

from MEET ME BENEATH THE WAR ANGELS

(Excerpts from a chapbook of the same title, first published in 2010 by Brandon Brown's press, OMG!)

4/3/2010. At SFO, sitting on the
carpet, waiting for the
security line to open.

We locked up the house.
I brought in my bike. A
guy was talking on his phone
most of the Super Shuttle
ride.

"I'm so tired I can't sleep.
You ever feel that way?"

We drive past the diverging
exits for Paul St. & Silver St.

I wrote down how to get to where
we're aimed in Brooklyn once we
get to NY; I wrote down
peoples' cell phone numbers ever
though we don't have a phone --
Sara's was turned off for lack
of payment.

"Family / Medical Liquids Lane"

"It takes energy to sleep"

Everyone flies all the time
So "why is it so
particular with thee?"

Because I feel guilty, and because I
am afraid that I have not
done what I should, and that I
have done what I should not.

I was thinking on the van ride I
am mourning the loss of a church
to which I never belonged --
an ekklesia .

The number of those ones called out.

A flight attendant who was in the

Super Shuttle with us is now
seated in the desolate lobby in the
vicinity of our gate, 48. It's
about 4:15am.

"It is
the thing inside us that I want to talk about
in the figure"
-Manuel Neri,
caption to a marble sculpture
unaccountably present in this waiting
room.

(We also walk past a cardboard
Kore -- woven out of
packing material I think -- and
very colorful -- which Sara
said is a good omen --
and which makes me think of
Proserpine,
the whom whom we may owe for
what we are.)

κορε

I splashed water on my face from
the airport bathroom tap
that turns itself off in
five seconds after you wave

your hands under it to get it to
flow, -- exactly the sort of
lifeworld innovation we incorporate
without even thinking about it which
would have been a detail of the
future in a science fiction film of
thirty years ago.

(Super banal
observation, I know.)

But it is
the future, actually -- relative to
that moment.

(Another banal
observation.)

I'm afraid of, or
rather I dread, flying because it
ciphers a death that comes too
suddenly for me to reckon
with the fact of it.

It may be that we were born to
die, but what I still don't know is
were we meant to learn something

before then? Is that the
economy we're in?

"I know you think you're
the queen of the underground"

Sara's reading Bharat Jiva. I'll
never think of kari's work without
thinking how dumb it was I had the
chance to see her read & meet her
& I missed it.

Things work out this way I
guess. And I know that. But
still I won't think : her work
and not think : that.

The language that undoes us is.

Cash codicil,
dance remix.

The cold hives of the
info structure, they store up
where all what can
and will be used against us.

Against you.

How do we allow ourselves to
forget what these things actually
are?

(The internet --
or cash his operations.)

The question of invisibility. Deioces.
Seeing without being seen as
power. (Gyges also, its
sexual nature.)

The "visor effect" in
Specters of Marx.

Very hot airport coffee,
large, for us to share &
when we share I agree to
omit the sugar, Sara
doesn't take it in her
coffee.

Guy with a leg cast or

a prosthesis, I cant tell which,
is eating a danish or something --
I can hear the paper crinkle
like a roar from twenty feet
away.

John Brown rode to
his hanging sitting on his
coffin, drawn in
a wagon.

He observed on the
way he had never before been permitted
to realize how beautiful was the
country.

I lath the inside of my
body with a hot liquid,
containing a stimulant for virtu.

Distentio is how Augustine
discusses mind in time, it
stretches.

Here is the space
within which you can dither &
fail to make the necessary judgment.

Here's the sphere of operations of the
tempter, our great adversary.

Who has come from walking to and fro
and going up and down in the
earth,
according to the Book of Job, &
is this also epigraph in
Hart Crane?

Whether I am permitted to
remember and transmit.
And what may burn within me.

Writing is the wager that
writing survives its occasion, the peril

of its occasion, fragile perishable transit --
to make it to you.

"Later in grad school I
gave up coffee for Lent."

Having Been Blue for Charity.

divine and human economy --
finitude -- judgment -- sovereignty --

There's problems I can't get to in my
thought, they're just too hard to
think, or that's the way it
feels. With luck & time my
orbit is a spiral that will bring
me closer to a clear attention to
those objects I keep going by.

I get sad because the forms dissolve &
what succeeds them hasn't
yet appeared.

I get depressed for
living here, for feeling poor &
feeling like I've painted myself in
a corner.

I write to give myself
a representation through which I can

experience emotions that don't have
another outlet.

In the hopes that I may discharge &
dissipate them -- be purified
in the Aristotelian sense.

The man with
unclean spirit dwelt
among remembrances,
in the land of
Gadarenes.

gangrene from a
social wound,
the trauma I'm
taking around with me,

other aspect of an invisible.

And feeling : what's the use of
what I've learned if I can
be said to have learned a
fucking thing.

I typed a brief remembrance of

stathme -- a carpenter's rule,
alluded to in the participle of
the Hymn to Zeus in
AGAMEMNON, where the
chorus talks about whether anything
is equal to Zeus, including
his very name, the

σταθμε

fundamental premise of adequation,
dike. Likeness.
Justice. Fitness. The copula ("is")
requital in vendetta
"paid in kind"

δικε

("A little more than kin,
and less than kind")

It will always have been circumscribed
in advance, finite & particular --
a haecceity.

But how hard it is
somehow to live inside or
alongside this knowledge, how
readily we flee from it,
resort to fantasy, distraction.

Fantasy / ideality as what governs our
conatus, but's susceptible to
hypertrophy, damage, perversion,
mutation.

Underdetermined anyway &
dependent on a sign as
supplement to inaugurate its
dialectic --

this is the potential underlying
what is now our aggregate
catastrophe.

DEJA
NAVYS

LIONS
EYE

=

"This thing is flying and
I could die"

--Megan

Sitting in the graveyard,
in the shelter of the
Church,
St. Mark's.

Dana, me, Sara, Megan, Sylvie,
Anselm, Karen.

=

KEEP CALM
AND
CARRY ON.

(A sign at
Ciao for Now.)

"the denial of irony is an
abdication of the
heartbreak of history"
--Dana, in Grassroots.

"It turns out not to be about
death.
It was about money." --Sara

There's providence in the
fuck of a sparrow.

Spiro spero.

"abandoning it
is a good way of
thinking about it" -- Dana.

=

CoGeneration

=

"You hang around long enough,
you break the door down"
--Sara, quoting Cedar.

=

"the stone the builders rejected"
--Dana, to me,
outside of Astor Place.

Home again home again,
riggety jig.

4/5/2010. At Wildey St.
Easter Monday.

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The afternoon. Getting towards six.
Dean is going to come get Sara &
I, to meet the Weinbergs at
Epstein's, their unswervable
restaurant destination, at which as
I warned Sara there's no food fit
for vegetarians save latkes.

We hung out with Jessie, Jilly &
Jacob. The Pastry Chef,
Patriots Park, Taste of China,
Dunkin Donuts, his place.

To send to Dana : Pessoa on the
tobacconist, Lyotard's Augustine on
time.

Yesterday is a day I ought to reconstruct
as fully as possible from
memory, on the model of
Simonides.

Remembrance.

"A sign we are, without meaning and
we have almost lost our
voice in foreign lands"

--Holderlin

=

"I don't know how much longer I'll
be able to milke the whole"

OFF HOURS WAITING AREA.

=

Back to Wildey St.

We went to dinner
with Nat & Isabelle & Dean,
at Epstein's, which has a
new menu, for the first time I

can remember.

I wrote Shane two letters --
one for yesterday & one for today.

=

What lets us live
an exchanged life --

"There goes my love" --

Sara & I want to write "2010,"
things that we saw for the first time
this year, when quantity turned to
quality.

Welcome to money
I need money,
I mean Monday --
Money Monday --
=
"meet me beneath the
war angels"

4/6/2010. 8:32am. Up to go
to Bellas with Dean
then back into the city.

=
En route to NY to meet
Conrad & his friend Jason at MOMA
at noon.

Poking around the basement just before
we leave I find a heretofore-
unknown-to-me box of June's
archive, including a sort of
scrapbook from the late 70s whose
last page had taped in
"Easter Greetings".

=
Cafe Macchiato, a block from
MOMA.

Versace, Citibank, MOMA,
666
(and its reflection,
Sara says)

=
At the lobby of the
νέω MOMA, ωηιχη ισ νοτ σο
new any longer,
to meet Conrad &
his friend Jason.

"You belong here*"

Everything's transpiring too fast to
process presently.

"emotion recollected in tranquillity"

"Ray -- when somebody ask you if
you a god you say
yes "

athanatos

αθανατος

"To Live Forever"
--Egypt ad on the
subway.

FUNUNDRUM !
(Barnum ad, likewise)

Kingda-ka -- on the T-shirt.

First line of Metamorphosis
on "Train of Thought," &
Megan had a Kafka doodle
as a tattoo.

We talked about ungeheure --
in Kafka & Capital.
The monstrous & the
monstrance,
monstrare,
to show, a prodigy.

a sign.
Lee Ann & Miranda.

For Dana : Cixous, Lyotard's
Augustine, Pessoa on the
tobacconist,
"labor of the negative" page from
PoS.

Zodiacal emblem at St. Mark's.

The flowering dogwood,
planted for
Ginsberg,
the dogwood the Weinbergs
cut down in their
front yard, which had stood
among the pachysandra,
and which the wind
had split,
wind that bloweth where

it listeth,

"I got the spirit
but lose the feeling" --

And we didnt make it to June's
grave, & I didnt find the
Buddha I remembered.

I took another smaller Buddha & also
the bluebird of happiness,
which matches a candle
Sara gave me.

The world fell away,
I must carry you.

birthday.