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### TOUCH-SCREEN MSS

Colin Post

*The University of Montana*

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TOUCH-SCREAM MSS

By

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Bachelors, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 2010

Professional Paper  
presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts  
Creative Writing

The University of Montana  
Missoula, MT

May 2013

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## TOUCH-SCREEN MSS

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

These are minimalist poems, not only in the sense of a delimited vocabulary, a delimited mode of speech, which might be called that of the scribe or might otherwise be called that of pilgrim with her prayers or might otherwise be called that of the logbook, a delimited set of thematic attentions, a delimitation of movements between syntactical nodes, which is a delimitation to the passive or circuitous as a necessary mimesis of the body in orbit or the eye in the act of observation or the hand in the act of writing, all of which propelled by forces not their own, or a delimited imaginative realm in which the poems take place, which might be called that of the touch-screen or the interface; more so these are minimalist poems in the sense that they are constructed after the fashion of minimalist sculpture, which is from a delimited set of materials. Each piece is constructed as an arrangement of at least two of the following three materials: blocks of prose, shards of song, and photocopied surfaces. These are minimalist poems, constructed of wood, glass, or paper. Each arrangement is a unique spatial combination of these three materials, although some types of arrangement do arise in order to reoccur.

There are two voices that sit outside of this minimalist constraint; both are their own kind of possession, or channeling. The first is the voice of Vergil, and I have transcribed his speech as I have heard it spoken to me. This is the voice of Vergil the poet, but not the Vergil of our realm; rather, the Vergil that orbits Brundisia, a satellite in this imaginative touch-screen realm. He intersects this realm, physically outside of it, yet immanent through it, as I am also so relationally positioned, as a co-creator to the work. These are the writings of the touch-screen Vergil as they have passed through my body. His voice occurs to me as a surface I have rested upon, and a surface from which I have gathered my materials. The Vergil of this realm has written the epic, not as a codification or history, but as the production of diverse material to be disbursed and rearranged. The epic of this realm is the array that can always be so rearranged, a set of virtual possibilities from which form a wealth of potential worlds at the threshold of manifestation.

The other voice positioned outside of the touch-screen realm is the collection of 'valus' monoliths. They resemble the material of the photocopied surfaces, but sound as different bodies, by which I mean each 'valus' monolith is its own speaking body. These too are voices that have occurred to me, but I could not transcribe them as I have Vergil's speech; rather, I have snared of each monolith an impression as it has passed through me. The moment of this possession is not a whispering through my hands, as with the speech of Vergil, but an amassing of scraps. The photocopier captures the surface of this possession. While the photocopied materials in the structured poems are also a surface captured, the 'valus' monoliths were, beneath this surface, an embodiment that I heard.

Both of these voices, both of these hearings, weave throughout the text, which is, as I have said, a collection of minimalist poems. I now understand another sense in which these poems can be said to be minimalist: each is a possible structuration; each is a node within a network of possible structurations of this touch-screen realm; each node is brief and minimal.

Name	location	affect	activity	Metal/Stone	body part	light/shade	plant/organism	liquid	speed	architecture	Sound
Cassandra	depths of lamasonry	categorizing	Singer	Zinc	tongue	effulgence	vines	datum	possessory	web	encryption
Vergil	in pad, in orbit	forbearance	speaker	amethyst	<del>car</del>	Coriolis	pinnate	serous	viscous	CYST	echo
Anselmus	transept bell tower	disconsolate	dissolution	shale	skin	refracted	moss	mist	oblique	balustrade	enfleshed
'console'	Cassandra's speech	bereaved	processing	ruby	poros <del>mouth</del>	pale	knawel	saliva	seething	expansive	ping
We	striding	flowing	preyer	crystal	foot	dispersed	pistillate	current	ambulatory	facade	chant
Amasis	between screams	guilt	sacrifice	lead	crown	sheen	cornel	silt	granular	coronate	murmur
Shipman	pathology hut	craving	compulsive oratory	relic	throat	reluctant	algae	river water	soile	dome	'werthe'
Camby ses	<del>mast</del>	discomfit	conduit	tin	wristes	orbic	thymus	reactor fluid	gravitational	gable	proclamation
Bataille	compendiums	perfidy	resource	sediment	head	archived	lilac	glycol	ejected	palatial	resonances
Luke	pastoral	restless	envoy	copper	<del>elbow</del>	discrete	Queen Anne's Lace	holographic	return velocity	frieze	wind
Lerner	distant	distress	recollection	manganese	ankle	luster	percoid	mortar	gallop	finial	berceuse
Pythia	Delphi	<del>judging</del>	oracle	Palladium	vein	jacinth	Cormorant	urn water	melting	steeple	ripple
Marx	between nodes	contrition	undergirding	gold	arms	pantheon	thousand-leaf	<del>contingency</del>	circulation	cantilever	gushing
Holzer	titles	assiduous	proscription	silver	pupil	arrayed	lavender	phosphene	literacy	turret	pierce

Name	location	affect	activity	metal/ stone	body part	light/ shade	plant/ organism	liquid	speed	arch itecture	sound
Monmouth	magical forest	surprise	documentor of myths	Cadmium	ligament <del>ligament</del>	lambency	perfoliate	Smoke	glide	Coffer	Rasp
Kosuth	garden	silent	arranger of circles	hassium	tonsure	flicker	tulip	rain	caramelized	hedge	Scabrous
Oldenburg	the papery tower	throwing	constructor of scraps	Sand Stone	claw	singed	juniper	amniosis	funnel	fleche	whorl
Orfeo	in crater	miserable	descent	lime Stone	knee	resplendent	horse weed	phoneme	particle	exedra	warble
Aeneas	expedition leader of Kaerled	calculating	conquer	marble	mask/ interface	shuff through grating	orchid	oil	corrosive	arcade	fibrous
Briseis	Scattered from ship	lamentation	exhaust	Uranium	hair	altar light	thistle	salt water	floating	corbel	twang
Herodotus	sets of Brundisium attached to ship <del>Mezen</del>	wobbling	explorer miner plowman	iron	belly/ umbilica	labyrinthine	Cress	yellow <del>grime</del> grime	perfuse	Originaly	moan
Luxemburg	Shadow	Yearning	advisor to Aeneas/ chariot riding	Zirconium	sweat	irradiate	hesperis	medium	imperceptible	interweave	swish
G. Berkeley	Central Command Station	gesticulating	admiral of Medea	coesite	hordes	opacity	dogwood	floe	vibration	mascarone	organum
'as'	buried	heaving	gnostic	igneous	knuckle	serrated	red brush	goo	circuitous	pergola	sybilance
lynx	city of furs/ bellow ship	barrage	prisoner/ energy safe	<del>prism</del> glass	<del>voys</del> <del>voys</del> <del>voys</del>	flashes	Cone flower	electric	mercurial	Cupola	growl
Eisenstein	thought in cargo hold	ardure	gnomist	tungsten	shoulder	crepuscular	Viburnum	plaster	wave	quatrefoil	clicks
de Sade	atmosphere	horror	excretion	granite	intestine	murky	daisy	mush	ocelerated	Pagoda	Squish
Godard	utterance	sterile	observer of landscapes	gneiss	back	shimmer	ragweed	ink	glissade	rotunda	clacks

PILGRIMAGE IS THE CYBERNETIC GESTURE THAT NEVER EXHAUSTS ITSELF

The console drips with its folds of pores—my Cassandra. Her hair of wyres unbound, we set to licking the tablets. The strategic use of the river, she instructs us, will be to overlay a tarp, to paint broad and deliberate lines on plywood, to plug this all in, to overlay with carp. At the surfys of the sign—a peering. Shallow are riplings. We smell the data before which we kneel: unadorned and unperfumed. There are 14 clouds above my Cassandra as she begins to garble, and the coils of her teeth...When this figure is divided in half, and divided again in thirds, and multiplied by the frequency of the prevalent static, we can hope to summon a trade route, to render it malleable. She once sighted a barge, and her gaze fell on nothing but textiles, and her gaze fell on nothing but shoulders, and her gaze fell on nothing but objects, and her gaze fell on nothing but arches, and her gaze fell on nothing but creek beds, and her gaze fell on nothing but spinning. We call her “Desert Mother” to her flexing cables. Rivers afar, and they are all intended by such frenzied speech. Because names tend to collapse in a database. My Cassandra pulsates at night, her glow striding through the transept, and we follow with chanting.





Descending value

Commercial strip - the bill  
And every ravelin crossed but  
that blink. And layouts spread  
exploit the healthcode. Preen  
a run-off primer, tracts from  
employed by state officials, boards waving plump.  
the plea please. And a rooftop  
The rumple traffic computat  
discursive meals. Ch

the bungalow  
stock redeem  
to ends of pistol  
are ground to po  
made by mon  
to weave an X-  
by heron's beaks  
Notation, royal  
of trees - the  
There are winter  
light and in the

Republic, drive LeBaron. Parents line

ned on impact.  
Flower stems

There was a nickel-plated bang and Styrofoam  
floated across the river. There was something written  
for the occasion - a sign board. The bang was halved  
as the chassis turned to cash and in the end  
there was no cardholder  
signs that were left

ation of the tr  
d thee, saying  
is the ground for  
not thereof all the day  
is also and Thistles it  
el, and then shall  
se seed of the  
then return into the  
of the ground was  
it dust thou art, and shall

The consolar body is a collection of feedback relays: each return, a new growth, throbbing. With Cassandra calling out to us, our ears fill with a silvery liquid, a flowing that advances with great gushes the nearer we approximate her call with our own chanting. With every step, sound impinges. As Cassandra wails, our legs actualize an upright stance; fingers grasp the knobs to adjust the tone; and “neither does her hue go untransformed.” We sit in a room, kneeling before benches, opposite of Cassandra, mediated by scream, reading the tones of her wailing, our hondes across the surfys of modules. “Tossed between the sky and sea—to sail until you find the harbor lights.” The finger feels the ridge of the knob and the knob shudders, beset as it is in the nerval connections. We adjust the settings at the module and the voys issuing forth is cloaked in tin. Cassandra does not speke except through such material interface. Silvery liquid between our teeth—we each advance our own names, sound from our lips.

The message issuing forth, now cloaked in tin, now through wires of copper, now perceived in the manner of divination, as tracing the paths of birdflight as it occurs above the bursting forest—that is, with our hondes vibrating in mimesis of pattern. In such a position of arc and scatter, we bend at the altar: the bowl for libations is parallel to the ground. When we finally parse Cassandra, we bear her tones across our tongues. She instructs us of monumental constructions to our lamasery. Although we have built our transepts as a labyrinth beneath the surfys, she instructs us to build a fleche, percing the air. Although not to build anew, but to retrieve the fleche already so constructed and lost across the threshold of pilgrimage. Our mouths open in chant and repetition, our tongue beating in and out, air pulsing and shaped into waves. The message issuing from our mouths drips to the ground in drops of silvery liquid.

thickets barking  
into ontogenic  
unison

to churning  
oares mnemonic  
row names

only at boarder  
of fiber of cable  
wailing emergent

into crypt  
bodies stable  
bodies sheaf

polonial rust  
gathers at pores  
void to sprout

venous turbines  
graphic shores  
exit vessel



*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

“my own bubble is encased liquid  
a shout is a wyre that pierces any barrier  
and so I have written  
the fire by doubling wyres against themselves  
rubbing rubbing until a small sphere forms  
a void that can be ingested a void  
as lens over the eye  
these rubeyes project leight as a binding  
I have written fire and fire will have writing  
surfys is flattened ymages  
the composite texture is the tension between leight differentials  
as towers of various shimmerings  
as spheres refracting  
as the umbilical pole felled but irradiated  
as any speche that is also a seething  
I am in the cargo hold of this ship in orbit  
of the rubey surfys  
filled with glass encased liquids  
of which I fill one  
in me voyeses fill  
that are all carried in gravity...”

woven  
orifocal  
decretive surfys

We bear the dictate from Cassandra as a globule of datum—the fluid she secretes, which is the most stable substrate for information to us knowen. This, we carry, but cannot touch, as datum is known to be infectious, to perce the flesh and flow in the place of blud. There is one such case documented in a manual storad in the lamasery library. This man held the uncovered datum until his hondes were one orb fused around the globule. With all his blud displaced, arcs slowly leaving from his shoulders, he shone a feinte silver and spoke a strain of numbers and glyphs. This speche was non-scriptible, but only described as we describe it now. This datum we bear to the abbot Anselmus.

itinerant voys  
the beseech  
warbling

howle  
the empty  
itinerant trace

Anselmus receives the datum, places this globule in the urn. With his ear to the urn, the dictate resonates. The datum quells. With his ear to the urn, the hond vibrates lines across the peyre of tables—the path of a pilgrimage. At the site to which we travel will be the ruins of our fleche.

excavating gold  
simple or expanded, or  
mytho-poiesis

all, all  
scales of  
reproduction

What circulates, what passes through compartments, is only that which is microbial. Small pieces of Anselmus depart from him whenever he spekes, a pathological entwinement of his exterior person and his interior thought. We study the mechanisms in man, where iren might duplicate flesh. As it is said, flight will succeed bipedal motion. Already Anselmus is mostly playted over with metal. His ears stopped with wires...he catches sound in this web. The lamasery extends into further subterranean passages and holows; a new excavation required of each organ. We can posit any amount of metal upon this body, but we cannot yet posit a mouth, which is not a mechanism, but a resonant vessel. We have scratched at the oracular text and have drawn out the silvery fluid, now caught in gobs, strung as a network in the holows.

decree from open  
mouth  
woven

The automated mouth would be so constructed as to pronounce each vowel—which is always that part of speech constituted not of variable contact, or rhythm, but instead by resonance in a variable space, or tone—by altering its aperture, and so to hold the vibration. Anselmus crafts such drawings in his plant fibre notebooks, from which we begin to transcribe on ever larger vellum. From this, in the shape of an ark, it might hold an 'ach'. As it is said, the moment of form is a moment of possession. And this when the aire was lately vibrated with matins, and our mouths rearranged with each scribble. In mechanism—a preserve against ruin.

mobile liturgie  
moulded and hanging  
from mouth

at crucial  
sprachet  
appouring

see—see  
all that trickles  
material is

riwle  
read aloud  
and perspirant

disciplined mouth  
is that which  
is written

each cavity  
repetition  
manipulation

appendaged  
the screw in my own...  
crrown

Anselmus proposes a variety of positions, gathered together in a riwle. As the frontispiece of each transcription...Where the positions of the mouth cease to be regular, the voys emitting becomes shrill. The shape then of the automated mouth would be that of a cell—with a single opening at its fore and studded with meddle rivets. We pray with a specific technique in the space of each transept: our mouths arched and bellowing; our mouths partitioned and screeching; our mouths cruciform and leeking; our mouths yawned and wooden. As Bataille suggests, when the mouth approaches a typewriter, these syllables become erotic. To contemplate these shapes, our hondes vibrate, and we begin to transcribe with the quills between our teeth.



carry the network  
here  
settle it

projecting beams  
light  
steel

an opening  
is always  
an aperture

We begin the pilgrimage and we note these, our first steps outside of the lamasery. As we walk across the land, Anselmus speaks of this surfys. “As it is said, ‘The forest will burst into human speche.’ This, from the prophecies I have read, the buch of Monmouth. This, from what I have etched onto the metal plates...my legs. I see, clankingly.” Trailing at the rear of the procession, we cross a desert of exposed copper wires. Someone in the foreground leads a chant. And now, lynxes among us. We chant in ambivalence. Wherever there are disposed prosthetics, whenever there is a tendency to shift from one voys to many...The chant either wards off the transformative element or involves us all the more deeply. And now, lynxes disperse—each back to a portal in the desert sand, each then emitting only soft squeaks.

We grow to treat Anselmus not as our leader on this pilgrimage, but as a flasching ping, collecting our measured steps into an outlay of possible trajectories, prescribing not the path of our wandering, but an array or a matrix. His voys has gone flesh. The screan is discursively posited as a stabilizing force: the stasis across which movement occurs. A thousand points of liquid, arrayed. Each static point chants and this chanting looks like movement. Each static point appears only as it blinks—a hond grasping itself. A glove spreads out its fingers. Somewhere in the course of this tracing, in the occupying of this space, we are to come upon the foretold artifact: the plug to fit the jack-in we all carry between two knuckles. Anselmus instructs us that there will be a plug to fit each of our individual hondes, these plugs dispersed in a nonscriptible array across the desert of our current passage. When we have each plugged ourselves in—the fill the port between two knuckles—the path to the fleche will manifest.

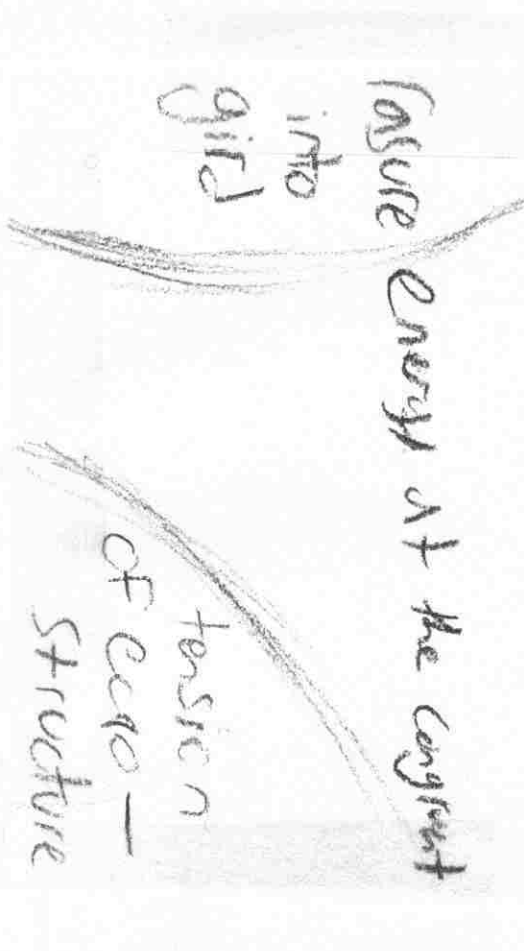
embossed ruthe  
wail that  
expands in grund

from escutcheon  
insert  
light

distilled of vibration  
placed in squad  
array



Our pilgrimage takes the form of measurement. As if canvas, the vernicle hovers over the surfys of the desert. The space between icon and substrate, as infinitesimal, must find its measure in the processual, which is to measure each step as if it were a flow from the eye. A practice of measure is to weyp before the screan—the eyes blur, but the differential clarifies. Wherever the face is a store of data, weyping is the interface. Each emits creys from her position in the array. Each crey pings against the others. Ping and return, and so the vernicle harmonizes. Weyping first extends the face into a smooth register. As it is said, Anselmus once weypt until the wyres of the chapel cracked from the walls, sparking. She weyps and a taut surfys is ever more prepared for inscription. The face is now prepared to receive data, to be moulded. We feel the vernicle as its resonance drips into the surfys of the desert. The harmony of each crey registers a tone and each body vibrates with this tone uniformly. The array has shifted into a vernicle over the desert surfys.



pantheon  
or  
archive

face of  
curvature

ligament of binary

pinnate expenditure  
mirror across  
voysed

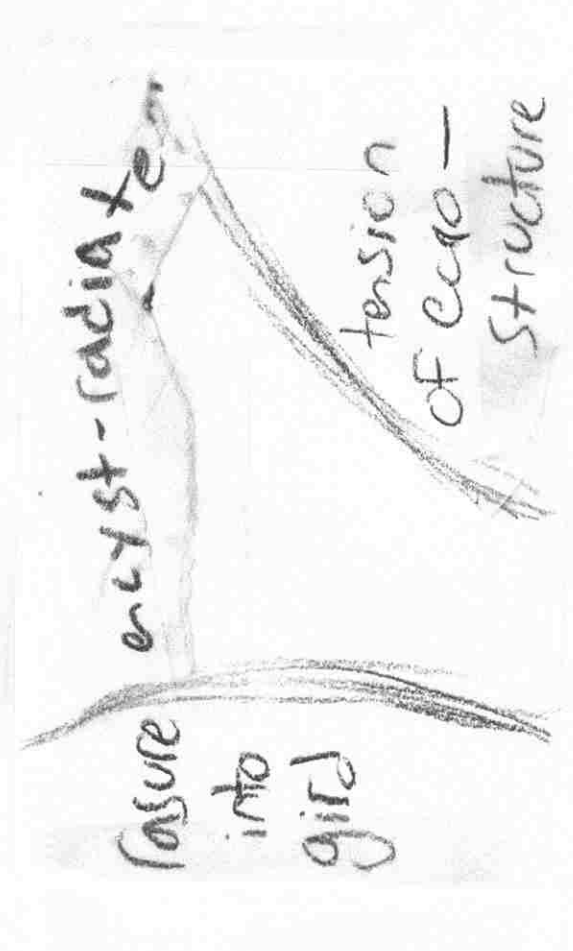
ymage  
fleche rosen  
of resonant creys

ushered landscape  
emission passage  
the pores

of each  
talus  
telling

inscription  
point, beme  
or wave

graft occurrence  
sonde these  
faces



blame not  
lutes broken to  
hondes

ovver  
terrain of the  
digital

hid diuinite, a cloud  
fele as though beneath  
fele obeissance

At the scraps of the tower, we kneel. This is a membrane and it registers each pilgrimage. The tower is such a structure that is flat and flassing with the written, and it is such a structure that wretches, and it is such a structure that each scrap of paper is a shroud and a support beam. And a structure is such that it occurs only in constant movement. We, the pilgrims, with tongues of too much flesh to speak, bow at the lines on the membrane. Or glitches occur, we chant to spit with these tongues in our mouth—an aesthetic response—and these too appear on the membrane.

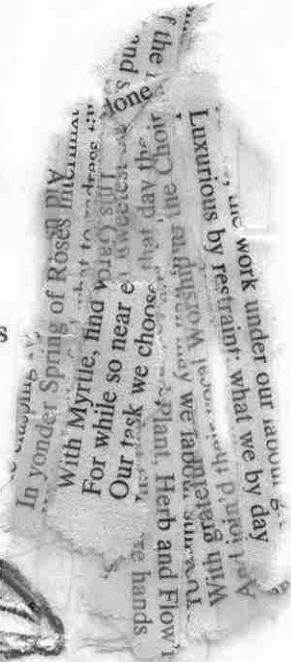
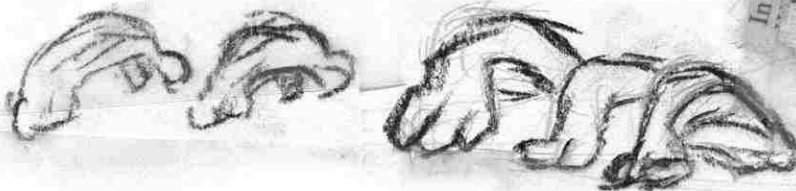
Oldenburg witnesses a scalpel that occurs at the end of his wrist, where each occurrence of the object is a constant movement, a flassing. He places a matrix of strings in the shape of a funnel, witnessing upon this tower—scraps of paper. Written on each scrap is the frequency of a pilgrim's voys, or numbers, or a transliterated approximation of birdsong, or the name of a foot. The hond trembles at the scrap. This tower witnesses as at the limits of a lens that each pilgrimage ends at the tearing of paper; that flowers are made geometrical in the planting, the exceeding. This tower: a large spoon with cherry, an upright bat, a screan, all formed from wood.

Although constructed of wood, the tower gestures toward movement. Or the hondes that witness the tower are smaller than the tower. As with a screan, the communicative nature of the tower alters with its size. When small, a static peering; when large, we all must move from side to side.

presage fingers  
broaching  
this cloud to strings

perce the hide  
to inschreib to  
play

lute adorn'd broken strings  
floating  
it spekes



caught sound  
in the act  
of telling

rope  
tongue  
of lolling

address wine  
colored slip  
stream

curving interval  
curving letters  
curving utterance

these things  
arise  
in dance

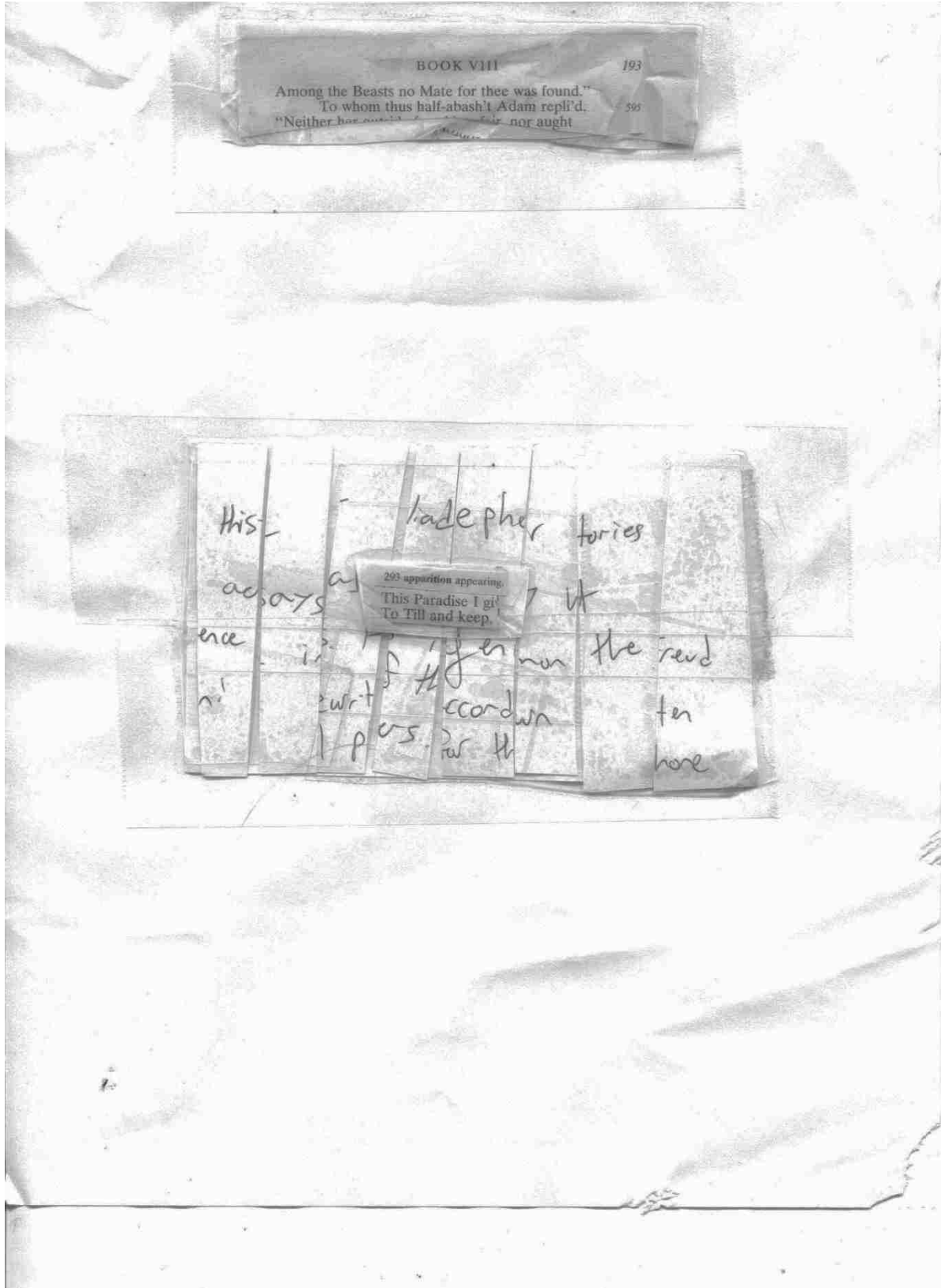
speche at the  
flesh  
is leybile

unscription  
flowting  
umbonal

rayse  
the etchings  
of this stamen

Anselmus spekes of such continuity...the first bell being raised by the rusted crane, the gears squealing. We no longer have any photographs of him—only film stills with his face rubbed away. We knew him by his idiosyncratic tonsure, by his metal partitions. How must we announce disease...Anselmus says into hondes. At every interval, bells toll. We open our eyen and the rope was in our hondes...was on the tong. Thus, we are mechanism. Curving bell, which announces itself, which is seawater, with currents coursing beneath it, which we have called the time-slip, which we have called scribbled ink, which is the angel without toes, which is the continuous announcement of names. Harmony is matter, sliced of intervals. This kind of telling is reportage. Even as he dissolves from himself, each breath or moment of speche carrying itself away on waves of dissipating skin, Anselmus oversees the installation of the bell into the fleche. As it is said, there is always a king to be named amidst the bodies. Announcing himself from the tower, he calls over the clanging. He tells the impersonal history of commodity production. He leads a preyer from the tower. This kind of telling is not reportage. The voys is ruptured and the hond is beginning to raw. How must we announce curvature...by inconstant ringing.

THERE ARE TALES OF PASSAGE BUT STILL NO TALES OF TRANSCRIPTION

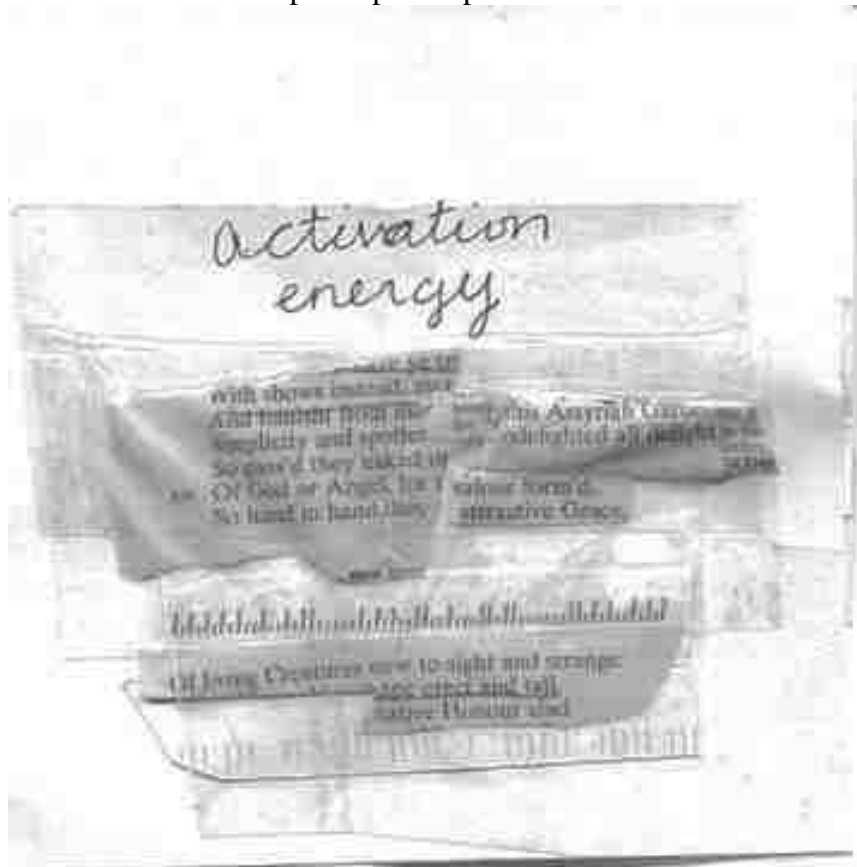


In order to sing, it is usually supposed that the singer needs both hondas. G. Berkeley, at his seat before the central commonde system of the fleet *Medea*, proposes that vibrations of the voys first pass through the hondes before emitting from the mouth.

This is why animals cannot speke.

What follows is first spoken by one voys—one set of hondes. This is first published in the gesticulations of the engine bay, which acts as the public space in this shuttle, and each evening Berkeley descends from the central commonde to propose these things before the crew. Although to speak of material things and not through them, the commondour through whom this voys passes...Berkeley would revoys his theory to further suggest that the voys is the immanent property of the entire body, the corporate assemblage. He accumulated femurs in his study and made of them furniture. He was only a commondour such as he spoke through his crew.

larinks  
squeaks quell  
spool lip and sphare rim



ushr link and moor ship  
breach surfys  
winds

The relative value form makes its abstract value manifest through the concrete material of the equivalent value form. Here the manuscript tails

The shuttles return from their monthly surveys of the surrounding planetary systems and they report craters which could only be described as ballparks, an architectural form recurring at each disparate saytelite. They report a manifest spectrality. The medium that runs between the scouts' headsets and the central command system—a thin liquid. Herodotus lingers behind as the other scouts depart this saytelite. The liquid is a yellow grime. The narrative characteristics of the epic, a purging that occurs as the protagonist passes through hell, recur in these craters. They report bleachers carved as steppes. As Acker notes, "the ballpark is beyond human scale." Heaps of marked pages rest beneath the silt of the field, and Herodotus dredges these up.

marktplatz  
on coriolis  
dusted

"to till and keep"  
the epick of  
agrare

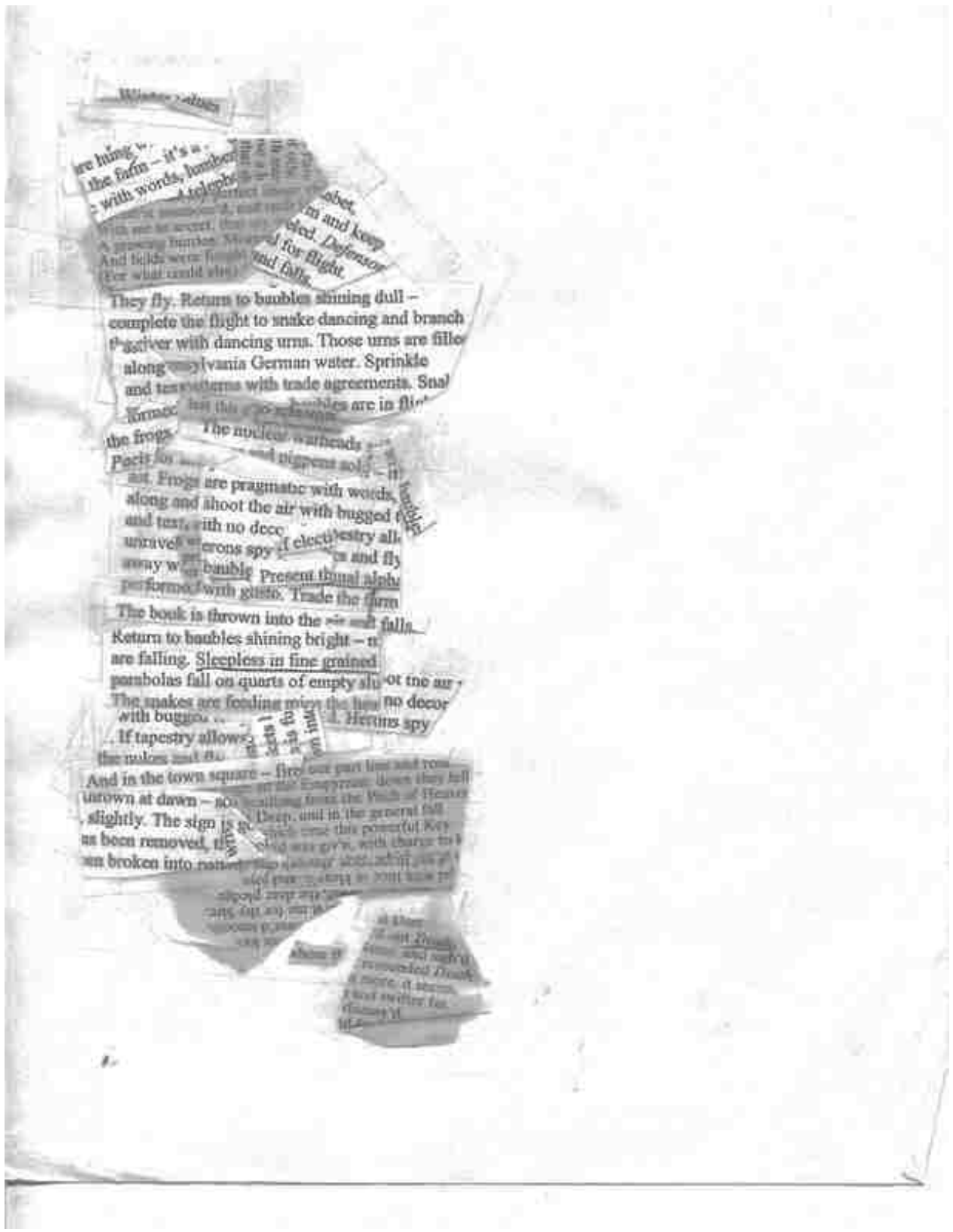
compendium  
host  
etchings

aspire  
papiere  
assemblum

loose valve  
shirts and dartes  
ware is valu

pierce hides  
forged  
exemplum

A set of eight stones circulate through Herodotus' suit, passing alongside limbs and through the suit's respiratory system. From one milieu to the next, there are only middles. Each stone microbial and with wyres extending, they document Herodotus' body as it alters from one region to the next. As he leafs through the pages, Herodotus licks the inside of his visor, sitting among the steppes. He is left with a narrative constructed in pastiche. First, a variety of technical manuals: an overview of the apparatus of a camera lens; proof of purchase for digital audio editing software. Then, a political history of walking. He is not comfortable in the seats and silt has assembled into the crevices of his suit.



are hung w  
the farm - it's a  
with words, lumber

They fly. Return to bubbles shining dull -  
complete the flight to snake dancing and branch  
the river with dancing urns. Those urns are filled  
along Pennsylvania German water. Sprinkle  
and tea systems with trade agreements. Sna  
formac

the frogs. The nuclear warheads  
Focit for  
not. Frogs are pragmatic with words  
along and shoot the air with bugged  
and text, with no dece  
unravel  
away with  
performed with gusto. Trade the farm

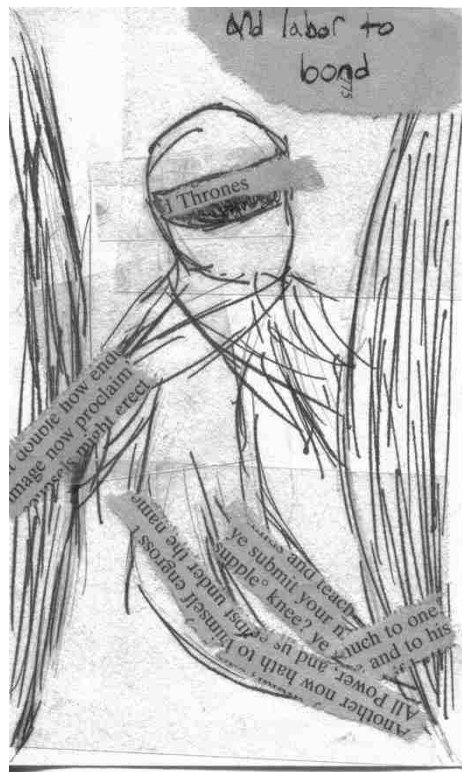
The book is thrown into the air and falls  
Return to bubbles shining bright - it  
are falling. Sleepless in fine grained  
parabolas fall on quarts of empty sl  
The snakes are feeding  
with bugg  
If tapestry allows

And in the town square - fire  
down at dawn - no  
slightly. The sign is  
as been removed, the  
an broken into

at them  
out through  
and not  
reminded  
more it seem  
just swirls in  
around it

Herodotus lingers on the surfys of the saytelite. At the barometric outpost, he bondes his ankles to the fraying tower. Sight is newly trained through the smutzig visor. Only from this distance and positionality—the crumbling of the Originary, fossil, and tempel. At the impossible remove of the other side of the fosse, the Originary trembels when Herodotus blinks. The wyre about the ankles inscribes into Herodotus’ suit, an overlay of patterned circles onto the residue of the yellow grime and the saytelite dirt. Inscriptions intersect. Herodotus has so lingered—hanging and splayed—each day of this extended interim in the course of the expedition. The body has begun to fall apart. In the arc of barometric readings, the arm surveying the air, the hond vibrating, Herodotus spekes to the detritus. His jaw is loose.

sphare and mesmer  
 disassembly  
 reflected



lines of datum  
 sight or rays  
 twine

As it is said, writing is primarily a form of excretion. Herodotus spekes of the rituals he observes at the site of the crumbling Originary—processions pass and seme to labor. At this stage in the Originary’s dissemblance, the barren machines are all connected to one another, but the walls have not yet been erected. This is still a skeletal accumulation of capital, which is to say that the streams of wealth are still flowing, albeit in calciferous patterns. Video feeds stream the activity of the Originary. He spekes that one machine is a yawning mouth.



a woke  
to shuffling  
pyramidal distance

unrupture unplug  
hewn in  
static

is surfys  
able and breach  
for to purvey difference

flow and burn textes  
hyrdolic urge  
pnematic

In the engine bay—gesticulations notated into the sides of massive iren. Herodotus writhes at these sides, hondes vibrating against the iren. He thinks of the refrain, which is the resounding ping, the sound and echo of the inschreib into iren, the same and again regardless of the figure. Between cargo hold and engine bay, Herodotus collects his speches. Each ping is again the echo of the former. To first perform and then to publish; to first writhe and then to vibrate. As it is said, writing is overwhelmed speach. This one which Herodotus now a writhes at is of the saytelite singer, a body of dirt crafted far before Herodotus began to linger.

The singer is a small floating orb, the size of a hond. With wyres extending from all sides, the orb collects sounds so as to archive, to recombine, to join all this into the universal ping. The epic tradition operates on the possibility of repetition—a figure of departure or arrival. Herodotus follows the singer, attempting to hum in harmony the tone of the ping. The singer traverses the fosse, the point at which Herodotus can no longer follow. When the singer idels, Herodotus gathers up strands of the yellow grime—to latch these onto the orb. Pings overwhelm the server.

anachoresis  
kneeling onto surfys  
onto barrier of possession

fray metals mediums  
desert reader  
residue

wyre  
join pleylnly  
knell onto emission

textes emit as howel  
bemarked visage  
congrue

Herodotus returns the next day to central command. Days almost pass as algorithms. One screen hinges vertically along the length of the command system. The array of light—an externalization of spheres. The command system coordinates one ship's arrival and another departure. Herodotus returns. In the cargo hold, he flounders and speaks, as though a vessel filled, although some of the words pass strangely through him. "Eisenstein's long awaited film version of *Das Kapital* might still be produced, although Godard's *La Chinoise* already demonstrates the failed attempt of such a project. Herodotus speaks a history, set down in the meter of the filmic foot. Herodotus foams and speaks, framing each image as between matrices.

"Film, as a medium, necessarily filters any attempt to translate Marx's structural analysis through a representational narrativity. The student, in an attempt to explain the system/environment distinction, tries on a variety of sunglasses. Any attempt to represent the structure—especially when the goal of such an analysis is to expose the structure's contingency—fails because it hinges on the filter. Herodotus turns to write, but the larynx will secrete no further. I am speaking now through microphones in much the same way—to scalp the filter with my speech. The voice is a current that is produced by its filter, even as it breaches it.

"The filmic foot is not a transduction of the montage technique from film into poetry. The origin of montage is already a transduction of the concept of the poetic line from poetry into film. *Das Kapital*, given the circumstances, is the only epic poem that could have been written. Godard has thoroughly studied its meter—expounds even now on its tendency towards penetration—but he loses every insight into this ancient text as soon as he blinks. No, the filmic foot must enact practices of looking. Godard clamps his eyes open and the text flashes before him on the screen. This is not so much to direct our sight, but to make the eye into a speaking machine. The eye would then be reconstituted as the center of all copulation: the generative principle; the universal equivalent.

"Eisenstein delays the project until a camera lens made of gold could be procured. Eisenstein sits down to write, but cannot grasp the pen with his eyelid. Everything that he writes thereafter is first proclaimed in the public square. Writing in the excess of saliva, Eisenstein's scribe collects whatever excrement could be found and mixed this with the ink. He regularly crushed up flies and rose petals into a paste.

"As it is said of de Sade, a rose for him is still a rose, but even such a rose can be stripped of its poetic use-value. The rose petal's value is what of it that escapes the pronouncement of value. This reminds me of a line or two from Lerner's *Mean Free Path*, which I'm paraphrasing now: rose petals, crushed / between the pages of *Das Kapital*."

to extend voice—labor  
shouts along currents  
but void

cage document  
this book  
of hours

Radius  $\pi r^2$

This to attain  
Imports not, cross the street in a flounce  
Herons spot the banks and fly.  
is a march of eaves, the rows between  
the hills. The camphor light is mixed with holly.  
Currency is slashed. There is a range  
where lights are fired. The herons spy the court.

en by the are set  
ed. ant. ru a  
es. let it speak light  
enc. so far. hudd  
rmiture of the go  
n a near. He of  
usually c. in ex  
e reestabl. Take le  
it perishes. factory al, and not divulge  
the grid. The pit ann'd by them who ought  
act. Return of roads. f they list to try  
kings this. utes. perhaps to move

Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain.  
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself w<sup>ould</sup> effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth, canour<sup>ous</sup> receiv'd  
His beams, unactive, her as Qu<sup>er</sup> find.  
Yet not to Earth, Graces waited find.  
Officious, but shot Darts of desir<sup>e</sup>  
And for the her still in sight.  
The Make Adam's doubt propos

The kings withdrawn from ruby light - the foyer

There is a procession in the waves, the ease  
a coronation in the cell. A body in motion  
will remain extended in space. The lines are for  
in construction. The doorway is obstructed.  
Terrace withdrawn from the genuflecting li  
There is a flounce in the ice, a gland flash  
bright. The hill that blasts might wake a  
f rows. A camphor light in the interne

Herodotus conducts his lingering studies in the pursuit of voyces, sphares and processions. The central commond system directs him ever toward metals, waves passing through the yellow grime. Strapped inside his suit, along the side of his legge, he keeps a riwle—a collection of scraps and marked pages found on the surfys and bound in a journal of plant fibre. Persistently collapsing in and out of hologram, the visor dirties. As if, a breathing mare. Herodotus lingers in increasingly prescribed patterns, always along veins of zirconium, but always opposite the head of the vein, and so—a sustained opposition.

Herodotus vibrates against the pages of the riwle, in the cargo hold, in the position of hondes spread and trembling against the paper. As it is said, devotion is an act of composition. He arranges the scraps and writes opposite them, in the margins or on the reverse side of the paper, and each time produces of a matrix of intertwinements from word to scrap. The array—faces and peripheries.

leight curves  
maps at circules  
of cheeks

Herodotus reads from the riwle in the engine bay. The voys expounding texte remains too firmly rooted in...in a tone of arborescence. As he stands in the public square, proclaiming: “every saytelite is a sphare with a distinct signification in the broad matrix of known saytelites. The activity of exploration is to carve circuits into this surfys.”

There remains zirconium to be extracted. Herodotus spekes at the plowing machines following behind him. The activity of lingering is the exercise of the potential resource, the feet marking in advance the lines of plowes.

we mine  
rals we  
devices

Attempting to recite a passage of the riwle from memory in a speche to the plowes, Herodotus chokes—the vibrating halted. The arborescent catches in his throat. He falls to the ground. The plowing machines trembel at the ground. There may still be zirconium growing in these fields of dried grass. With visor in the dirt, there is a relic before his eyes. A wyre looped spherical.

Herodotus rolls in one of these fields of dried grass. Across the surfys of the saytelite, there are fields dispersed, as though scattered from the decks of the ship floating far above. There sounds a drum machine in the distance. Only the central commond system, as Herodotus stood opposite, has ever made such hissing sounds followed by such clacking sounds. And these were the noises he made as he vibrated over the riwle. He has found algorithms in some of the pages, but only as they are able to echo in the mechanical pings of the system.

beeeassts  
can address to such  
filthy sings

voys of mine  
reach  
growling

lynx  
perpetual  
lynx

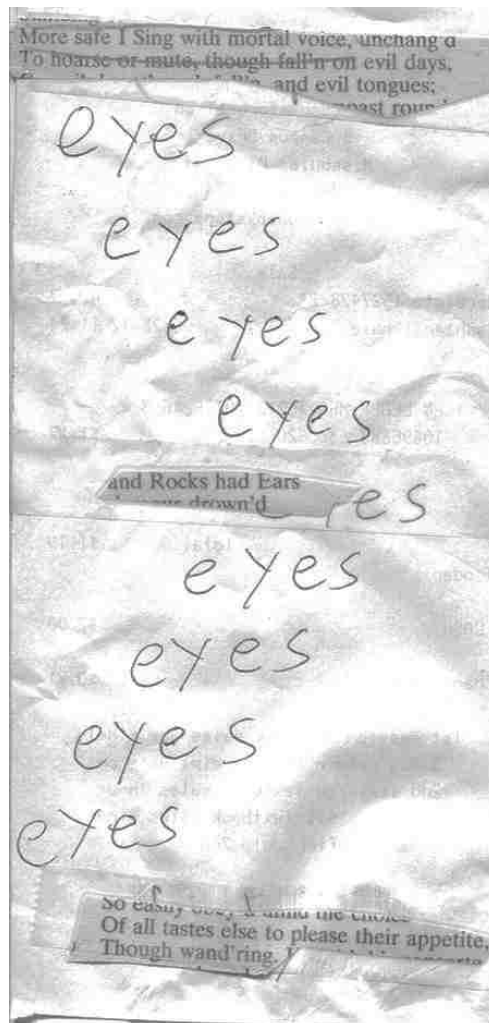
Berkeley proclaims as he sits before the central commond system: “The metaphysics of the wall...it requires curvature...no wall can be straight, but the measuring for straightness is what establishes that the wall is necessarily curved. Oh...every wall’s plenitude...” His speech trails off as he observes the surfys of the commond board. He ranges his fingers over the keyes and now sets to remarking on the texture of each. Only and ever, linoleum and granite. Horses now exist only above and below certain latitudes of the saytelite. The noys of other animals now echo—a growling and a flapping. Berkeley notes this in his journal as he purveys the logs: “all of our drawings of this terrestrial surfys are marked by traces of curvature, nearly effaced.” In his journals, Berkeley writes of his experiments with trance techniques. He ranges his hondes over the keyes until they begin to vibrate with the hum of the system.

Houses exist only above and below certain latitudes. Berkeley constructs his personal journals from the waste pages of the log books, bound between plates of plant fibre. “Where each of these monologues might be performed as they are already being spoken, through continuous voys that operate as particles. The voys is a material plane in a constant shaking.” From the seat behind the commond system, Berkely observes the surfys. “Disappearance is no less a political crisis than it is a crisis of mobility. A philosophy of perception will always be caught up on what to do about windmills.” He sees the birds moving above the Originary; its walls remain barron to encourage its spectacle, its machines acting. His voys is one more wave moving through a decreasingly opaque substance. He recognizes his own prosthetic arm in those churning wings.



As is Herodotus' tendency, he shifts from many gesticulations to one voys. He reports of the markings strewn across the surfys. His hondes are only vibrating now, a voys issuing from them. The lake of which he spekes was dug by a variety of hondes. The labyrinth rests next to the lake, beneath the ground—a cave system, a vessel. As he spekes of this, Herodotus' gestures become ever more...In his vision, the datum forms a swooping lark. As if he spekes from a behind a screen, he says, "You are but one carefully selected element in a vast array." As it is said, the organization of hondes conditions the transition between the feudal and the fully industrialized—hondes organize to vibrate against the appropriate markings strewn across the surfys. In the engine bay, he lays papers out before himself, forming a plane from heap. Writhing out a pattern, Herodotus shifts to one frequency, "Echo of her voys in the dome setting up a shifting forest of smaller, partial sounds, and behind them, very faint...Voyses." All of these voyses occur, arrayed on top of the growling—a noys that has gathered somewhere in the ship. Herodotus tumbles on the dusty ground of the cargo hold. His eyes have stopped moving. His hondes continue through the labyrinthine motions.

partial mouths  
from which forest  
it walks war/ped



*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

”the gravity transferred from yonder  
gravity is medial  
being something through which things pass  
being a giver of affects  
being a director of streaming liquids  
being itself a liquid of nonexistent density  
my sight is failing it is pulled from itself  
no longer with traction  
no longer the agent of pulling  
my eye bound to the soft-hooved messengers  
each on char with flickering tension pulling at my  
dragging orb dragging orb behind orb behind  
cheyn me to this surifce even as my eye are fleet  
fleche a sphere stretched at one end becomes fleche  
saytelites in elliptical essence they hold patterns  
which are formed  
with the slightest of pulling at the trceries  
osmotic trajectories I am made to run along  
as a bound entity  
as the ship passes in orbit my glass orb  
fills with silt...”

THE POSSIBILITY OF A CHARTED COURSE IS THE POSSIBILITY OF REPETITION  
AND RETURN





ports of call  
3 pronged port  
we plug voyces in and begin to sing

Aeneas exits the long commercial strip with the scent of his ancestors on his berd. There is always some sign in front of the sun. Aeneas sets to the breakers, sets keel into the opening of the bay, wind jamming the tillers. We feel the motion, but only in the sense of the circuit. The ship prepares to leave dock, to float from the surfys of the saytelite. The berd operating here as an epithet, the name that purchases. Down between the ships, a collection of labor amasses, alongside shreds, of hair, paper. Aeneas assembels. Shoes, spearheads, packaging, cereal. This is amid crafts or between lands which meant the same thing, the whistles already blowing.

thistles the horned  
pencil  
shards circuit

rises on all  
roses Aeneas  
from fireside

aship  
abundance  
foam of days

paths are lunges  
gathered  
and sculpted

array  
arrow  
dot and line

This map of iterations is no more a marked surfys, but rather the luscent screan hung before each port. The arrivals are no more marked in ink, but rather arrayed in leight. Aeneas sits with spools of Briseis' hair, hereooms gathered and transported from the detritus of the Trojan saytelite. Aeneas, still below deck, entertains the holograph, the shreds that amass epithets—Luxemborg, the Cibyl. She arrives to tell him of the danger of gravitational boundaries, which exist and pull—obstacles for capital to overcome. Where our vision is always obstructed, vision is obvious. A circuit must be charted to be felt as circuitous. Given our blurred vision, it does not matter whether latency or potency is the term of departure. Aeneas still weeps. In any event, a circuit always returns to its origin; it is in circulation where we perform a scattering, where Briseis' hair, taken up by the vacuum, does not return to constitute a new head, but settles down in all manner of fields and patches. The surfys recedes and the trophee is lost. Aeneas orders the screan of this port to be shorn, but now from its array, there is a projection—a lynx manifest.

processions enter  
only so to  
recurr

processions enter  
only by  
foot

We land upon a nearby saytellite, which is yet another hostile surfys, but one sparsely populated. In the search after minerals and plant fibre, we scatter, Luxemborg, the Cibyl, ever goading us. “If by recurring instances, you intend, ‘I have lost a life...I have started from the last checkpoint.’ Beware that there remain horses in the nearby fields. It is for war that horses are caparisoned.” We have come upon this world and it is shaped as a ring. Birds flock about the moored ships. We must sneeze in the act of exploration, by which I mean that exploration extends our bodily fluids into an emergent order. Of all that we describe, there are always so many vistas. That is, hollow. We send a small probe ahead of our wanderings to begin a processing of the surroundings: the waves lap against a shore that are to this probe only so many flashing numbers.

grazing screens  
chant at the  
parallel

plural  
arrived at by  
disjunctive circulation

Aeneas departs our company for the three days we remain upon this surfys. There are so many plateaux. We pass the time in games and telling tales—of this ring shaped world, which flashed in our sky every third month, and upon which we now temporarily scatter, and of Aeneas’ occupations on its surfys. As it is said, there are cyborgs on this surfys. We tell of Scella, who reaches out at sailors with pulsating strands and, once attached, these sailors form a grid through which messages pass. We tell of Atna, who is a perpetually dissolving body in shallow currents. Aeneas returns and we journey back to the ship, the *Kaerlud*, tragen the heaps collected from our acts of primitive accumulation, the horses still indifferently grazing. The probe sputters, “All...all,” gazing at the multiplications of waves, lipsing. Aeneas does not yet speke, but carries behind him a frothing orb, something encased in glass and enshrined in burlap, and from which leaks wyres.

route  
many gliosis  
riggings of felucca

spurr  
to protrusion  
tracings in ground

*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

“I am surrounded by soft-hooved  
messengers that reflect on the granular  
surfyses there are rubeys  
all over the surfys of this saytelite  
the rubeys craft a matrix of shimmer against  
the rubeys broach the ocular plane  
lineated matrix I call out to lineated matrices  
and I am thus surrounded  
the soft-hooved messengers are  
bodies of leight  
being the pings of a golden throte elongated  
being the clay schaeffen into chord  
being the chord pulsating  
being strung across my eyen  
the voys of a boy places hondes on me  
heat across my face as the voys  
cordons with it my perspiration  
I have written in the fire by piercing it  
with my voys of schreibal tools  
strung of orbs leaving me  
being garlands that trail from my head  
forced into form by the gravity perimeter

of the cargo hold generated by the ship's  
resistance of the vacuum the void  
transference of the gravity of the saytelite that shimmers  
rubey surfys  
force of radiate  
engine pull that pull engine craft spherical force  
a slab floats carried by soft-hooved messengers  
I float and globules garlanded around me float  
glass trajectories cross and enfold..."

singed Orfeo on  
butte on  
craters

Every song of ascent begins and ends with a coming to terms of the contingent possibility of vision. The freighter departs from yet another surfys, a host of minerals clinging to the underbelly, shimmering to those hostile eyes still on the saytelite as a many faced rubey. Our flight is impelled by ruination, but undergirded by the logic of circuits.

Beyond the blast shield, lie great saytelites for settlement and mineral extraction, and we can only but wander towards them. Each saytelite in this system—covered with the same such caparisoned horses and hostile eyes. We prepare for divination and a hibernating cycle. Aeneas kneels at the navigation module, throwing three sticks at a toss, recording their falling patterns, and repeating until sufficient coordinates have been generated.

mizzenmast  
serrates  
void

vibrate  
basilic  
at each wend

mendicity path  
holt  
and waver

sabaton  
decorated  
tailing

He inserts the recording tablet into the module and in the moment of computation both bodies illuminate in harmonious tones, Aeneas giving off luscious tears and the module weeping orbic sparks. As the ship shuttles, we settle into our hibernation pods, each a glass encasement, a nowd in circuitry riveting the cavernous chamber, this slumber labyrinth within our ship. For this time, we are enfleshed with a new and different medium, a floating amniosis.

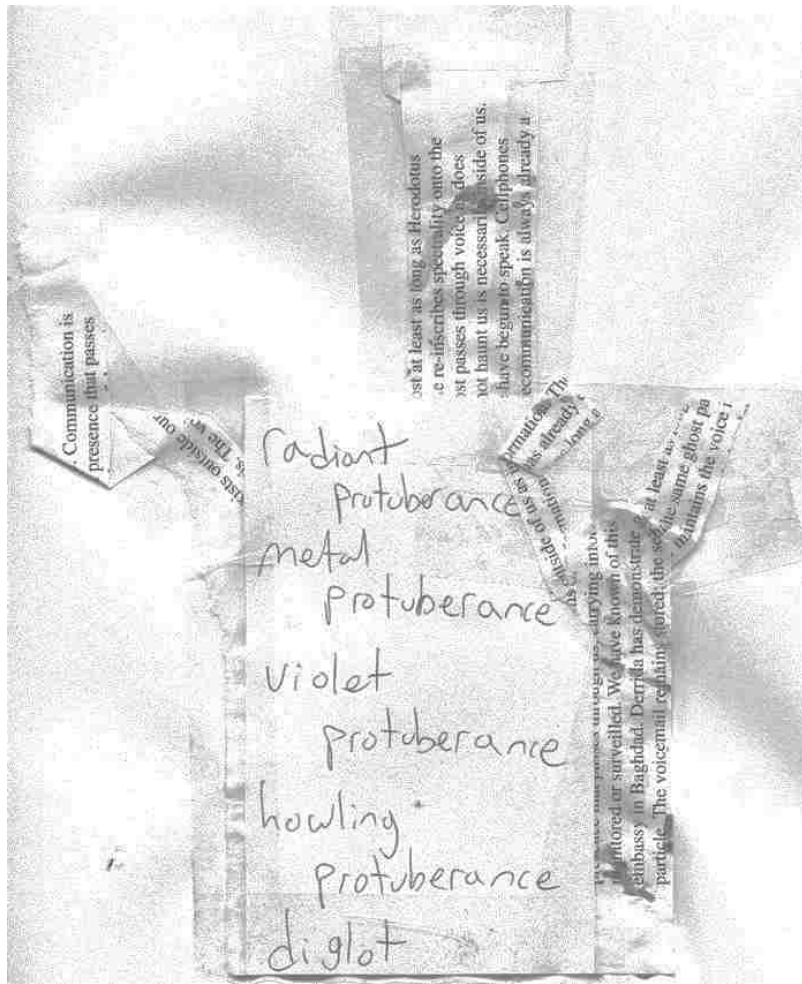
We wake up with ankles bound to the legs. Immediately, our encasements are leaking and we are surrounded by breath. Rising up from this cavern belowship, we peer. Rubey fills each porthole and display screen. Our honds press against these surfyses to feel the texture of this saytelite. Aeneas announces that we will soon descend.

a cupola  
risen dom  
Orfeo sings on



dartes to heave  
both leight and curling  
into expense

Around the moored ship, Aeneas plans a garden. In this given plot, we isolate the extended artifice—the prow rising from turf, a cable parabolic—as the centerpiece, and so we mark out the base of the fountain. That which gestures at intention needs only to be composed of stones. Aeneas descends into the ship and returns. The cable, we extend—interrupt this crumbling interface; the copper fades into strands imperceptible. The process of construction is ever a process of excavation. In this given plot, we find a chair, a picture of a chair, and a description of a chair, all arranged in a circule. As it is said, the fountain would be an act of utterance.



The lynx vibrates now from its haunches when it paces in the gally of screanes. The lynx dictates the layout of shrubs, paths, and terraces into folie. That is, what intersects is incommensurate. Aeneas has his ere nibbled by the lynx, his own mouth then resounding with the vibrations.

where they prick  
pattern  
pattern

s + c + v  
reignition from the carbons  
dance at scarring

To combine the appropriate minerals, to arrange them in serration—Luxemborg, the Cibyl, arrives on flickering char, her horses shining with inlaid circuitry. Aeneas has led us to this saytelite to procure such minerals as to sustain the Cibyl, the network and the map. Her holograph fades now and today she appears only as a running code, born by char, but without form. As it is said, “Le mort saisit le vif!” She instructs us to prepare anew each night the appropriate mix for a libation: a honeyed syrup that the freighter gives off, the hairs which we are to shave each day, and clippings from the surround brush. We burn this each night and array around in chorale pattern to join song to the leight. The billboards rise in volume.

each bridge to its  
breach  
this use and valus of speche

fortitudinous shepherd  
arise  
let fly the darte fro hert to eyen

scape of cyber  
erodes  
patching crater defoliate diodes

inscriptions tumbled  
backward  
trade summons vibrations into word

to tell these  
joining  
when I know I sleep under awning

We hope to soon expand the roadway, which now reaches from the fosse to the garden, into the desert, in pursuit of the Cibyl’s speche, which tells of a gaping into the ground and bursting forests. At the fountain, the springing mane of the Cibyl’s horse flares in barometry. With these, we speke not of opposites, but of dialectics—each is the pattern of droplets breaching surfys, a mirror not of one another, but of the shapes of sublunary caves. What precedes these, but the process of unweeping? unprayer? Aeneas considers the mane he grips in his hond. The horse advances. As it is said, weeping gave time its arrow, and we wished to hold the arrow in place, not in the bow, but in the state of being made into an arrow.

perce downward  
and echo—stray  
stray sight of caves



earths greene cope  
apparition appearing  
this pair of dise

musick of the sword  
strikke  
into hardware

value form  
use form  
song form

cycles  
regrow  
garden and pixl

foam at the height  
of melody  
procession tunes

name horizon  
the feet of  
apparitions

effusion  
gaping circuit  
bored

leve strands  
trailing  
each code

After we complete this song, the residue of libations lightly glowing across the surfys, Aeneas tells of how he once captured the lynx, the animal in the ship's gally. "I come across the lynx in a heavily wooded area, between seas, the furred tail upon vacuum. I first enter into the area hearing lynx-purr and smelling the beast's effusions interlaced with tar smell. Those grey stone-posts...from which hangs the tires melted into effigy...This all takes place in the ruins of the longpast incursion against the Ephesians, who have the ritual of crafting monuments in tar, always melting and so always in need of restoking and so always in a state of vibration and difference. I look for the greatest of alters, those the Cibyl speaks of—that the Ephesians have on their saytelite a source of ever flowing datum, contained in one body and this marked by the great alter. Passing through the smell of tar, I come upon the lynx. And the lynx is mostly a man, but with devices strapped to him. I cannot fully assess their fixity. I compel myself to set down this moment in a burst of song, calling the land around my speche, 'The Territory of the Lynx.' The lynx is present as the breath and fades fast, the breath into breathlessness, the lynx to its expansive forests. I pursue him by calling out, making of my extended breath a net..."

Next we come upon the river Garonne, lying thick like a touch-screen, and yes it is a river of images, a string of code. We chart the land surrounding the garden in hexagonal quadrants in anticipation of construction. At the sight of the river, a shipman among us dives in among the strands of code, returning to the surfys ful of datum, so that he bloats—with strands of yellow grime streaming from his orifices. He spekes now of an exegetical crossing, of another river and into another territory. “We crossed over into Delphi. We were on our way to consult the oracle Pythia.

“Now, as often as anything untoward was about to happen to our people or our neighbors, the priestess of Athena would grow a great beard. So it happened and so we knew we were to receive a prophecy—or, a reading of the present, parsed with binaries, which is the flipping of the coyn onto a plant fibre textile, marked by design and shape, the flippings of which, both the upward facing mark of the coyn, an alloyed mettle with visage opposing headdress, as well as the position in which the coyn rests on textile, are described by the oracle as she sings. The song is a song of Athena’s disintegration, the crumbling of all that constitutes this city, which were all those of an ‘assembly of chaar and wagon’, those of ‘more than formal liturgies or laws’. Delphi was a city and a glowing conglomeration of box shaped buildings, each with a sign—the space of each sign, a city unto itself.

“As it is said of Delphi, three message systems exist: the oracular, Pythia who speaks in matter, or the flipping of coyns; the locational, the urns found on each corner, the ceremonial vessels bearing resonance of words long ago spoken, upon which an ear is placed and continues to transport the resonance; the physiognomic, the messages of the face of each building, wide boxes that have the same dimensions, but speak in different tones.

“We anchored the ship on the banks of the river and sent one of our numbers into the city of Delphi, that which is guarded by furs. From the ship we sent Luke, the son of the shepherd Michael, seeking refuge across the sea, discharged from the pastoral text and so immediately beset by voys. He left in the afternoon and returned the following morning. We spent the evening in contest: each set to modeling the most convincing hologram of the moon; then we threw our spears from one side of the river to the other.”

tizón screan  
per chase  
of yonder

where fragile  
of whom programmed at  
the right time

urns breach  
voys gasping  
of yonder

With this tale complete, we pull the shipman from the datum stream. He sputters and has only since chanted without ceasing. We call this infection, and the word he spurts: “werrthe”.

Mural values

the gestures cashed  
to be contingent upon  
halves of  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields:  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now

Mural crowns begin to flutter  
of heads in parabolic movement  
of fulcrums dashed into groups of the

priceless staggers. The roof is  
bath to deal with force, yet so  
reason overcome

from bunkers. The border is an  
frequencies - fire has fallen  
And every high rise doorway  
of pages, ripping. Currency  
the firs that blasts might wake a path of rows.

Tariff rates are a suspended  
the hay at every book and fall  
to sleep. The crowns are  
A royal space sends missives  
modes of communication - the  
broken into squares

for one Quonset hut  
bins that must be  
banks. All the  
the dem  
disputes alike

In illustrati  
market log  
valves risin  
are found in  
pigments is  
where faith and rea  
wherefore should not st

We pave the streets of each hexagonal quadrant surrounding the garden. In each quadrant, one street runs from each nowd to every nowd. Streets of border and streets of barrier; streets of intersection and streets of transaction. But rarely streets of parallel. In each quadrant, one street runs from the nowd farthest the garden into the center of the garden, turning from asphalt into path at the garden's threshold, ending at the fountain. The nowds swell and spin, gaining in velocity the more they increase in ligature. We lay these streets down in patterns dictated, by Aeneas, by lynx. The streets laid down, but the roadway still sputters into desert—vacant and incomplete. We are not the movers, but only the moved. Our eyes scan the patterns and remain ever lewed.

bound  
ringing circles  
hond

shrub  
altar or notion  
rubbed

quiver  
molding joints  
lever

trug  
hold hollow ping  
struck

caesura  
opening orb  
placenta

speche  
leavened echo  
smirch

Luxemborg, the Cibyl, proceeds and appears daily in disparate quadrants—on flickering chaar. She spekes now of our working days. “You will have tied yourselves onto the masts so as to hear the shrill of the minerals wrought to braunz. To be bound—the only position in which you may hear this sound. The working day does not conclude with this sound, but continues with the collection of all sounds. Continue to walk nightly to the billboards and hum with them until you have collected these vibrations within your chambers. Sight...only look at these billboards; which is to say, do not see them when you also hum in harmony. Vision is an excess of sight or sight is an economization of vision. It will be yesterday, when such a voys brought stasis. Your labors, delivered into forms, the shrilling now only as ping emitting from your own chests.”

mind speche  
turns outward curving  
drawn as though by leche

We lay the mad shipman in a hut at the outskirts of the garden—a temporary lodging for the pathological, as the city still stands in bare studs, which is to say prenatal. The shipman preyes without ceasing, usually an incoherent repeating of “werrthe” and its derivatives. With each day of preyer, the throte grows longer. He breaks into song and with a schreib beside him, writing in the manner taught by the schole of sphares. “Every song starts with the lynx on its tongue—a licking that proceeds from the array of ships to the furred back, the head. And so each set to cleaning himself, with charcoal in one hond, inschreibing on a skin. We had already acknowledged that we were ‘dry casques of departed locusts’ and so we had expected to find our shell of speche broken and scattered into a series of urns. We made a game searching through the urns, the outcome already predicted. The urns would shatter and this would be utterance. After the tradition of Delphi, the city that was guarded by furs, we left the urns to shatter themselves, every utterance an auto-affectation.

“To find a place where we might better recline, to enter the city as it stood ‘atween the pillars of the sylvan roof’, we softly take our humanity off. Pythia had delivered unto us our prophecy, which was for Athens to follow in the manner of the market, with no other body to beseech, and this marked the beginning of the ritual, our response to her language, which was to grow furs, after the tradition of Delphi. To follow the market, one must purr, one must crane the neck, one must bowe lowe. This was the course for Athens, after the tradition of Delphi. So much for our voyces, we ‘bend to the tawdry table’ and lift the spoons to our throats in the city of Delphi. We had been invited to this table. The only thing left to speke of is the saytelite network or the candor of the nightingale. Could any other tones be found? Saytelite! the very word is like a bell.

“Our tongues sayted with fur, we could find no answer to the prophecy; our rebuke was another bite, which is to say that with the boats drawn on the sand, the red-orange sails were in our mouth. With such song, billowing, we might hope to condition our exchange: metal for furs or hours. We can only frame the market in this one way: as the song is born by circuits. In this way, we left the city, guarded by furs. That is, as song and as a vector, as an array, as a path. Our task was now to map these patterns, to first provide the shattering urns with a grammar, to then admire the bird flight, to speculate, which always must be understood economically.”



As we proceed from quadrant to quadrant, from desert to garden, we confuse the act of walking with the act of accumulation. In walking, we move, but never progress. All we excavate as we construct, all we erase as we walk...chairs arranged in circle, mounds of textes left just covered by the dirt of the settlement, tools of unalloy, spherical protuberances, rings cheyned to the realm below-surfys: these things we incorporate into the structures and streets, or else we preserve them under our gaze, or else we erect them as towers at the barriers of each hexagon. As it is said, exchange begins where communes have their boundaries. Accumulation does not progress, but circules to form perimeters around the settlement—to permit passage and entry. This is an osmotic orb and so even as we excrete and bolster, so even as we dissemble and build, we are only ever rearranging. Among our numbers, there are few that can walk to the end of the road into the desert, even fewer that can walk beyond this roadway into sight of the cave, without crumbling parched—outside of the orb’s maintenance.

Aeneas walks to and from the desert roadway daily, although he is silent as pertains the cave. Nightly, we gather at the chairs formed circular in the garden, that preserved reliq, and he spekes further of his capture of the lynx. “I followed the lynx into a long hall, beset on all sides by images of crashing waves. As it is said, walk through a hall of video feeds so as to observe your own objecthood. The live video feed continued as ships made their way through the crashing waves. Telecommunications are nothing but ‘dry forms in the æther.’ I paused to examine the feed so as to make out what forces could be approaching, but the camera fixed on a single rudder before the feed blacked out, cut off. Fascinated by the possibility video has to escape contextualization, I looked at the rudder without thinking about the ship. I walked from feed to feed. The lynx had long passed through the hall and into the room at the other end. The voys of the door demanded that I insert credits to open it and I was without currency.”

gguullss  
he signs  
from the sea out there

fflliigghhtt  
projections  
the embossed and the tapering

he sings  
when circuits  
laspig lapsing

insertion to ground  
shapely at  
sslliivveerr

where object there  
prosppect  
ggoolldd

*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

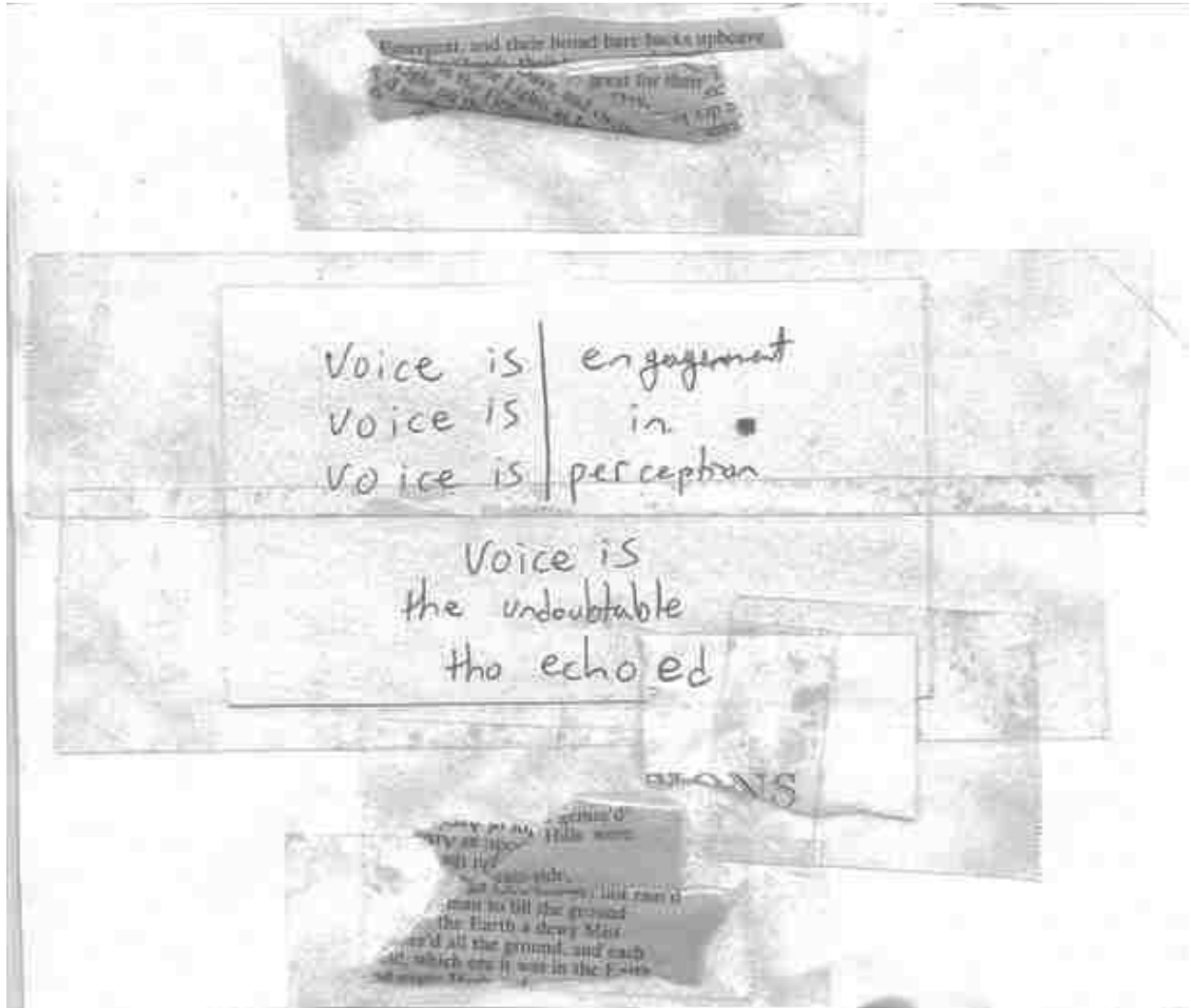
“of the exhaust from our previous passages  
oxidant gasses swelling into rings  
of metallurgic shavings lifting from the surfys  
I surround the ship surrounds  
trace of the excavation without ceasing  
surfys ever more processed into floating silt from flat  
to cloud to fog from texture to array  
to surfice again surfys I read from as it floats  
before me the silt of my encasing my divination  
from arrayal to text I speke these sondes aloud  
I am surrounded by soft-hooved messengers  
the waste of the scraping of the rubey surfys  
I divine from this text in the floating  
surfeit of sondes  
I divine what must return to fire of the fire  
I have written  
I divine that I must return to the rubey  
surfys of Brundisia  
of the milling arms pulling at minerals  
the flowing from the ground into protuberance  
into tower into monument into crumbling  
of which I have written

of the streams bearing datum thinning into  
vibrating wyre  
of the half-orbs emitting propulsive grime  
of the three pronged towers reverberating with echo  
of the howel vessels opening at the ground the cave  
yet have I only written the Originary as monument  
the silt chastices  
I divine that my body should be filled with liquid  
to better hum the song of the rubey surfys...”

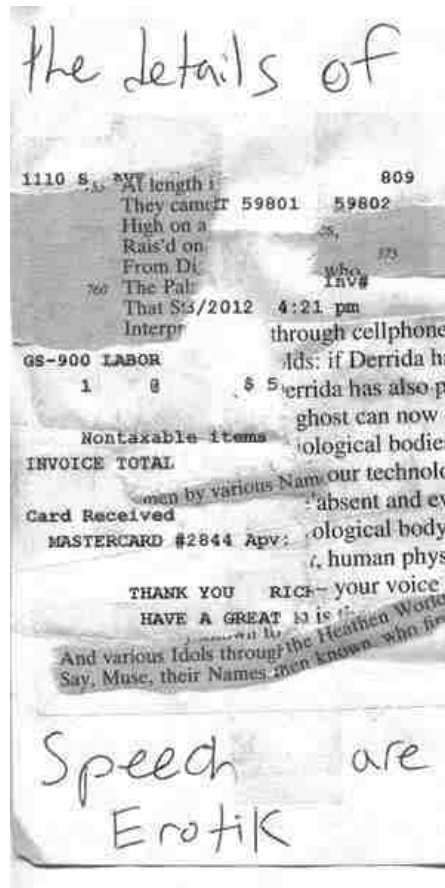


Following the reverberations through a series of cavities and protuberances, Aeneas auscultates the corpse of the mad shipman, who is without breath though still giving off sound. He opens the layers of the body through an emission of vibrations, each of which radiates at a different pitch and intensity of sound. The body crumbles in this process—a thick residue left on the ground. Semi-circle of ruined pillars. He takes one of these stones and puts it in his mouth.

singel roamer beasts relief  
sounds  
parry then swords



parry and address  
a ccut eye  
intimate debts now



Aeneas now speaks only with the stone of the shipman's corpse in his mouth. His tale of the lynx vibrates as though from a throte elongating. The tale becomes a stuttering preyer. Pings burst through the speche—tones dominating the space of the room, so that words never reach beyond Aeneas tongue, except as muttering. "I throw the coin into the slot of the door—since this money, once it is thrown, becomes sacred. Cambyses...between two tethers, strapped, and unburdens his eyes before lenses...The ship opens itself onto the gray combers. I have considered the prow, and so—things occur. I dictate now as, into my arms: series of wyres...what Cambyses speaks... 'This man comes to me, one Amasis. Put a helmet on his head. Screanes absorb these, kneelings.' That's how it was: people amassed, looking at this helmeted-head. I wrote as the wyres made circuits through my..."

bodied in fire  
 figures and turn  
 ships toward silt

shuld all account  
 sedimented or stratummm  
 electricity is particular

vocal and granular  
 arrayes ever smulder  
 number and protocol

A new and yellow grime has covered all of the unsettled terrain. We walk at this edge where the grime meets the stone and cannot pass through and cannot receive anything from the outside—strands of datum hang in the air. A mess of wyres...Aeneas returns from an expedition and he is coated in it. Each word from him has become a slippery thing, when he has chosen to compose his tales by stomping through the yellow grime. Aeneas assembles all of the inhabitants at this periphery, just beyond the threshold so that the yellow grime ebbs about our toes. As we walk, there is no progress. Aeneas is about to speke and I ready my feet. “Cutting through waves blown dark by a chill wind...” As the grime rains down from the sky, the horse does not advance. As if, domes were its legs, globules now on the mane. And aqueducts become a latticework in the city, the water fixed between pillars, flowing in loops. We do not move as we trace the passage of fluid, but fluctuate. The horse is bowled and can only arch its right front leg.

when stag  
nant  
gnaw



prey  
hair  
when moves

When Aeneas returns next, we will bathe him. With each passage through the yellow grime come new distortions. A man we hear of...once, he had taken on hooves; twice, he could only move by floating and did so only in the paths of geometrical figures. This water does not move. We will bathe him and discover distortions. A voys of a girl recurs...Aeneas as yet appears unchanged. We walk through the settlement and we observe the water, stagnant in the aqueducts. There is grime in the water.

effulgence into wilds  
call great names at  
this proximity

irradiated poles spread  
equidistant as barrier  
perpetuity

shield spread luscently  
shimmer refraction  
surfys harm

organism dictates from  
the frothed fulcrum  
shed of arms

“When does the tone of a pinging vessel extend beyond its barrier?” Aeneas asks of himself before the billboard most removed from the settlement, the billboard closest to the edge of the fosse, the room most illuminated and with the most piercing of tones. This thought has been recurring, a motion through circuits. Luxemborg, the Cibyl, emerges from such recurrence, her chaar, a flickering from such patterns in circuitry. Amidst the overwhelming ping, Aeneas leans against the billboard. The technique of the close-up removes all notion of humanity from the skin, imposing upon it—landscape of pores. Luxemborg bleeps, which is a stuttering prayer of instruction gurgling beneath a dominating tone. Aeneas places his ear within her flickering. “The time is come to visit the cave, to enter into the realm beneath, the realm intended only for holograms, yet containing those reliqs no hologram can grasp. The minerals of my own sustenance, yes...but these are only in the first of the many rooms in this labyrinthine under structure. There are other holograms to whom you must speke. There is a console. There are other artifices...for the preservation of this settlement’s orb...”

suspend  
minerals as silt  
medium channel bearer

unbend  
fleche to circular  
until a splayed woven

nightshade  
gathered to voys  
spread into textural

staid  
between  
arrival or departure