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.
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

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fish flap
lovesex cleaving
rainbow muck
center stage
Gowanus Canal

i reach for surrender

(flailing motions)

beyond state(d) boundaries
policethink
incarceration
red lines
colonization
mechanics of gender
norms of devotion
mothing rich boys
seats to govern

climate
class wars
borders
(puritanical seals)
Hear world humming—try & move w the sound

earthymn  >

< 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

spread across pages

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

ptlay

attn

(?????)