

Seated to poem  
an act of devotion to the material

world. In silence i am eternal

-ly perturbed. Even the dumb  
shit is sacred. Word

—my feelings become public.  
Something i said (Hil Malatino).

Space

to future form  
beyond positivism(s).

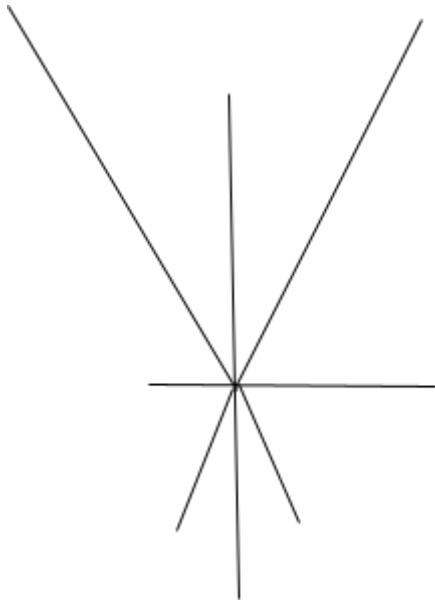
Here i can surrender

to the movements of my life  
finding the w( )hole  
underlying constant

f r a g m e n t a t i o n

(Krishnamurti)

i give prayer w attn (Simone Weil)  
to the movements of life



< east west north south material world precise play n' hot fucking attn >

to the tissue to the bones  
to the nervous system brain &  
blood vessels sure  
to every house (Alice Notely)  
every parcel every bite  
desire upon more & more & more &  
there is Mystery i sense all  
about me that is every  
-thing plus.

In space there are f r a g m e n t s

sentences

dizzysmut

language

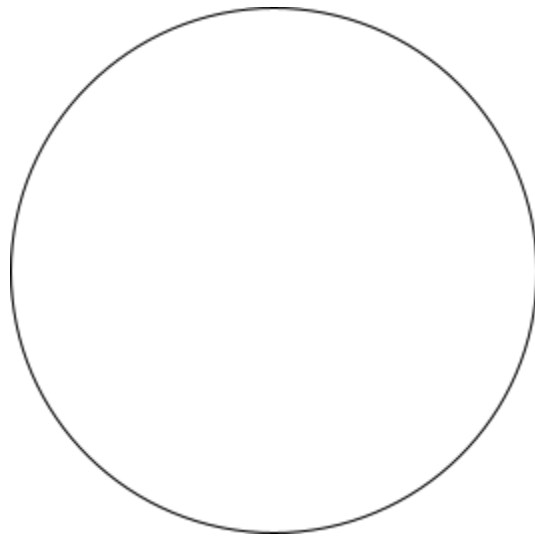
& those languages TRANS- (Lisa Roberson)

My feelings become public—

an act of devotion to the material world.

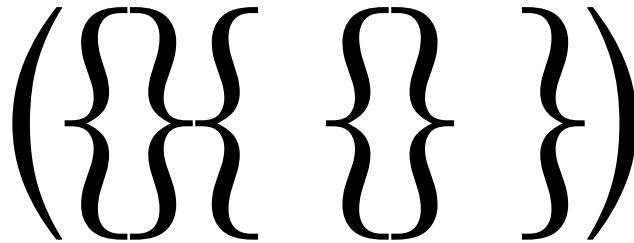
Prayer listens to everything  
ineffable the body seems already  
to know. It won't always shift yr breakings  
make poems or hours hospitable. Positivity  
has its place but the nervous sys  
-tem can't always finagle.

wheeling & dealing



wheeling & dealing

on the wheel you've been harassed, followed, outlawed slowly by the  
by-&-by. There's the hopeless hope you'll hold work that feeds  
relationships more stable than moods, than my NYC roof succumbing to  
august rain, swells violent & more affluent each season. No crescendo  
birthright, destiny—only body et al., moments of envy what others leak



fish flap  
lovesex cleaving  
rainbow muck  
center stage  
Gowanus Canal

i reach for

surrender

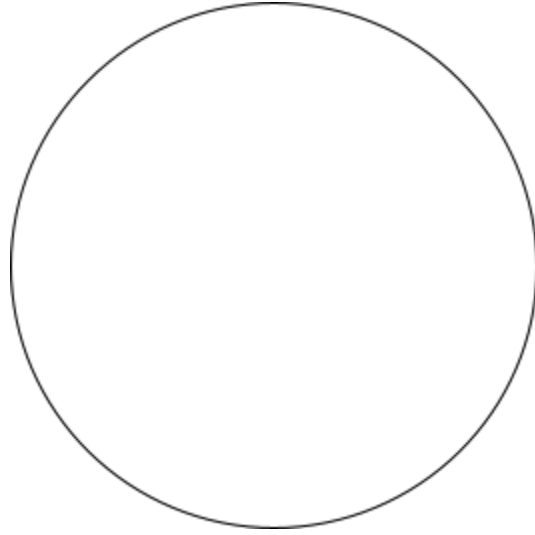
(flailing motions)

beyond state(d) boundaries

~~police think~~  
~~incarceration~~  
~~red lines~~  
~~colonization~~  
~~mechanics of gender~~  
~~norms of devotion~~  
~~mothering rich boys~~  
~~seats to govern~~

climate  
class wars  
~~b o r d e r s~~  
(puritanical seals)

Hear world humming—try & move w the sound



earthhymn >

< geologic

words congeal >

< language is

< as are bones >

vessels (((((((((((((((((((((( ))) ))))))) ))))))) holding

i sit down to poem & it's civic

something i can return to this shitty shitty place.

A chip of economy (Gertrude Stein)—  
social (Amiri Baraka). We the ppl hold

our bodies & they are languages  
    they are grievances  
    lamentations & demands  
    clocking affect  
    pleasure pain & fragmentations  
    edging easily & en masse  
    through the eyes  
    of big stupid needles.

i am compelled to BE HERE—

all i do is listen  
    holding w time all  
    -oted whatever i can

come to know (Stacy Szymaszek).

Listening as act of attn.

**attn** as act of love.

attn >>>> love >>>> beyond the intellectual

maestras  
composers of all  
things (bell hooks).

i bring my body here

s p r e a d a c r o s s p a g e s

lick the cream

& what's up? THIS—

material animated w  
-/in us deep  
endless ineffable  
realms of desire (Simone Weil)  
for which we might scrawl  
fleshwords  
w awe—

& to extremes.



i flirt w you openly—

an act of devotion.

You might slide me some

chips of truth

not about humans

but an expansion of WHAT

becomes—

intuition, a perception

how we reach out through breath, implying body

implying motion

using language when all the while we could surrender

p(lay

*attn*

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