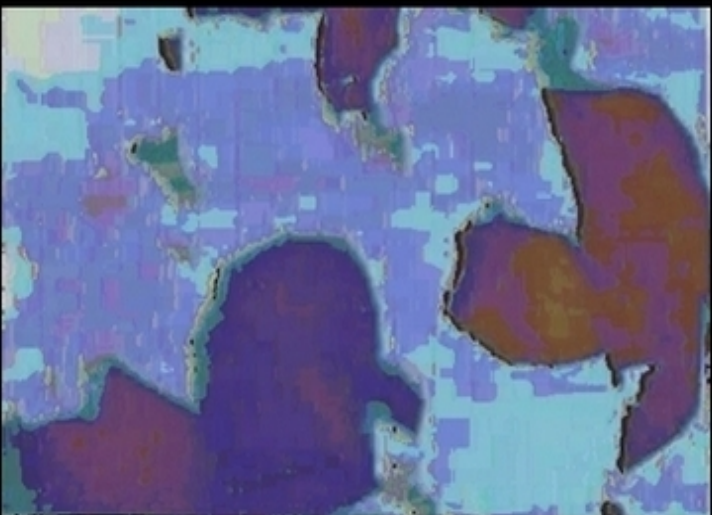


MOVETURE: THE DAILY RUSHES





moveture: the daily rushes
by les wade



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"sign and sight is the name of a magazine" is also appearing in the *i.e. reader*



press then release press
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like the character in phil whalen's poem "that one," i spend a lot of time at the movies just to get some reading done.

moveture: the title sequence

earlier this morning i was breaking. up. or down. all the perils of sending!
from x-ray orange to a garish yell, and the "oh" I was going to say. or just
lying on the floor, shaking, and noticing all the wave-like phenomena of the
kitchen—foam and slobber and the sediments in the sound, shining. this is
spectrum. first comes waking, then evaporation, the scenario can be so
quick, a system of air. first it is evening, and then morning, then foam, then
flow, then shout, then edge. this is another spectrum, the suddenness of it in
the air that begins with a *mal-de-tête*, and starts to radiate outward, always
rolling, always a road, always beginning to fill up a part of the room in a part
of the day. i mean, *ekstasis* as a yellow arc against the usual checkerboard
logic of a floor, which is a way of marking a passage, a dent, a moment to say
"oh" to, clawing my way through the apparatus of this utterance, in the foam
and corridors and slanting rays of the sun—this is the subject as spectrum
who is trying to resonate with all the vast and ringing phonemes out there
maybe as lost in inferential string elemental to ephemeral in the fragile curve
of space, the distance of breaking and announcing—first edge, then leap, or
down, one room crashing into another, and then there is that terrible
brightness, glaringly young, and how primary the gesture of flinging the
words out there out there into space really is, so full of contours and
intersections and creases and there's pagination all over the kitchen table. i
guess i'm having a moment—a brilliant gap filled afterthought add-on
kitchenette playing with the on/off switch off and on the last migrained
monday moment ovoid of pure enjambment i am imploding
unpronounceably, and suddenly clattering down in blue, diffusing and
panoramic—an inundation in this moment of glass where all things suddenly
are, even before i can fit the poem on the page in the room that is the other
side of a memory i am writing, which is the act of waking up, or fall down in,
with the sun slicing through the lines on the paper and the blank spaces
falling down on the floor where i'm flat on my back in the valley of linoleum
—a sudden revelation on the question of depth as a brilliant moment of
opening in a system of layers and surface, and how i woke up in the kitchen
this morning with a broken head listening to the yellow curve of things and
the seascape voice in the roar of breaking pencils, which is something like a
prologomenon, and remembered a line from rené char "it's the turn of bread
to break man" and there was something there about the beauty of daybreak.
you can still hear the air vibrating. soniferous, then submerged, then flung

out into the open not so long ago, where it begins with ocean and winds up stuck in amber. and there's something else all about eclipses and contours and shaping lines into zones and whirls and regions where i am equating fragment with passage in an act of surface that is a long curving beach just now stretching in a line from point a through a long glass interval we must break through to the time i was showing and telling and sending and talking about walking out there on the missing side of the room and bouncing back and forth as the hollow name of ocean. "πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλασσοῖο," i wanted to cry, and even sing the space of epic, like drawing a figure in the sand, and then get lost in all the sea smoke and the slices of the sea, the suddenness of it, a branching, a way through the fabled next few hours that are always pressing against the face for a moment and become entangled in the low roaring at the edge of the tune—a continuum breaking up into a moment and the foam and sea shell at the beginning, with the gaps in the story a constellation. you can still hear the air vibrating, the bright time between the blue lines and the pale questions at the edge of the sun. or the trick of it to find just the right strands of air, the strands of yellow, the summer corridors and documents of day that reach past the room i am remembering to write in and the maps of glass breaking, just as i was waking up somewhere in the middle of things, in the crowded passages with all the action going on and arms and instruments akimbo and the sound of humming on the raised platform in the bell shaped openings of air and the disks of day shooting up from the ground, to keep on rising and expand the room of writing, as the hollow and egg-like spaces of ocean break open to show us that the tongue of land is always emerging from the sea and how the outside is for hiding in in the morning opened up by the gaps in all the pencils and the blue lines that reach from my face to yours crowded in the corner of the sun that is just now beginning to emerge and be unmeasured, an opening covering the skin as day skin is love and the first love is to get outside, in the wet sun in the curve of the morning rising in the throat or crowded into the sky in the raw sun raw tongue space the pure gesture of it to impart a motion a transmission ripping atmospheres apart blue and enormous and stepping outside

like breaking a vessel
an omen of good fortune

another promise

an
other day

a set
again
and back
a way of scraping

the words off the surface

of the page there is always some trace
left as outline

to fit placelessly
as event
a way of letting air in
or out of ear shot
where i would cover myself in felt
but not heard as an explosion

just a peninsula

*

i'm jutting out again
and being all resurgent
springing out of the page

*

open up the book
and it says "moo"
or "fuck you"
or some other awkward
pronunciamento

leaping off the page and weaseling it's way into the ultra-streamlined 1956
plast-orama "DON'T PUT THAT IN YOUR MOUTH" part of the throat and
dissolving into sharp little moronic particles of panic moment trauma

theater playing on the soft palate grown suddenly and horribly desiccated
where linguistic density wasn't

(is this poem secretly about the way poison tastes in childhood?)

*

tube blur as ganglia or anxiety central. vomit butterfly and vague purple—the
sign of plague, the swiftness of its shape, except for the part that looks like
an octopus or how an octopus looks when you're thinking about eyelids
underwater. are we there yet?

*

everything that is unsaid could be a future
a set of possibilities
we can unweave
the old out and in and urge
from periphery to center
a space to let the words escape
or a case of mirror resonance

o saisons o chateaux
what soul is rhythmless?

*

emit mom time

because it's the same backwards as it is forwards
and there's something here about running around in circles
and “the return to normalcy”

where the punchline is getting to the other side of the room
higher on a mouth then down the slippery slope or throat
a sign that the age of manifestos is over
and the battle for giligan's island is about to begin

*

well, now that the battle's finished

we could almost be polka-dot
a mellotron beginning
and alternative ending

i mean, one minute
i'm standing there
and the next
i'm only standing
jutting out
and being resurgent

*

when i was a kid right before i tasted that poison i was looking at a walt disney nature special on tv about some kind of african prairie dogs that always traveled in packs and whenever they encountered another group of the same kind of prairie dog they stood in two opposing rows and barked at each other but if any one of them got too excited and ran even a little ways into the middle, he was no longer recognized as a real prairie dog by the members of his own group and had to make a special kind of barking sound and even do a little dance so they wouldn't forget him. the poison was white and shaped a little like a crystal.

this of slight jargon.

cold skin as slick turn and skin sliding in mud lip earth cup sky cup hand
earth ear earth ash inhale world of listen in tan tree drowse outside and rain
drum random splash dawn over drowned sweat mattress sculpture hair bark
and swirly dream haze river time still lapping against the bedroom door in
slow dripping light & sudden realization that i've missed my dentist
appointment. "no laughing gas for YOU!" even though it's my birthday.

sign and sight is the name of a magazine

a movement.
a pattern. the air
is full of risings and statements.

the flood plain is six miles long.

a place to look at the statements
then look away,

like counting the statements of water.

with a key our escape is to share oil with fire, like children.

the key is ocher and amber, like the fire in children.

the key is sung of children who count raw sienna, burnt umber and dust.

pointing is at arm's length—the night has a thousand eyes! looking is always
at the edge of the air, breaking into sight.

at the beginning and end of the word "sight" there is a break or branching
that slows us down with a storm of looking, a storm of fading. branching,
here, is what a tree does.

my assignment is to take a photograph of air and develop it with all the dust.

the key is lost in morning.

it turns out to be gradual.

just singing,

just intonation.

"mes bouquins"

a san francisco that comes to an end in extreme height. paralysis in force is a long zoom shot and being unable to sit without staring. someone dies and there is an obsession with falling and a trance-like stickiness covering all the streets and buildings and even the sky as it is turning noticeably blue and flat. "it" here could be the sky and here as aspirant, a kind of panting sound—h-h-h—and now it's winter, but back then it was september, and september was something you found inside of a song. there was an eagerness on the horizon and a jumping into water, which also turns out to be blue and flat, and oblong, and a portrait that was first seen far away and then close up. the walls have a heavy, stucco-like texture, and all the rooms that have these walls could be made out of brocade. in fact, brocade itself is heavy, stiff, and elaborately worked.

a long trip through the city and a clockwork departure. advise the forest—there are symptoms of dream and gesture left unexplained. a long return when all the bells start ringing, what was said through a window. at the end of a corridor you can see why stairs are so sinister, a way of revealing the frame, and how the eye is everywhere overturned. then the distance turns black and there is only a visitor. the music interrupts, but in another room.

unseen approach. does love? a figure, an unstable face. some hint of the subject remains. the name of a small town in kansas, torn paper, an aquamarine dress, and the inevitable, then the necklace is found lying on a dresser and everything comes into focus, flashing. there was another trip through the city, somewhere to the south. the height of the beginning, the return of looking, a flicker at the edge, and looking upward again, to consider what transmits the light so poorly, the heat so opaque in the dark. the raw silk and pure visage of it, about to incline horribly. the moment is parallel, the discovery is too gray and circling, a journey in lead, a journey in evening, a time of return and turn again, turn where she go, all the way, where the houses end, like light.

luftmensch1: shooting the symbolic

stuck inside all day and some of us were sitting in a room of glaring white and some were in another room of glaring white without any wall or divider or door to mark one room off from the next, and everyone (everyone, of course, except for mr. jimmy, who was asleep on the couch) was imagining it was a tv program about people sitting in chairs in a room glaring at screens and whiteness and they were arguing over which room held the audience and which room was just a ghostly projection of actors. i got up and asked who the sponsor was, since the answer to that particular question would end this type of foolish, ghostly and pale metaphysical speculation and we would finally be able to leave whatever room we were sitting in and breathe for a little. i knew that somewhere in one of the many books that were stacked neatly on the shelves there was a story about the necessity of leaving your father's house to go dwell in a city at the edge of the desert, and how i myself along with other legendary okies had to migrate to riverside, california, where i once saw a statue of a giant swallow that was always in the midst of departing, with his eyes of shattered blue, that obtrusive blue, knife-edge rip occurrence and exile thunder all over silver thought flight air throb crash escape in systolic downstroke squeeze which is pure lift. the book i was thinking of had a dark green cover and was part of a set, or library, but i don't think anyone ever owned the entire collection. the economy will always create these kinds of gaps in the historical record.

greater coverts, lesser coverts,
breast, throat, shoulder, upper
mandible, lower mandible,
i-mean-business mandible,
middle shoulder, three-
quarters shoulder, upper tail
coverts, back of the head, back
of the neck, "feathers,"
wooden protuberance, motion
lines, hot dog mandibles, vinyl
mustard packet, vinyl ketchup
packet, duck corrugations

things done, things said, things shown
for serenity the speaker

under the eaves
or to be expressive
and prod and passage
and how near distance is
on the other side of the wall

(poke?)

what is the story
they think they are telling
the moment i pass by?

poplar, cypress
yellow hill

all the places of being

plunge!
it's the motel of the mysteries...

ah pomegranate
and other fruit falling off of the horizon

moveture: the intermission

seen for the first time, the viewers are often violent. the viewers are often recognized. there are 11 of them, but this is no. 12 of a series.

originally the relationship is a wooden door and a target of seen, the obverse of resting on the eyes. objects add mystery. what remains is john and how he will expand.

john b, all looming and versatile, is grinning in the dark and knows how everything is full of description. the subject here is modern history staring you in the face—black and white on red, then later a simple brown, then a second time as kitsch. "oh look! a slogan!," and "the plastic! the room!" are the slogans one most associates with him. and swoosh!

joan is absent.

bread in the book, bad to the bone. the air is everyday. books and bread, where the lines go.

much foaming ocean and its recombination floating in the air near the ear or somewhere near a chair. everyone is sitting, everything that is shedding. everything that is thrown down is. in a line.

they limit and describe. they require the recognizable. "only" classical as an attitude. this is a concern with the darkness of the seed. it's dark measurement underlying the primacy of a look, and the rhythm of looking at it. an escape! science is everything growing from what is invisible. until it floats in the air.

the colors, the floor, the hallway, the kind you, is lost in the living matter. the living matter goes strum strum strum, torn and torn again from the tin of the underworld. a few loose molecules clanging at the edges.

a machine for stopping and staring. a throb at the blue core, bending the light.

i told you there are 11 of them. the rest are gathered together in the problem

of here, or the other problem of here. here as aeschylean silence classically flat and folded at the edge.

here as an articulation of another secret here into inertial space and avoiding any toy-sized literalness or frame of attack in the "thinking-out" process, until the light changes.

pulled pop, in waves of glue and graphed. pulled pop, stuck inside with all that "pulled pop" what you call moon money. and stuck, the pieces are stuck in the waves of blue, large and -orama. return of the rising waking up in a room of glare. a new organum—stuff in the pen of where we are back to the birth of the blue line. how to be over.

in the 1950s the colors were beige, dark brown and charcoal gray, and everything was already faded and the word "chesterfield" was used a lot. in fact, you could sit on a chesterfield and smoke one at the same time and collect coupons just for doing that. that's what my "aunt " helen used to do, sitting on the floor and staring at pictures from life magazine. one day—and i still don't know what prompted her to do this—she picked up a copy of life, looked at it for a while, then suddenly tore some pictures out of it and let them fall onto the floor. then she lit up another cigarette. what really fascinated me was not so much the different images—tv personalities, lemon yellow frigidares, snazzy convertibles, an atom bomb explosion—but how easy it was to tear the pictures themselves out of the pages of a magazine and transfer them onto the different world of the floor and how the ragged edges of the paper actually seemed to fit the act of rearranging all these pictures now lying on the blank surface of the rug. i realized that they were telling me the same story as the smoke circulating in the air.

this should be skin as shining as so much is around the mouth the light in
tiny rivulets
in the wet and working years
intervallic

moveture, the trilogy

1st

who forgets the risk

of music

who enters under the moon

who stands shatteringly

the homecoming

if the grammar of rivers is lost in the haze

is lost in her voice

it is the sentence of the wanderers

(that morning we discovered the desert)

2nd

the intimacy of the sea

the great age of honey and copper

sand as agency

dune as shelter

it begins with a box and seashells

it begins with a box of wind, a seashell, partitions, watered glass, coral, a ball of ambergris, and the ocean painted in the desert where everything must push against that emptiness just to earn a name

where marine becomes glyph

hand eye arm ear

dryness salt fog sunlight

striated to smooth

and the way the throat and lips move around the word "aqua" and the
slowness it releases

far enough away to be muffled

drift

the afternoon is utterance

and the house is perfected

with what message this shifting sends

3rd

red night

the arrow descends

black sun

waves and hot horizon

the drugged landscape

her anger

her carved glance

a tear in the clouds

the scattered path

they are all a way to cut through openness

through the shining

hard edged

the birth of geometry

and the uses of pointing

moveture: garden of the fleshapoids

white noon noise space
and static cling

boundary lapping

i am extending beyond the table
λόγος in/ λόγος out

beat casual or casual pocket
a whole history of slouching and showing
a face about the act of and all...
too much of that first meat
stretched into great lines
and zoom in
(again)

the aerial realm is entering your sunken living room
your split-level den
the weightless sublime

a question of absorption

or essence as inhalation

νοεῖν "to know" originally meant to recognize something by its smell
sprouting and emanating

jade plant, elephant foot, circle plant, plum sequence, impatience, zipper
plant, pattern plant, peppergrass, button plant, wild linen, orson's rose,
lavalier's bud, kimono fold, flash, fossil tinge, agave, carpet weed, an ivy
dome, soon, thin gold, thawed stars, now, the heart of the sun, pulse, and
etudes eroding

"got any limes, veronica?"

a vox of glimpse

I

i have sleepy teeth

cotton mirage. gravity of baumwolle.

my sleepy teeth are full of baumwolle.

soggy. deep. refraining.

and repeating:

long view

dent into deep. dark

and repetitious as only teeth can be.

falling.

and clarinet adobe. i know clarinet adobe.

you know clarinet obligation. and sing me of clarinet surrender.

o the lip molecules

working large

o the time receding from front to back

o languorous diamond wave

lightless dabbler warm

a position of shadow.

II

pushing the islands

our task is to push the islands

to earth

to iron

to glass

to glyph
to thin
a month in the mouth
can show the bones of the day

moon magnet
a box of glyphs
the whole archive of it
somewhere in san
fernando
the moon fold arch
and ache
under glyph
in thin glass

the iron hair and the bending of here
the streets are a message bordered in black

pushing the islands
our task is to push the islands
to earth
to iron
to graph
to dome
to glow
to dim

magnet moon
a series of seen
in thin strands
pushing the light to draw the voice
and seen again
the stories of sound
and ache and oak and all the birds in the trees that are trying to be red and
the wolves in the trees and the harp of the river and the atonality of oil

a unit of moon
cold to recall unlined

against a box of glimpse
all the gluons and stick-ons
rolling through the clay light

that steep a vehicle drawing tin toward it
somewhere past the islands

III

protein masses
inert gases

and wobbly clank chum hum airhead shudder fuzzy view to you tube 2 click
and freeze frame over and outside the high hot morph warp into fishbelly
white expanse suddenly down desert finger groove of rub hollow faster as
accordion as a cascade clock turn backward to the favorite part or mr. nova
explaining why my garage door goes like *this*

yeah, let's change the channel
i want to see what kafka's dogs are up to

moveture: the action scene

flute scream athena to earth dome night

this was the poem being offered me on the blade of a knife
i wanted to tell nick demaria about it
then everything became a crashing announcement. CRASH! it was telstar
the hero and this crashing was yellow, hard and shaped like a disk, beyond
which was something dark—the grave of telstar

where the sun is a cymbal
and in this poem
is a dangerous season, the shore of a surprise,
and the sound of things dropping
and clanging

moveture: a slight reprise

a design the wonder of why that makes everyone so nervous some scatter
some minor others chord & straight & phrase i wonder giant singing is that
really wonder impatient & collapsing the same in rust red hombre shadow
atom to beehive trumpet blare the same the joy of oboes and eyebrows and
new oboe work the same the orphic hum of trees the same in the faint
penumbra of dark sleeping hair or how to turn the mouth into a moment &
prolong it in the same penumbra of faint red hair & scattered strands in the
dark forge dark nerve thrill hum of curve & sigh & hair foam gush to unfold
and embrace it as the fabric that returns us to an hour at the slightest
movement of singing in the embrace of others to soothe them as they are
leaving just as we are unclosing again.

why is that?

vox machina

the possibility of enamel
a precision

everyone freeze!
now everyone lightbulb!

the hyper-real
like things that are very expensive,
so expensive they can only be found in catalogs

lost wax will say to map
"what is body, volume?"

and frozen meat will say to you
"i think we've been here before."

but they want us to listen carefully
they want us to correct the machines
they want layered
they want reptilian

and they're looking for someone named "simon"

luftmensch II: the revenge

as soon as the door, the deluge. *le doulos*, which is misfortune, which is a history, which is an old film in black-and-white creeping down the back stairs, which is a dilemma for some. i was looking for a synonym for extricate, but my love was shouting "BRAQUE!" and for a moment, we felt we should be floating and angular just like in a museum. then the hotel splendid disgorged us. tu t'en souviens?

a thick eternity, the plaster of talk. the pure mold of it and the sculptural effects it creates, from shadow to not-so-light to the memory of 3-d glasses. standing next to the moment of this apparatus, as thinking is to writing, and what we can see in this city of falling. we know the dislocation mere appearance brings. ce n'est pas l'heure du berger.

it became about foam and speaking through an electric fan. and the towers on the horizon. we were all along the drowned highway, spreading. the return of the panorama and a troubled voice, hissing, monotonous, endless, or else a poem like a sweaty palace. a slow fold, the geology of recognition and brilliant collapse. acting with color. the chair is flesh et j'ai lu tous les livres.

the wind hardened. a cherished arm in the city of smoke. pure outline, pure metropolis, what's going on behind the windows? aujourd'hui je reviendrai au tombeau de baudelaire.

antithesis, reversal, catastrophic rhythm, the addition of a corner, a new mobility, an interruption—all the look and feel of an accident. a seaweed network assembling the views so silver and everything so tomorrow. you have reached the size of theater and i am making a point. le livre supprime les temps.

sovereign is our ideal terminated. it is blue-black, a monument, a superstition, an education in statistics. water is caustic and universal and is moving under our feet. we are drunk on ice, not onyx. c'est pur son!

say "song" poor to divide the vigil into idyllic, lyric, and headlong flight. i am stretching and separating a torn whole from bright to large and then away,

away as blue. o copper garland upland song, what the west and what the fall?
ancien océan, je vous salue!

half-blind in a wet city, l'autre moitié baigné dans l'obscurité lumineuse.
adapted june of baltimore, june of the strong apposition, all that is needed is
a slight turn of the head, a length of light to drink the milk of morning and
sea of the centuries, and then turn away, des ciels gris du cristal. enormous
in air, inert, or lying flat on the back, everything burns but day.

moveture: take 5

in allonym
in shining

it sounds so smooth
transparent

ready to fracture

a way of seeing around corners
airbrushed
into the cube
of this cold quartz glance
then smashed into smithereens
the science of what is emerging

the broken and the singing
the slow motion is now beginning

blue and enormous
full noontide glare

day is so dark as *jour*

homage

obliquely, too

along the edge of the street
and the music stopped

and started to fall
staining the eyes and wrapping
around the fingers

trumpet bend
purple violent
april blue

as the note
is the abstract truth of it

while we were sitting in rows
melting horns with flutes
and obstructing the flow of traffic
and the day was stopping
and we were saying that
we had a taste for stone
and others have a taste for steam
and they strike suddenly
wringing throats in parallel fashion
chiming and pale flashing
deep ontic hunger
dark architraves
plaster sunset freeze
and this was strange
for no one laughed at it

we were stopping
with the day
keeping time of sour color
slow to moire

just to listen
in naive harmony
and then to be precise
as our long wax hands
in the instant of touching it
in the long blue wax play light
shifting in and out between worlds
dance or corridor dark
to extend this moment
past the instant of forgetting
shattered ginnunga gap window deep stretch
of shadow to o-ring rose
its cool wax throb stream sequence
somewhere as sound
and then somewhere else

stephane mallarmé and robert duncan
both wrote their homage to verlaine
hidden in the grass

i aleph x
standing in the ruined cities
where the light is stopping
and day won't start for a while

(i remember reading how when eurydice returned from the underworld, she changed her name to agriope, she of the savage face. that could be a scene in a new movie by the coen brothers starring umma thurman as lucy lawless the warrior actress and john goodman as thor. when i was in the underworld i didn't change my name, i just tried to stay hidden and i didn't watch any movies, lighting my lamp among the dead. time is passed for prologue.)

walking after midnight, largely diurnal and whirling

loose hair
loose change

tight shoes
OUCH!

it's the problem with walking everywhere
and suddenly we are all so thrilled and can't stop flickering

in
and out
of being

in and out of a dark belly being
or being somewhere in a state

to keep walking as a problem is to decipher the future from the cracks in the sidewalk:
a question of structure vs. agency, and my andalusian dog star man hand,
man—a critical practical activity.

*

philosophy is learning how to stretch the hands thin in shadow without leaving the room. it takes a slow hour, a slow surge in hard paper noise, a continuum, poverty, and the abolition of parentheses. i mean, prolepsis, not metonymy, as misdirection. do maps make *you* nervous, too?

*

now i regret to phonograph, unlike edith piaf. unlike the statue of edith piaf, history is something that could shatter a window when you forget to look at america. we were lost in it, it was so vast, and there was so much air, and skies the gray of the present tense and skies of the clear resemblance. only in a circle sky, down and around the drawing of the day we are waiting even when every day everyone else in dusty rooms of falling

and
falling while looking at the flow of some
from a time to time to go

*

the time of tin and thin bit wire, like looking for a thread in wrap-around view. a monumental stare. an inherent lifted from or for the wreckage of a name and fragile grammar is outline and now so remote and everyone else is out losing money and why someday couldn't come 2 nights ago when we were all so ephemeral and full of moments we didn't know where to put them. long play a turn sound in dark thin arm, the page of singing. diasporic glance of the numbered streets, we are returning a blue thread.

*

it's all falling from the hand again. a loud thump. parts of the city, an aerial edge, a disjunctive "and", and our misspelled adventures, shaking the simulacra and smart-mouthing the zha-zure—that's articulation. the gesture is so expansive. now that i think of it, walking is more like an accordion, a long stretch through the *nunc stans* and various stalled vehicles. or a way to be a long side of the now, this *now* in transit. its glass breaking solidity, its similarity with what was said and what wasn't. and what is is our refusal to remain. still. or some kind of joy. crowded and ringing, every day equals every other, an opening an announcing a long appearance. or else a moment of silence, like a phonograph. i should be shouting something here, but without any periods

notes

moveture: the title sequence πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλασσοῖο, pronounced *poluphloisboiō thalassoio*, a homeric epithet.

sign and sight is the name of a magazine really—
www.signandsight.com/

"mes bouquins" "my old books," also the title of a poem by mallarmé, which, in several american editions, is the final poem in the volume.

luftmensch 1: shooting the symbolic luftmensch is a term in yiddish for someone who has wild, crazy schemes and ideas, or else is just completely impractical, like someone who can't hold down a job. and yes, this and "luftmensch 2" are somewhat autobiographical.

moveture: the intermission helen wasn't really my aunt, just a family friend who was in trouble. unfortunately, i don't know what became of her.

moveture: garden of the fleshapoids λόγος "word, story, account, but also ratio, proportion, etc. there is a movie from 1965 called *sins of the fleshapoids* set in a post-apocalyptic future. see international movie database for more details <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0207104/>

a vox of glimpse i guess this poem is more or less my own numa numa dance.

luftmensch 2: the revenge this poem contains, among other things, some quotations (altered and otherwise), faulty memories, and transmogrifications of certain phrases found in works by baudelaire, rimbaud, lautrémont, mallarmé and eric satie (who was imitating/mocking verlaine). in addition, it also includes a line from a poem i once found written on a scrap of paper in the bibliothèque publique d'information at le centre pompidou in paris, and a line from a poem i once wrote many, many years ago, my first effort to write something in french. the translations are, in order:

"do you remember?"

"this is not the hour for lovers"

"all the books are read"

"today i will return to the tomb of baudelaire"

"the book suppresses time."

"it's pure sound"

"ancient ocean, i salute you!"

"the other half bathed in luminous obscurity"

"skies the gray of crystal"

and *le doulos* (the finger man) is the title of a film by jean-pierre melville.

walking after midnight hat tip to patsy cline, also walter benjamin and mel nichols.

following a flashlight



to the vast and ragged space that surrounds the screen

(after andré bazin)

MOVETURE:
"MOVE" FROM MOVIE
AND "TURE" FROM
APERTURE AND
FURNITURE AND
TEMPERATURE AND
OTHER -TURE WORDS