

**from “Notes from Irrelevance”**

I took the evil kitty twice  
today without asking,  
producing tears, then  
tears and hyperventilating.

Tenderness towards  
self-loathing and withering  
angst don't seem to  
hold out much promise,  
tonally speaking, though  
its possible I need to  
do something more like  
recognizing I start there  
before turning it into  
something else, and in  
course, being a poor  
specimen, between  
mostly kind treatments  
and mostly unmasked  
arcs of characterization,  
I stopped, somewhere  
along this way, looking  
for myself in others,  
other works, my family  
– a photograph would  
attempt to prove  
something, but surfaces  
and the matter of dna

are no more than facts  
to reorganize within  
their frameworks of  
brutal delicacy. The  
incidental face mask  
rule went out last year,  
a failure as a rule if not  
an emblem of gaming  
contact. Solidarity has  
been less than a myth in  
our future imagination  
I fear without reason or  
its inbred resemblance  
to active policing of  
our collective desire  
to be just free enough  
to dull necessity. I  
know, I know, we're  
all polymorphous within  
our relation to modesty.  
I swear this won't take  
long, no longer than  
any other fantasy of  
structure teased across  
a daybook, a computer  
screen, a workmanlike  
routine of getting in and  
out of the assigned places  
of ass to seat interaction.

And yet I do not trust  
the sanity of my vessel,  
nor that of metaphor,  
built across time to be  
diminished by speed's  
freezing of the body in  
place, as like or so being  
near to and no less  
against while with and  
in relation to being seen,  
everywhere, or, more  
precisely, anywhere.

The hope of a plurality  
of recognition guides  
us into, back into, our  
common definition of  
caring, if not cares. I  
was busy always relaying  
your time through  
the ingenuine manners  
to which I am lashed.

Facing a reboot  
harmonizing, for why  
would a machine bother  
with affect, much less  
one of intimidation.

The psych profile  
restrained, "secure in  
torment." Unable or

unwilling to measure the  
qualities of desire as we  
stand in its relation, I  
find I stare at your script  
from afar, wondering if  
the open, refined, sensuous,  
conservative imagination  
it projects is a functional  
defense against the light  
arts, or more of an active  
missionary filter with for  
and from reality's stance  
on a version of "us".

Crimson elephant smiling  
from a poster for art  
disguised as delirium.

Does it nod? It  
accentuates a variation  
on self-destructive finish.

Well, fine. Flowers can  
be traced back in ink  
to a common glandular  
pitch, posing as a pose,  
speech dissected in front  
of the face and thereby  
unattended in the tear  
open. Look. The problem  
of assessment being the  
regents exam of existence

in a less-than-slimy way,  
and we need the slime!  
Where is the function  
of sleaze in relation to  
my coddled measure of  
sacrifice? It's uselessly  
unhip to penetrate a  
machine gun and asset  
a relationship with  
modern consciousness,  
which is a perfectly  
devoured bug off the  
hind leg of some  
preserved thing. I have  
buried deep within  
my bypass a silent love  
for the arch of your  
fierce wistful squeak.  
I would like to spend  
time in a failed state  
with your bending frame.  
Something like an  
unqualified interaction  
was on the table just now  
and while the decision  
to discontinue said inter-  
action was not remotely  
difficult it is marginally  
notable. I notice you've

given into apocalypse  
fantasies in an open  
fashion – I hope that  
works out for you, being  
a tad classier than  
conspiracy lust and less  
likely to wear down  
your comrades in  
sociability. I myself  
have returned to the  
civilized wasteland of  
the novel, wherein I  
begin to notice a need  
for detached attention  
to matters of will, sub-  
jugation, and something  
like desire though not  
exactly – desire strikes  
me as routinely out of  
sync with time in most  
sentences, as if a creeping  
desire, one that refuses  
to lean on what it means,  
has been abandoned  
by sentence and image,  
consigned to quiet  
behavior that eats at  
the self's duration despite  
giving it flecks of purpose

to decorate the larger  
aims of mind, whatever  
those might be according  
to one's ability to resist  
being told how to think.  
Couldn't the perception  
of rules, order, tricks,  
and brainwashing be  
more sensitively addressed  
in the public arena? Have  
we not been raised to  
believe we're being fooled,  
so that to respond "rightly"  
to such conditions means  
choosing a side even  
though to choose is to  
consign oneself to a cycle  
of perpetual anger and  
defeat? One looks for  
articulations that fit a  
game of resistance - the  
problem is in the looking -  
I don't think it works to  
plead for a voice out of  
the monolith to make  
clear what you sense, feel,  
know to be happening.  
Not "true". Happening.  
I have no memory for

images, not much of one  
at any rate, nor for names,  
nor the riding details  
of going place to place.  
Bodies? Yes. The hope  
of bodies? Yeah. But  
mainly the memory of  
feeling stays with me,  
possibly causing pain....  
well, maybe only when  
truly incapable of being  
less than illogical in  
the face of confrontation.  
As a fundamentally quiet  
person capable of great  
bouts of pouring forth  
black and white riddance  
of the very notion of  
the unnatural, I yell on  
occasion to reestablish  
presence, to push my  
voice back into a quiver  
of no control, to get a  
bloodier sample of that  
violence against myself  
which is my primary  
hedge against treating  
others badly.