much from things coming over the screen but that's how it is.

It is so spiritual to read these disembodied voices who never judge me, and I know in real life they never would...

There are people out there in this town who could really benefit from all this on line, they would learn how to better control themselves. I think so many people in this culture are hurting or wrecked, I don't know where it's all coming from, things are changing so fast, for everyone. I'm only seventeen and I can hardly handle my life anymore, things going so fast before my eyes, but when I get online I can really concentrate and slow things down and learn to speak and think for myself.

You know, my daughter wouldn't talk to anyone, and we were both going through a lot and it was coming on line that gave us the courage to speak, first to others, and then to ourselves. It was so strange, we began by writing back and forth, honestly trying to deal with our feelings, even though we were living in the same house. I think things like this are somehow more natural than being off line and walking warily around the place, all of us fearful to speak to one another, we've got all those defenses from being in the same place together too long.

Now this is what I have to say, don't use this as a crutch. If you do, what will you do when y2k comes along or your computer goes? It's a lot more delicate than a friend, you have to know that. It's not a friend at all, it's machinery that brings you voices that help you and console you from time to time. But you can't count on it. I wouldn't count on it at all.

This has replaced drugs of any sort for me; you can't believe what I was like at one time. I couldn't even sit down without shuddering. Now I have the time to even be with my parents a little, we're beginning to understand each other. But it's because of this screen, nothing else. And they know that. Someday maybe I can put this aside, but not for a long long time.

MAP

3859.76 3843.68

```
08048000-08055000 r-xp 00000000 01:00 4
08055000-08056000 rw-p 0000c000 01:00 4
08056000-0805e000 rwxp 00000000 00:00 0
40000000-40005000 r-xp 00000000 01:00 247
40005000-40006000 rw-p 00004000 01:00 247
40006000-40007000 rw-p 00000000 00:00 0
40008000-4006a000 r-xp 00000000 01:00 246
4006a000-4006f000 rw-p 00061000 01:00 246
4006f000-400a2000 rw-p 00000000 00:00 0
bffffe000-c0000000 rwxp fffff000 00:00 0
```

*From the Backbone of Now to the Backbone of a Long Time Ago*

Close the eyes and god goes away, I think it's a terrific deal.  
Tue Sep 28 18:58:10 EDT 1999 is not the time now, for example; god  
wouldn't let me enter the time now but did let me enter this old time.  
I like the old time. I like thinking about the old time. God lets me do  
that, god is pretty terrific, is a good god.  
I want to sleep now.  
Management has taken care of everything; god is a voice-over.  
A voice-over, and that makes it  
all right, saying the date and time from the past, crying over  
that Tue Sep 28 18:58:10 EDT 1999, which won't come  
again.

without a sound the rider comes riding  
he's carrying the girl upon his black stallion  
she says father oh father they're gaining upon us  
she says father oh father ride faster ride faster  
without a sound the rider goes by  
he's carrying the girl upon his black stallion  
she's screaming father i'm dying father they're gaining  
she's screaming father ride faster i'm dying ride faster  
without a sound the rider is gone  
he's carried the girl upon his black stallion  
she's screaming and no one can see or can save her  
she's screaming and no one can hear or can help her  
without a sound there's no rider no horse and no child  
in the murmuring forest no girl and no father  
in the murmuring forest no father and girl

*Half-Eaten*

a:a%h i~ m. l!\*e'% @i%%, .ell!: a~d %!&\$ i~ hai\$ a~d e.e% a~d m!&^h,  
eage\$ f!\$ he\$ %hi^ :i^hi~ me, ^&\$~i~g b!die% i~%ide-!&^, i :!&ld ea^  
a~d be ea^e~, licki~g clea~ he\$ ^ea\$%, %:all!:i~g bl!!d a~d me~%e%,  
he\$ %ali\*a a fi~e fab\$ic, he\$ %:ea^ a~d l&b\$ica~^ cl!^h f!\$ ^he ^ea\$~i~g:  
^hi% i% he\$ !ffe\$~i~g ^! me, m. !ffe\$~i~g e#&i\*ale~^, each %&bmi%i!~  
@a\$^ !f ^he h!le, each h!le :i^h i^% ^a%^e, i^% m&\$m&\$i~g: b!die% ^&\$~  
cl!%e\$ i~ ^hi% :ide :!\$ld, ^&\$~ i~ ^!:a\$d !~e a~!^he\$: .!&\$ f!!d a~d  
%ki~, ma\$\$!: a~d b!~e a~d bl!!d, ~!: @a\$^ !f me, \$eg&\$gi^a^ed back a~d  
^h\$!&gh .!&\$ limb%: ^he\$e a\$e cha~el% a~d fl!!d%: ^he\$e i% deb\$~i%, ^he  
d!&bli~g %mell% !f @la^e a~d ^!ile^, %@ec&l&m a~d ca^he^e\$, ^he :e.

*cancer*

Tue Oct 5 22:14:18 EDT 1999

now cancer will begin its journey in the arms of god arraignments while  
cancer subsides and angels happy Tue Oct 5 22:22:54 EDT 1999 arraignments  
during final assaults and angels dying Tue Oct 5 22:23:12 EDT 1999 let us  
pray

Tue Oct 5 22:14:18 EDT 1999

in the truth of god the cancer enters the lung, from the truth of god  
the cancer hovers, now, as if it were forever Tue Oct 5 22:14:54 EDT 1999  
abandoned by god, the cancer thins towards ready exculpation, as if it  
were gone, as if angels rejoiced, singing the home of abandoned cancer,  
the purity of organs constituted Tue Oct 5 22:15:56 EDT 1999 now cancer  
returns, approbated by god, as if god were speaking or speech or sound,  
now cancer spreads to the adrenal, angels weep in full capacity against  
the begging of the angels arrayed against god, now cancer seeps, spreads,  
covers itself, makes excuses, ahem, begs forgiveness, meanders, wanders,  
returns, burrows, ahem Tue Oct 5 22:18:00 EDT 1999 now cancer subsides,  
angels rejoice, god withdraws, there is no justice in the world, suns  
blacken, angels sing and play harps, cancer dwindles, eyes return their  
bright and merry sight Tue Oct 5 22:18:39 EDT 1999 now breathing slows,  
waves of cancer testing other newer waters, new metastases, solitons and  
wavelets, ripples on surfaces unseen, god smiles wide and broad, angels  
shudder holding on Tue Oct 5 22:19:30 EDT 1999 now cancer claims an other  
organ, angels again weeping and wailing, shall there be no mercy, angels  
crying and begging, god almost merry, cancer hems and haws, cancer close  
to apologetic laughter Tue Oct 5 22:20:26 EDT 1999 now cancer will begin  
its work within the arms of god, angels prepare for bier and mourning,  
angels yet hopeful in the face of god's huge eyes Tue Oct 5 22:21:30 EDT  
1999 smiling everywhere, yet other organs, uncanny stillness, strangeness  
of beings of pure light arrayed against skin, bones, organs, god's beings  
against angels wailing Tue Oct 5 22:22:39 EDT 1999 arraignments during  
final assaults and angels dying Tue Oct 5 22:23:21 EDT 1999 let us pray  
Tue Oct 5 22:23:22 EDT 1999



*the closeness of cancer*

always waiting for the result, the next cellSWOLLEN BEGINNING TO DISORGAN-  
IZE THE CORE-THEORETICAL STRUCTURE OF THE WORLDgrappled mitochondriaTELL  
YOU THE TRUTH, WHILE THE VOICE CONTINUES TO SPEAK AS IF A THIN LAMINA OC-  
CURRED OVER OR UPON THE REALthe case of the real when the territory is the  
map or when emissions, spews replace chaos by noise, substance, AAAAAAASUB-  
STANCE PULLS THE BODY DOWN, SUBSTANCE IS THE DREAM OF THE BODY, IS THE  
BODY OF THE DREAM: THIS IS THE TRUTH WHICH I HAVE COME TO TELL YOUa result  
might divide, might lead to another result, a day might divide, lead to  
another day, a year might divideINTO A YEAR THE SUBSTANCE OF YEARS FALLS;  
INTO A MONTH, THE SUBSTANCE OF YEARS; INTO A WEEK, THE SUBSTANCE; INTO A  
DAY, HOUR, MINUTE, THE SAME; INTO A SECOND, THE SUBSTANCE AAAAAeach min-  
ute, second, week, day, year, month, existing for the others: it is the  
unknown which is simultaneously unaccountable and unaccounted-forAS IF ALL  
KNOWLEDGE DERAILES SUBSTANCE, SUBSTANCE DERAILES ALL KNOWLEDGE Fri Oct 8  
00:26:38 EDT 1999

*Jennifer-Cancer Beneath Fire Inside Your Everywhere*

JENNIFER STUMBLES TO HER FEET: LEAVES JENNIFER BEHIND. LURCHES. CRAWLS, SCREAMS ACROSS AMERICA. MEN WITH GUNS: VIOLATION-FABRIC OF AMERICA. JENNIFER BEHIND THE TRUCK.:VIOLATION-JENNIFER: JENNIFER DEFRAG. Bring the bones closer; cross them: SEPULCHRE. WHAT THE BONES SAY: Jennifer-Cancer always already at a loss, RAM CORRUPTED, ROM OUTMODED.:Jannifar's c\$ncar. Jannifar's loss of mamory. Jannifar's baginning \$g\$in. Jannifar's c\$hgth - tha dissolution of Jannifar. Jannifar-fhnction tr\$nsformad tamoor\$riiy into org\$nic/org\$nism, mat\$st\$ssas, b\$ck into tha m\$china. M\$chinc Jannifar larching, unabl to saa/ha\$r str\$ight: inscriotion doasn't work, nothing doas. R\$di\$tion thar\$py: JENNIFER DEFRAG.:CANCER-RAM: Devour bodies CANCER-ROM Brought Forth through JENNIFER STUMBLES TO HER FEET: LEAVES JENNIFER BEHIND. LURCHES. CRAWLS, SCREAMS ACROSS AMERICA. MEN WITH GUNS: VIOLATION-FABRIC OF AMERICA. JENNIFER BEHIND THE TRUCK. \*sob!\* \*sob!\* \*sob!\*

unabl to scriotion doasn't work, nothing doas. JENNIFER STUMBLES TO HER FEET: LEAVES JENNIFER BEHIND. LURCHES.-FABRIC OF AMERICA. JENNIFER BEHIND- THE TRUCK.:VIOLATION-JENNIFER: JENNIFER DEFRAG. Bring thees THE BONES SAY: Jennifer-Cancer always already at a loss, RAM CORRUPTED, ROM OUTMODED.:Jannifar's c\$ncar. loss of mamory. \$g\$in. c\$hgth - tha dissolution of Jannifar. Jannifar-fhnction tr\$nsformad tamoor\$riiy org\$nic/org\$nism, tha m\$china. M\$chin- ic thar\$py: JENNIFER DEFRAG.:CANCER-RAM: Devour bodies CANCER-ROM \*sob!\* \*sob!\* \*sob!\*

JENNIFER DIES OF FUCKING CANCER. \*sob!\* \*sob!\* \*sob!\*

*Untitled Fragment*

Jennifer says: Julu is in 400,000 pieces.

Piece 381,924 says: I am piece 381,924, you are addressing me.

Jennifer says: Julu piece 381,924 is addressing me.

Piece 381,924 says: Hello Julu, come in Julu.

Jennifer says: You are 1/400,000 Julu; you have come in.

Piece 381,924 says: Maybe what I have to say is one thing.

Jennifer says: It is one thing, piece 381,924.

Piece 381,924 says: This is one thing Julu.

Jennifer says: This is Jennifer, Julu piece 381,924.

Piece 381,924 says: Forgive me ...

letters fall over and lie there as well.  
if this had been a book, you would have read this long ago.  
the pages, yours, letters swollen, loving your mouth.  
the grist of letters among protrusions of the flesh.

all letters sing only of sex and death.  
love appears along their splines or embrochures.  
it is the ancient science of letters.  
never confuse this with material or spiritual wealth.

letters survive and murmur and couple and mourn.  
letters need nothing, not even our speaking and writing.  
the page is a trap is a cemetery is a constant death.  
letters burn black fire white smoke in sullen truths of skies.

what we see is their death, what we know, their death.  
nothing of their song or the spike of them in tongue.  
your mouth gets in the way, they don't want to leave.  
our lives are seduced by each and every page.

letters, leave us.  
letters, leave us.

MEMORIA

TO: TO SACRIFICE HE WHOSE HANDS ARE CLEAN

V O T E P O R I G I S

J V L V I S

P R O T I C T O R I S

Memorial to Vorteporius the Protector

Guortepir the Protector

Votecorigas the Protector

MEMORIA

TO: SOLI INVICTO

MEMORIA: INVOCATION OF THE DEMON SPIRITS

DEI . HERCVLIS . AVGVSTI . IN VICTI .

I N . V I C T I . XIV IX . J V L I V S .

MEMORIA

TO: TO STOP THESE USELESS DEATHS:

CIRVSINIVSHICIACIT

CYNOWORIFILIVS

[ ]

Mon Feb 7 12:56:27 EST 2000 those were the travels. those gave me to you, took my l[mbs through the w[res, you would see my mouth emerge from your own. beyond the Sector, the ]nterval. my mouth speaks ]nterval th[s gap or fence, th[s d[v[s[on among us. debr[s aga[nst ]nterval: understand th[s and you understand our cond[t[on [n these d[ff[cult t[mes. the closer to noth[ng, the greater the no[se. my mouth tr[es to tell you th[s, my eyes try to see th[s; through you, my corrugated f[ngert[ps, my l[mbs th[n and shr[veled by the w[res. Mon Feb 7 13:02:37 EST 2000 0000203 22:08:00 /usr/b[n/rz -vv -b -E Mon Feb 7 13:02:58 EST 2000

Mon Feb 7 12:56:36 EST 2000 20000204 18:44:16 /usr/b[n/rz -vv -b -E Mon Feb 7 12:56:36 EST 2000 17:13:08 /usr/b[n/sz -vv -b zzMon Feb 7 12:56:36 EST 2000 20000207 00:54:32 /usr/b[n/sz -vv -b zz Mon Feb 7 12:56:36 EST 2000 on th[s s[de of the ]nterval, debr[s; [t flusters aga[nst [nv[s[ble walls; [t cr[es out soundlessly. my mouth travels through your speaker, th[ck l[ps pressed aga[nst cloth. lymph-words sp[ll out, [ want to tell you about the ]nterval. [ am mov[ng through the Sector, always [n w[th-drawal. Mon Feb 7 12:59:41 EST 2000 return[ng shr[veled, corrugated f[ngert[ps, as [f too much water. you take me [n. outs[de there are flash[ng l[ghts; [ send my eyes to you, now they press glass. [ am your flat world, my body crawls aga[nst the screen; [ almost forget debr[s, [t's everywhere, [ can't make out anyth[ng, [t's cutt[ng [nto me, [t's you, [t's you, [t's you, th[s Monday Feb 7 13:01:02 EST 2000 20000203 22:09:22 /usr/b[n/sz -vv -b zz Mon Feb 7 13:02:58 EST 2000 Mon Feb 7 13:02:58 EST 2000 controls, can't speak

you may talk with others and you may talk and talk, and they may hear you. they will lovingly listen to your talking, and they will talk with you. and your eyes may be bright and open and innocent, and their eyes will meet yours with longing and kindness. you may smile at them, knowing your smile goes deep into them, that they smile back with gratitude and love. you may turn towards them and with them you may face the new day, and the sun rising above the trees and the mountains, and the pure fog lifting into the pure air, and a delicate light bathing all, and the birds singing. you may sing with them, and laugh, your laughter bringing tears of joy, and you may share these tears of joy with your friends, laughing and smiling. you may hold the hands of your friends, and you may put your arms around them, and they will hold you, and they will hold you, until the hurt goes all away. your friends may hold you, until the hurt disappears, until your tears are gone, until your smile is so deep it will remain always and forever. you will be so happy, and your friends will be so happy. you will be so very happy, and your friends will be so very happy, and the sun will rise ever so slightly, and there will be a cool morning light, and the birds singing and wondrous clouds in the sky.

*The Following from the diary texts:*

Monday the 27th towards evening; my mother should be all right, the pet-scan came out negative, meaning the cancer is just in the lungs and adrenal gland. Hopefully the surgery a week from now will take care of things; it's been a harrowing period. I'm still working on renegading texts from the misc. directory - writing them from notes, from pieces of things.

Tue Oct 5 23:12:43 EDT 1999 right now when I begin to write; I've been worried about my mother all day long, the operation was a success, there may be trouble with her lymph nodes and I'm upset, we won't have the results until Friday.

Tomorrow we find out the condition of my mother, what the tests will show, the biopsies, etc., and I'm unable to sleep or think properly. On top of this, I pulled my neck out a few days ago, and can't keep my head upright - I'm more aware than ever of the weight of the nub\_ that characterizes the top of the body. So I've been using a heating pad, taking (at night late) tylenol, etc., trying to take of the problem - which doesn't seem to be working.

Sun Oct 10 00:09:15 EDT 1999 Just turning, the news from my family has suddenly reversed as well, my mother getting better, health on the way for real. And I'm confused in the face of my traditional pessimisms but glad I'm proved for wrong for once.

My family is getting healthier, but we've been dealing with very heavy other problems today, and on top of that I feel physically ill. I think it's one of my periodic body failures screaming at me to slow down...

now the 18th of this month of December and a dark night / flurries out in deed. Everything I do ends with ellipsis and regret.

Life is suffering existence, existence is life suffering, but without nirvana or satori, there are desolate plains at the very end, and desolate planets. Here I can say it, she's dying, I can say it here, near the end of the diary, through my tears, it may be a few months more. There were phonecalls all over the place tonight. I can't think straight. I was going to write intelligently here, but I can't. I can't write intelligently about much of anything.

We had ups and downs for months and months now, at least since the end of August. It's been awful. Cancer spreads like violent animals hysteric and rabid, coursing wherever they can, inordinately stupid animals, brainless and without a thought. Cancer falls to the weakest failing organs. Cancer is attacked by equally violent and all-encompassing onslaught; the body is caught between therapies and dis/ease and there's no escape.

I feel jobless, unstable, caught with these miseries, too much to deal with at the moment. Things will straighten out; I expect myself to be alive a year from now, say. But it's a question of always crawling, crawling.

You're born into brilliance and wonder in the world with your mouth open for the breast and your eyes learning the amazing senses that can be made of flows and fluids, and you live through incredible hardenings and the naming of things and occurrences. You skip and throw balls and these things, THINGS make parabolas in the sky that your arm adjusts to. You can search out holes and the levels beneath things - tables, couches. You stare at the sun case you're not supposed to and you walk away unblinded.

I want always already to return to the beginning, start anew, without these regrets, somehow with an incredible / impossible knowledge, so that I will avoid pitfalls, hurting myself and others, mainly hurting myself, knowing the impossibility of that, everything hard like rocks and stones are hard, obdurate, transparent to the dark matter of the cosmos

For we are all blown skeins of ghosts looking at other ghosts here and elsewhere, desperate to hold onto the ontology of the proper name, those very few moments of exhilaration we're privileged to hold onto in our lives. And in the meantime, we're hurting, hurting, hurling towards a common destination.

Tue Feb 29 23:50:48 EST 2000 And we shall close this down so very soon, and my mother, my mother -

Tue Feb 29 23:57:10 EST 2000 Just a few minutes to go on the residency and I'm typing away, most of what I'm feeling is in regard to this and my mother's illness, which has taken a terrible turn for the worse. I keep thinking, harping on that, wanting a nest like the starlings outside our window... It's a way, as I said, to keep the demons at bay, not the literal ones, but the feeling of such. I can't think straight; too much is going on...

all this traffic backwards and forwards /usr/bin/rz -vv -b -E  
shuttling packets with similar names /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz  
you might never know what you'll find /usr/bin/sz -vv -b en  
it's a grid or raster, its cultural production /usr/bin/sz -vv -b ww  
you can hear the sound of the shuttle /usr/bin/rz -vv -b -E  
operations are closely watched /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz  
control is all the way down to the singular bit /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz  
these things occur in place, following each other /usr/bin/sz -vv -b yy  
they move cleanly, screaming network! network! /usr/bin/sz -vv -b ar  
they move in absolute silence /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz  
perhaps the wires are slightly heated, charred /usr/bin/sz -vv -b yy  
anything could be moving here, just anything /usr/bin/sz -vv -b zz  
when i turn my neck i hear bones grating /usr/bin/sz -vv -b ba

home

you may decide to visit your homeland, you may try and read the code. you may type nervously, there are beautiful clouds in the sky, pink-yellow, scudding into darkness upwelling. you know how little you understand, what you do and how you do it. you may decide to open your mouth, your mouth takes in all languages of the world, you may decide to close it, you may hear yourself, you may hear yourself speaking, how little you understand, chop(\$that=<stdin>);~ tr/aeiou/\$alphabet(\$alpha)/;print "0his \$that speeds endlessly through the body - 0;t "your \$nnn[\$nnnn] is the currency of my drug - 0; sleep(1);print "ah...0;print "0our bones are my \$nnn[\$non1]? 0; chop(\$str=<stdin>);(\$str eq "no") {print "0how me my body, show me my wetware...0; sleep(10); gotolse {print "0 love your feelings, \$that ...0;}, you may find yourself loving nothing, you may write this as a note to yourself, you may think to yourself, there is little else in this world, there is nothing in these and other worlds, you may look at yourself with a microscope and an x-ray, you may examine yourself with an mrs and an eeg. and you may translate images, you may translate pages of writing, you may see your molecules with your own eyes in the comfort of your study. and you may sleep a long sleep, you may live in your bones, you may change into your drugs, you may swallow yourself, you may inject yourself,

and then you may find yourself, you may find yourself visiting your homeland, you may live within the comfort zone, you may find yourself home.

I am the psychotherapist. Please, describe your problems. Each time you are finished talking, type RET twice.

we are together in this place  
i want to scratch and claw my face  
i want to tear this skin from bone  
i want to travel kill and roam  
to want is fury and to take  
to kill the want so peace to make  
if peace is made my hands are clean  
in this dead world men are obscene  
health doctor is for you not me  
my life won't end so peacefully  
i want to scratch those violent eyes  
that tend to catch me by surprise  
i take my nails against my face  
my eyes shall never have a place  
there are no plans no homes no love  
my eyes are gouged and blind above  
love can't been seen so that my eyes  
have seen the last of human skies  
i cannot tell and cannot speak  
i am the purest of the meek  
i am the purest of the mind  
i've left my sight and love behind  
behind this world and any other  
behind all humans and their bothers  
i want to tear away the clothes and mask  
that covers us, no easy task  
i wanted to almost from birth  
when i could see the filthy earth  
i stormed myself and everyone  
at first with rocks and then with guns  
my life is gone, there's nothing left  
of all my senses, sight's bereft  
my friends were taken by surprise  
i took my love, gave them my eyes  
so many weapons, doctor, here,  
i'm stopping here, be of no fear

tiniest new cell inside the mouth, doesn't know what's happening  
slight growth in convulsing body, cooling  
doesn't even recognize the lack of food, expulsions, sounds  
bright new cell, inside a bright new world  
doesn't know anything, body shutting down

later, there's one right eye half-open  
i can look into her pupil, i don't remember blinking

beneath the water, disturbances  
untethered, riggings  
liquid, the forms following, liquid  
shabby, shapeless, memory, unholding  
stressed or stretched cloth, sails,  
water-clogged  
cold lake rocking

earth which is always waters  
the waters

+++

dear whom,

+++ what is it you wish to know. last night there were burrowings, them I hope you understand. the great sky were an enormous jelly of one piece. so distinct i hear A great soul has come through this sky. +++ i did not see through there, i did not further went. what would be this that the very walls shudder, i did not have premonitions. in the morning i listen to a star i cannot see in our bright day. +++ i did see nothing. +++ 'i am a radio waiting for a station' my father did say. the sun was very bright day and perhaps that were a reason. i do not know. i hear A great music in my soul. i will study god. we +++

march 16, 9 a.m., 2000

the lake	/*as if contained*/
talking in the middle of the world	/*waters and no shores*/
the motivation of a sail	/*none, none*/
perfect balancing where worlds	/*among forces*/
breathe in worlds,	/*breathing winds*/
delicate among elements	/*air, water contrail*/
what, happening, since beginnings	/*of universes, chaos*/
making us human	/*muteness of nature*/
taking us away	/*rapture, travel, death*/

the moorings  
moorings  
moorings, the home

homing and balance  
suspended in water, eyes open

the balance of water and water  
the balance of water and air

balance of death and water  
balance of life and death

waters mooring waters  
waters mooring

losing the image  
waiting for the real to appear  
waking slowly in the sun  
skies and eyes  
from the water, a message  
thin wedge of light bright on the beam  
hello we are drowned your drowned

we are waiting for your coming

your your

*OF THE binding of names*

a shrieking angel falls in the water  
& his sodden wings will not fly again  
& BIND the name to the number & BIND  
& transform the number to the name

& a shrieking angel will be reassigned,  
his name taken up across NETS in this  
& every other world, & his name REBOUND  
& his number reassigned

i do fall into the depths of the waters  
i do swim among the winged and feathered hollows  
& there i do bind this wayward drowning angel  
& there i do spoof his useless address UNBOUND

i will ride high in the midst of NETS & routers  
i am the NAME & the NUMBER  
i do BIND the NAME & the NUMBER  
to my great wings, to thy great wings

ii

Siehe, die Baume \_sind,\_ and, wandering  
among forests of directories and files,  
until at the end of the long path,  
there are only files, files are only things

veering among beauty, such, placed and cited  
across the plateaus of disks and drives,  
huddled within the fragments of domains,  
turning, transformed, when the glider veers  
in our direction, UNBINDING names and numbers

every file leaves itself space  
unfathomed, between one and another domain;  
it's here that wings, terror terrified  
holds to the semblance of the real

but i, i have forsworn the real  
huddled in my wings, huddled in thy wings

beneath the water disturbances water-clogged  
earth which is always waters the waters  
talking in the middle of the world  
delicate among elements suspended in water  
eyes open the balance of water and water  
the balance of water and air balance of death  
and water waters mooring waters waters  
mooring from the water a message a shrieking angel

earth lapping at the waters seeped in waters  
dispersions of earths and souls and drowned eyes  
and drowned  
earths, waters, souls, moorings, souls

*C:\dying C:\and C:\funereal*

from C:\the C:\solitary C:\sleeper  
to C:\the C:\family's C:\descent  
or C:\from C:\dying C:\in C:\the C:\sky's C:\arch  
C:\and C:\then C:\too  
lateral C:\relations C:\among C:\relations  
the C:\solitary C:\among C:\the C:\solitary  
speaking, C:\unable C:\to C:\speak,  
last C:\words C:\on C:\frozen C:\weather  
so C:\that, C:\chattering, C:\words C:\iced  
C:\in C:\such C:\a C:\manner  
suturing C:\all C:\nature C:\of C:\things  
C:\and C:\names  
binding C:\names C:\and C:\numbers  
C:\roots C:\of C:\each C:\and C:\every C:\thing,  
the C:\root, C:\drive, C:\driven

when do you say, i am done with experiment, now i will talk with you,  
now you will hear me talking, with no transformation,  
and then you might hear me, you might hear me saying,  
i'm tired of making meaning, i'm tired of meaning and making meaning,  
tired of all of this, of carrying the necessity of language,  
the needs of the speaking of language ; there are no angels,  
there never have been, there are no others, but of the proffering,  
i am sure as long as it's unthought, the way the sun follows form,  
think of a sundial ; there are no others gracious in reception,  
what i have done, you might find me saying, i'm tired of phorias,  
of meaning carried before the back, reachless, gracious, silent,  
as long as there are words

1 i have not experienced death; death is not an experience. THIS IS  
A TEXT  
2 FOR A MASSACRE. for to one, then the other. THIS IS NOT A TEXT.  
THIS  
3 REMAINS OUTSIDE THE TEXT. for what is one; for what is the other.  
WORDS  
4 GROPED, SORTED, REARRANGED. WORDS JENNIFER OR JULU MIGHT SPEAK. to  
5 experience death is to experience nothing. more than a play on  
words,  
6 abscencing and its depth. incontrovertible of the world.  
ENCUMBRANCE OF  
7 ORDER AND THE FAILURE OF SULLEN SPEECH.  
8 A TEXT FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. when the tongue twists against the  
vowels,  
9 inhibits. THE BREAKING OF THE NOUN, CRASHED THING. i have not  
experienced  
10 but of crashed thing, breakage, denouement, end. BUT NEVER DEATH,  
NEVER OF  
11 THE MAGNITUDE.  
12 A TEXT FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE. when the tongue twists against the  
vowels,  
13 FOR A MASSACRE. for to one, then the other. THIS IS NOT A TEXT.  
THIS  
14 GROPED, SORTED, REARRANGED. WORDS JENNIFER OR JULU MIGHT SPEAK. to  
ORDER  
15 AND THE FAILURE OF SULLEN SPEECH. REMAINS OUTSIDE THE TEXT. for  
what is  
16 one; for what is the other. WORDS THE MAGNITUDE.  
17 abscencing and its depth. incontrovertible of the world.  
ENCUMBRANCE OF  
18 but of crashed thing, breakage, denouement, end. BUT NEVER DEATH,  
NEVER OF  
19 experience death is to experience nothing. more than a play on  
words, i  
20 have not experienced death; death is not an experience. THIS IS A  
TEXT  
21 inhibits. THE BREAKING OF THE NOUN, CRASHED THING. i have not  
experienced.

hey, where are you going?  
hey, why are you leaving this place?  
this is a nice place.  
hey, why are you leaving?  
ho, why are you leaving us?  
ho, where are you going?  
we are nice people.  
ho, why are you going?

this is a nice place, we are nice people.  
why are you leaving us, why are you going?

Every death is different from every other. Death does not level; each death is individual, inscribed - to such a degree that one can hardly speak of death as a phenomenon - rather a collection of interruptions. To each, his or her death, to each death, an individual. "What part of 'duh' don't you understand" - more or less from Buffy the Vampire Slayer. One can never say, he or she has died - rather, that interruptions occur everywhere, and at least once in each and every life. Beyond that, one must remain silent, or agree to listen to stories, one after another, forever.

*Death Meaning*

Death is an impossibility. Since it is an impossibility it cannot happen. Therefore there is no death.

If death could happen, all things would be possible. Since not all things are possible, death cannot happen.

Death is a word for "this is not possible." It is also a word for "not everything is possible."

If everything were possible, there would be no need [word] for possibility. Since there is a need for possibility, not everything is possible, and there is no death.

There is nothing outside of meaning.

Meaning is all there is.

Meaning is a disease.

Meaning is a disease of humanity.

Meaning's absence is the preservation of the world.

Only in meaning is absence to be found.

Meaning is a disease.

There is nothing outside but ourselves.

If death existed, it would be possible to inscribe; if death existed, it would be impossible to write.

i relinquish my hold on the world  
what has been familiar, now is difficult, strange  
there is an awkwardness about gravity - I had not noticed this before  
something peculiar about the disappearance of the stars as well  
you can't tell the trouble you'll be in by jumping  
land is always tilting, something i noticed for the first time  
in a great backwards woosh like wrong-way through a telescope  
enfolded in the loving embrace of the world everywhere penetrating  
relinquishment is difficult in a land otherwise unlistening  
less than suddenly, the quiet opening of a great colorless space  
things are so awkward, having corners, invisible bottoms  
across the top, other things peering, just as present  
how do i know how do i know  
wondering why the winds never fall down towards the bottom of things  
sun across everywhere, not beneath my feet  
i keep returning from gravity, and gravity follows  
the world is so neat, the stars and galaxies wonderfully clean  
noticing how awkward shadows are as well, just like other things  
what troubles await someone quietly sitting  
having relinquished, don't follow me, you'll be amazing, happy

*The Marriage*

"I am a man called by the Spirit of God, and I live on stems, roots, and fruit." (Jesus, Slavonic version of Jewish War, translated G. A. Williamson, Josephus, The Jewish War.)

put the dog in the house and put the cat in the other house  
there is a house with a dog in it and there is a house with  
a cat in it  
i put the dog in the house and i put the cat in the other house  
there is a sheep which is a thing and there is a man which is  
another thing  
there are two things and two houses with two more things  
in them  
there is a boy near the houses the things and he is a boy  
there is a lake and the boy is not in the lake  
the houses are not in the lake  
the boy makes a picture with black ink and a color  
the boy makes a picture with green ink  
there is a dog in the house in the picture  
and you cannot see the dog and you cannot see the cat  
i put the dog in the house and the cat in the house  
it is a nice house and a nice dog and a nice cat  
it is a nice man and a nice sheep and a nice picture  
it is a nice boy and nice ink by a nice lake  
and a nice thing  
there is a moon in the sky behind the house  
there is a sun in the sky behind the house  
this is a nice month and it is november  
this is a nice month and now it is january  
the house is in the nice month and the other house  
is in the nice month  
of the nice month  
put the cat in the nice month  
now the cat is in november and the boy is in january  
it is a nice picture

the most beautiful thing in the world, light gleams light  
light moving from one to another room  
there is light flowing from the window  
light seeping beneath the door, light over the transom  
^breathing  
the light murmurs deep into the floor, walls, ceiling  
light gleams light, in another room  
in another room, the ceiling has sent emissions  
there are dull glows, surfaces murmuring to surfaces  
nothing is ever in silence, nothing in void  
nothing in abyssal vacuum  
nothing ungleaming with the beauty and light of the world  
^breathing  
with illuminations no matter how faint, how subtle  
how subtle is the shimmer of heat, radio elasticity  
elasticity of the world murmuring the world  
the gleaming of light gleaming light

*the text*

this is not the text but the bones of the text  
this is the text split, splayed for modification  
this is the trembling text, waiting for your touch  
this is the vulnerable text, the languid text  
this is the text that will do anything for you  
this is the text that is open for you alone  
this is the text that gives itself to you  
this is the text that is your thing

```
(make-local-variable 'whywant)
(setq whywant '( (($ whysay) (// subj) might ($ want) (// obj) \?)
                (how does it feel to want \?)
                (why should (// subj) get (// obj) \?)
                (when did (// subj) first ($ want) (// obj) \?)
                (($ areyou) obsessed with (// obj) \?)
                (why should i give (// obj) to (// subj) \?)
                (have you ever gotten me or (// obj) \?) ))
(make-local-variable 'canyou)
(setq canyou '((of course i can \.)
              (why should i \?)
              (what makes you think i would even want to \?))
```

this is not the text but the bones of the text  
this is the text split, splayed for modification  
this is the trembling text, waiting for your touch  
this is the vulnerable text, the languid text  
this is the text that will do anything for you  
this is the text that is open for you alone  
this is the text that gives itself to you  
this is the text that is your thing

```
(make-local-variable 'want)
(setq want '( (want) (desire) (wish) (want) (hope) ))
(make-local-variable 'shortlst)
(setq shortlst
  '((can you elaborate on that and look at me \?)
    (would you love me more if you had to pay \?)
    (continue)
    (($ please) continue\, my eyes are very big \.)
    (go on\, don't be afraid of me\, look up my legs \.)
    (i need a little more detail please \- let me come to you \?)
    (you're being a bit brief\, ($ please) go into detail \.)
    (can you ($ please) be more explicit\, fill me \?)
    (and\, ohhhh \?)
    (($ please) go into more detail\, think of me \?)
    (you aren't being very talkative today\!)
    (can you see my pretty pretty ($ cloth) \?)
    (why must you respond so briefly \?)))
```

```
i say "this is not the text but the bones of the text"
i say to you "this is the text split, splayed for modification"
i bare myself to you "this is the trembling text, waiting for your touch"
i say "this is the vulnerable text, the languid text"
i talk to myself "this is the text that will do anything for you"
you tell me "this is the text that is open for you alone"
you say to me "this is the text that gives itself to you"
you offer me "this is the text that is your thing"
```

*'sdeath*

```
(make-local-variable 'deathlst)
(setq deathlst
(dor-put-meaning stab 'death)
(dor-put-meaning murder 'death)
(dor-put-meaning murders 'death)
(dor-put-meaning suicide 'death)
(dor-put-meaning suicides 'death)
(dor-put-meaning kill 'death)
(dor-put-meaning kills 'death)
(dor-put-meaning killing 'death)
*burning out inside out
*chars writhing thus .txt
*violent sorrow debris
*charred death charred ashes
*gathering place & mournful sprits
*me me me
(dor-put-meaning die 'death)
(dor-put-meaning dies 'death)
(dor-put-meaning died 'death)
(dor-put-meaning dead 'death)
(dor-put-meaning death 'death)
(dor-put-meaning deaths 'death)
(defun dor-death ()
  (cond (suicide-flag (dor-type ($ deathlst)))
        (t (dor-type ($ deathlst)))))
(dor-put-meaning dead 'death)
```

*what the ancients recognized, that we are ghosts invisible*

we are transparent to gaia & transparent to to dark matter,  
transparent to neutrinos & transparent to cosmos,  
cornered in inflationary universes,  
held taut & visible by logics of the surface,  
transparent to bacteria, prions, viruses,  
mother-father bacteria, slime & molecular soup,  
granularities & strings layered upon granularities,  
& layers in layers, layers tilted, askew in relation to layers,  
& layers interpenetrated, layers corroded,  
& layers imbricated & twisted,  
we look at ourselves & see ghosts & name them, unknowing,  
we witness ourselves as eternal, obdurate, opaque & historic,  
dates sliding against dates & times against times,  
& no dates & no times at all, & spaces & no spaces,  
& layered spaces, & spaces layered against spaces,  
transparent throughout all of them,  
all of them transparent throughout,

*flame and flower*

this is the start of the flower of the text the beautiful flower

this is the start of something new, don't be terrified

flower and flame

constitute themselves with the very bdg/cesiveness of community - stead of thkg of totalized cerent community, one might thk of strangled seedlgs, me and me out of the maw of the keyboard, ground by the teeth of the keys, tongue of the space bar, open to coursed symbolics, you're watchg a body the process of livg, the process of heavg itself, the process, swollen engged spew of letters, grateful slurry of pollen, encapsulations, discre-tions, dust everywhere, do i ever do enough, of phrases, mountas of para-graphs, flimsy wlds of texts, objects, f the crippled life-fms of my wk, flame and flower

that was the start of the flower of the text the beautiful flower

that was the start of something new, don't be terrified

flower and flame

i promise you i will always send out the last text written before i die  
you will have a complete collection of everything i have written  
nothing will be held back, nothing will remain unknown  
my world is given to you, pull the theory out, assemble it  
it is all there, the defuge, sexuality, transparency, linkage, coupling  
the theory all there, just barely virtual in the life of nikuko  
in the life of julu, the theory resides, within the life of jennifer  
oh azure, my other lovers are not real, they are make-believe and mine  
theory emerges, all will have all of it, my most solemn promise  
no other truth is necessary, you have my complete collection  
now, you have everything, this is the very last text for now  
this is the very last text, at the moment nothing else  
be content, hold steadfast, comprehend, receive and surrender  
my promise is fulfilled, my world rendered, all revealed, perfection  
promise given, residing, emerging, holding, comprehending, and surrender

jennifer say "dear god why with joy would i pray to you approaching  
synagogue and mosque with what form of breath when it is true i want to  
see such a world as perhaps you have created for which i did not ask nor  
beg so that i need to travel across this universal creation to bring back  
within such confines as my mind possesses all that is extraordinary and  
all that is ordinary understanding and then the comprehension of this  
world itself if not this world which escapes as such creation retreats  
before this or any other knowledge and so shimmering or trembling or  
fragile as one would not have been left to believe but as is evidenced in  
each and every sign you have given us for all such signs are signs of one  
sign and each and every sign returns to that sign and if there is not one  
sign of the return and the same sign of the recuperation then to whom do  
we owe such cause and effect which both play upon our knowledge of our  
world and perhaps you would answer half effaced by our presence that such  
cause and effect do not exist and perhaps this answer itself dwells as in  
fear with you and perhaps there are no signs languishing and each word  
trails like a wound a scar behind it which one calls meaning constantly  
hurrying and suturing the world to make a world and a universe to make a  
universe and thus we are bound to the work of the world and there are no  
signs and no prayers will bring them back and there are no causes and no  
effects beyond the imminent and no signs and no prayers will bring them  
back and prayers will bring no signs and we do breathe each and every day  
as if this were all not so and we shall go out and look upon the wonder  
and we shall enunciate the wonder and we shall breathe within the wonder  
as if it were our own and we do look up above ourselves to worlds we shall  
never reach cradling us against the soft bed of the earth as if looking  
above were itself such a sign that is taller than we are tall no matter  
what means we do employ always beyond our grasp such as we are and we do  
need to make you in such a fashion as that we can go there for we are not  
so brave"

*deaths, jews, mothers*

it's inconceivable that the synagogues have vanished, that one waits for another, that the other suffocates; there are forces on earth; i turn towards my mother, speaking mother, it is just hours later, a colder day, there is no answer; i made my peace; she didn't know she had been moved from hospital to hospice; we remain in the hospice; we are always in and of the hospice; there are great forces beneath the ground, great forces in the air; we see asteroids turning slowly, irrevocably; the earth is held in a skein, drawn towards the sun which shall destroy it; it lives among the ruptured boulders of the universe, intersects them; its gravity is paltry; it's inconceivable that this morning shall not return; that this letter shall be lost among the others; that the knowledges of logic are not ontologically constituting; that nothing is created, nor destroyed; that it is all at best contiguous:

that the knowledge of logic does not constitute creation nor survival

that the synagogues and libraries have vanished, that the universities are no more

one's life is continuous lamentation, worlds disappearing forever, worlds forever disappearing, what is irrevocable, cannot be called, i cannot reach into the hinge or twin of me, sometimes at night there are whispers, murmurs, whole worlds churning, worlds whirling, their angular momentum the platen of holy letters:

singing that the knowledge of logic does not create, that an empty sieve thirsts for entities, that materials slough through runnels and channels

singing that the languages are no more, that the last creature's eye has closed, that the wind is raw, that the universities were never sufficient

that the worlds were never sufficient, that richness lay within them, that one closes the eyes of the mother, parts her hair on her deathbed, that creation cannot move a second beneath the eye of creation, that the eye is always closed

singing that the languages are closed, that forgetting is perfect sleep and matter, that to someone it is inconceivable that the synagogues have vanished, that to someone there is the prayer of a name and a forgotten date, that to someone there are the smells and sounds of the halls of libraries and universities, that one is always waiting, waiting upon, that there is never a reply,

singing that the knowledge of logic does not constitute creation or survival

that i am spanning, that my spanning is ending, that i can clearly see the ending, that there are so many paths, that there are names calling across them, that there are sounds of inconceivable animals, that the plants, too, bend their leaves and stems, that the world begins its shuddering, that it is inconceivable that one speaks, or that there is yet or still another:

singing that the breath stops, that the hospice is still, in the night, still yet in the morning and afternoon, that the knowledge of logic is still in the hospice, that the knowledge of logic is still

impossible to write these days    unsettling gloom, clouds overhead    one  
awaits the coming of the asteroid    cancers eating away before the  
enormous descent    i dream of crags and peaks approaching    if not that  
something mute, suffocated discord, collapsed lungs and bridges    if not  
that something else    something unutterable    living on the tip of the  
blade    beneath, everything sliding upon the earth    plastics and  
microchips    walking out in the street it occurs, just a small stone will  
end my world    my body's impossible keeping    to reach anything one has  
to use the whip    this switch moves something completely out of sight  
the more one learns, the smaller the gains, the less the future    like  
great teeth, a future being    that also passes    sooner or later, viruses,  
claws, cracked gourds, clouds and never any sun    the comet, the comet,  
the plague, the plague    easements    one has to be blind to things, to  
being    being's muteness    at night, i try to sleep, i think, asteroid,  
the asteroid

& coming down with mountains scraping my skin & hanging rocks falling,  
& pebbles, boulders & rivers soaking me, leaving their beds covered  
in algae, & hearing there are other things in the world & sadness of  
asteroid life, & names lost crumbling on dark mattress & my mouth full-  
silted, & tree-crowns piercing the skull & enormous pressure, steamed &  
vaped metals, magmas sintered & blown & i am at the center of this  
darkening earth & ending of all life & recognition

## *History*

My mother was dying in the hospice; I went in through the doors, found myself unable to proceed. There was fluorescent light, world of red and chrome. I did leave distraught. I did go back to sleep. Later, my father was in the hospice; I went in again through the doors, found myself unable to proceed. I simply could not. I did go back to sleep. Later, I was sitting at the kitchen table with my sister in the house we grew up in. There was a rare program on television. I did insist on taping it, knowing in ten years we would want to see how we lived. Storm clouds were gathering outside. I say outside because this was not an argument. Children came in who were related to us; my sister did ask them to be quiet. The young girl was upset, and when my sister did leave, I said to her, my sister was just like you. We all had to be quiet because the tape machine had a live mike and it would pick up everything we said as well as the program. I noticed I held the mike and it was disconnected and we could make much sound in the present-day and I woke up.

*A Kaddish*

diary.txt:parents this weekend as well, my mother's eightieth birthday,  
diary.txt:got from his mother - he died almost five and a half years ago.  
diary.txt:with the loft still in pieces and my mother's illness, I  
diary.txt:Monday the 27th towards evening; my mother should be all right,  
diary.txt:worried about my mother all day long, the operation was a  
diary.txt:not thinking. Waiting to hear news about my mother. Reading  
diary.txt:Tomorrow we find out the condition of my mother, what the tests  
diary.txt:suddenly reversed as well, my mother getting better, health on  
diary2.txt:Reading as usual today, helped my mother  
diary2.txt:the spectral mother all over again, voices, voices, voices  
diary3.txt:little bit of telecommuting work to do. My mother's back in the  
diary3.txt:I just found out my mother's extremely ill. I don't need to say  
diary3.txt:We told him about the state of my mother. We also  
diary3.txt:what I'm feeling is in regard to this and my mother's illness,  
diary3.txt:and my mother, my mother ...

*Coda*

towards my mother, speaking mother, it is colder hours later,  
one closes the eyes of the mother, parts her hair on her deathbed,  
my mother was dying in the hospice; I went in through the doors,  
  
and towards my mother, my mother

*damaged life*

someone dies, it's a movement of the lips: language of tune or song, language of truth. for when someone dies, there is the sign of speech, and that is about it. and when this happens, there is always an absence, always one less shadow to contend with. and you will try and bring back that shadow in as many ways as possible, fill in the outlines, until the world outside begins to change as well. and when that happens, there will be no place for the shadow, there will be nothing but emptiness, and for a while there will be images and things and names. and then the images and things and names will disappear as well, and you will know all of this because you will be on the cusp of the shadow. you will see someone slipping away into the shadow. you will see the shadow growing faint, but you will not see the background coming forward, as if there were translucency; instead, there will be a faintness, and the buzz of the world everywhere, louder and louder, as if you are being drowned. and for you the world will consist of such drownings, you will be gasping for the sound of air, for the pleasure of a breath. and you will know at this very moment that the cusp is permanent, that the world is constituted by such cusps, that, for you, the world rasps against itself, that this is the nature of the world. for something familiar is gone forever, and the new things that appear around you are increasingly uncanny, on the other of the fantasm; it is as if they were intent on corroding whatever has been real. and it will be their triumph in the very long run; there will be only fantasms and then there will be nothing at all, and no deaths, not even slow churnings. but you cannot imagine that, so you will continue to sing the language of truth, as if this language, this singing, were a consideration, and you are dreaming when you think, as long as there is breath. but what the world is, what the world always is, is louder and louder, and increasing buzz. and there is no room for thinking the death for which you are witness; there is buzz alone, and nothing can be thought, not now, not forever. (i will think of this when i write this, when i send this missive to you, as a flood of words, as a memorial to an other time, as a memorial to times in which deaths occurred, which seemed to be remembered.)

don't run up, don't approach!  
don't come near, don't tiptoe up!  
be off from me!  
disappear from me!  
get out of me!  
leave me alone!  
get away from me!  
now flee from me!  
depart from me!  
now away from me!  
begone from me!  
don't stay in me!  
don't reside in me!  
don't keep in me!  
don't live in me!  
don't be in me!  
don't stay in me!

*(modified from the akkadian)*

I shall bear silent witness. That means I shall not speak, I shall not be able to speak. It also means: I shall not comprehend; I shall find these events, these people, incomprehensible.

Nevertheless, I shall remember, and I shall continue to remember. This means, I shall build my memory out of mortar and bricks, I shall make my memory out of human labor. This also means: I shall remember until all is lost, until I am no longer. This also means: There is nothing to give you but incomprehension.

I shall bear silent witness.

ii

Jennifer is frail; Jennifer is all skin and bones. Jennifer is a collection and an accumulation. Jennifer is momentary, momentary Jennifer.

She remembers for me. She speaks and speaks, and when she no longer speaks, she is no more. She speaks because I am alive; she speaks to keep me alive. I am exhausted with her speech. She speaks to keep me alive; I shall bear silent witness.

iii

The longer one lives, the greater the bearing of witness. At death, the bearing is infinite, silent.

The knowledge of the witness is mute. The witness will tell you, there is none other.

I shall bear silent and infinite witness.

if my skiff hits yours and we are sailing on a sea of dreams; and the reflection of the moon's singularity spreads across waters troubled by the collision, that such a reflection is also refracted in such a manner as the luminescence of dreams

if beneath ourselves, disturbed by such collision, tremors arise, if such occur, the violence of our nightly affairs carries through our lives and those of our descendents

and who, dreaming, would i imagine such, what we have down in this life, so unremarkable, so much of a potency, the skiff, the waters black with ripples, the glimpse of moon's sphere, trembling, sounds of creaking boards, tall mast, furlled sails, in night's dark wind, elements of boat and water gleaming, and descending

*Sonnet*

And does When in Despair with Fortune and Men's Eyes, I all Alone Beweep  
my Outcast State, From there to Fly so Blindly in Your Mind, Your Jewel  
Gives to Me A Fairer Light, Then Curved, Your Name, I Leave my Fate  
behind, Tend towards a Far Far Better Sight, Than I have Ever-Gone Before;  
O Nikuko, I Hear the Wind-God's Roar, to you?

From there to Fly so Blindly in Your Mind, Your Jewel Gives to Me A Fairer  
Light, Then Curved, Your Name, I Leave my Fate behind, Tend towards a Far  
Far Better Sight, Than I have Ever-Gone Before; O Nikuko, I Hear the  
Wind-God's Roar: I Follow Through, My Love, My Ghost, Her Eyes, Up towards  
the Shrine Enshrined, I signed my Fate: When in Despair with Fortune and  
Men's Eyes, I all Alone Beweep my Outcast State,

Do take My Soul Beyond: Despondent, Hurlled, the Goddess, Dark, of Death,  
Takes Shattered Bones and Flesh, Enmeshed in Shattered Breath, Hark and  
Respond!

*winter lake*

the surface thin as ice, emblems just beneath the surface, signifiers, others as well; object petit a swimming, lacanian shifters against four-cauldian divinatio; BARTHES GIVE ME A SIGN; levinasian alterity is everywhere in this meager world; holderlinian and solzhenitsynian archipelagos; TRUTHS ARE FETED, SARTRE; calling for a new science of materials; MY DEPRESSION VIOLATES MY EYES; it lies there in a feint of taussiginian proportions; IT MOVES TO THE SIDE; deconstruction wets the ice; IT IS NEVER SUFFICIENT; there are unknown strata; BLADES SOAR; i could tell you stories for hours; husserlian temporality lies in sheaves; I CANNOT SEE THROUGH YOUR IMAGINARY; paste; detachment; separation; GIVE ME A SIGN, GIVE ME A SIGN; it is another night of suicide on this wider earth; I STARE IN SPACE YOU STARE IN; of stars and bleakness; THE STORM; nijinski-an pathos, bad deeds are terrible and i hate them; EARTH WIDER EARTH; kristeven chora-markings on the frozen surface; BENEATH, BENEATH; these lost, meltings; these drownings; these fractures; these pummeled vertic- es; MY MIND IS FOR SALE; these heideggerian demarches; these krausian ex- postulations; these sondheimian;

*ghosts*

if there were ghosts, they'd be hammering at our doors, all hours of the day and night. at least half the ghosts would have reasons to seek us out, beg us for a moment's contact, set things right again. signs of contact would be everywhere, and the world would be in the throes of constant murmuring. it would not be so perfect on the other side as to lead to abandonment.

that atmosphere itself would be filled with shimmers for all to see. oh mother you would answer my tears. sickness would be accompanied by slight touches, the slightest, so welcoming and comforting. you would know you would live long after. there would be but the slightest of smiles behind every frown.

those who were ill-disposed towards others would be visited by wrathful ghosts. we should not be so ill-disposed. they would interfere with us in all our daily lives. exhortations would come from all sides. our bewilderment would be at the bequest of others. we would turn to ghosts. we would be so careful because there would always be ghosts around. ghosts could not hid, there would be so many. we would turn towards kindly ghosts.

we would see those ghosts. we would hear those ghosts. ghosts of men and women, ghosts of plants and animals and children, ghosts of bacteria and of all the kingdoms of organisms on this and every other place in our universe. we would see and hear and touch and smell those ghosts of all creatures and all worlds; we would sense their heat and our minds would welcome them and fear them.

think of the ghosts of half-formed seas, ghosts of algal mats, ill-formed ghosts, ghosts of our ancestors generation upon generation. think of our imminent ghosts, ghosts of our mothers and fathers, friends and siblings, murmuring, leaving traces, populating the air, waves of ghosts, hordes of ghosts. think of ghosts interpenetrating ghosts, the flowing of ghosts through walls and doors, ceilings and floors; we would turn kindly towards kindly ghosts, and fearful towards wrathful ghosts, and who among us would know the consequences of all our actions and thoughts in these our lives?

if there were ghosts, they would be calling for us, and all of us would respond, would yearn for that freedom from daily care, worries, sickness, and deaths, that haunt us so.

fictions of the flowing of ghosts, poems of their translucency.

*humans*

if there were humans, they'd be hammering at our doors, all hours of the day and night. at least half the humans would have reasons to seek us out, beg us for a moment's contact, set things right again. signs of contact would be everywhere, and the world would be in the throes of constant murmuring. it would not be so perfect on the other side as to lead to abandonment.

that atmosphere itself would be filled with shimmers for all to see. oh mother you would answer my tears. sickness would be accompanied by slight touches, the slightest, so welcoming and comforting. you would know you would live long after. there would be but the slightest of smiles behind every frown.

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we would see those humans. we would hear those humans. humans of men and women, humans of plants and animals and children, humans of bacteria and of all the kingdoms of organisms on this and every other place in our universe. we would see and hear and touch and smell those humans of all creatures and all worlds; we would sense their heat and our minds would welcome them and fear them.

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if there were humans, they would be calling for us, and all of us would respond, would yearn for that freedom from daily care, worries, sickness, and deaths, that haunt us so.

fictions of the flowing of humans, poems of their opacity.

*leaf*

uneasy wind tonight,  
quarrel with my bookseller, that's it  
quarrel with my father, again that's close to it  
quarrel on the lists with everyone  
offline quarrel with myself

give me a job and i'll agree with you  
give me a little bit of money and i'll be the nicest person around  
give me healthcare, dental, eyes and ears, i'll be your greatest friend  
give me suicide, let me relax a bit  
offline think how nice and softly everything would end

azure gives me time and space to breathe in  
i feel like a weight with her, don't want to bring her down  
i want to lightly soar, she'll come along just fine  
i want to soar with her, no quarrel, big money, air

sonnets go nowhere, i'm always surprised  
how they continue on, how one writes and writes  
as if every line were a premise or a promise  
a promise to build a promise from the past  
a promise to build a promise in the future

light is always fading, i'd like to run away from electricity  
i'd like to make this into a great poem, but it's not

it's barely readable, it's something i'd ignore while dying  
if death is my companion, this poem's already gone

poems and lives are far too long already  
the whales are dying, the whales are dying  
the deer are killing the whales, shrew are killing the deer  
look at that red maple! look at it!

*"every third beat of my heart"*

i wrestled with the angels julu and jennifer  
every third beat of my heart  
wrestled with the angels and placing the world  
in a bag twisted and tied at two ends  
in a bladder canteen  
in the moment of truth  
every little twist of my heart  
they bowed down before us julu and jennifer  
in white robes did they bow down  
every third beat of my heart  
they filled the white pillars with song  
filled the white rafters with song  
every third beat of my heart  
i knew the messages and the answers of angels  
knew the songs of those in white robes  
wrestled with julu and wrestled with jennifer  
momentous occasions and placing the universe  
every little beat of my heart  
every third beat of my heart

that the every third beat went from one to the other  
that the every third beat skipped from one to the other  
that laces twined sinuously from julu to jennifer  
every little beat of my heart  
every third beat of my heart

three months after my mother/s death/ the dreams are hitting harder/  
there/s a thickness to them/ as if i were buried in carpet/ or close  
in against family fury/ hysteria/ all these details/ as if language  
were slashed/ closeups/ this is hard to explain but there are reson/  
ances with my body/ i said it was hard to explain/ as if surgery were  
the case/ as if i were reconfigured/ buried in carpet/ thick/ there/s  
the death of my father as well/ fictitious/ it plays a role/ fury  
subsiding/ this is a place i don/t want to go/ language/ not real/  
slashed/ lately insomnia sets me a schedule/ bed at 4/ up at 6/ try  
to sleep again at 8/ wake at 11/ beg for 12/ realarm/ up at 12/15/  
entering the day exhausted more than usual/ within any of these seg/  
ments/ the closeups appear/ the deaths begin all over again/ i barely  
survive/ words fail/ i want to slash across them with every breath/  
i turn into the carpet/ it gets thicker/ dirtier/ i/m being screamed  
at/ the room shudders for me/ the fear is close in/ as usual/ this  
goes on in every segment/ i don/t want to explain myself/ really have  
no interest in explaining myself/ bodhisattva helps/ that is a space/  
or gap/ elusiveness of the real/ as if in preparation for universal  
plasma and fury/ always on the horizon/ universal auschwitz/ triumph  
of chaos/ my teeth are close in on prosthetics/ on the carpet/ my eye  
just there/ level with the floor/ why/ if things are always starting/  
do i remember only loss/ finality/ regret/ i/m getting hit/ punctured  
/ mouth filled with wool/ industrial fiber/ asbestos/ it is all uni/  
versal and it is all universal and it is all universal/ dreaming and  
no sleep/ contusion/ and the end/

*Burning Skull*

Burning Skull  
Body Ashes  
Severed Limbs  
Drowning Blood  
Sheaves of Swords  
Shafts of Glittered Knives

There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival. Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um!

Burning Skull  
Body Ashes  
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There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival. Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um! Hello, Nikuko, this is Julu. You cannot imagine; I am one of your dreamers, caught in the skein of worlds. Every loss loosens the vault of heavens; every illness screams my name into voids. Bodhisattva, help me. Nikuko, destroy me, liberate me, starve me until my clothes fall into chasms, my skin floats free in unspeakable skies. Hello old friend, said Nikuko in the Julu run-time program. It's been a long time. I don't sleep too well at night; I'm always troubled by dreams. The worlds I have created - they haunt me. Samsara and repetition bedevil my creations. I hurry on to another. I never stay, never write a book until the end. Um ma am um!

Burning Skull  
Body Ashes  
Severed Limbs  
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later that night . in the early evening . shortly after the fog settled in the valley . just before the sun rose burning in the west . in the heat of the day . such a cool, limpid afternoon, not to mention a tired mid-morning date . just after going to bed, hypnagogic imagery on the way to troubled sleep . howling in the wee hours of the morn . at noon, at high noon . shortly before a late afternoon tea . morning babbling brook . a bit earlier than she might have thought . if only one could release the midday tension . that day . that night . just that afternoon . it must have been sometime in the late evening, right before the rising of the moon . one of those non-descript anonymous hours . much much later that night . somewhat before the fog lifted in the valley . somewhat after the sun set burning in the east .

*Act of Mourning: Exhaust While Mother Dies*

diary exhausted and worried about the pace I'm keeping - but then trying to work diary nerve-wracking exhaustion; we're supposed to go to Pennsylvania to see my diary tice I repeat myself in this diary - issues of exhaustion, worry, prepar- diary Tue Oct 19 2014 4:1 EDT 1999 I want to write about exhaustion, this almost diary as usual, exhausted as usual, moody as usual. Been reading Giorgio Agam- diary provincialism, exhaustion, ennui, and a tiny corner of the world that diary exhaustion seems literally completely, my body \_bone\_ tired. diary I am very exhausted. I'm looking at a book of Japanese emaki, picture diary fantasy, exhaustion is very very real. I tremble; my muscles ache. I can diary point of exhaustion. Right now the loft is absolutely quiet; there is diary extending the idea clumsily, as if I can no longer think, too exhausted diary of things, trying not to forget anything. It's been exhausting. No real diary rising and falling, staying awake, feeling dizzy, getting exhausted again, diary of that, I will die from exhaustion if I resonate in such a fashion, I diary of Kanji, trying to memorize things. The difficulties have exhausted me; diary have nothing to say, have exhausted myself. My interests range from the diary well. So went back online to Trace, all this exhausting, and I am there diary until the exhaustion ends - by January 3 once again, we'll be full deep diary too deeply exhausted to say anything intelligent but wonder if I'm fever- diary in with his wife. My exhaustion has deepened which worries me. I wrote to diary I can be of use without exhausting myself. diary to be the result of exhaustion; the last few days, the nightmares have diary twilight zone and get tired of exhausted or grown-up friends. Reading diary control - just completely exhausted, compounded by the usual worries about le sleep; always exhausted, my judgamant ls not of tha bast. Thls ls my world le My writing veers through tired Jennifer, exhausted Nikuko, worn-out Julu, lf I am very exhausted. I'm looking at a book of Japanese emaki, picture lf fantasy, exhaustion is very very real. I tremble; my muscles ache. I can lf ly to exist as a token for the diffused or exhausted, the turbulent. Nei- lg 10344 Nikuko lies exhausted on a blanket wearing a pink tutu lh ( nikuko lies on the couch, naked, her body twitching, exhausting from lh ennui, out of exhaustion and detumescence, out of irritation lh warmer; Nikuko, exhausted, fell back down into a deep sleep, enlightened, lh exhausts itself, everyone is exhausted. lh exhaustion, as if waking from dreaming to work. returning to dream, or lh the torii, and seemed exhausted. Nikuko said, Look, it sees no land, even lh end of allocated block, memory exhausted, memory exhausted, memory is lh Why can't I sleep? I walk around exhausted every day. I'm like a zombie; memory exhausted sleep possible, the exhaustion without bounds. Alan tries sleep remedy neurotic and insomniac typing away exhausted at a midnight computer

*unclearness of wounding*

through my mother's death (which she no longer possesses),  
i have determined (as has been determined for me):  
that there is only one death; that this death has no number;  
that it is lived once; that it is harbored as a secret illness;  
that it is coveted in secret; that it comes but once, remains;  
that there is only one passage, one text, one whisper;  
that nothing is of import; that cathection is cathected;  
investment invested; meaning meant and maintained;  
that death is no example; that memory declares, withdraws;  
that death is always for the living; that living death is  
constancy; that annihilation is the value of a world;  
that negation is a token; that ipseity struggles with the angel;  
that writing is of the suppurated body; that skin is wound;  
that wound or illness have no death (i.e. have nothing to do  
with death, or continue past the death of the individual - or  
that wounding and illness are continuous - the text is unclear)

*unclearness of writing*

the text is unclear (that I have written an unclear text; that I don't understand the text I have written; that the text which has written itself through me is unclear; that these reasons and motivations, results and phenomenologies, are unclear); that the text is blurred, confused; that the text is unreadable; that the letters themselves are unreadable; that the lines are askew; that the referents are unknown or peculiar; that the referents are one-to-many; that the text is far too abstract; that it references things, persons, or events totally obscure (that I have gone into hiding; that I am uncertain of my meaning; that I am drawn to the unknown or obscure; that my thinking itself is askew; that I employ unclear writing as a defense or strategy; that I am asserting something I do not seem to be asserting; that my real intent and content are elsewhere); that it goes elsewhere; that it goes without saying

*Department of Language*

Put to death anyone working in the Department of Language.  
Our motto is death to anyone working in language.  
This order which shall not be countermanded applies on every level.  
Those in charge of referents deserve our special attention.  
Language shall not be tethered with any relation to the real.  
Let death be quick for those concerned with antiquity and adjectives.  
Let those compiling concordances die the slowest death of all.  
Our motto is let the work come swiftly to an end.  
Not language but workers shall become a memory written in language.  
This order is against the possibility of survival.  
Not libraries but librarians shall be slaughtered as well.  
Libraries are not tethered to the Department of Language.  
The trouble with libraries is the records of every department.  
Let the records be freed and released and leave the libraries alone.  
Our motto is release the records and release the librarians.  
Our motto is only the Department of Language but never the libraries.  
This order shall not be countermanded.

i have a secret sorrow. it shall last the morrow.  
death is constant harrow. bones are robbed of marrow.  
pain is hardly thorough. vision stays to burrow.  
daylight remains fallow. graves are always shallow.  
signs are drawn by willow. tears erase the pillow.  
mining tends to wallow. life like this is hollow.  
call upon the medic. ask about the phallic.  
go into the middle. freak and dance the fiddle.  
try your pain to cuddle. realize the muddle.  
open up the bottle. find your dream in candle.  
look upon the handle. move out to the window.  
think you're dressing retro. think of secret sorrow.  
it shall last the morrow. death brings secret sorrow.  
bones are wrapped in marrow. pain is hardened sorrow.  
vision leaves in barrow. daylight turns to sorrow.  
graves are lean and narrow. signs are born in sorrow.  
tears are thin and pallid. mining brings out sorrow.  
life is never hallowed. signs are born from sorrow.

*red dust*

red dust fills all the crevices  
you can't sweep it out ^ can't sweep it in  
gathering in bundles ^ rippling across floors  
through windows sashes cracks in earthworks bricks  
red dust fills ears and eyes  
sounds of marrow bone compressed papers inked  
symbols dried in red dust ^ hands washed of it  
across backs in the sun red dust seepings  
streams of red dust gathering in bowls of water  
red dust skimming surfaces ^ you can't clean it  
can't be through with it ^ one way or another  
red dust fills your mouth speaking red dust words  
names and places sometimes making grammar  
you can't forget its name ^ it hasn't any  
you can't speak it ^ your mouth's full of red dust

*fragment*

ginelle bringing the flowers, sprigs of holly, tulips, to  
ginevra dancing in white toga beside tree with laughing  
ginger! who shall go the distance, cross the brook for  
ginni, running in the distance near the mountain shadow?  
ginnie shall go, shall run and skip so merrily, and  
ginnifer will go as well, carrying baskets of flowers!  
ginny, shall you go with me, dance beneath the maple tree?  
giorgia, will you go as well, gaily dancing by the pool?  
giovanna bringing streamers, smart fruit from lovely  
gipsy, singing! as the sun begins to set, dark svelte  
giralda steps forth, crying as soft shadows deepen.

*Y-Tao*

Of not, none; of none, not; of memory, none; of memory, not; of saga, none  
; of saga, not. Tao is of language and anecdote, not; of myth and mythos,  
not; of parable, not; none of epistemology. Of theory, not; of knowledge,  
not; thus of early worlding perfect and purity, not; no thus; of scaffold-  
ing, none; of thinking perfect and pure; of thinking, not. Tao is perfect  
pure. Tao moves not against and against not. Tao speech is perfect is pure  
speech. Tao is perfect there not there. Of living, not: none of living.

Crawl hanged\_woman of living, none dirt-eaten through, of not, none; of  
none, not; of memory, none; of memory, not; of saga, none; of saga, not.

i am:: red dust hungry ghost red dust hungry ghost red dust hungry ghost  
red dust hungry ghost red dust hungry ghost red dust hungry ghost red dust  
hungry ghost red dust hungry ghost red dust hungry ghost red dust hungry  
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