



Now Man

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by Thom Donovan

The camera looks at the whole room; you can see the monitor picture of it, but you can't go into the room and there is a strange kind of removal. You are denied access to that room—you can see exactly what is going on when you are there but you can never get to that place.

~ Bruce Nauman

What I would like to do is build a cinema in a cave or an abandoned mine, and film the process of its construction. That film would be the only film shown in the cave. The projection booth would be made out of crude timbers, the screen carved out of a rock wall and painted white, the seats could be boulders. It would be a truly "underground" cinema....

~ Robert Smithson

Home Is For Miles

after Louis Kahn

Those buildings so painfully foreign
Of your life scarred and grown
Inwardly. Recalling them in pieces
I became afraid
At a meaning of light grown
To the symmetries of
Daytime
In our national poverty.

Time sifted into time as it lives
In itself and we in it. Standing for, standing against
That light so painfully foreign
To all Be is.
The apprehension of forms ruined by no one.

Pages

for Matt Garite

Boning then

In some sense of the past

Legions go to harm to whip

At the first alarm of vanishing signage

The semaphore intending

To kill every last one

Blinks unwittingly. Whose every tic

Of variant cane

Bears witness to the pirated

Echo of these pages.

Waste products of primitive accumulation.

Fluff-a-Nutting

to FLARF

The twitch of his nose
Grows like Pinocchio's
Doing it sideways
To the slinky rhythms
Of late machines.

This latest paradise
Is close to what was meant
Through the walls of ourselves
Heavy petting & patty cakes.

Rimbaud
Of all our pretty things
Thick and thicker
Thickest starlight
You stick too much to this mould.

Pay Attention Motherfucker

This zone around the word
Its staying power leaves
From a place of fading substitution
For the subject's watched-for back.

This is just to say
They shoot all night at shadows
On sheets as though they weren't cast
By intelligent things.

My body no longer
Follows me around
This corner upon seeing
Anything at all I knew
/was the first to leave.

Tween and not so
So many chiefly
Filling the ditch with a ditch
Not expending too soon
The meadows of our need
The truth like sorrow
Being all too sticky.

Please Pay Attention Please

The position of the camera
Is the only trace
Of an unskeptical mind.

The eye goes first, then the
Fist. Ah!
We want love, we remember love
As the mask of the lost
Waxen and everywhere
But where we negligible step.

To be any nearer however
Wouldn't be to communicate
The predominate need
To be absolutely near.

Obsolescent Choreography

The people a corridor moulds us to be
Objects frozen by glass, by optical fibers
Would we appear meanwhile any intelligent design amnesiacs & claustrophobes?

Unmending Wall

to Michael Cross

Is he sinking to the floor
Or rising by degree?
The still-life has changed
Waves of light outside these caves
Photographs of them.

As the entrance grows near
The heart beats a little
For never having been here.
As the entrance grows near
Penetrate my ear
As music made by a lost year.

This sense of discovery
Is of tethers that free
The organs to leave
And anyone to arrest
The mind with their unwilling.

This sense of loss is of leaves
To love is to go into any situation
Not wanting to kill
But being so unprepared.

A mode of seeing is not heard
The lips are tired of waiting to know
The terms of their custody.
As neighbors we go to blows
Over who has the right to say
I kiss not these lips.

Pity

I'm not picky, really.

I feel bad
For the way you move

Under the bright
Bright lights

Ceaselessly bugged.

I'm not picky

And the fog-
Machine's not on—

Really.

Still you dare
A sense-

less dance

Never done
With your tears.