

Corpus

Buttocks

Cranium

Buttocks

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sacral thinkpad of shadows

pelvis of Tylenol freedoms

tetnus of border. wall.

(a Viagra - Niagra)

where jurassic local

meets

techno-pastoral global:

“erased nation”

where history meets the future:

a clean, invisible seam

It's dark down here at the base of the spine. We grovel about the moist flesh, feeling for gristle. That's L5, she said, just above the sacrum, wiping hair wet medical fat, off— The posterior fossa soft tissues are unremarkable. The spinal cord is normal in signal and morphology. The neural foramen are not stenosed. There is minimal focal narrowing of the anterior thecal sac. The alignment is preserved. The marrow signal is unremarkable.

mark. re-mark. un-remark. un-remark-able CRANIUM CRANIUM

Okay, smart new back-pack, lime-green insides, what it (unremarkably) carries, what all this would mean *if* they found me. One used copy of The Social Contract (spine cracked), two squares of chocolate in yellow cellophane, a notebook, 3 pens, thumbnail, cellphone, wallet, keys, chapstick, paycheck, W-2 form, blue comb, one red sock, and a tangerine. She was walking, I am walking now. BUTTOCKS BUTTOCKS inside the social body, the bloody *en masse* climbing. Hand over hand, foot over foot, rung by rung up its laddered spine, past its sagging liver and its pulsing heart, toward the low rumble of the larynx. Its sky.

In the distance, is distance.

In the distance syllabically cacophonous explosions PUNCTUATE PUNCTUATE. Each hollow gucci to burka banging reverberates in the throat, peppering esophagal tubes (bang-bang box internal vocal desert) with soft laces of sand.

Sand comes in Camel, Olive, Date or Poppy...

Soaking the fields...

Fields blow out in ripples

from here

from here

From here the explosions only seem like flares

Clots.

Clots.

Yellow globs.

Grit. Settle, irritating

poof! poof!

*

How long MUST we SHOUT hold on HERE:

in a tower? of a spine? in a city? on a rung? from a rope? of hair?

Rapunzel Rapunzel SHE SHOUTS back.

The code name is LEVIATHAN. Try to EXIT.

Instead, let us consider the alternative for a moment. There is the oft touted “action” of diving into a gray pond mildewed periphery, for. a. mo. ment. for. a. mo. ment. In the center of this “peripheral” pond lurks an enormous pink plaster swan, gilded with minerals and jewels, out of whose fluted beak p l

u

m e

s

of cinnamon

and cayenne s p u r t

(K Brathwaite calls it Europe. But it's the Europe that is here.)

*

In the coliseum, you let go.

In the coliseum your spine is *not* a spine but the grandest of modernist columns. A column whose minimalist aesthetic purity is a monument to rational seams. It communicates a message: *you. are. already. there.* where history meets the future. In a stadium *filled* with spines (in Lagos, in Rio, in Phoenix) ringed by a fleet of peeling sun-bleached posters, the military histories momentarily eased by an ovaltine of galloping bodies, a vibrance of glistening boys that whirl and kick in the ecstatic physics of each GOOAAALLL!

Your spine stretches to see it.

The vantage point's a vertebral ladder, high in the center of you.
whose rungs, whose rungs, you trust, whose rungs you don't trust
the physics of resistance

Ladders. Ladders.
Buttocks. Cranium.
Ladders.

Columns.

Bang and crumble.

(pool)

We stood on a low ridge, in an endless valley

searching for her.

Evenly spaced our numbers stretch through the early grass as far as the eye can see. We begin our slow march, eyes SCANNING SCANNING a few feet before us, a few to the left to the right, faces to ground. We find

Debra	Ashley	Trista	Carletta
Julia	Denise	Michelle	Christine
Regina	Sharron	Maria	Ashley
Myla	Jeannette	Alicia	Tracy
Jaime	Megan	Princess	Tracy
Tina	Gloria	Tracy	Lynn
Amy	Elizabeth	Zandra	Anamarie
Amanda	Jennifer	Renee	Anna
Juana	Marilyn	Kamisha	Marie
Sarah	Carla	Shayna	
Jamie	Jennifer	Rachael	
Hannah	Ashly	Lillian	
Shaneqwa	Joanna	Sharon	
Emily	Eleanor	Genesa	
Jennifer	Katie	Marisol	
Jane	Karene	Roselle	

(Terms of the search: Iraq casualties, female)

We find, we find, it fills the screen, we have “material.” Endless supplies of it. We have it. We have material.

On the screen. Is a screen. On the screen. Is a screen. On the screen. Is a screen. Behind

is what is missing.

and who do we find

and what supply

and what must we trust

and what make up

and where is the fiction

of that function

My *im*material. My . lack . of . material .

Bilquis	Babra	Tamara	Badrul
Taghid	Ahnoud	Taghid	Badi'a
Calah	Wijdan	Rezeya	Hadeel
A'isha	Bisar	Haala	Batul
A'lia	Loelia	Lailah	
Taqwaa	Zaahira	A'idah	
Hadeel	Zuleima	Baheera	
Ridhwana	Rezan	Wafa	
Wafa	Buhjah		
Lamiya	Carmen		
Loubna	Caliana		
A'noud	Baano		

Our feet caked in a bloody, mud-like substance that weights on our shoes, that seems to pool in our tracks as we make them. Pack in, pack out, *we try*. But cannot “unremark” the unremarkable marks we left.

So we resolved not to move, but standing, standing still and unmoved, we sank – and now it sucks at our heels.

Thus, this constant marching in place

suck suck suck.

My guide and I – SHE – and our quivering masses

Soft red mounds

A stink almost

of iron

on a low ridge, in an endless valley, searching for her

Cannot describe her face – Have no DNA

Only the searing negative of a visual impression

A memory of the extraordinary curve of her neck

A metal remorse that slips ineffectually over the hollowed collar-bone

Only an absence in the aftering, deranged clean-up

But still we hear the *suck suck suck* of her invisible feet

marching through mud

We hear

we hear her

hear her

bear her bear

my guide and I