poets with blood on our tongues

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PLEASE NOTE

The greatest amount of care has been taken while scanning this thesis,

and the best possible result has been obtained.
I, the undersigned, declare that none of the work contained in this thesis has been submitted for a higher degree to any other institution.

John Falzon

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abstract

The following areas of poetics and politics are engaged with in the writing practices that constitute this thesis:

1. The class context of poiesis (imagining and making).
2. The construction of the tropes: ‘poet’ and ‘revolutionary’.
3. The ongoing process of making oneself as a poet.
4. The consciousness of oneself as a bodily (economic, political) movement in the oikos (house) and the polis (city), both of which are in the process of being unmade and made.
5. The dialectics of:
   - destruction and creation
   - analysis (loosening the elements) and poiesis (assembling elements)
   - naivete and terror
   - revolution and the state
   - the freely developing human and the crowd (as subject of becoming and binding)
   - the necessity of telling and its impossibility
   - tightness and looseness
   - imperialism/post-coloniality
   - catholic christianity/post-theism
   - Marx and angels
   - social analysis and magical realism
   - presentation and marginalization
   - labour and capital
   - black and white
   - the making of poems and the making of a doctoral thesis
   - doctor and dictator
   - the epic and the fragmentary
   - the beginning and the end
   - the tongue and blood
6. The failure of the practices of Social Democracy and Stalinism in the face of the creativity and destructiveness of capital.
7. The unity/disjunction of the political and the passionate in creative practices.
8. Concrete historical conditions as the basis for poiesis.

The text’s polyvocality asks, and also avoids asking, how a tongue can speak and not belie its blood and how a voice can be produced that is not sundered from the speaker’s blood and how a writer can stake a claim to write (genetically or apocalyptically) with any body’s blood.

Two paradigmatic images meld the fragmentary pieces into a work. The first is the image made by Marx of the human essence as an ensemble of social relations. The second is the image of the jazz ensemble in which the relationship between the musician and the ensemble produces the effect that nothing is background and all is semiotically loaded.
I wish to thank the following people for their contributions to the making of these poems:
Jacqueline Agius, Gabriela Falzon, Bob Hodge, Mark Falzon, Emanuel Falzon, Lena Falzon, James Strong, Mary Krone, Kath McPhillips, Tony Macris, Paul Lynch, Burruga Gutyja, Anthony Uhlmann, Lindsay Barrett and all of the people whose work is reproduced here.
A note on the form of this thesis

This thesis was written on the surfaces produced by a specific set of social conditions. Its style and methodology are historical representations of these conditions. As a speaking subject moving relationally in rhythms of destruction and creation with the elemental social forces being de-scribed I made a political decision that what was being written had to be written in this way: fragmentary and epic, structured symmetrically and connected together tongue-and-groove style on the basis of metaphor, metonym, homonym and antonym.

Should a doctoral thesis not look like this? I contend that if the form of a doctoral thesis cannot change, if it does not admit the possibility of restructuring, reformulation and revolution, then it is little more than a museum-piece reminding us of a set of conditions and practices that are in the past.

This thesis does not claim to provide a new model for anything. It only claims that it is its own argument for the necessity of being produced in this specific way. It claims that how it speaks is the only possible way of telling what it speaks: the intersection of the speaking subject’s praxis and the concrete conditions that give rise to both the textual fragmentation and the dictatorial imposition of narratological ordering, deconstruction and poiesis.

It is an evocation and imagining of speed and concentrated energy alongside a strain of conspiratorial reflection. Its engagement with social realities is textually constructed as a simulation of speed and plurality that alternates with a contrivance of solitude and deliberation.

It is not the invention of something new but it is a response to changing relations. To have chosen to write this thesis according to the traditional rubrics would amount to an attempt to anchor the terror and naivete of the experience of the new in the formal certainty of the “comfortable” past.

As a textualization, however, it is an attempt at constructing a trope whereby the revolution and the state are positioned in a dialectic. All stories, even the most concentrated poems and scattered fragments, are spells cast in the face of terror and naivete in the name of negation and/or collusion.

This thesis is cast in the form of a cycle of poems engaged in a marxist research into poiesis and revolution. It is a book about marxism and poetry written in the mid-nineties on the outer south-western fringe of Sydney. It has been produced by a writer who, like any other writer, has made use of current discursive arsenals. The reader does not have to look too far to discover the sources of style and representational methodology. They are inscribed in the text for all to see. This is not to say that the work is transparent or innocent. It is a parliament, a house constructed for a specific ensemble of voices.
As a set of deliberate choices of research practices it posits ways of doing research. As a cycle of poems it voices claims as to how to engage in poiesis.

It is openly political and does not seek to veil its didacticism, denunciation, exhortation or enchantment. It is an experiment in polyvocality, a debate between spontaneity and consolidation, an erotics of rupture and communion.

What follows is a series of depositions theetically textualized: set down in place and ordered in an expository manner.

It is written in the languages produced by the productive, destructive and migratory momenta it seeks to transcribe.
poets with blood on our tongues

John Falzon
to Jacqueline and Gabriela
poets
revolutionaries
...see to it that you stay human... Being human means joyfully throwing your whole life "on the scales of destiny" when need be, but all the while rejoicing in every sunny day and every beautiful cloud. Ach, I know of no formula to write you for being human.

Rosa Luxemburg 1916

There is a double rhythm in destroying the old and creating the new which bears the unmistakable stamp of the self-activity which is the truly working class way of knowing.

Raya Dunayevskaya 1988
one  trouble

poems with blood on their fingers

mossad 4
be careful friend and steel yourself with universe aflame 10
home brand 11
a spectre 12
I am moved 13
the structure of 16
pocket 17
terra nullius ex nihilo 22
caring 24
a poet's life 25
a pirate's life 30
a movement 31

against our tutelary thieves

'The sea comes in and puts our lives together and attacks alone and spreads itself and sings'
33
they bloodied bloodred Rosa 38
tom-tom 39
soma 41
strophe 42
cult 44
dialect 45
blood packed poems 46
Bambi 48
but what you write is real 51
trag-oidia (the goat song) 53
cute 55
two makers

poets in the thick of the description

love songs to capital 59
the work of wet 64
blood pact poems 67
omnivorous 68
concrete: *concrecere*, growing together 69
poema 75
people 77
Henry Miller reckons that 80
heimat 81
list 83
in the sea 84
beginnings 85

and the struggle

just outside the beginning 89
unemployed 90
poets searching for a niche 91
Bertolt Brecht, a poet, wrote this epitaph 100
parting of the seas 101
cure 102
cut 103
curt 104
government 105
your body was retrieved from your canal-tomb 106
xih is Maltese for old man and the x is sh 110
the truth is 112
three

the beginning and the end are lost

tomb where seven poets' poems speak
 detention
 eye dead
 grave on graven tongue
 news
 corp
 order
 forcefield
 Xanana
 ambit
 comrade Pablo Neruda
 blue calculus
 the stars
 the burning guillotine
 the tsars
 the doctorate
 the Bertolt Brecht who made this claim

the writing of the epics that are black and vanishing

do not be deceived by simple stories
 liquid paper
 and Anna Akhmatova won
 an agent of the secret circus
 amassing a great fortune
 drawing lines
 vocal instruments
 detectives on matisse
 class of special bodies
 quietly
 iconostasis
 martial art
 trapeze
 doctor death
 sabot
 Scheherazade
 the poet Rosa
 poiesis is continuing
 naivete and terror
 how's your epic?
These poems were made as ways of telling (and ways around telling) the stories of my construction as a poet whilst moving between the exploration of poiesis as a theoretical approach to the practice of making and the idealized trope of the poet/revolutionary.

This preface is a postscript. I am making it at a distance from these poems and from the place and time of their production.

These poems however are a postscript to a body of poems I had been working on for years. To begin work on poets with blood on our tongues I had to sell my wings (albeit cheaply like the fallen angel in Wender's Wings of Desire) and taste the colour of blood in the rhythm of making love and making the house in which love is made. I experienced the relationship between the personally passionate and the economic and political. I learned that neither love nor poetry is made in limbo and that the struggle to make a space and time for making love and the human practice of creativity is one with the struggle to change the economic base and the structure of political relations.

At first the working title for these poems was poiesis: naïvete and terror. This signaled my fixation on totalizing poiesis as the dialectic of nascence and its concomitant terror, or terror and its concomitant nascence. I had just come through both. The next working title was poiesis: ocean on the oceanic tongue. This represented a methodological shift to concentrating on one moment of the dialectic: an overwhelming immersion in the process of becoming.

The methods I was choosing related concretely to my choices of materials and these to the development of my consciousness as a bodily (economic and political) movement in the oikos (house) and the polis (city), both of which are in the process of being unmade and made.

The research process moved therefore towards the production of poets with blood on our tongues as a conscious engagement with my experience of making as a poet in relation to the class I came from and have opted to join. In doing so I chose to position myself as a speaking subject within the historical aggregate of class-based practices of poets/revolutionaries in the era of the accelerated development, consolidation and global expansion of capital. This analysis is performed with an eye to the failure of the practices of both Social Democracy and Stalinism in the face of capital's creativity as a purveyor of destruction and its destructiveness as a creator of itself and its commodities.

The blood on my tongue is my class story. It carries the narratives and metaphors of its own genesis (beginning) and apocalyptic (uncovering) in an
ongoing movement of *haematopoiesis* (the making of blood). Specific attention is paid to the class-based formation of intellectuals (in Gramsci's broad sense) in relation to the dynamics of imperialism/post-coloniality and catholic christianity/post-theism. The metaphors and metonyms I have used apropos of my experience of these dynamics stretch back to cultural contexts pre-dating the 'rosy dawn' of the capitalist era.

Following Voloshinov I am interested in the relationship between the tongue and the blood. At present in Australia this question is being highlighted in the public arena with a focus on Aboriginality as blood and as tongue.

By the writing practices in this text the speaking subject (an English-born Maltese migrant with a catholic working-class background and a history of having lived most of his life on the urban fringes of Sydney) is making a claim to speak with the tongues and from the blood of women and men like Pablo Neruda, Maria Horta, Cesar Vallejo, Raya Dunayevskaya, Lionel Fogarty, Adrienne Rich, Xanana Gusmao, Gabriela Mistral, Pablo Picasso, Oodgeroo Nunukul, Tom Uren, Audre Lorde, Charlie Parker, Walt Whitman, Walter Benjamin, some graffitos working in Liverpool, Maria Da Costa, Ezekiel, Nazim Hikmet, William Shakespeare, Karl Marx, Rosa Luxemburg, my lover Jacqueline and Gabriela our child.

The text's polyvocality asks, and also avoids asking, how a tongue can speak and not belie its blood and how a voice can be produced that is not sundered from the speaker's blood and how a writer can stake the claim to write (genetically or apocalyptically) with any body's blood.

I wanted to create an epic celebration and lament. I had in my hands both Neruda's *Canto General* and Marx's *Capital*. My hands however lack the practice to make anything like either of these works. Instead, I brought together and joined an extravagant jazz ensemble and I played there, hooking into and bouncing off the turns and phrases of others.

The structure of the whole was the product of a series of dialectics between creation and destruction, the freely developing human and the crowd (as both the subject of becoming and of binding) and the necessity of telling and its impossibility.

Two paradigmatic images meld the fragmentary pieces into a work. The first is the image made by Marx of the human essence as an ensemble of social relations. The second is the aforementioned image of the jazz ensemble in which the relationship between the musician and the ensemble produces the effect that nothing is background and all is semiotically loaded.

The *tightness* (bringing together the threads to make the skein) of the philosophical formula and the *looseness* (untying the threads, undoing the chains) culturally connoted by jazz are the two forces clashing and communing in the production of the poems' internal structures.
These poems are records of the performances of the ensembles. From piece
to piece the players change and the same players play very differently. The
specific combinations of players make for different sounds.

The variations in format, punctuation, syntax and lexical expectation create
differences in texture, tone and tempo. These in turn articulate and emanate
from the dialectical tensions and slackenings alluded to earlier. They also
displace the dichotomy between 'verse' and 'prose'.

There is more than a faint scent of the totalizing tendency in this cycle of
poems. The ordering of elements in relation to each other starts without the
imagination of an end and ends without the maintenance of a beginning. The
beginning and the end are mythopoetic projects positioning the poems in the
house of fable.

The fictions I recruited and promoted in the positing of these theses acted as
tools for the exposure and analysis of the myth that I could put *everything*, in
a manner oceanic and omnivorous, into a poem and then refuse
responsibility for what was to be found there.

These pieces of writing are poems and researches. They are presented as acts
of *poiesis*, whereby something is made, and acts of *analysis*, whereby
something is pulled apart. They are attempts to analyse and construct a cycle
of engagements with class conflict.

The trouble-makers in the text are revolutionaries presented as poets and
poets presented as revolutionaries. Their names are both marginal and
indexical annotations of the text. They refer to both the terror and naivety of
making and destroying. They speak with authority whilst their names lie in
the page's gutter. Their writings are the poems' pre-scriptions. They are
organizers of the union.

Narrative is propagated as an act of casting spells, as is the wont of doctors
and dictators: prescriptive and proscription rather than the innocent
re-presentation of a sacred scripture. They are invoked here as being
elementally configured by economic and political practices, by love and the
unconscious and by the contiguity of life with death.

The poems were produced as pieces of research. In the middle of the
production process I experienced a tension between 'poetry' and 'research';
between making something up (*poiesis*) and reporting findings (*analysis*).
The tension was left unresolved. The scaffolding remains here and there as a
residue of the attempts to build my way out of the conflict. I ended up opting
not for one or the other but for the making of research circles and the playing
with loosened threads.

The circles I made were places I could sit inside and work from. They were
temporary buildings of an *oikos* (house) from which I could loosen my
tongue and speak my voices. They were social circles in which I could sit and talk and dance and dream.

These poems are fairy-tales about these circles and their movements. At the same time they are among these circles.

The foci of these researches are:

1. **The criticism of religion.**
   I am in the text as an apostate, a born-again human engaged in the tentative construction of an atheist 'spirituality' in which I am at home and on the move.

2. **A ludic analysis of luck.**
   There is something structurally talismanic about concentrated and portable things like poems and blood and pocketed objects and graffiticons tattooed on skin.

3. **Talks with Marx and Angels.**
   This is a confabulation with the spectres of social analysis and magical realism, moving between the ideological and the *oikos* (house) in which these poems are made as manifestations of the shifts in the correlations of forces.

   It is an engagement with the language of both angel-dust and science, of the 'red-terror doctor' and the healing practices of storytelling and conspiracy (breathing together).

   I made these poems from 1994 to 1996 in Liverpool, on Sydney's outer south-western fringe. The conditions of my practice changed my relationship to abstract *logoi* that previously appeared to me to wander off on their own to be the intimates of poets and other practitioners of privileged oracular arts. I am getting to know the *gravitas* of the concrete.

   Marx has been relegated to the company of angels. I wanted to research the gravity of such angels in a social context where, in the process of 'civilizing capitalism', the poets of Social Democracy serenade capital as blood is taken and tongues stopped.

   These poems are made for the speaking of stories not spoken here.
The full story?

That's the story no body knows

and almost every body tells.
Do you know any stories? Even one that you've read in a book. You don't tell stories any more. I liked it when you used to tell stories. I bet you if you began to make a story up to tell me then you'd be able to tell stories again. I bet you if you wanted you could tell stories in our language. I bet you could talk the stories that you haven't talked before. I bet you could tell the stories behind and in front of us. I bet you if you tried you could string a few together. Anybody can who lives here. You could fight your way across the line with stories.

Tell me what it's like there when you come back across.

And I will tell you what it's been like over here.
one trouble
Poiesis means the act of making.

*Act of making what?*

Anything, I suppose. Like love or trouble,
*cakes or time,*
a baby,
*chairs, computers, carvings, cushions, packing cases, laws, religions, tv shows, tents, tenets, tables, tropes, trousers, truncheons, trumpets and escutcheons.*

What’s a trope?
*Turn of speech.*
And an escutcheon?
*A shield with an inscription on it.*

On the way into Liverpool this morning I read an inscription on a telegraph pole. It was painted in white and it had a swastika in the middle. It said: ‘White Power f*cks there mums’. I read it just as the woman walking behind me passed the woman walking towards me. These two women were not white. White? What is that? What isn’t?
poems with blood on their fingers
mossad

Yevtushenko 1965:8 '...poetry is life in concentrated form.'

black blood though white sells better

rhythms every
thing is rent by time is this
the last
analysis?

the poems killing off poiesis
maiming

go impel the feet to dance instil the will to act and think and die all
soldierly

We know the tying-in and the totality.

We are our best catastrophe. We make and tear apart the present time.

We chose to be our head. We said to poets who would be the head of us,
usurping us and taking from the time of us: begone/fuck off. The rulers of
our planet are the poets of production and destruction. They destroy/create.
We are their hands. They whistle through our teeth. We sound the shuffle of
our prison shoes.

we are
the street and are
complete
here

Barreto et al
1975:211-212

'Perfect repression is the sort that is not felt by the person suffering from it,
the sort that is unconsciously accepted, thanks to a traditional upbringing
spanning many long years, with the result that the mechanisms of repression
come to be internalized within the individual, and hence become a source of
personal gratification.'
this story started in the factory I'm grateful for the going in and getting made for work

that job has jobbed you on the head

There is a poetry that makes the living dead in throat and fingers and in ears.

'As early as 1734, Jacob Vanderlint declared that the secret of the capitalist outcry concerning the slothfulness of the working folk was simply this, that the employers wanted the workers to give six days' labour for four days' wages.'

'Marx 1995:281-282

With this end in view, and for the purpose of "extirpating idleness, debauchery, and excess", of promoting a spirit of industry, of "lowering the price of labour in our manufactories and easing the lands of the heavy burden of poor's rates", our faithful champion of capital [the anonymous author of An Essay on Trade and Commerce, published in London, 1770] advocates a well-tried means. The workers who become dependent on public support, paupers in a word, are to be confined in "an ideal workhouse". Such an ideal workhouse must be made "a House of Terror", and not an asylum for the poor. In this "House of Terror", this "ideal workhouse", the poor "shall work 14 hours in a day, allowing proper time for meals, in such manner that there shall remain 12 hours of neat labour"...'

'The "House of Terror" for paupers, of which the capitalists were already dreaming in 1770, came into existence a few years later in the shape of a gigantic Workhouse for the industrial workers. It was called a factory. The ideal paled before the reality.'

1770 wasn't that when Captain Cook...?

There is a way of naming and subjecting to examination by the weft of happiness.

'... does being born a woman perhaps automatically mean being unhappy and being forced to bear a burden too heavy for her to carry?'

does surviving mean the series of the poems from?

the cycle to?
the strophes turning tricks into the magic of the fracture?

panic in?

the wrecking of
the iron wrought?

the confident and personally taken estimation of the being taught the
salvaging of how we made the laugh we ran the yarns away we were not held
by selvage we were wont to warp the woof we told a few too many quantity
became our quality

vermiliions of us marching

our sabots untrusting

are we of the faith? do we believe? no
we are not the humans of the faith we are
contentious we contend

we free our bits of sea-sore spontaneity our speech is true we are to be
believed the music of the world – the sound of history – is truth we throw
our bodies into it we come from how it's made and we will go into its
making we will take the truth as music and we'll face and crush with
newborn word and world the monstrous myth

we chant the channel out we state our claim to know the myth informs us
that we need our monsters need their patronage and need to feed their blood
with blood we are their meat they are the holders of the steak we're not well-
done we're bloody
blue

the agents of the state of taking from have called us gypsified and ugly
lovely special something nothing but our music

told us that the tune they play is ours our poem our contention told us to

stay put
we're getting lost

we are not mystified our heart is not the sole recorder of our everything

our word is not the universe not ahistorical not absolute not shaded with the white of ice or eyes we've seen the red

and we have danced to the applause and gathered up the stones and slung them at the mouths of one another we are working at the circus we are paid in stones not bread

our suffrage insufficient
slavish

'... even the slaves become infected with the masters’ opinions and cease to be human beings, yes!'

let the labour pool the army of the unemployed be sent from door to door to beg

for work

and let the wages of the sin we call periphery be paid for work beneath the chiefs who turn the people into dicta by commanding and cajoling and politicizing

'I've been told here (in Beirut) that the CIA and Mossad, sometimes allies and sometimes rivals, are good at cajoling and even winning over captured fedayeen. This suggests that both the CIA and Mossad have some sensitive agents. The fighters refuse at first to say anything, and are even ready to die under torture. But when things are explained to them artistically, poetically, they eventually speak. They ought to be warned against Israel's poetry and charm.'

of torture farm of doxa field of flowers abnegating cloud of hours offered to the nation subjugating
'Poetic language, the only language that uses up transcendence and theology to sustain itself; poetic language, knowingly the enemy of religion, by its very economy borders on psychosis (as for its subject) and totalitarianism or fascism (as for the institution it implies or evokes).

poetry cholesterol in blood there is
the doctors tell me
good and bad of it
I have been told by omens loosen up be more the poet

chol gall bile + ster(eos) solid = solid gall
is that what poetry is made of?

in the world of processes movements waves

there are no moments darker and more lovely than the moments when the world is overturned

I met dead power over living beings this is integrated into life like blood like air like fire ocean moonshit housing healthcare privatized security and policing favour you protect you when you call them your sustainable planned giving to them buy this new youbeaut alarm it makes the decibels that draw the burglar's blood from ear to here they won't get far with your collectables your ver your cd player yes the package costs a bit but look at the advantages you've heard of home invasions they are on the rise I say this in all earnestness we'll throw in free of charge a year's protection by a local firm security they'll get to you with speed not like the police you know that over here you simply have to wait in line for up to 50 minutes more perhaps who knows the kind of mess you could allow yourself to settle gretel in no stores of bread crumbs will restore you to yourself come in and if you give us names and telephones of twenty people we will knock another ten percent off you would be a fool a fuckn clown to let this slip you're not a musslicunt you haven't got the business taken care of we could clean you out

'To call a spade a spade – I cleaned up wherever I could...'

I will call the hammer hammer
I will call shots shots

'... no illusory world, however brilliantly imagined could be more beautiful than the world of real people, building, struggling, weeping, and kissing. I felt ashamed and sad at having failed it.'
'24 July. On a beam which supports the ceiling of Brecht's study are painted the words: "Truth is concrete." On a window-sill stands a small wooden donkey which can nod its head. Brecht has hung a little sign round its neck on which he has written; "Even I must understand it."

'Ondaaie 1984: 42

'He loved it. His mind became the street.'
be careful friend and steel yourself with universe aflame

The street is where the words are made; big words like haematopoiesis (making blood) and smaller ones like Catholic (universal) and Stalin (man of steel). The random street, the *via media* (the middle way) is busy with the takers of the blood like these. They too, like you, have come from someone's street.

A word of warning:

Careful friend for Universal Steel might hear you, stalk your words for even pretty ones like *movement* can be statified, hypostasized, chained, flowered, made to sit still, unmade, deverbalized, nounified, nunnified, mummified, told, and told by you, purported ocean-faring lover of motility to shut the fuck up.

The spirit of god: *ruah* – breath, life, work, wind sung on water lapping up and on the grave and formless earth, elemental urge to freedom, poiesis unleashed, tongue loosed, tongue tender, passioned and compassionate, the bearer of the ocean to the oceanic tongue? Or just hypostasis for they who pay the piper and hence claim their kilogram of breath and call the tune?

Be careful friend and steel yourself with universe aflame, with being human; Universal Steel might hear you and beguile and do a deal with you. Your poetry will save you and protect you; it will not then be allowed to wet you, salt your song or free you or bear freedom to the many or the few who take delight in dancing with the words that pass to mouth of them from mouth of you.
home brand

The body of a woman was found in the field across the road. She was a junky and a mum. Her family laid a wreath there.

Nobody started a foundation in her name. She died in Liverpool.

Last week the field caught fire. Now her place of death is burnt and cleared.

Her name...
a spectre

I am broken memory. I am sometimes called a spectre. I can see the grave with clarity.

Yesterday, just before sunset, my girlfriend and I went to see the place where my brother's bodily remains are in the ground. We held each other tightly and we saw but did not speak.

My girlfriend has not told me what she saw. She is still quiet.

I saw the fleas above us, many of them. Then I killed the one of them that nuzzled in my arm. It felt uncomfortable.

I saw a worm beneath the blue ball candle we had left there long before and that had melted in the sun.

I saw a bull ant on the grass. It walked towards, and on, my brother's plaque and then towards me and away from me.

I saw another ant, an ordinary one.

I saw behind us a petal from a red silk flower. When I saw it at first I thought it was part of a feather.

I saw the cemetery. It is a lawn cemetery so you cannot see protruding stones. It reminded me of a picnic ground like Prospect Reservoir where we used to go as kids. I saw a couple of hundred families eating, drinking, sleeping, telling jokes and stories, fighting, playing games and music, cooking, cleaning plates and teeth beneath the taps, smoking, having, giving, losing, making a good time and trouble here and there. We'd picnic near the place where drinking water was collected and reserved.

My name is broken memory or spectre. I can see things clearly; some things anyway. I'm recollected. I am not reserved.
I am moved

from room to corridor to room the hospital bereft of hospitality the beds
cannot afford the likes of love and learning here out here
we're told we have to wear the fact that we
are in the red

are you obtained? are you removed?
reduced?
like risk?

has something done the choosing and effecting for you? something done
the risking of you? something made the sound of you?

were
we
the broken statue's pieces?

I am moved the phrase upon the lips of poet soldier prisoner evacuee
evicted tenant worker devotee retainer

movement from above and crash

pathetic or bathetic

movement into troubling trouble making it
a living in the risking of the reservation moving
to 'free time, ...time for the full development of the individual, which in
turn reacts back upon the productive power of labour as itself the greatest
productive power.'

through the streets on placards and a crowd

more eye more blood more finger

crowd in Latin tongue is turba lexicon says turba disorder riot crowd
disturbance turbamenta propaganda turbatio confusion turbator an
agitator *turbatus* disorderly and troubled *turbellae* stir *turbid* wild boisterous (water) troubled muddy (fig.) disorderly alarmed troubled dangerous *turbo* throw into confusion disturb (water) trouble muddy *turbulent* agitated stormy trouble-making boisterous seditious

*fig.* the figure of

the muddy suburb

what comes first the banner or the crowd?

**Marx 1973:712**

'Free time ...has naturally transformed its possessor into a different subject...'

**Domayevskaya 1989:199**

'...Marx saw masses not merely as "matter" but as Reason. It was not they who were "practicing" Marxism. It was Marx who was universalizing *their praxis*.'

poiesis scripts a claim to make inside the turn to strategize dictate for

'Every State is a dictatorship.'

our generals tend their spectres
we are good
to them
unclean
inside our stratum

in our class we scribbled notes to one another talked and counterpoised our stanzas

and we doctored
that's our art

**Picasso in Saffle 1982:10**

'Art is a lie that makes us realize the truth.'

**Galaano 1992:70**

'What is truth? Truth is a lie told by Fernando Silva.
'Fernando tells stories not only with words but with his whole body. He can turn himself into someone else or into a flying critter or anything at all, and he does it in such a way that afterwards one hears, let us say, a mockingbird singing in a tree, and thinks:

"That bird is imitating Fernando imitating a mockingbird."

'He tells stories of the beautiful little people: newly created people still smelling of clay; and also of outrageous characters he has known....

'In addition, Fernando works as a doctor. He prefers herbs to pills, and cures ulcers with cardosanto and pigeons' eggs; but prefers his own hands to herbs. For he cures by the laying on of hands – and by telling stories, which is another way of laying on hands.'

in these eggs these herbs these doctors in these hands these little people in this clay this bird this totem this taboo this house this ink this shadow tired eyes this grin this labour power ream of paper bundle bale this fragment infrastructure room to breathe this 'time for...full development' this faction this 'eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and hatch-as-hatch-can' disappointments at the time

our epic is immense and mined with points that are constructed as competing versions of our story in its absolute entirety the node that stands for everything is like a cubby house replete with timber furnishings aloft from what is happening you see things differently from there you need a secret knock for access making this the world that lies beneath you are beneath contempt how many can you squeeze into your tree you're out of it you're mad you think you've really got it made it's just a poem not the concentrated story not the nothing but the truth not lie alone for nothing when you think about it comes into our crowd aloud alone

Marx and Engels 1969-200

'If in all ideology [wo/]men and their circumstances appear upside down, as in a camera obscura, this phenomenon arises just as much from their historical life process as the inversion of objects on the retina does from their physical life process.'

Foucault 1991:36

'...an experience is neither true nor false: it is always a fiction, something constructed, which exists only after it has been made, not before; it isn't something that is "true", but it has been a reality.'

our doctors here are kindly but empirical
the structure of

Once upon a time when people were allowed to write the things that kicked their minds and sped their hands (*I am whispering these things to you my Boofoo*) there was a man who made a speech. He made it quietly of course and set it down on page and page to let it seep. But he was haunted by the fact that what he said there had no structure. Now everybody knows that everything and everybody must be structured. Everything belongs somewhere or else it has no home and it must sleep at the cemetery or in the park or in the tunnel or the basketball court. Well, this man's speech had no home, no firm division or development. The man had a place to sleep but the man could not allow himself to sleep until he had built a home for his speech. One morning he allowed himself to drift towards the thought of making up a house of cards. Yes, he took the name of every part of speech, or poem, and he wrote it on a card. These cards were made from cigarette packs. He no longer smoked, mind you, but he could not give up his speaking. So he wrote their names and shuffled up the cards and then he sat cross-legged on the floor, like I am now. He closed his eyes and summoned up the people; told them: help me deal a hand that gives not structure but some rhythm to this writing up. And then he dealt in columns, laid the cards out and then read his speech in that disorder. He came up with something workable, you know, something funny and at home with birds and sounds beneath his window from the highway. (*I'll stop there, my little one. My voice has sleepeed you. Sleep.*)
pocket

What do you do?

I'm a poet.

I'm a drummer and a trucky.

I'm a singer/drummer/forklift driver.

I'm a maker of a film.

I make a living.

I'm a thief.

I'm not a liar.

I am in deep water.

Fact remains:

I'm still on fire.

"In the labour process... [wo/]man's activity, with the help of the instruments of labour, brings about changes in the subject matter of labour, changes intentionally effected. The process disappears in the product.... That which in the labourer appeared as movement, now appears in the product in a resting phase, as "being" instead of "becoming". The worker has spun and the product is [her/]his web."

I wanted being. Now I am becoming.

can I write throughout the surge of this if it is finished gone to where it was mislaid?

The poet makes a fitting poet.

I'm a turner.

Not a fitter.
Tried to fit.

But didn't.

You?

A finished thing? A commodity 'brought into a social relation... with the world of commodities....[as] a citizen of that world?'

You're not going to sit inside the pocket of the owner of you, are you?

No matter whether capital is in its underdeveloped or in its developed form — its nature is one and the same. Shortly before the outbreak of the American Civil War, the slave owners were able to impose upon the territory of New Mexico a legal code in which it was declared that the worker, inasmuch as the capitalist has bought [her/]his labour power, "is his money" — i.e. the capitalist's money. A similar view was current among the patricians of ancient Rome. The money which they had advanced to plebian debtors had, through the instrumentality of the means of subsistence, been transformed into debtors' flesh and blood. This "flesh and blood" was, therefore, "their money".

money have it
be it
yesterday I had a drink
with one who
all because his pocket couldn't hold it
lost a lot of it

be quiet poet make
no sound except the jangle in my pocket
of your coy coin self
with me impressed as head on you
I am your president

'IN DARK TIMES

.... when the great powers joined forces against the workers.
... they won't say: the times were dark
Rather: why were their poets silent?"
in dark times the poets did eschew the paving stones they did foreswear
the politics of safety for pedestrians and people in the prams they made
themselves as somehow over and above transcending economics health
our mental histories our souls are elementally material like cardboard
plaster gypsum creosote vermiculite sweet parliament dear stock exchange

A CHILDREN’S PRIMER:

see the commonwealth employment service

see the government committed to creation of more jobs

close down
commonwealth employment service
close down!

close down
university
close down!

close down
skillshare
close down!

close down
dignity
close down!

close down
light
close down!

dark times
these
dark
with poems made to justify
the closures
dark with popular denial of the taking over of the poetry the factory the
planning and the polity

‘Everything is political, even philosophy or philosophies... and the only
"philosophy" is history in action, that is, life itself.’

the human makes and is becoming human making history political a poet
in the house
the house is hot and stolen who will posture on the face of it and with it have no truck?

who think that they can live in thought? who ever sheltered in a catalogue a manifesto mission statement blueprint bible writ agreement trope escutcheon essay missal leaflet flyer lyric quote referral rustic cottage uncontaminated by contumely affluent without the effluent?

who is not circumstantial? in no history? no crisis?

[Wo/]men make their own history, but they do not make it just as they please; they do not make it under circumstances chosen by themselves, but under circumstances directly encountered, given, and transmitted from the past. The tradition of all the dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living. And just when they seem engaged in revolutionising themselves and things, in creating something that has never yet existed, precisely in such periods of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service and borrow from them names, battle-cries and costumes in order to present the new scene of world history in this time-honoured disguise and this borrowed language.'

history is being made unmade contested

in whose poet?

every epoch needs its poets they are what you hide your process in

you give your poet license to debilitate the speech you make the poet figure of your illegalities you make the teaching poet yours

my poet sings at executions sings and has a face that's painted up like a buffoon

The fool is powerfully spoken and is flogged from time to time.

The poet said? The poet made? What pocket says and makes the poet? Whose pocket is the poet nestled in the lining of? What business whisked away?
To where? To read between the veins? My patience wanes. My sticks are charred. Our dreams and movements move away from me.

'The woman sat down and drew from her bag the charred pieces of stick she had taken from the dead fires, and placed the paperbark flat upon the ground. She drew the sticks across the paperbark, and saw that they made marks on its surface.'

'Five years ago, at potato time, the middle of July, Massa Smith bid me breed. Frank, the brick-yard hand, fucked me first. He wore an iron collar with one link of chain. After him was Ben, the waiting boy, then Ned. Massa, he said, "Frank, try again."

'When nothing came of that, Massa yelled, "You barren bitch!" and punched me in the mouth. Knocked out my front teeth. I was cried off to Massa Sloat for three hundred dollars in Lewisburg the following month.'

'A revolutionary poem will not tell you who or when to kill, what and when to burn, or even how to theorize. It reminds you (for you have known, somehow, all along, maybe lost track) where and when and how you are living and might live – it is a wick of desire.'
**terra nullius ex nihilo**

land belonging to no one come from nothing

in the state just past the leering border

here is a woman who is ocean-strung and not content to read but needs the wet

she does not fetishize the text she does not tighten up the strings she weaves she venerates the labour

waves adore her

work is magical and murky dialectical

of use

'To learn the act of writing...

I am wounded from the river of my spleen my cuts are weeping I remember when at age thirteen I take the piece of paper say I have some things to say to make my voices I would knot my semes in woven papers smoke them at the last I never tried to be sublime I lie I tried to be but never wanted any less than loosen up the elements I am in stream of them like piss

pancontinental portable and not in need of educating

dam the fall and excavate the nations

are we splintered? are we centrifugal?

commentators worth their mounds of sundries say we're both
there is a fault in places built and bunted on the site of spilt and unrecorded blood they cry their menacing

there is
no place like time
to make a home
'Capital is dead labour, and, like a vampire, can only keep itself alive by sucking the blood of living labour. The more blood it sucks, the more vigorously does it live.'

last night you were sick your side was paining you I said we should go and see a doctor you said at the medical centre? they're all shit doctors there the last time we were there one night we cuddled on one of their sofas in the midst of glitz until we saw a doctor who was curt and kept looking at her watch and made a misdiagnosis

Who is the medical centre there for? The people or the dead? The sign there says: 'We care. We never close.'

the centre that cares for us and stays awake at night for us and makes the jobs for us and makes the choices for us

picks for us
the structures
that look best on us these centres in our territories
feast on us

are vampires they suck blood from us
a poet's life

Where do poets live?
Among the dead.

'HUNTER: Dad?
TRAVIS: Yeah?
HUNTER: Where did you go all that time?
TRAVIS: Mexico.
HUNTER: How come?
TRAVIS: I didn't know where else to go.'

when I chose to be a poet I was eating it's essential for the dead to eat and
listen to the voices that keep separate the missile and the tear I was
appointed with the needles and the voyage into eloquence I questioned if
my learning and performing was political

like listening
like fear
like points of view
like stress and strata

nature strips of Gaza

Blacktowns

outside and intimate like death

and in my dream my brother was in white

to cry your eyes out
this befalls the dweller of the demarcated tent

now concentrate!

decamp enucleate
(for some of us there was no building made of solids we were camped here we can’t deconstruct our houses we decamp we cut the nucleus adrift like gazes and electorates and envoys from our fated fetes and festschriften)

'Marx and Engels 1975:86

'... the philosopher appears on the scene post festum.'"

'Locas 1991:39-90

'The duende does not come at all unless he sees that death is possible. The duende must know beforehand that he can serenade death's house and rock those branches we all wear, branches that do not have, will never have, any consolation.'

'Ryan 1996:26

'He's artistic, uninvolved, weeping for the source's loss. His big American heart throbs and gets paid.'

My hands are dipped and tainted, tarred and feathered, egged and floured with an empire nearly dead.

'Hunmed 1985:322

'While we're making the list of betes noires, I must state my hatred of pedantry and jargon. Sometimes I weep with laughter when I read certain articles in the Cahiers du Cinema, for example. As the honorary president of the Centro de Capacitacion Cinematografica in Mexico City, I once went to visit the school and was introduced to several professors, including a young man in a suit and tie who blushed a good deal. When I asked him what he taught, he replied, "The Semiology of the Clonic Image." I could have murdered him on the spot. By the way, when this kind of jargon (a typically Parisian phenomenon) works its way into the educational system, it wreaks absolute havoc in underdeveloped countries. It's the clearest sign, in my opinion, of cultural colonialism.'

I dreamed my cousin had ER tattooed across his forehead. He was young. She (E) is not and does not really R, but with this ink she was, at least within the dream, the monarch of his head.

Like wisdom or like teeth? Both get to be a trifle too well-moving and mauved around the hem of here. Like phlegm there is a way of laughing at the two of them and walking through, around, on top.

'Skarneta 1989:11

'... you think you can think just standing there? If you want to be a poet, you have to be able to think while you walk....'
'A dangerous going-across, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous shuddering and staying-still.'

And then?

'... in the dawn, armed with an ardent patience, we shall enter magnificent cities.'

It's the entry-points that tantalize us. Like their mask, the 'poetic soul of the universe'.

The job of poets:
choose the surface
chalk it up with trouble
trickling
into
how
to speak

we are producers of our voices

'I was a poet animated by philosophy, not a philosopher with poetic faculties....

'Poetry is in everything – in land and in sea, in lake and in riverside. It is in the city too – deny it not – it is evident to me here as I sit: there is poetry in this table, in this paper, in this inkstand; there is poetry in the rattling of cars on the streets....

'... There is for me... a wealth of meaning in a thing so ridiculous as a door key, a nail on the wall, a cat's whiskers. There is to me a fullness of spiritual suggestion in a fowl with its chickens strutting across the road. There is to me a meaning deeper than human fears in the smell of sandalwood, in the old tins in the dirt heap, in a matchbox lying in the gutter, in two dirty papers which, on a windy day, will roll and chase each other down the street. For poetry is astonishment, admiration, as of a being fallen from the skies taking full consciousness of [her/]his fall, astonished about things.'

'... rejoicing in every sunny day and every beautiful cloud.'
breaking

dangerous sea

'With idea, sound, or gesture, the duende enjoys fighting the creator on the very rim of the well. Angel and muse escape with violin and compass; the duende wounds. In the healing of that wound, which never closes, lies the invented, strange qualities of a [hu]man's work.

'The magical property of a poem is to remain possessed by duende that can baptize in dark water all who look at it, for with duende it is easier to love and understand, and one can be sure of being loved and understood. In poetry this struggle for expression and the communication of expression is sometimes fatal.'

cata
strophic colony
the strata struggle
why
before the moon and in the season
are your fingertips
so cold?

'...and in the streets the blood of children flowed simply, like blood from children....

Come and see the blood in the streets,
come and see
the blood in the streets,
come and see the blood
in the streets!'

the city built 'on the slopes of Vesuvius!'

and talk
the finding of a voice the making sound the fascination with the fasces the philosophies
the city built on these that feed the general

'There has been a lot of talk in other countries about a Granada writer; there's been a lot of talk because the reds have waved his name like a propagandistic decoy.'

28
His name is Lorca.

Lorca Lorca Lorca Lorca Lorca Lorca Lorca

on the wave no look the other way

The truth is that in the early moments of the revolution in Granada, this writer died while mixed up with the agitators. Those are natural accidents of war.'

[Lorca] belonged to the people like a guitar does.... Those who wanted to strike at the heart of his people have chosen well in shooting him.'
a pirate's life

there was this man who spent his time and poems in the quest for stolen
god he felt that somewhere there must be a sunken chest full

went for broke he travelled round he gave a lift to subtle stories looked for
soul

found piracy found seas between the strata found that poetry was nascent

sunk his fingers in the terror
tensed too much and snatched at stitches suturing the living to the poet

sought the valid pyromancy

looked into the figures in the fire thought they'll tell us who we are
a movement

The school is adjacent to the shopping centre. Opposite the school is the hospital.

A path connects the shopping centre to the school.

Three poets walk past on their way to school. The poet in the middle says: 'Alright. It's called All We Are: All we are is...'

Comfortably they walk along the path. The sounding of the second siren does not faze them.

The poet on the left as she faces the school is listening. The poet on the right is holding up her hand to shield her eyes.

The middle poet holds a sheet of paper she has written on. She rests it on her folder while the poets with her move with other knowledges.

She, they, are naming all we are.
against our

tutelary thieves
'The sea comes in and puts our lives together and attacks alone and spreads itself and sings' 

the poets steal the steel
they make a living from
their hearts' tutorials

the sea turns over

'Movement never lies.'

Huxley 1944, 202

'The life of the word is contained in its transfer from one mouth to another...'

ocean

oceanic tongue

'Neruda 1955.15

'A single caress, death or a rose.
The sea comes in and puts our lives together
and attacks alone and spreads itself and sings
in nights and days and [wo/]men and living creatures.
Its essence – fire and cold; movement, movement.'

Marx 1969.283

This exploration of poiesis in the overturning of the state of things is
interested in 'human sensuous activity, practice' by a self-activated subject
rather than as an 'object... of contemplation.' The practice of poiesis is part of
a world that 'is not to be comprehended as a complex of ready-made things,
but as a complex of processes...'

Fingel 1969.267

How
can the tongue know
ocean?

How
can it be loosed
to move like sea?
There is a double rhythm in destroying the old and creating the new which bears the unmistakable stamp of the self-activity which is the truly working class way of knowing.'

My mistake.

Who knows what's broken? Take the coffee pot for instance or the drive that has these poems in it.

Everything is different to the centre here: the language and the infrastructure.

I'm a factory second set for sale. I go for broke.

In Liverpool and Fairfield there is 13.9% unemployment compared with 3.7% in the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney.

The zone, the belt (zona), is tightened in the jobless suburbs. The heavenly forces tell their self-made stories to the supple here on channels that we pay for. Here the gone get going with the tough. We're not all gone though. Some of us have only just arrived.

How come when the belt needs tightening in the interests of the nation the zone that does not speak is what is tightened? Why?

come in
we're working
on the house
we're managing
it's tough though

like the outer
skin

the trouble with the making of a skein is
how you make and what is done with it can hold you
not like Khan's pide (Fairfield Heights, The Boulevarde) where Harry reckons one Sucuklu in the morning and a strong glass of tea will hold you right throughout the day

no
not like that
not hold you in the sense of nourish you and strengthen you but hold you in the sense of tie you chain you slow you move you place you hold you down you up you off the writing is the making of a skein who writes around us? on us? who with corporate approval writes us off?

it's war here

'We proudly served in Vietnam.'

The bumper sticker says this.

'We...'

it's war here yes

where isn't it?

in time where class keeps writing with a bit of bone a bit of blood a bit of charcoal blue books look into the factory inspect

the skete is closed the skene is pitched the word caught up the act of making poetry becomes
a born into the world again
in movement of blue terror red naive

'the nascent word can carry blood to the listener's lips and sky to... [the] brow.'

the listener in this process isn't ever just a listener but
a poet a destroyer and creator so
both listener and speaker both
will listen and will speak
and will destroy and make and know and play
engage in being born
not seeking 'to remain something [they have] become, but... in the absolute movement of becoming.'

should the poet know by touch the matter and the dodgy means of organizing worlds and words at work
then spade is named as spade and
shit as
shit all holy

in our myths
'Our poets never flinched from cleaning out a john.'

the double rhythm of destruction and creation is a work with waste and with the lies that hang around outside the door not knowing but surveying slicing tightening and tensing up the life

these lies have killed you know

I wonder can poiesis be the making of an armature the making of a song with which one joyfully throws one's 'whole life "on the scales of destiny"...while rejoicing in every sunny day and every beautiful cloud'?

'The true poetic aura, the only one remaining and possible [is] imagination without lie...'

The true is mourned and celebrated in a purple movement.
'...the poetically precise dream does not die because of truth, for truth is not
the portrayal of facts, but of processes. Truth is ultimately the demonstration
of tendency and latency of what has not yet developed and needs its agent.'

what
becomes
of agents
who
rejoice in sky
drip
blood?
they bloodied bloodred Rosa

Rosa threw with joy her life to life.

They took
her life.

They threw her
in the cold Landwehr Canal.

Rosa Luxemburg, who from prison wrote to her friend of the need to stay human, died at the hands of some who sought to rescue order in Berlin. This was on the 15th of January, 1919. She was shot, along with Karl Liebknecht, and then her body was disposed of in Landwehr Canal. She was a revolutionary and they called her Bloody Rosa and they bloodied her.

Her former lover, Leo Jogiches, telegrammed Lenin on the 17th of January.

Here are his words:

'Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht
have carried out their ultimate revolutionary duty.'

As if her death were written or engraved.
tom-tom

Last night Thomas Thomas rang. He tells Jacqui: 'Tell John it's the blind doctor.' I met him at a meeting of Poetry Alive at the old court house in Liverpool. He's from the south of India. He started writing stories because he needed the money as a student in Bombay. He had just spent the last of his money on a bar of soap and church. He threw himself onto his bed and cried, and then he wrote. He worked for some time as Professor of Thoracic surgery at the University of Tripoli in Lybia.

He rings me up to tell me that he wishes to send me a poem he wrote about his going blind.

He was arrested in the fight for independence from the Empire.

Yevtroshenko 1965:186
'To a Russian the word "poet" has the resonance of the word "fighter".'

McGirk 1995:22
'TADA [Terrorist and Disruptive Activities (Prevention) Act] has... been wielded against such unlikely State enemies as poets and trade union leaders, opposition politicians and tribal hunters. Even peasants protesting against the Government's plans to forcibly relocate 250,000 tribespeople to make way for the massive Narmada dam project fell foul of TADA.'

Allen 1995:24
'I understand that art is an emergency.'

What chance the resonance?

Why is it said that if you're black, in Brooklyn or Burundi, you have wiped each other out?

And why in India when TADA holds and tortures you and cherishes the thought of you, why do they put chili in your anus and not take the time to ask you if you would prefer mild, medium or hot?

Why does the owner of the housing here grow fat on us, so bald on us, so sweaty at the armpits on us?

Why is it cool to be tattooed?
Is poetry arresting?

up against the wall against the law against the raw cook up the contradiction
hey dictate come proletell the story:
Vladimir gone Estragon 'with broken knees and withered arms'
these words from lawyer loving underdoggies
in the ALP and critical
I say across the table graced with wine and gluten:
'Doubt all things.'
Tuscano does quite frankly

'My final prayer:
O my body, make of me always a [wo/]man who questions!'
soma

I liked that doctor.

I did too.

She listened.

She explained things.

And she looked you in the eyes.

She did not play with us. She did not take delight in speaking with the abstract on the tongue.

The abstract on the tongue is heavy and the people are conditioned here to carry it and believe that we can climb it like a ladder.

There is so much overcrowding. We are many of us standing on or hanging on for life the lowest rung.

We build the ladder, hold it up. We feel we're made for clinging to it: dreaming of a life and of a locus. How we sleep. We lie upon the sand but do not carry nor are carried by the sea.

The doctor could have made us feel like nothing on the lowest of the rungs. But she did not. She did not take our tongues from us. She took the time to give us information so that we could take control.
strope

The chorus turned from right to left and chanted.

what came first the verses or the turn?

poor poet well established in the mind s/he lost the pot and has no fire or receptacle to cook with has no living in the bones or in the skill s/he is no chorus makes no place can do no dance

'The inklings of poets are the forgotten adventures of God.'

s/he is eminently marketable, turning in. Behold the revolutionary change.

'The bourgeoisie demands a poetry that is more and more isolated from reality. The poet who knows how to call a spade a spade is dangerous to a capitalism on its last legs. It is more convenient for the poet to believe him[her]self "a small god", as Vicente Huidibro said. This belief, this stand, does not upset the ruling classes.'

"It is not the gods who make pots"

or poets

in the house called crumble in the castle in the turning to the turning from the over

what has not been in the wings impending?

what catastrophe?

'Vladimir: You should have been a poet.
Estragon: I was. (Gesture towards his rags.) Isn't that obvious?"
even rags are useful
coloured
campaigns
laughing after
all the panic

"I thought all the fairies were dead," Mrs Darling said.

"There are always a lot of young ones," explained Wendy, who was now quite an authority, "because you see when a new baby laughs for the first time a new fairy is born, and as there are always new babies there are always new fairies."

fantasy and history with earth and tops of trees and chimney stacks and play equipment vandalized and flats and trains

here even stations move

and every myth enunciating openings into enchantment devastates the end

a deposition from the magic to the real in which it's made to turn from side to side in

'I have always maintained that the writer's task has nothing to do with mystery or magic, and that the poet's, at least, must be a personal effort for the benefit of all. The closest thing to poetry is a loaf of bread or a ceramic dish or a piece of wood lovingly carved, even if by clumsy hands.'
cult

*Well Noah how do you feel about the ark?*

'Indeed, I have always had a passion for ferries; to me they afford inimitable, streaming, never-failing, living poems.'

*Noah I understand that after the flood you sacrificed some burning flesh. How do you feel about sacrifice, the making of the sacred?*

'There will soon be no more priests. Their work is done. A new order will arise, and...[t]hey shall find their inspiration in real objects to-day, symptoms of the past and future.'

*Noah how about that flood?*

And how about the human and the sea? The flood is not our interlocutor but process sensed afresh. The direct trial of [her/] him who would be the greatest poet is to-day. If [s]he does not flood [her/] himself with the immediate age as with vast oceanic tides... let [her/] him merge in the general run, and wait [her/] his development.'

*Should a human wait to be developed?*

Yes, if they be film not flesh.

*Noah thankyou for the interview.*

'Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity, When I give I give myself.'

*I thought that you were done with sacrifice.*

'Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself, (I am large, I contain multitudes.)'

*Noah listen*

listening to you

*I would take my tongue and make my song at large and face the world and speak my find.*

'I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable, I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.'
'He had inherited the skill [of improvisation] from his Armenian grandfather: a man who, having in his youth witnessed an atrocity and developed a stammer, cured it by roaming the remote regions of Armenia, telling stories in isolated villages. He had perished, alongside the poets Varoujan and Siamanto, in the genocide of 1915.'

Here is a man who dared to speak to cure his speech.

He hit the road.

His speech was ark.

Poiesis in the genocidal deluge.
blood packed poems

'Policy must not be formulated in such a way that the masses are always confronted with *faits accomplis.*'

These poems aren't. These poems are
the lucky poems. Not half as lucky as the ones you make yourself though.
Those
are packed and blacked with blood.

How sing when anything could happen? You could get a parking ticket or your head could explode, your tears could dry, your drink run out, the interest rates go up, you could forget how to read or one might corner you and call you, find you useful or, much worse, someone might find you.

It's possible, you could be found.

The woman in the hospital was wheeled into a storeroom on her bed. A doctor and some students stood around her. Doctor X took blood from her and then he threw it out. She did object. He told her to shut up.

He kept taking blood from you, the doctor, and his students followed suit and kept exsanguinating you. You were a mess and then they blamed you for the ballsup, told you: look at how you think and how you're housed; you must've asked for it.

The people who were taken into slavery and sold, they were asking for it.
Look at how they dressed.

Don't worry, you've been paid for. Do not worry, I have brought a gift for you. Don't worry I'll provide the food for you, the uniform for you, the thoughts for you, the taste for you, the house for you, the car for you, the cost of the soul for you, the safety for you, raft for you, the future for you, stories for you, myths and rituals for you, the body for you, health for you (I drink your health), the poetry for you, the wood and would for you, the plastic and the chrome and chronic and cthonian for you, the evil eye for you, the why for you, the Kurdistan and distancing for you, your history for you. You cost me dearly. I make jobs for you.

'The admiral who commands all U.S. forces in the Pacific... [suggested]
that the recent rape in Okinawa of a 12-year old girl could have been avoided if the three U.S. servicemen accused in the incident had paid for sex instead. Speaking of the Okinawa rape, [Admiral Richard C.] Macke said, "I think it was absolutely stupid," and added: "I've said several times, for the price they [the servicemen] paid to rent the car, they could have had the girl."
Bambi

'Film criticism no longer has any meaning; it is reality that we have to analyse in a cinematic way.'

I met Carmel Attard when I worked in Macquarie Fields. She made the kind of sculptures that cinematized and concretized my thinking. She told me this: 'The nuns told me all I would be good for was sweeping turds from stock trains.'

Analysis is loosening the elements, a breaking-up of that which has been bound. I think that.

Carmel told the people in the group that 'they dismantle you. They take you apart and tell you you're a piece of shit.'

'The concrete is concrete, because it is the concentration of many determinations, hence unity of the diverse. It appears in the process of thinking, therefore, as a process of concentration, as a result, not as a point of departure, even though it is the point of departure in reality...'

in the beginning was departure from the concentrated form

In the 'Fields of Fury', as a journalist once called the place, Carmel Attard told me: 'The first book I ever saw was a torn-up Bambi book lying on the top of a rubbish pile at the tip.'

the end of Capital is here
inside our colony

'Here, however, we are not concerned with colonial conditions. The only thing that interests us is that the political economy of the old world has discovered in the new world, and has then proclaimed on the housetops, a great secret: that the capitalist method of production, in short, capitalist private property, demands as its fundamental condition the annihilation of self-earned private property; in other words, the expropriation of the worker.'
not to mention hunters and collectors theoreticizing singing lines along the land

specifically being their own generals

'When the flesh of poetry is anesthetized, it is impossible to build poems.'

'There is no such thing as Marxist theory that does not link the specific stage of workers' revolt to the specific stage of capitalist development. The 1905 Revolution gave birth to an unheard-of new form of workers' organization called the Soviet (Council). If such a new phenomenon was not even put on the agenda it could mean only one thing – the theoreticians were not receiving the impulses from the deepest layers of the revolutionary proletariat. The whole concept of theory as Marx lived it flowed from the proletariat as its source. The concrete struggles of the workers of his day produced the break in Marx's concept of theory... [T]he actions of the workers created the conditions for Marx to work out theory....

'The very first Soviet in Russia seems to have arisen in May during a general strike in Ivanovo-Voznesensk, the great textile centre two hundred miles south of Moscow. It was made up of workers' delegates from factories and similar informal groups, drawn from all types of industry. None of the socialist underground groups paid any attention to it.'

the soviets were not in any programme not in anybody's concentrated head no captain idealized or wrote the prescient policy

'Now the big break was to be with his /Lenin's/ own past. The contradictions had been in himself. The workers had broken out of all old shackles and were creating a truly new way of life for millions. He must now break with all that stood in the way of this elemental surge for freedom, for peace, for bread, for land.'

put your heads
together
join
your hands
and build
the ceilingless unbastion
with every grain
of elemental sand
break chains
pull down
the scaffolding we made to hold the present building up
the writings that described and circled us will crumble loosely

me? I know re-ligio the tying to
I will not follow now
my living in
the sudden mist
has moved me on
but what you write is real

Hello my name is weaponry not sword nor pen but poetry. Hello my name is soldier of the feet. Hello I'm writing. I am scratching my initials on the page. They are beginnings of the speech I free today. I choose to move into the struggle. Not to stand and cop it sweet.

There that is a poem. It did not take long to write. I had to make the thing from scratch so I could say it.

'Now I am more careful about what I write, because I have found out that although something is not true today, it may be true tomorrow.'

When you make some poetry you break the ruler, ruin all the writings of the rest and yet you rest by theft of time and what is made before and to the left and to the right of you. You steal what you are standing in. You cheat the cosmos of its chronos, get the history of making off your chest.

On Hoxton Park Road I pass a telegraph pole with DOG written on it in blue paint laid thickly. This means DOG was there and wrote his or her initials on the pole. I do not know if I have met DOG. I have not etched my totem on a pole like DOG has. Is poetry a writing out of revolutions in their permanence?

The written word is solid and endures?

No, nothing stays but change. Our story, written here and there in snatches, bits and pieces is an epic of these movements. Is a poet then a totem of an else?

Hello, my name is Else or Ilse or Elsa, Elsie. I'm not totem nor taboo. I'm neither secret power of your spirit nor proscription.

'How was it that suddenly so many informers, collaborators, torturers, and assassins sprang up? Perhaps they were always there and we simply failed to see them.'
And here? Are they here too? As angels in our loungerooms and our laundries or the slayers of our multiple democracies and schisms?

(Look, a willy wagtail told me she was carrying the seeds of what we dared to dream into and put into our socialisms.)
trag-oidia (the goat song)

How many pins can you stick in the head of an angel?

And will this make the angel dance?

Dancing is indelibly political and inching from the seizure to the stun. No angels and no muses have command of it. 'The human being is in the most literal sense a zoon politikon, not merely a gregarious animal, but an animal which can individuate itself only in the midst of society.'

The angels and the muses need no houses. Angels need no sleep and muses have no need for Liverpools to live inside.

no hospital no jobs no transportation air no vegetables no blessings from the army of the unemployed and labouring at rest no music plenty sea some muscling in no messages to leave on the machine

we are our finest product

and we need to speak across the lines

but was it loutish angels bashed the phone booth up the one that did no speaking for itself?

Duende! Shall I fight? For what? The house? The scar? The goat? How sing?

Our housing comes from us like speech but is more crucial. We all have our crust to buy if we would live there.

As for here the walls are not that thick. We hear each other's laughter, likes, dislikes and love. Sometimes the sound is menacing. Last night the sound of fight became a human speaking slur and drunk of reek. He grabbed the concrete, went to slam it down. I grabbed it too.
My hands are silenced by the walls and comforts of the chair. It is not concrete set in place but songs of goats abandoned in the valley of the honey that will will the luck and fate and innocence and fury. They return, the goats. They are in camera.

The chair is waiting for you: professorial, electric.
cute

Did Cain learn from the human blood he shed? He dashed the stone against his brother Abel, made his brother dead.

'I want, finally,
when I am at the celebrated edge of violence
or my heart full of chest, I would like
to help whoever smiles laugh,
to put a little bird right on the evil man's nape,
to take care of the sick annoying them,
to buy from the vendor,
to help the killer kill – a terrible thing –
and I would like to be kind to myself
in everything.'

Cain learn? Not bloody likely.

Cain turned up without a language or a country in Terlingua. Then the doctor said of him: 'Well, down here, a man gets himself into a fix sometimes, and it costs a little to get him out... You understand what I mean.'

Poiesis, Textus
Duende is duen de casa, lord of the house.  
Whose house?  
Exactly.

'All over Andalusia, from the rock of Jaen to the whorled shell of Cadiz, the people speak constantly of the "duende", and identify it accurately and instinctively whenever it appears. The marvelous singer El Lebrijano, creator of the debla, used to say, "On days when I sing with duende, no one can touch me.".... Manuel Torre, who had more culture in the blood than any man I have ever known, pronounced this splendid sentence on hearing Falla play his own Nocturno del Generalife: "All that has black sounds has duende."

On the way into Liverpool this afternoon I noticed that the pole that has 'White Power fucks there mums' now also has a poster on it saying 'FROWN D-JOINT Saturday Nov 25'. Shortly before coming to this spot and frowning I wrote these.

On my way into LIVERpool right now, I mean right now because it's right now I am writing this while standing on the island in the middle of Hume Highway, a woman driving past leans out the window, yells to me: 'Hi Harry.' She is gone when I reply 'But I'm not Harry' and she does not even hear me.

The hardest thing about writing is when you don't.

Black sounds like time and handfuls. Black.
poets in the thick of the description
love songs to capital

and capital, believe me I have heard it, sings right back. The head of here, the capital, the captain, loves the love.

The living here was stolen. Who is blamed for this: too lazy too unskilled too boozzy dumb too slow too scared too inappropriate too honest too uncouth too tired too sick too injured too well qualified uneducated fitting in too easily intransigent intractable too weighed down by the past too dreamy too obscure a little promising too inexperienced too old too young too black too female too unfeminine too smart too angry too uncool too nice too angry too ambitious intellectual too loud too quiet untrustworthy unambitious too disloyal too edgy can't sit still can't read can't wash confused confusing proud too rich too poor two leg two arm two face two finger bit too much the feeler and the thinker.

How was I suppose to know that poems were political, that stealing what was stolen is a crime and I am hot in it; my back is aching now I wrote a letter to the health care people help me, I am running into time. You signed a question, left your mark.

'An artist who goes to Port-Cros in order to paint. And everything is so beautiful that he buys a house, puts his paintings away, and never touches them again.'

To write is choosing on this night of thunder not to sleep, to fight off forgery, to cut into the surface mail.

Australia Post

colonial

that's where you get the declarations from that's where the poems applications letters of complaint go all the way from art to finish entry forming day to day
'The work one does is another way of keeping a diary.'

In the diary there I met the pressed for time and offered them a circus they could get their teeth into. Then all the colours ran for judge and were collectively appointed lexicon and did tattoo a little likeness of the working on the back

"If you know exactly what you are going to do" says Picasso, "what's the good of doing it? There's no interest in something you know already. It's much better to do something else."

I'll be john with you. I will be straight with you in speaking down the line. I didn't start these in Australia.

I didn't know it at the time. I started writing poems in my head. I thought I lived alone there, loved the solitude, the reason and the madness. I made sure I felt at home there.

floated
like an intellect
above

I wanted to transcend instead of sending.

I'll be john with you. I sent.

I sent the message: I am out of reach. I am above the gravid historicities.

I sold my labour and my soul. I wanted purpose and connection.

I am in the country called Australia by some in writ and whitennings. I do not, have not, will not, float above the place we're housed in or have travelled to.

'The whole of idealist philosophy can easily be connected with this position assumed by the social complex of intellectuals and can be defined as the expression of that social utopia by which the intellectuals think of themselves as "independent", autonomous, endowed with a character of their own, etc.'
I learned to read and write and think and analyse and make and joke and jeopardise in class. I learn here. When I thought I had withdrawn from class and context I eschewed the need to know and to relate.

the tale is Malta England and Australia an empire in between two satellites of love and legal tender

transport and communication routes the countries are
in some ways
made by them

I will then put these theses to you
dreamily
determined
by the lines of wire
tending to undo

I undeclare my love for walls that separate the mind. Mind you I may well muralize the mura, cut my teeth on it, concern my hands and stories with its density, its ideology, homology, its semiology, its poets.

Foucault 1991:150-160

'...I concern myself with determining problems, unleashing them, revealing them within the framework of such complexity as to shut the mouths of prophets and legislators: all those who speak for others and above others... it is necessary to do away with spokespersons.'

I concern myself with elements en masse and on the move

and free associations

Macquarie 1987:1571

in the column next to sidle I found sidero a word element – 'meaning "iron", "steel", as in siderolite.... a meteorite of roughly equal proportions of metallic iron and stony matter.' and sidereal 'determined by the stars.' Be careful friend for universal and particular steel, star, meteor or monolith may see you go to work and follow you and back you.

Neruda 1991:37

'Sidereal eagle, vineyard of mist.
Lost bastion, blind scimitar.
Spangled waistband, solemn bread.
Torrential stairway, immense eyelid.
Triangular tunic, stone pollen.
Granite lamp, stone bread.
Mineral serpent, stone rose.'

In _Working Woman_, 15 February 1931 a worker named Betty is quoted as saying: 'We working women...want the bread of life, but as well as that we want the roses and the silk stockings of life.' Audrey Johnson takes these loaves and roses, making them the title of her writing.

'I was a writer and wanted to keep my hand moving.'

So I stepped into the traffic, held my hand up, stopped a stream of it and waved the other pulsion of it through. I loved the power there. I sang my lover's song to capital, my head. You did not know love songs to capital? And capital reciprocates and sings again to love. They sing to one another on the night when lights are down and cars on either side are dreaming of the plate. It is the thief in me that loves and wants to steal the little thief in you. You are my money, poetry, for you are portable and infinitely changeable. With you I can assuage all needs and make them.

I'm alive. I am a relative to death. I pay my visits and death calls into my tune. I caught the drift and draught of it. It did not catch me.

I have lived to know its gnawing at the ropes around my wrists and I have paid to taste its smell.

'First night on the road. I've read that fawns have no scent so that predators cannot track them down. For me, I've heard the past snuffling about somewhere close.'

How many times did it come close?

'Since every commodity, when becoming money, disappears as a commodity, it is impossible to tell from looking at the money how it got into the hands of its owner or what has been transformed into it. "Non olet pecunia", said the Romans; "money has no smell", whatever its origin may have been.'

Who knows where poems come from? Who knows their smell? Who knows how poets stride when they have cut the tasty tale still dripping blood?
'In the house of poetry, nothing is permanent except that which has been written in blood to be heard by blood.'

like troubles intuitions interruptions

'Two men whisper
what is he doing is he nailing our hearts?
yes he is nailing our hearts
well then he is a poet'

Jacqueline, with whom I made my blood afresh and spoke the colour of it, said: 'Nothing's private with a poet.'

Poets nail whatever they can get their heads on. They are thieves in stolen stories, ones that you never know the makers of, like...

Lorca, introducing Pablo Neruda at a lecture-recital at the University of Madrid in 1934, performed this line of reason not that long before he fell before the new and sudden forces of the new and sudden law.

'A poet closer to death than to philosophy, closer to pain than to intellect, closer to blood than to ink.'
the work of wet

Wetwork? That's killing people, isn't it? I learnt that from the films of North America.

It's anything that's messy, anything completely out of whack with all the correlates.

Beyond the papers do you like to suss the stories wet behind the ears?

I love the fairy-tales.

"Yes, we shall see the world revolution, but for the time being it is a very good fairy-tale, a very beautiful fairy-tale – I quite understand children liking beautiful fairy-tales. But I ask, is it proper for a serious revolutionary to believe in fairy-tales?"

it frightened you to say your unimaginable breakings and creatings made you feel like falling off aloud and not because the weather could permit

in seriousness serialness sensuousness there are things we speak of that are not in any programme this we say is our dictatorship our rough and tumble magic with our blood and to our moons and by our means and with the forces of our oceans and our tongues

at Lake Conjola waking up with face abreast of joy

our promissory veins sublet the vacancies the regions where our ghosts are these are not in any programme

Last night I saw on SBS an interview with Marcos, balaclavaed Zapatista. He was speaking of the conversations he and his first comrades had around the fire in the mountains of their Mexico. The people taught him stories of the gods and local ghosts. He said these talks were not a part of what he called the programme.
set
yourself
the woman by the fire
said
in history
which does not pass
a story full
of tasks

a sheet
white
cotton ad
vantageous

revolutionize the world that makes your mind

I'll make
my mind up
for myself
my tales are black with travel

tickets
please

a traveller
made notebooks out
of tickets
for the train
and tiny
poems
started
being made in them

how will she
make them now
that at the gates
the tickets have been captured?

How did they feel when they killed you? This is what the maximiser of the market value said, interrogating and enquiring.
I am sorry to the crumbling dark. I did not make you crumble. You are in no need for any sorry from my carapace or laughing.

And the dark rejects my story, tells me nothing, does not even take me home, refutes my claim that there is any kind of crumbling.

I am dark. My outer-western suburbs humble me. I face and eat my pie. I do not speak for any of the Africas beneath my boiling point. My emblems, spears, surveillances are not the sum of anything. As artifacts they are manipulated and are shown to tell some fragments of our story. I am giving.

In?

No out and I am livid and astute and studious and stupid laughing farts along the freeway with my elongated face and negroid futures and my glasses and my drive towards industriousness moving up the straight in starts and fits.
blood pact poems

Do you have any idea how hard it is in Liverpool to get hold of a paper or a magazine that makes something that appeals and tells the contradictory stories that are elemental in the bodies of the knowing and the not-turned-into-stone? I've tried the papershops and library, but no.

No luck.

In Italy there was a daily paper called *Lotta Continua,* In a second-hand bookshop in Mandurah I found a book called *Dear Comrades: Readers' letters to 'Lotta Continua'* Here is a part of a letter to that paper:

'Poetry for Francesco Lorusso, poetry for Giorgiana (a full notebook from Rome), poetry on the movement, on us, on everything....Shamefully hidden in wardrobes, or at the back of drawers under dusty packages of leaflets, read furtively in the depths of night behind locked doors with tiny groups of fellow conspirators, linked almost by a blood pact, poems have come back to flower in this saddest of springs, one would think the least suitable time for something so subtle and sophisticated, something so detached from reality, from mass struggle, from politics.'

I wish there to be something like this to write to now in Liverpool.

For whom? To write to whom? Ourselves? Our other selves who do not know their moment in our lives? Our tutelary thieves who teach and guard and take the us from us? And who are they?

And who are we when we're at home?

There's nothing stopping us from being writers.

And rioters.
omnivorous

with what you're touching do you know the people in the meeting?

Do you table them?

Barreto et al. 1975:13

'What is of interest is not so much the object of our passion, which is a mere pretext, but passion itself, to which I add that what is of interest is not so much passion itself, which is mere pretext, but its exercise.'

Marx 1930:195

'... labour is able, by its mere contact with the means of production, to raise them from the dead...'

you! who and what are you the worker with? what firm? what corpus? what material? what people in the plaza?

Nemida 1977:264

'I continue to work with the materials I have, the materials I am made of. With feelings, beings, books, events, and battles, I am omnivorous. I would like to swallow the whole earth. I would like to drink the whole sea.'
concrete: con crescere, growing together

'The lunatick, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

we will begin with this investigation into whereabouts

we have appointments with the distant and delicious here

there's more though

'... truth is always concrete.'

cancrete? isn't that the stuff you do the yard in? then you paint it green? no lawn to mow no whipper-skippering just a dousing with the hose

At a meeting held at Fairfield School of Arts supporting Chilean political prisoners the speaker Liliana of the Castle spoke of people who were held beyond the pale. The poems flooded out the floorboards there. The language was prohibitive.

A story: Karl and Freddy in their youth wrote poems.

Any questions from the floor? Yes, you sir. Speak, sir.
youth? what'th the youth?
poems? as opposed to theses?
wrote? by rote?

The paper that Red Rosa wrote her poems in towards the concretizing and
the bleeding (yes Volodia truth is blood on concrete) was entitled Die Rote
Fahne.

The Red Flag.

the stones the poets quarried trucked and cobbled stones they copped the
killings on the chin and beared it on the walls the roads the roofs the floors
the doors the bars all speak and touch and hear and see and smell

poiesis prison many-sided movement on the tracks poiesis making of the
tracks the transport rehabilitating breathing

fetishes commodities ideas that sink their teeth into our flesh and draw our
blood the lies of poets drink with them and look like nothing nature
atmosphere the life and air we live the countless

adumbrate
name
tear the certains down
they close the seeing out

call murder murder
call the mining company
collect

trace note the local habitations and historic homes that nothings settle down
and gather strength (our strength!) in

who built these? who
with paint beneath the tiles and paper
undercoated
names and instruments and arrows
incidents initials?
for
from every house that they
our individual potentates
have claimed
there have been
people
some
now dead
who were
EVICTED

you who are expropriated by an airy nothing baring teeth
unleash the ocean
take the powerful illusions off
reveal and then revile the forms and histories
where acts of being built by human hands are powerfully hidden and denied

for even gods and golden teeth have a geography

a poem can appear to come from heaven made on tablets sliced from stone

words
kill and so do bullets bombs seeds houses shops mines factories and TV sets
and stations on the air kills nations
notions kill the silence kills

Hawi in
al-Udhari 1986:119

'Choked by the tragedy
It was painful to talk'

the pain kills the ideology of tragedy that chokes the mover speaker maker
kills the shit we chuck the chuck we shit

we shit the patronage of captains out
we're dialectical
and other to the run of things away
negating the negation good our otherwise unsettled

other?
here's a Maltese proverb:
'you cannot get to heaven without the saints'
the help they proffer?
nothing they can't do without: their shit their wind
they're generous and when they fart they say:
'she couldn't pay the rent so I evicted her'
my dad has told me both of these
Maltese
and philosophical

we're getting concrete
growing in the build of things
together
here's a word for saintly patrons:
blow it out your fuckn arse
'Instead of the worker using the means of production, the means of production are using the worker.'

listen poet what makes you
think you
are feral figure of escape from this?
you too are used you too are in the making of reality
the forces of its daily conflict have a make on you

'...people imagined they must find poetry wherever reality stopped short.'

Was the poem found? I could have sworn that it was made.

From things we found and things we made.

We found ourselves enabled to contend. We chose to break into the human.

In our class. We turned. We were well versed.

Our schooling in
the points of order
was not leisurely.
We were compressed and short of time.

and how you view your poetry is on its way from how you live relations in
the world of strategies direct and indirect and deals diablos and surfaces of
texture bought with blood

'... one set of factory owners was able to retain special seigneurial rights over proletarian children. These were the owners of silk factories. In the year 1833, they had threateningly exclaimed: "If the liberty of working children of any age for ten hours a day were taken away, it would stop their works." They said it would be impossible for them to buy a sufficient number of children over 13, and they were able to extort the privilege they wanted. Subsequent investigation showed that their pretext was a sheer falsehood. Still, this did not hinder them, during the ten years, from spinning silk for
ten hours a day out of the blood of little children, children so small that they had to be placed on stools in order to do their work. It is true that the Act of 1844 "robbed" them of their "liberty" to employ children under 11 for more than 6½ hours a day; but, on the other hand, it gave them the privilege of making children aged from 11 to 13 years toil for 10 hours a day; and it annulled in their case the obligation to provide education for the children, which was incumbent upon other factory owners. This time the pretext was "the delicate texture of the fabric in which they were employed requiring a lightness of touch only to be acquired by their early introduction to these factories". Thus children were butchered for the sake of their delicate fingers, just as horned cattle are butchered in southern Russia for the sake of their hides and their tallow.'

save the living in a string-bag go conserve the energy and pour the power into jugs and jars provided by the gods and guardians and teachers and apostrophes to permanence

'While ordinary language is transient, literary is permanent: it is the vehicle of a work, a *poëma*, to be learnt by heart or to be written out.'

not

silken to the touch and rough to touch and citrus-scented limestone metal looking heavy with its subject labouring to bring to speech and light with fancy painful not in search of special waivers not inspired by permanence or self-importance soft on lips and hard to carry bags of shopping up and terrible at learning in its blood and eager for the skill the skull no longer terrifies

'The messages of great poems to each man and woman are, Come to us on equal terms, only then can you understand us. We are no better than you, what we inclose you inclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy.'

'Brecht 1987: 33

'As I put my verses together I have in mind the way Rodin wanted his *Burghers of Calais* to stand in the market square, on such a low plinth that the real-life burghers wouldn't be dwarfed. So the mythical burghers would be as it were standing in their midst, saying good-bye. That's the way poems should stand among people.'

our *poëma* history *en masse* destruction and creation rhythm rave the wave
There is to this day a great scar on the surface of the globe. This scar or depression holds the Pacific Ocean.'

'For me, the painting is the result of destructions. I make a painting, then I destroy it. But in the end nothing has been lost.'

boom boom the poem counts

a counting poem

These are poems blue with terra red with nascence not naivete.

I threw my gods into the water. Am in trouble with our blood. Belong here. Blue with terra. I assure you when I was naive I felt a safety.

Now I write these makings in my class.

I'm working.

These analyses are red and I am in the tumble of material.

The nascence is a terror.

Can't afford to be naive.

Poiesis practical?

Strategic?

Planning?

Revolutionary?

Common?

There are wreckages and reckonings.

They're written in the flood.

Destroying.

This is where decisions are and struggles.
We are taken and are taking.

What we need.

Poiseses. Many more attempts at making.

Spilt and split blue poems red analyses poiseses in the making and the living of the blood.

Sweet strategy: alliance underneath a swollen moon.

A cycle.

Poems to the...
people

making poems
squadrons of them
overrunning cunning knowing kindling

Is the writing out a passion for the new?

Does writing write the right to cut?

Into the purple surfaces that look and taste like grapes?

Who does not speak?

Who will engrave
the paving stones
with love?
Whose paint will fill
incisions in our waterways?

We live in what is written on.

'...they stopped by a pavement of fair-sized stones taken from the bed of a stream, well set in the ground. "They even decorate the earth," thought Memed.'

Nothing here that is not forced.

At gunpoint?

When I hear the word revolver I reach for my culture.

'Altogether, I think we ought to read only books that bite and sting us. If the book we are reading doesn't shake us awake like a blow to the skull, why bother reading it in the first place? So that it can make us happy, as you put it? Good God, we'd be just as happy if we had no books at all; books that
make us happy we could, in a pinch, also write ourselves. What we need are books that hit us like a most painful misfortune, like the death of someone we loved more than we love ourselves, that make us feel as though we had been banished to the woods, far from any human presence, like a suicide. A book must be the ax for the frozen sea within us.'

being born
the poet on the other side
outside the circle of exchange impractical in touch with angel-tales and terror
brigand public prosecutor
doctor advocate and volatile in danger
lover
revolutionary
maker

"Writing on is the epitome of a discourse in control, calmly assured of its position. It is deployed with complete assurance in a realm over which it has taken possession, one it has inventoried after first closing it off, to make sure it is absolutely safe. This discourse runs no risk at all: it is not uneasy about the future, it steadily expands. One chooses an object and relies on it. Writing on is not clearing paths or opening routes by using a pen, for example to take on the homogeneous, undifferentiated surface of the blank page. Rather, one might say it is like being a tourist, miraculously able to go anywhere you decide to go along established tracks. Writing on is almost always overseeing one's property, going around as the master who controls "his" subject, simultaneously sealing it off and deliberately skirting around it.'

There are no formless voids to write on. This is writing out.

the poet in the woods behind the bottom of the garden or the poet underneath the bridge the one behind the steering wheel or on the working party or the dole or in the squash club or the family room the library the process the procession writing what is written out

"Mommy, what ever happened to daddy?"
"He was a poet."
"What's a poet, mommy?"
"He said he didn't know. Now come on, wash your hands, we're having dinner."
"He didn't know?"
"That's right, he didn't know. Now come on, I said wash your hands..."
'The *philosopher*, [her/]himself an abstract form of alienated [human]ity, sets [her/]himself up as the *measure* of the alienated world.'

McLellan 1987:444

the 'Red-Terror-Doctor' this is what the hospices of parliament called Marx the sturdy building needed talking to

Urquhart in Marx 1939:385

'The subdivision of labour is the assassination of a people.'
Henry Miller reckons that

'M in some there is the sense of destiny, and these, who are one with
destiny, have no need of psychology – or of any -isms, cults, theories,
etc. There are those who make the world.'

The people who make the world are those who do the producing and they do
not make with an italic make; they make the world in the same way that Abir
is making a performance-piece downstairs with Jacqui. She was speaking in
Arabic and now she is saying in Australian: Go home wog.

Voloshinov 1983:17

'The word is a social event...'

The poem is a crowd of people, places, punches, kicks, works, fucks,
flowers, gouges, zeros, rivers and ravines.

Voloshinov 1983:20-27

'The poet receives words and learns to give them intonation throughout
his/her life in the process of his/her many-sided interactions with
his/her milieu. The poet begins to use these words and intonations in the
internal speech, through which [s/]he thinks and is aware of [her/himself
even when [s/]he is not speaking. It is naive to suppose that it is possible to
assimilate to oneself external speech, which is at odds with one's own
internal speech, with the whole internal verbal manner of being aware of
one's self and the world. If it were possible to create such speech in some
kind of real-life circumstances, then, cut off from all the sources nurturing
it, it would be bereft of any artistic productiveness. The style of a poet is
born from the style of [her/his internal speech which is not susceptible to
total control, for [her/his internal speech is the product of [her/his whole
existence. "Style is the [hu]man", but we say: style is at least two people, or
rather, it is the individual and [her/his social group in the person of its
authoritative representative, the listener, the ever-present participant in an
individual's internal and external speech.'

putting everything you need into the poem for a time

More a conspiracy than inspiration. More a way of sorting out and chucking
out and claiming spaces back from what you once perceived as valuable.

How to write something in a way that says what is necessary, throws
something, catches something, then goes home. Go home wog.
heimat

I am at home wherever in the world there are clouds, birds and human tears.'

at home the ceiling stones the stories and the silences are loose I like their company

'If you come in loose, you'll get ideas and play good notes.'

at home in liberation as the subject and the object yes

'A slave is anyone who waits for someone else to set him free'

the devotee required to die to cease to have a voice

the choice is to be made between a mediation and immediacy

''Everything is here, in the present, on earth.' Let distant ecstasies and imaginings no longer lure me on.'

no corporation on the corporate tongue no distant losing of the self no star from insufficiency no name on shard tattooed no scrap no leaving

here a letter to the missed

'H how wonderful it is to be alive Taranta-Babu how wonderful Life is!

To understand it as a masterpiece to hear it as a song of love and to live like a child wondering, to live like a child wondering, to live
one by one
but all together
as if weaving the most wonderful silk cloth.

Ah, to live...
But how odd, Taranta-Babu,
nowadays
"this incredibly beautiful activity"
this most joyful feel of all things
has become
so difficult
so narrow
so bloody
undignified.'

beware the sale of bless the sale of bless is sale of blood the cultic poets
blessed with blood the word bless comes from blood whose blood? whose
gods? whose memories of housing past or wished for? born to ship
and shape and transmigrate
and so
to shop
list

here are needed tools
  the sun
  the strategy
  the moon
  the mystery
  the sea
  the song
  the mountain
  the machine

they can be used they have determined

how our stories sound along with us

I slip the red and black and yellow letter-opener from Singapore this
migrant's stop before Australia inside these envelopes and cast their contents
into poems singing
in the sea

'Of what interest to others is this yearning of mine for the world, this
dizzying pull of the earth, this will of mine to drink the sea... this mad,
forgotten craving to touch all things that wander in order to grasp them
firmly in my hand.'

our name is masses we are many

speak

no rage against the garden what you give as evidence
is everywhere

it's posted from the people to the poet on Capri

Postino-ism

'Marx 1961:144

'The less you are, the less you express your life, the more you have, the
greater is your alienated life and the greater is the saving of your alienated
being.'
beginnings

Here is a
Beginning. What
Could have
A greater weight?

'... a sentence is never saturable,... it is infinitely catalyzable... by successive fillings according to a theoretically infinite process: the center is infinitely displacable.'

beginning is a clown
made up
delightful

see the centre-pole
that holds the tent up?

it is infinitely placeable

I'll set up shop here write my guts on ground pitch black here buckle up my zone here batten down the thatches here I'll settle by the fire here I'll work here no don't worry you can leave the television on I'll leaflet you with stitches in the side I think I'm ready to perform I'm going
to begin here

absolutely

write
inside the social tentative
pulled down
and flapping
packed inside the boot or on the roof-rack towed behind

Enzensberger 1968:96
'A poem intended to be, and to remain, open must make the critique of itself part of its movement. It participates in the twilight of which it speaks and must finally vanish in it if it is not to give itself the lie.'
'As soon as you're born they make you feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all
Till the pain is so big you feel nothing at all'

This is Lennon: not the revolutionary but
the rock
n'roller from
another
Liverpool

I would make a book with nothing but beginnings but I too would be the
prey of them. I would have made the very instrument by which the time
for making is unmade. Remember Kafka? The other night I read two
stories to my lover. First Before the Law and then The Judgement.
Halfway through the second she was fast asleep or as my brother used to
say wide asleep. I read the rest of it in silence. Here's another poem of the
doctor of the law.

"... we have to lose no time. Much as I dislike it, I shall have to cut my
explanations short.... – When the man lies down on the Bed and it begins
to vibrate, the Harrow is lowered onto his body. It regulates itself
automatically so that the needles barely touch the skin, once contact is
made the steel ribbon stiffens immediately into a rigid band... As it
quivers, its points pierce the skin of the body which is itself quivering
from the vibration of the Bed. So that the actual progress of the sentence
can be watched, the Harrow is made of glass.... And now anyone can look
through the glass and watch the inscription taking form on the body....

'...."You see," said the officer, "there are two kinds of needles arranged in
multiple patterns. Each long needle has a short one beside it. The long
needle does the writing, and the short needle sprays a jet of water to wash
away the blood and keep the inscription clear...."

A blood pact poem? I just caught the mozzie that was terrorizing me. I
clapped my hands and caught it, asked it as I saw the stuff squeeze out of
it: You little bastard, did you like my blood?

do not be taut be loose and loosen up the elements go analyse

poiesis way by which we learn
"... what from the very first distinguishes the most incompetent architect from the best of bees, is that the architect has built a cell in his[her] head before [s/]he constructs it in wax. The labour process ends in the creation of something which, when the process began, already existed in the worker's imagination, already existed in an ideal form."

_Apocalypse_ in _Genesis_?

revealing? no

look where
shall we begin?

with what material?
with what

is unimaginable

in the middle

sending

always
almost
sent
and the struggle
just outside the beginning

'I would like to learn to live finally.'

'Today I have discovered happiness.
Today I learnt
it's not that I'm on the way
or by the way
or with the way
I am the way!'

here is a woman who can laugh she is becoming

she will look into the water say
no god
projected me

she does not cling to who is dead and can be written
analyses as she writes she is her teacher
is she scholarly?

she does not have her time

she tore her sleeve she has no heart to wear on it she chose to know the roots
of metaphors
is she as radical?

'I don't know how radical you are, or how radical I am. I am certainly
not radical enough. One can never be radical enough; that is, one must
always try to be as radical as reality itself.'
unemployed

'Seems to me that honest, hard-working [wo/]men seem to accumulate the heaviest swags of trouble in this world.'

Broché 1987:44

Ah 'I've been doing no work. I've just been letting my blood flow, filling my lungs and arming for war.'

here is a man who moves to think

he takes the sabbath with the utmost seriousness

Bloch 1979:153

'What we have dared changes into something daring only in a very different form.'

he takes a thirst
he knows the blood and breathing
in the midst of him
to be the labour for
the daring slake

Camus 1964:286

'Dinner with Gide. Letters from young writers who ask him if they should carry on. Gide replies: "What? You can stop yourself writing and you hesitate?"'

Goldberg 1998:44

'...I've never met a writer who wanted to be anything else.'
poets searching for a niche

they made the figure of poiesis called it god apostrophised it

poet takes
the podium and looks towards you
orders
you with flowers and with guns and butter
on the tongue
to listen

Listen.

'Deran in Clark et al 1988:142

'The artist is the magician who, by [her/]his perception of the powers and laws of the non-apparent, exercises them upon the apparent.'

'Nin 1974:115

'If you live as a poet the poet's duty is to maintain [her/]his power to create the marvellous by contagion... The poet's business is exaltation and how to impart it.'

Our poets are our pieces of exotica our foreign bodies flaring out their wilful fire and their fitful wings. They are excluded from us. We are meant to be the matter for them. They are wont to say to one another as a jest or as a sort of coded greeting What's the matter?

we
and this
time
these
alignments
of relations
this 'production... probably between Kaoshiung and Guangzhou'

'Castells in Cutburt 1995:117

'Castells in Cutburt 1995:108

'The future of the world is, more than anywhere else, being played out in China and in the Pacific. One additional caveat: Siberia is the missing link of the Pacific economy: its huge natural and energy resources, together with a strong scientific base, are the natural complement to the energy-starved Asian-Pacific economies.'

in our Pacific Asia we
are what the matter is
in flux

'The poet is the lover, singing about what [s/]he loves.'

we are the lovers here
disorder reigns
we're in
the sleet

blue terror red nativities address our bachelors of arts our copywriters
stock controllers store-persons Kerry Packers Ruperts Krupps we

ordinary folk are joking

had a problem went
to see the poet
the poet
the poet

needed money called
had a break-in waited for
felt too sick to go to work
and needed consolation
had no time to cook no poet
greased the pan no magic did
become
material

I am a poet I can see with black and bloodshot eyes I want to know the
make of things I heard a man outside the door last sunday afternoon he
spoke these words with volume turned up high he was not angry at the
woman he was walking with she silent he was mad I drank his madness in
he yelled I know life I know all kinds of people I have been to the factory
where they're made

in factories people
are unmade
as well
why yell?
why silent?

'To whoever is not listening to the sea
... whoever is cooped up
to him I come, and without speaking or looking
I arrive and open the door of his prison
and a vibration starts up, vague and insistent
and the sea is beating, dying and continuing.
So, drawn on by my destiny,
I ceaselessly must listen to and keep
the sea's lamenting in my awareness,
I must feel the crash of the hard water
and gather it up in a perpetual cup
So, through me, freedom and the sea
will make their answer to the shattered heart.'

Poet as the mediator/oracle announcing what is heard and what is
promised by the sea? Freedom and the sea do not come through the poet
or come to the shuttered heart.

And what is destiny?

'Literary language has a tendency to tie down anything that can be said.'
The knots of the poetic as the destined testament to having lived: a
fetishism of the fight? I need to make my struggle into text to be
remembered. Need to tell you how much you and others who will read me
need me. The truth is that
you feed me. That's the verdict.

verdict that means truly said
the model for enquiry may be inquisitorial
but life here is adversarial

'...we are the sum of our efforts to change who we are. Identity is no
museum piece sitting stock-still in a display case, but rather the endlessly
astonishing synthesis of the contradictions of everyday life.

'I believe in that fugitive faith. It seems to me the only faith worthy of
belief for its great likeness to the human animal, accursed yet holy, and to
the mad adventure that is living in this world.'

Life is adversarial and poetry means taking sides.

'I curse the poetry
of those who do not take sides.'
a faith makes fast a destiny precludes a free poiesis

'She used to say that being a horsemeat butcher is something of a vocation, although I wouldn't know about that. Zardetto used to tell me the same: "At a certain point in my life I felt horsemeat was my vocation, and there was nothing I could do about it." And in my opinion my wife admired people who had a vocation and found them irresistible....

'Zardetto... used to say: "Every man has his destiny, and that is his vocation."'

Who called the horsemeat butcher to his fine vocation?

Horses?

Horses. Just like the gods the poets make and chop and sell. They are vocational and guiding. How they dog us. We are told they're very good for us. The poets speak for them.

'Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the king, the Lord of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here I am; send me.

And he said, Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not.'

The word is from above. The world is dumb or pianissimo. The poet speaks.

Then is the poet prophet by the calling or a comrade by the coal?
My reward is the momentous occasion when, from the depths of the Lota coal mine, a man came up out of the tunnel into the full sunlight on the fiery nitrate field, as if rising out of hell, his face disfigured by his terrible work, his eyes inflamed by the dust, and stretching his rough hand out to me, a hand whose calluses and lines trace the map of the pampas, he said to me, his eyes shining: "I have known you for a long time, my brother."

That is the laurel crown for my poetry, that opening on the bleak pampa from which a worker emerges who has been told often by the wind and the night and the stars of Chile: "You're not alone; there's a poet whose thoughts are with you in your suffering."

'I became a member of Chile's Communist Party on July 15, 1945.'

everything is being made and mined and soiled and coaled and tarred and paved and sealed the niche is being built the job is found the party wandered into colour changed the land appropriated

'This was the land the English had taken over and tilled. They had cut down the trees, they had given new names to each thing, as though they were the first to live here. In the beginning she was trying to paint the land as though it had no history, only colours and contours. Had the light changed as the owners changed?'

and who enforced the thinking?
who has cultivated fields provided policies and factories and in the polis up the road philosophies?

who colours whose conditions in?

who sings what chorus?

I have lived near death who hasn't? sounding epic and magnificent 'Come sail your ships around me'
I'm not epic only politic I try to be polite the naif is not less sharp than knife I write a terrible and working politly it's funny how we ask if something works as if to answer yes means that it's good and worth preserving terror works the legal system of the state that crushes works the crushing works the water works the poet works the unpaid worker works the out-of-work are outside work or have come out of work like Eve from Adam work is bone from which the out-of-work are made

are fantasy or bone or work or book or earth inert?

'I continue to believe that reality is the source of everything; fact is more dream-like than dreams. If that were not the case, the planet would be covered with completely inert people. The personal is always unique, astonishing: it is not possible to make life less interesting than fantasy, because life is the source of fantasy.'

'No new stage of cognition is born out of thin air. It can be born only out of praxis. When the workers are ready for a new plunge to freedom, that is when we reach also a new stage of cognition.'

'Who told poets they could think? Poets are made to sing and make words sing...'

'You know your music when you hear it one day. You fall into line and dance until you pay the piper...'

Or you pick your pay-cheque up for divination of the roaring wind.

'I went along, swinging my arms and mumbling almost incoherently, now slowing down so as not to disturb my mumbling, now mumbling quicker in order to keep time with my feet.

'That is the way to shape and plane rhythm, the basis of all poetry, which runs through it in the form of a subdued roar. Gradually, you begin to extract individual words from the roar.

'Some words bounce off never to return, others you clutch, turning them over and over and inside out dozens of times, until you feel that the word has fallen into place (this feeling, which matures with experience, is what is called talent)....
'Where this basic roar-rhythm comes from, I don't know. For me, it's an inner recurrence of a sound, a noise, a swaying, or even, generally speaking, the recurrence of any phenomenon which I isolate as a sound....

'The effort of organising movement, of organising the sounds one hears, finding their character and their idiosyncrasies, is one of the most important and continual tasks of poetic composition....

'Rhythm is the basic force and the basic energy of poetry.'

the privilege
oracular
that makes the poet hear
and then translate

[Charlie Parker]... got into his music all the sounds right around him – the swish of a car speeding down a highway, the hum of wind as it goes through the leaves... Everything had a musical message for him. If he heard a dog bark, he would say the dog was speaking.'

'Reyes 1992:52

'If I knew the language of the rain, of course, I would write it down, but everyone recognises it, and is able to recall it to their memory.'

who marches?
is the rhythm of the march mellifluous?

'Has a people on the march ever melted away? Tell me where. And how?'

who makes the poet educated in the art of currency exchange?

'Turki 1988:45

'Poetry is not the exclusive idiom of the educated elite among Palestinians. Rather, the opposite is true. Poetry to us is a currency of everyday exchange, a vital starting point to meaning. A child recites poetry. A politician quotes a line of poetry, to prove a point. A personal letter contains, always, at least one line of poetry. Moments of despair in everyday life, moments of joy, are celebrated or defined in poetry.... People define themselves and their environment in verse. Palestinians take all this for granted – until they live elsewhere in the world.

'The poet's craft has so shaped, organized, recorded, and revitalized the tenor of our society's life and mythology that it has become ingrained in our existential habits of spirit, our manners of ceremonial life. That is why
Palestinians forget, outside their own milieu, how affected they seem, how rhetorical; and how hard it is for outsiders to understand that a people's national anguish, or personal grief, can be best articulated in poetry – that poetry, in fact, is every Palestinian's idiom.

'The ideal of a poem whose meaning "remains hidden" is alien to us; not only because our language leans more, in its drift and form, to verse than to prose, but because it is in the craft of the poet, rather than of the theoretician or the polemicist or analyst, that people seek a reflection of their mass sentiment. For centuries, in a development originating in the overlap of infinite social adaptations whose exact origins are beyond recall, our poets have appropriated the role of speaking the language of the people, of drawing on the universality of their struggle rather than on the particularity of a personal malaise.

'The poet in Palestinian society, hence, has been a hero. The hero of the poet, however, has always been the fighter, the man or woman who dies in the struggle of the masses. The myth of the fighter, "the blood of our fallen patriots," has always pressed to the core of our historical meaning.'

blood trope struggle trope attack trope
who figured that
the people?
who the poet?
who the hell?
immortal overpowering enduring
wordy lurking and berserking

poet
kill poiesis

poet be a sport and come on
give us
god

no go
get surly surgical
on strike
come rally

Green in Goldberg,
1996:71

'If you want to write, you have to be willing to be disturbed.' disturbed troubling turbulent riotous agitating wild muddy dangerous disorderly
'The only answer to rule by the street is the water cannon: in an emergency other equipment can be made available too.'

'...the resistance of the material we feel in every poetic work is in fact the resistance of the social evaluations it contains. These existed before the poet took them, reevaluated them, renewed them, and gave them new nuances.'

no writing does not get things over with or in the woodwork of the world create a little niche for poets and protagonists to nestle in the writing is amuck around it designates antagonizes doesn't really want to understand'

'ANTIGONE: Understand! The first word I ever heard out of any of you was that word "understand." Why didn't I "understand" that I must not play with water—cold, black, beautiful flowing water—because I'd spill it on the palace tiles. Or with the earth, because earth dirties a little girl's frock. Why didn't I "understand" that nice children don't eat out of every dish at once; or give everything in their pockets to beggars; or run in the wind so fast that they fall down; or ask for a drink when they're perspiring; or want to go swimming when it's either too early or too late, merely because they happen to feel like swimming. Understand! I don't want to understand. There'll be time enough to understand when I'm old.... If I ever am old. But not now.'
Bertolt Brecht, a poet, wrote this epitaph

'Red Rosa now has vanished too.  
Where she lies is hid from view.  
She told the poor what life is about  
And so the rich have rubbed her out.'

I found this poem in a big fat paperback collection of Brecht's poems from 1913 to 1956. The book is so fat and so paperback that when I opened it out flat just now so that I could type the poem out I cracked its spine. But so far none of the pages have begun to come loose.

On the same page there is a poem that begins:  
'You artists who perform plays  
In great houses under electric suns  
Before the hushed crowd, pay a visit some time  
To that theatre whose setting is the street.'

'Miller 1989'  

'What is not in the open street is false, derived, that is to say, literature.'

Some of the books I read are very fat; I mean obese! There is no way of paring them down, no way of taking notes, no way of handling them.

But ah what beauty lies in the small fragment! When to the book I say: Pick on someone your own size! it is inevitably the fragment that is sent out to fight me.

The book beguiles me with discourse on the dialogical and the dialectical; the fragment says: Fight!

Reading over what I wrote just now I saw that I had misspelt the word 'discourse'. Then I thought, as I corrected it, wouldn't it be funny to put the word 'couscous' there instead. Then you'd have: 'The book beguiles me with couscous...' I love couscous.

Looking up the word 'couscous' in the dictionary I find that it comes from the Arabic word 'kaskasa to beat, pulverise.'
parting of the seas

The time has come for openness. It's on the cards and Lorca has divided them and read them and has hit. Why else do nails have heads on them?

'The muse awakens the intelligence, bringing a landscape of columns and a false taste of laurels. But intelligence is often the enemy of poetry, because it limits too much, and it elevates the poet to a sharp-edged throne where [s/]he forgets that ants could eat [her/]him or that a great arsenic lobster could fall on his[/her] head – things against which the muses that live in monocles and in the lukewarm lacquered roses of tiny salons are quite helpless.

'The muse and angel come from without; the angel gives lights, and the muse gives forms (Hesiod learned from her). Loaf of gold or tunic-fold: the poet receives norms in [her/]his bosk of laurels. But one must awaken the duende in the remotest mansions of the blood.

'And reject the angel, and give the muse a kick in the seat of the pants, and conquer our fear of the smile of violets exhaled by eighteenth-century poetry and of the great telescope in whose lense the muse, sickened by limits, is sleeping.

'The true fight is with the duende.'

Consciousness is memory of kaskasa: the how and when and why and where of bodies being beaten up or down and pulverized into our finger-fictions: what we make our stories from by hand.

'As long as I would only speak about the blood only the blood would be seen, not what it masked.'
cure

The flood is not the rain. The flood is ocean brought to grief and falling down and lying down disconsolate.

The flood is freedom in the throes of negativity.

'... in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up...'

But history is happening.

It is our mojo.

More than hit and myth.
cut

Daughter use the lines that tie the empire to its particles to sever its parameters.

Laugh oceans.

See the breach.
'State MP for Liverpool Paul Lynch spoke out against the "obnoxious" practice of wheel-clamping and warned that it could lead to a "breach of the peace."

'... [One] case involved resident Jaime Hernandez, former chauffeur of late Chilean president Salvador Allende, whose car was clamped after visiting a friend who had been robbed and was distressed.'

Do not be late.

I do declare and swear the ink will move.
the woman in the public housing said her information privately she spoke to me she did not fail to see and she repeats with tongue of fire words of ash her patience cracked her public walls are sleeping

is this place a project?
or projectile? bomb whose time
is coming to explode

the pub says suck more piss

metonymy on map
the project borders on the firing range
the guns go rapidly they drown your choices

'... soon it will be a disgrace not to have heard you.'

life inside is highly governmental

'... by "government" I mean the set of institutions and practices by which people are "led", from administration to education, etc. It is this set of procedures, techniques, and methods that guarantee the "government" of people, which seems to me to be in crisis today.'
your body was retrieved from your canal-tomb

'may you be the whole sea your body encloses'

Your body was retrieved from your canal-tomb cold and bloated. You enclosed and you disclosed the sea.

You had the revolution say:

'L was,
I am,
I will be!'

this is not mine this tomb this dark canal I'm not the revolution not a trope a turn of social speech and neither am I emblem of the crowd

'Derrida 1998:230

'... one should never speak of the assassination of a [wo]man as a figure, not even an exemplary figure in the logic of an emblem, a rhetoric of the flag or of martyrdom. A [wo]man's life, as unique as [her] his death, will always be more than a paradigm and something other than a symbol.... And yet... I recall that it is a communist as such, a communist as communist, whom a Polish emigrant and his accomplices, all the assassins of Chris Hani, put to death a few days ago, April 10th. The assassins themselves proclaimed they were out to get a communist.'

Kristeva 1982:31

Rosa lived a rhythm and was light and grave with it but: 'The poet is put to death because [s/]he wants to turn rhythm into a dominant element. because [s/]he wants to make language perceive what it doesn't want to say...'

what
language does not want to say
it
puts to death
'I'll put this to you
death

Karl Liebknecht
Rosa Luxemburg
to write
is this to rule?
what line?
to write the dead with ink and quill down bones?

the bone invites the dead to ossify

the writing cure

there's not much room to write on bones

the poet does not animate them

'Ezekiel 37:3-4, NKJV'

'The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones.

.... I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them.

.... I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.'

the armies deep inside
the urban densities
commanded by the poet:

soldier on

I, spruiker, know that army. I did not imagine it.

'Haldrin/Medvedev
1995'

'We are most inclined to imagine ideological creation as some inner process of understanding, comprehension, and perception, and do not notice that it in fact unfolds externally, for the eye, the ear, the hand. It is not within us, but between us.'

To write down along the bones is not to give them flesh but to inscribe them with our lists of things our stories of the few elect elite selected
some writing breaks the bones to right the bones: osteoclasia ('the fracturing of a bone to correct deformity')
the poet osteoclast

sets the tone

Unzynsherger 1994:19 'The spiteful glee of the intellectuals at the humiliation of politics by the tumble of events [around the breaking of the Berlin Wall] has stayed within bounds. It is not only the administrators of power who feel uneasy but the administrators of ideas too. No wonder; both imagined they could determine the direction society was to take; hence the traditional rivalry. They were quarrelling about the same privilege: that of defining and solving problems in the name of all the others.'

poets are the governors the intellectuals the technocrats the rats the rivals for the meat they drive the armoured think-tanks rolling down the chosen street

but who can really make the earth quake?

give me names
and mobile numbers

Fry and Cassel 1985:27 'After the earthquake of 1972 [in Managua] Somoza made a fortune out of speculating in land values and reconstruction. One of his main resources for channelling aid money his way was the cement factory which he quickly converted to making the paving stones for the grandiose road building projects he himself initiated. During the insurrection the Nicaraguan people enjoyed the irony of the fact that Somoza's own paving stones proved one of the most potent weapons of the revolution by providing a convenient material for building barricades in the suburban streets.'

paving slabs dethroned and redirected

I say to the class: You can analyse a text and that means anything you like, like newsprint, cartoons, bits of graffiti on the tunnel wall...

And someone in the class says: Can we write the graffiti that we analyse?
Why not?

'Even the inner utterance (interior speech) is social; it is oriented
toward a possible audience, toward a possible answer, and it is only in the
process of such an orientation that it is able to take shape and form.'

Just drove past a block of flats on Elizabeth Drive with a campaign poster
for Tony Pascale, the Liberal candidate for Liverpool Council. I take it
that the owner of the block has had the poster put there and that the
tenants living behind the wall on which the poster hangs are not pro-
Pascale people. How much does this happen where the owner of our
labour-power or our home, our road, our school, our shops, our library, our
body pastes on us a poster calling other people into line? Is it in this sense
that we are poet making world? Humiliation: you will walk around in
skins I make for you, depicting who I am and what I mean.

'Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins,
and clothed them.'

'When they reached the Landwehr Canal, Vogel ordered the soldiers to
throw the body into the river. The order was duly executed. "The old slut
is swimming now," somebody remarked.'
xih is Maltese for old man and the x is sh

For the mentally ill, words, like objects, are as much alive as people or animals. They palpitate, they vanish or expand. Passing through words is like walking in a crowd. Faces stay with you, as silhouettes which quickly fade from memory, or else as images that stick there, one doesn't know why. For me at that time, a word isolated from the mass of other words started to live, becoming an important thing, becoming perhaps even the most important thing, inhabiting me, torturing me, never leaving me, reappearing in my dreams, waiting for me to wake up.

... it's the words that sing, they soar and descend... I bow to them... I love them, I cling to them, I run them down, I bite into them, I melt them down... I love words so much... I run after certain words... They are so beautiful that I want to fit them all into my poem... I catch them mid-flight, as they buzz past, I trap them, clean them, peel them, I set myself in front of the dish, they have a crystalline texture to me, vibrant, oily, like fruit, like algae, like agates, like olives... And then I stir them, I shake them, I drink them... Everything exists in the word... An idea goes through a complete change because one word shifted its place, or because another settled down like a spoiled little thing inside a phrase that was not expecting her but obeys her...

xih is Maltese for old man the x is sh
and ziemel is the word for horse

beneath our Crete our horses and our smiths and moths and poets shirked the razing to the ground of tales we moved our gold we lived intense we shifted

were our leaders sycophantic?

in our village...

we defended creeks and tarzan swings
tomato sauce enveloped us

In the village where we lived there was one storyteller. He was old and he had been to sea and every afternoon we would sit outside his house and we would listen to him talk. He would tell us something of his story while he rolled and smoked a cigarette and drank a glass of wine.
the xih was honest so he only told us one story everyday the same egalitarian

I'm in this story all the time I'm always in this story spending money sitting on my tale the street is straight its crookedness corrected

straight straight straight go only straight

no Tanganyika Surabaya Tierra del Fuego

us?
we left

no room for horses in our repertoire our houses were the subject of development we got in quickly fenced our lots we coloured in the countries

'There is plenty of room in the world for horses and poets of all the colours of the rainbow.'

colour
in the story told
the story read
doubt everything
the tellers tell you

hear the news and poems passionately
speak your story
patiently beware of what your listeners say
you've said

the struggle is a blue
between
a making and
the made
the truth is

You make a poster saying: 'Take a leap head first into learning.' You put it on the wall of the drama space at school. The space was later taken. It was hauled onto the back of a truck and taken to a depot where demountables can sit together and swap stories.

While you are asleep you ask me: Is there a carnival? I answer: Yes, there is a carnival. Well, can you take me there?

'... there is the sea of the process in which the depths of reality are most incomplete,... this [is the] subject pending in process – minus ideological lies, plus concrete utopia.'

'You sea! I resign myself to you also – I guess what you mean. ...
Dash me with amorous wet, I can repay you.'

with what change?
what tropical utopias?

a liberating/making of a space and time in space and time is not utopian but history/geography in dance their bodies moist
around each other moving learning to be human making love and not romance

Did you ever go to the Easter Show when you were a child? Yes, I did. Did you? Yes, I went as an adult as well.
Herr Heinzen imagines communism is a certain *doctrine* which proceeds from a definite theoretical principle as its *core* and draws further conclusions from that. Herr Heinzen is very much mistaken. Communism is not a doctrine but a *movement*; it proceeds not from principles but from *facts*. The Communists do not base themselves on this or that philosophy as their point of departure but on the whole course of previous history...'

_Doctrine and core vs. movement and facts._

'... each individual is the synthesis not only of existing relations, but of the history of these relations. [S/]he is a precis of all the past. It will be said that what each individual can change is very little, considering [her/]his strength. This is true up to a point. But when the individual can associate [her/]himself with all the other individuals who want the same changes, and if the changes wanted are rational, the individual can be multiplied an impressive number of times and can obtain a change which is far more radical than at first sight ever seemed possible.'
three
a crowd
'... was broken'
'... was broken,' this is how the transcript of The Battle of Maldon begins the editors forewarn us: 'The beginning and the end are lost.'

whoever wanted to be part of something vast and loosening and intricately detailed with surprises reds and blues and purples bits of broken words accomplices and angels lovers flying over rooftops babies being made and born they take the plunge who wants to be a partisan imagining the web before the spin from noise from industry from circuses from spiders and from art

who wants to live within a painting by Chagall the poet sleeps and flies in love and wide-eyed happiness

before the 1973 military coup against the popularly elected marxist government of Salvador Allende in Chile 'on the walls in Santiago appeared the words Ya viene Djakarta (Djakarta is coming). "Djakarta" referred to the slaughter, after the coup in Indonesia in 1965, of several hundred thousand persons "suspected of communist ties."

we're bigger than the bullets sent to bite us
the beginning and the end are lost
tomb where seven poets' poems speak

Coming home one night from the cultural artfactory the poet fell to brooding on her lot.

She turned, beheld the chimney-stack where words were burnt and turned, before the eyes that looked upon her from designed panopticons, into a pile of salt.

And there she waited.

Soon the sea would drench and take her.

Coming home one night from the Ministry of _________ the poet backed his car out of the parking lot.

He turned the wheel and felt a stabbing pain along his spine towards the bottom of his back and thought about his poet-propagandist job and said: the fact that this is where my poetry has taken me is really not my fault.

It was as if his heart was weighted.

Soon the storm would break in him and frighten him. His knees would soon be skinned, his fists be bloodied and his eyes would soon be readied for the fight.

Coming home from party after party where the poet drank too much she broke into a stumble. She was tight.

She turned her face toward the gutter, spewed on faces pointed to the stars. She had that knack. She longed for spaces in the history of where her gut had housed her; longed for spaces she could write upon, and where she knelt and prayed her peas and nibblet corn and pieces of diced carrot her ability to breathe came to a halt.

And this for her was fated.

Soon the wind will come upon her, stir her bones to movement, take her soddenness and drive her festooned mares away from her into the night.

Coming home one night from the university the poet took a tumble from his donkey.
On the pavement with his chalk he wrote:

'So I am a public agent and don't know who I work for, get my instructions from street signs, newspapers and pieces of conversation I snap out of the air the way a vulture will tear entrails from other mouth.'

Coming home one night from the publishing house the poet came across a friend and when she asked her how her work was going this is what the poet said:

'Words have their own kind of intelligence. They can be greedy, vain, crafty, pig-headed or vulgar. One should start up a Salvation Army to "save" them, they are so degenerate. They need to be converted one by one in the sight of everybody, then forced to join the procession and be shown to the populace.

'... They don't serve as flunkeys to ideas but as lovers, their ironic lovers.... Some need to be shot, summarily, outlawed, mown down in their places.... Let's have law courts for words.'

After giving birth the poet...

After having left the womb the poet...

In the hospital the poet...

In the cot the poet...

In the garden...

At the sink the poet...

Coming home one afternoon from school the poet...
Going out to buy the paper...

Going to the CES the poet...

Coming home from the process-line one morning...

Going to the building site the poet...

On the wave the poet...

Coming up from where the sea became a newborn poet...

With their backs against the wall and rifles pointed in their faces seven poets...

Whilst being broken up the pot exclaimed: *I am one hundred shards, I am an artifact. I am an ostrakon, I’m far more portable. I’m on display. Who wants to carry water unto water anyway!*

But there are seven tongues that beg to differ.
detention

Sometimes when I walk down the street (or round the block) I practise mind altering. I position my mind as an altar on the slab of which I think I offer life and public writings. Stone the social! Do I keep my distance from the dangerous?

the soldiers lay the water pipes remotely in Indigenous communities the soldiers are enraged at dedications of the urban to their loss

On Sunday, 23 March 1919, several hundred demonstrators gathered at the Trades Hall in Brisbane for a procession to that city's Domain. There a meeting was scheduled to protest against the federal government's continued enforcement of the War Precautions Act and its refusal to allow unionists and labour organisations to display publicly the red flag, symbol of solidarity with the new Bolshevik regime in Russia. As the procession got underway unionists unfurled a number of red flags to signify defiance of the federal government, and there ensued a series of clashes with police and ex-soldiers that mounted in intensity until by nightfall several hundred people were involved. From this time on Brisbane was plunged into days of sporadic riot and demonstration. Mobs of angry ex-soldiers repeatedly attempted to storm the premises of the emigre Russian Workers' Association in South Brisbane. The offices of the Labor Party newspaper, the Daily Standard, were set upon and stoned, and the anti-Bolshevik orgy only slowly faded into a series of heated public meetings where crowds estimated in the tens of thousands called for the immediate deportation of local Russian radicals and the suppression of their Australian sympathisers.

note the paving and the stratifying of the blood

the flag was heterogeneous

what soldiers killed what revolutionaries?

Dili 1991 November

who gave the order to impose the crude embargo on this story? how could socialism be detained elided? who has sacrificed a habitat? demobilised a consciousness? said: consciousness go home!
who asked the questions? in what parliaments? and who proposed the open-handed poetries? who hit the roof? who broke the musicalities? who looked into the making of the roots? who took and cultivated?

'Cults require a bloody wasting of... [humans] and animals in sacrifice. In the etymological sense of the word, sacrifice is nothing other than the production of sacred things.

'... sacred things are constituted by an operation of loss....

'The term poetry, applied to the least degraded and least intellectualized forms of the expression of the state of loss, can be considered synonymous with expenditure; it in fact signifies, in the most precise way, creation by means of loss. Its meaning is therefore close to that of sacrifice.... The poet frequently can use words only for [her/]his own loss; [s/]he is often forced to choose between the destiny of a reprobate, who is profoundly separated from society as dejecta are from apparent life, and a renunciation whose price is a mediocre activity, subordinated to vulgar and superficial needs.'

the poets in our pub the one I go to for a turn at reading out and drinking in we're vulgar paying off and inching in to make a deal in need of bandages and microphones and coffee potplants books and systematic shocks and woks and scourers hours sands we are not homogeneous

'His mind became the street.' these words on Buddy Bolden New Orleans cornet-player crazy streets became him and were lost

can streets go missing? yes when they attempt to get too close yes 'A step past the territory.'

what cannot be broken up is taken and enclosed

'April 1907  Bolden (thirty-one years old) goes mad while playing with Henry Allen's Brass Band.

He lived at 2527 First Street.

Taken to House of Detention, "House of D", near Chinatown. Broken blood vessels in neck operated on.

June 1, 1907  Judge T.C.W. Ellis of the Civil District Court issued a writ of interdiction to Civil Sheriffs H.B. McMurray and T. Jones to bring Bolden to
the insane asylum, just north of Baton Rouge. A 100 mile train ride on the edge of the Mississippi.

*Taken to pre-Civil War asylum buildings by horse and wagon for the last fifteen miles.*

*Admitted to asylum June 5, 1907. "Dementia Praecox. Paranoid Type." East Louisiana State Hospital, Jackson, Louisiana 70748.*

*Died 1931.*

'D... a reprobate... profoundly separated... as dejecta are from... life... renunciation... price is... mediocre... vulgar... superficial needs.'

'Poetic language, the only language that uses up transcendence and theology to sustain itself; poetic language, knowingly the enemy of religion, by its very economy borders on psychosis (as for its subject) and totalitarianism or fascism (as for the institution it implies or evokes).'
'The discoveries of gold and silver in America; the extirpation of the indigens in some instances, their enslavement or their entombment in the mines in others; the beginnings of the conquest and looting of the East Indies; the transformation of Africa into a precinct for the supply of the negroes who were the raw material of the slave trade – these were the incidents that characterised the rosy dawn of the era of capitalist production. These were the idyllic processes that formed the chief factors of primary accumulation.'

I loved the idea of being 'a poet, with Negroid lips...' blue-black in blue-white shirt a person of extremes

and making?

I made nearly all my praxis see my stratagem detect the claimant to the generalship

idea

the idea did not last

'... money stolen never lasts for long.'

your practice?

money changes hands my hands were changed by it

my negritude more chewed
my poetology more logos

who is in the soldiery and social?

and in power?
'The true realm of freedom, the development of human powers as an end in itself...'

did I think that giving up my body bought the milk or made the letters in the chain the surplus held me with?

hey market! meritorious and accidental soul-thief failed buffoon!

'... every mail brings jeremiads concerning the "glut of the Australian labour market", and prostitution is flourishing at the antipodes almost as luxuriantly as in the London Haymarket.'

'Rawakan beliefs concerning zemis are precisely those of the zombie – the relation of the words is obvious;... the archaic Spanish-American word for a mixture of Indian and mulatto was zambo (this is related to zambobo, which means "rustic clown" and possibly to the American Negro folk character, Sambo; while the zamhapalo – "ancient Indian dance" – is undoubtedly the source of the contemporary ball-room dance, the Samba)....

'Zemis, the souls of persons, could be stolen; the practice was recorded among the Indians... and is what creates a zombie in Haitian belief... Furthermore, among the Indians, people whose souls had fled or been stolen had no navel (the sign of life, the lack of which signified a dead being)... The Indian living dead could also be recognized by the fact that the pupils of their eyes did not reflect...'

'Everybody's favourite poet is a dead poet.'

when you're dead you get to be prophetic you can advertise your prophecies for sale and in profusion you accommodate your making as an agent of the market law scapegoating hope compassion-construct mediated certainty escape insertion approbation spirit shit kitsch class I think I'll pass

it is the passing by that is the choice to blow like spirit-ruah-wind-breath-inspiration off

up

and away
'Poor agent, listen mate:
"The most dangerous one is always the one
who has to stop,
who simply can't pass by
someone trampled down."'

I jettisoned the subject did the speech and claimed a tax deduction for the
washing off of blood historical particularities

'Ve know too little and are bad learners; so we have to lie.' Or know as
much and choose to.

walk past the human who is happening be expert in the 'oracular tone of
scientific infallibility.'

what poets where are paid to bind and blind their eyes? Teiresias or
Oedipus?

'she has seen too many painful things

she put her eyes out with poetry'

the heart is the widow of the eyes the heart plays socket with the balled-up
memories they are my ballads and my jests I test the water for its salt with
them

'there are no horses in her memory
there are no hearse in her nursery
sometimes it's refreshing to be wrong
each poem an education for the next'
grave on graven tongue

Movement and "self-movement" (this NB! arbitrary (independent), spontaneous, internally necessary movement), "change," "movement and vitality," "the principle of all self-movement," "impulse" (Trieb) to "movement" and to "activity" – the opposite to "dead Being" – who would believe that this is the core of "Hegelianism," of abstract and abstrusen (ponderous, absurd?) Hegelianism??

dead being
poetry
that's
grave on graven tongue

...I've grown tired of words now that you insist on using them as a substitute for actions.'

place imagined flowers on the grave the spectres love them

chains engraved on bodies of the linked and inked and moved

poiesis lying still and lying shamelessly

'incapable of blushing'

better red and
'full of world'

the story of

the king to whom I swore my flesh and fealty

'They were given the choice of becoming kings or the king's messengers. As is the way with children, they all wanted to be messengers. That is why there are only messengers, racing throughout the world and, since there are no kings, calling out to each other the messages that have now become meaningless. They would gladly put an end to their miserable life, but they do not dare to do so because of their oath of loyalty.'
the poet mess
the poet messenger
en masse
the angels
engels
in the wings

"We all have wings, but they have not been of any avail to us and if we could tear them off, we would do so. "Why do you not fly away?" I asked. "Fly away out of our city? Leave home? Leave the dead and the gods?"

better make a little something in the stone I turned against
some
operation
loosened from
engaging with
the fear

...since everything, when confronted with heaven, is broken up into its elements, they crashed, true slabs of rock.'

I got the chains I made the breakage
fought the door

The making of the monarch made of me a monachos, a hermit. This was not a venture into where the desert edged its way towards the dead who dwelt there. This was not the hike of Zapatistas in the mountains of a Mexico. It was the breaking of the crowd, the class disorganized, its stories gone from where the crowd stood still and let itself be shot while eating up the poetry and simples that were graciously dispensed.

the masses are abducted taken up to make a god of use to forces in this concrete specificity
our axiom
our strange dictation
memorized
habituated
in
'... an axiom concerning *axiomatics* itself, namely, concerning some supposedly undemonstrable obvious fact with regard to whatever has worth, value, quality (*axia*).'

white out
the coat my con
my science

'... who ever thought [s/]he was writing anything but fiction?'
news

Nazim Hikmet, from the prison in his Turkey he had earned for telling stories sang this news from where he stood, his feet in shit, his guts over the moon:

'...the day is brighter now
than it was
when I was thrown into this hole.
Since that day
my people have raised themselves
halfway up on their elbows....
...I repeat with the same fervent yearning
what I wrote for my people
ten years ago today:

"You are as plenty
as the ants in the Earth
as the fish in the sea
as the birds in the sky;
you may be a coward or brave
illiterate or literate.
And since you are the makers
or the destroyers
of all deeds,
only your adventures
will be recorded in songs."

And the rest,
such as my ten years' suffering,
is simply idle talk.'

'Recordar: To remember, from the Latin re-cordis,
to pass back through the heart.'

What does it mean in Cabrammatta West on khaki coloured fencing where it says: 'capsule another capsule'? Time capsule, drug, baby, space, story?
Story, I say, must be story.

We are in a caravan of stories heading out. We are assembled by our speed.
They had sat down to eat when, looking up, they saw an Ishmaelite caravan coming from Gilead on the way down to Egypt, with camels carrying gum tragacanth and balm and myrrh.'

Saw a ghost just then. My vision is peripheral.

My mother's mother grew up in with the spiral staircase ghosts of Egypt for a time. Her name was Caruana. So is my lover's mother's mother's name. We correlated, hit the road, became a karavan, karwana, karnal, karma, kata strophik. Yes, we strophed against.

and what we turned against was analysed in process of our turning for our passion here is fluvial we stock our streams with silt

Is stock still?

Yes, when dead.

And shares?

Now here's the news: 'On the All Ordinaries today...' We are all ordinary.

Set here according to our ranking in the order.

Kata strophe it. What?

The...
story everybody loves one everybody has not one but many many everybody
does them everybody is accustomed everybody made uncomfortable by
them evbody moved and moving them evbody breathe them in evbody
breathe them smoke them pay for them or passively evbody poke around
them everybody look for them in them or other than their them in them
evbody die in them and stay alive in them the master of the house is not
immuring them evbody put them on their mura

Luxemburg
1972:345

'These factory committees will break the bosses' master-in-their-own-house
attitude.'

This is the story of our struggle with duende. Who has staked the claim to
be the master of our house? Our story starts here. It's our corpuscle.

Cleaver 1970:33

'Better to maintain shallow, superficial affairs; that way the scars are not
too deep. No blood is hacked from the soul.'

Let's start from scratch.

Who makes the scratches?

Nettl 1969:472

Ah, the Freikorps! They were formed as 'volunteer associations of soldiers
and officers to combat the revolution'. That was back in 1918 over in Berlin.

Nettl 1969:484

'Middle-class organizations and Freikorps leaders encouraged the belief that
if the Communist leaders [Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebnecht] could be
dealt with personally, the end of all these troubles would be in sight. This
notion... was never discouraged by the SPD [German Social-Democratic
Party].'

Luxemburg
1972:306

"Order reigns in Berlin!" You stupid lackeys! Your "order" is built on sand.'

Filtinger
1988:244-245

'On 15 January, a little after nine at night, the doorbell rang... Rosa
Luxemburg got up, fully dressed, picked up Goethe's Faust from the night
table, put it into her handbag, and closed her little suitcase.'
order

'Our names
Cultural
No role
Our published papers
Ended up in pubs and in bins.
It seems so easy for the computerised idiots
Non thinking servants of the robot world
To tick away our lives
With their poison pens
But we will always be
The Worker Who, The Human Who, The ABO
Who

Survived

Ludendorf 1979:33

'Yes, I do have a cursed longing for happiness and am ready to haggle for
My daily portion with the stubbornness of a mule.'

Fogerty 1995:19

'Yes we do kill one another
Yes we do undo our race,
But this is helped by your work in keeping white power alive.'

Survival in the catalogued and ordered colony? How? By breathing? That's
Inspiring: breathing in (yes, *in-spirare*) what you scrub the bath with, what
You fill the tank with, what you chop and cook and what you daub on walls.

Maffesoli 1996:15

'The place where Democracy Wall once stood is now occupied by a Pizza
Hut, a row of clothing and luggage shops and a construction project; the
Adjacent Xidan Street has been transformed into one of Beijing's busiest
Shopping districts.'
'On 4 May 1987, whilst in Hanoi, I addressed the foundation meeting of the Vietnam-Australia Society. During my speech I stated that I had been a member of a democratic socialist party—a coalition of forces—all my political life. "I have always tried to be a progressive representative but at times, like a strong graceful tree, I have had to bend with the breeze, but my roots have always been embedded with the people."

Choose your figures carefully. They are political. The crowd produced them.

hordes of them
the finger-fictions tropes newsworthy items stories from the living and the dead sounds
little bites of darkness and the odd remembered joke
the star
the easyspeak
reportage

'Francis Momoh Sao stroked his cheek with his swollen stump of a hand. "It is everlasting punishment," he said. "The people came after midnight. One of the men ordered a boy of around 13 to chop me with a cutlass and he chopped off all my fingers. I can't do anything for myself now, even eat."

'Touch me: I quiver. I've got a consciousness even me... yes... yes, it's true: mine is an absurd consciousness.'

Goethe wrote a letter. Someone thought it was newsworthy and they put it in a book. It sits in ink that smudges at the touch. I touched it. How, you may ask, does it feel to have ink on my fingers? That's a damned impertinence.

'...The Ancients said that the animals are taught through their organs; let me add to this, so are [wo/]men, but they have the advantage of teaching their organs in return.

'... Through practice, teaching, reflection, success, failure, furtherance and resistance, and again and again reflection, [wo/]man's organs unconsciously and in free activity link what [s/]he acquires with [her/]his innate gifts, so that a unity results which leaves the world amazed.'
There are quietly and noisily disordering but organizing efforts in the fields of health and housing, education, magic of amazing, dancing out the stories, couscous-raising, metamorphoses.

'You are a poet and write down metaphors. But you have also written:
"Slavery is not a metaphor".'

But metaphors enslave. My God!

'Little Murri boy you will fight physically among other, well just stake it out one step at a time They say words are tougher than a bullet'

did
the company
of body-snatchers come for me? and was my conscious and unconscious life sucked in? and was the firm infirm? the company a way of sharing bread? the corporation did this see my body

on the footpath?
on the footpath on the corner: 'Livopool sux'
what goes around...

'... we ascend from earth to heaven. That is to say, we do not set out from what [wo']men say, imagine, conceive, nor from [wo']men as narrated, thought of, imagined, conceived, in order to arrive at [wo']men in the flesh. We set out from real, active [wo']men, and on the basis of their real life process we demonstrate the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life process.... Life is not determined by consciousness but consciousness by life.'

In that order?

"Order reigns in Warsaw!" "Order reigns in Paris!" "Order reigns in Berlin!"
This is how the reports of the guardians of "order" read, every half-century, from one centre of the world historical struggle to the other. And the exulting "victors" fail to notice that an "order" that must be maintained with periodic bloody slaughters is irresistibly approaching its historical destiny, its downfall.'
March 2 1996, Australia. Two things: the Mardi Gras and the election. Where were the people united, undefeated? In what sequins?

Stories. You're just inventing stories.

fiction is an ordering a telling counting this goes here with this

these things I did not learn according to some neutral ahistorically determined 'true' chronology

who scratched the stories out?
with cutlass taught?
whose errors and insomnias and enemies?
whose surfaces and educations severed from beginnings and connected to their ends?
unnamed
unsocial

'For years now all social strata have been pissing on me from a great height. Hey, and hey again, not to mention the stray opportunistic prick. Am I perhaps a slave bought in chains and with rings in her nose, that they think they can piss on me? By all the devils in hell and all the demons in my head, by Christ and the most Holy Madonna, by all the false saints in paradise, I invoke the rights of man and all humanity. I have stored up so much of that piss over these wretched years that I could piss down from the top of the wall for centuries on end and unleash a second flood of biblical proportions. The truth of the matter is that my piss is priceless, piss streaked with blood and cancer, piss that asks no quarter, not to run to waste because in its flight it curves like a colour-changing rainbow and paints cities, plains, mountains, rivers, lakes and seas. Gather the sparkling fluid in buckets, bins, baths, troughs. A woman who has suffered too much and has learnt to piss for want of any better consolation offers it to you as a gift.'
Xanana

'Timor woman
Companheira bombed, imprisoned
Your song a cry for justice
Your soul anticipating death

Timor woman You weep warm tears of blood
Your blood, our blood
Your face the record of our struggle
Your determination the story of our resistance.'

'Trute 1996:2

'Mr Ramos-Horta... has lived in Liverpool, between frequent travels, since arriving in Australia in 1989.'

in Warwick Farm the photographs were made to send from Timor to the Nobel-loving world

there are no social worlds out there there are the

horses run at Warwick Farm and Witnesses confer about Jehovah little cases collars smartly dressed with thermos flasks and marshals

Timor East in Warwick Farm and Busby Bonny
rigg ah what
the Heck
enburg

the horses and the prophets steal across the borders oiling in the gaps between our going on a
head and neck
and neck

A story: In the car from Cabramatta where we ate some food the conversation moves to: gee I'd like to work at home. I say: it's true it's good. And three chime in: you're luckyjoh. I am. I'm working on these poems from our home. I just went out to check the mail (of snails, I am not netted). All there was was this that says: 'HEAVEN or HELL? WHICH FOR YOU?' This paper has been brought to us by the Bible Baptist Church of Liverpool but comes from the Fellowship Tract League in 'Lebanon, OH 45036 USA ALL TRACTS FREE AS THE LORD PROVIDES'.

136
Which lord? The lord of the house, duen de casa, lord: 'OE hlaford, from hlaf LOAF + weard keeper'; keeper of the loaf. Who holds the house controls the bread. Yes, this is consonant.

the stocks gone up our share
of them gone down
to hell where those
of us who wait
on what the clique imagine
dwell

Luxemburg 1972:165

'It is not enough for us to rely on the pacific intentions of some capitalist clique as a factor in achieving peace; we can only count on the resistance of the enlightened masses.'

Sawyer-Laucanno 1987:26

'The people move
as if in dreams
waiting for miracles.
They choke themselves,
vomit what they swallow
and stand all day
in the sun giving thanks
for their poor nourishment.'

the mind is gone the real is in pursuit

Nin 1990:212

'I am not sad, but I'm blocked. My whole past seems to stop me. I can't let go. The music is so savage. I feel as if I can inhale but not exhale. I'm just constrained, unnatural.'

I have checked my stock and am not too enamoured of it. I am not weighed down. My damage is contained.

Marcuse 1968:11

'The containment of social change is perhaps the most singular achievement of advanced industrial society; the general acceptance of the National Purpose, bipartisan policy, the decline of pluralism, the strong State testify to the integration of opposites which is the result as well as the prerequisite of this achievement.'

The choice to love the desert was not foisted on me. I had simply done a runner from what passed beneath the stars.

137
Like history our people make the news. The old is devastated; agencies are stressed and left undressed and robbed by brigands of the street.

'Ours guns are alive
that's the reality
alive
like lava
and your intellectual
and academic criticisms
have been your industry,
out of our oppression.'

On the wall of a school in Liverpool the words: 'I love Jolanda's boyfriend'.
Infinite despair? Defence against the possible? Defiance?

On a concrete barrier besides a roundabout past Campbelltown: 'Kill Keating'. Why? Because
'Marbo
means
war'.

At Seven Hills the letters: 'ANC'.

Reform and revolution. In a story of a life and in the movement of a moonshit world the both of these are delicately balanced.

Delicately? When is crisis delicate? Or transformation?

'M.. Challenge and advance will not occur until what may be called the crisis of agencies has been overcome – until, that is, mass parties of the Left are able and willing to speak and act as parties committed to the advancement of 'reformist' policies and struggles within the perspective of a fundamental transformation of the social order.'
ambit

'... should be made of sterner stuff...' Yet did I think that working as a poet was uncompassed wheeling free? As if I lent an ear to what was floating through the room the meadow hills atune to murmurings that would bring home the bacon of our liberty inflame our arts with zeal and valorize our craftiness? I thought that?

I'm too busy too flat chat too flat out like a lizard drinking worked up choked off pissed off high laden overdriven loaded I'm too working too engaged too job listy feisty just forget the wistful comrade I've got shit that wont go down unless I take it down I'm one of many I'm a citizen the urb will tolerate me briefly buddy I can't give a flying if you think that leave a message for me I will not get back.

the beating of the wave jackhammer paintbrush heart the aching head the bombs of horror heresy humanity hostility hayfever harvest hey sing hallelujah movement of the ink is tough

who wants the matter shot with argument and ardour? who will take a shot at it with it?

Fogarty 1999:36

'...I was born in another tribal country but I'm living here with the love spirits of this disappeared tribe. Here I am immense in silence yet I'm still wilder in mind I am your writer FRIEND.'

Shelley 1973:144

'... clapping my hands, I exclaimed, "I too can create desolation..."'

Neruda 1995:5

'The word was born in the blood...'

The blood was not born in the word.
Even when I carry out scientific work, etc. an activity which I can seldom conduct in direct association with other [wo]men, I perform a social, because human, act. It is not only the material of my activity – such as the language itself which the thinker uses – which is given to me as a social product. My own existence is a social activity. For this reason, what I myself produce I produce for society, and with the consciousness of acting as a social being.

'It is with difficulty that I call to reality, like a dog, and I also howl. How I would love to set down the dialogue of the nobleman and the ferryman, gild the lily, describe accordions, celebrate my naked muse twined at my belt of attack and resistance. For my belt, and my body in general, is a long desperate combat, and my kidneys listen.'

'One basis for life and another for science is a priori a falsehood.'

Pablo was a rounded captain and a dweller by the sea he threw his weight behind the communists was one of them a comrade as they called each other would not be hamburgerized but loved the wine and onion loved the party liked it when the people came for eating and for free he loved the stories every single one of them the trick you see he said at least I can imagine him I have a friend who looks like him and he is poet too and comrade and is fighting for the status of a refugee afraid of being taken from the airport and accompanied to gaol should he return to there he said as I was saying all the muck and water washed through house of him he said the trick is treat each story as its own without an explanation every explanation is another story really every story is its own but it's my own your own our own too and when there is no our there is delicious sometimes bloody clash which makes another story dishes out another working rhythm how did comrade Pablo come to this through waves of wet and people crowded into him and he in all his roundness crowded out and rolled and dumped and thrashed I should add soundly nobody is thrashed they're always soundly thrashed or just not thrashed at all and furthermore he said I say he said my story his performance as another story into it he said each story rubs itself with every story else there is no separation of the disciplines a curse in fact upon them no account deserves disciples only multifarious and teeth extruding storytellers poets liars surabaya johnnies dogs gorillas beautifuls and workers for their free for alls Neruda died of cancer and the story goes of grief the capital had set its forces loose its north americas against the fledgling government of red Allende voted in by popular assent but that is nothing this wine women artifact acquiring loving doctor mason marxist tried to take the copper mines back would you credit it he wouldn't he expected he and those who acted in collusion with him could escape the
penalty for trying to behave like capital when all they were was labour just like any story else comrade Allende Salvador Allende Gossens look his life up when you check a human body's story out it means you want to meet the flesh and guts that were not sold by him the forces of the preservation of the sacredness of capital assassinated him and murdered country killed the presidential palace as for soccer stadium it will not be a play pen any more the turf and changerooms stink of blood they broke the singer Victor Jara's hands they gave him his guitar and bade him play

Neruda 1977:239

'...they would have to murder my hands'

and murder what stood in their way they did well when you analyse it those they tortured murdered terrorized drove out like demons did not stand but merely were a way another way when I say merely I don't underestimate the strength of this but I allude to how the slaughtered did not have the time to go on the attack against the capital the capital was taken with itself it purged itself of all that was anointed as the other

Silva et al 1974:53

'...Air Force General Gustavo Leigh... said: "we shall not cease until the marxist cancer has been exterminated."

Galeano 1995:834

'Amid the devastation, in a home likewise chopped to bits, lies Neruda, dead from cancer, dead from sorrow.'

Allende 1986:440

'The last words of this man who had sung to life were: "They're going to shoot them! They're going to shoot them!" Not one of his friends could be with him at the hour of his death; they were all outlaws, fugitives, exiles, or dead.'

Silva et al 1974:66

'Pamphlets were distributed saying PATRIOT, DENOUNCE YOUR FOREIGN NEIGHBOUR!

here are a list of things that are foreign souls sardines stockings silver sorrow sensuality suspicion seven sacredness saliva sanitary pads surrender sunlight scenery serenity sambuca salmon sundries secrets psalms sonority semantics staring silence anything beginning with the letter s a foreign letter introduced from out of here a foreigner that came here from the future also on occasions when preceded by a p another backdoor fellow traveller and if you think that here we have the time or the resources for a circus you can think again the letter c when sounded like an s is foreign here as well and also when it sounds like k in words associated with the circus clown for instance
The authorities called all the representatives of the press together to communicate the rules of strict censorship under which they were to operate; not only were some subjects forbidden, there were even dangerous words, such as *companero*, which were expunged from the vocabulary, and others that were to be used with extreme caution, such as *people, union, community, justice, worker*, and many others identified with the lexicon of the Left. The word *democracy* could be used only when accompanied by an adjective: "conditional democracy," "authoritarian democracy," even "totalitarian democracy."

'...Neruda being a man so stubbornly alive... the military must kill his things. They splinter his happy bed and happy table, they disembowel his mattress and burn his books, smash his lamps and his coloured bottles, his pots, his paintings, his seashells. They tear the pendulum and the hands off his wall clock; and with a bayonet gouge out the eye of the portrait of his wife.'

'No house belonging to Pablo Neruda has been raided. The sacking of said house, which was not occupied, was done by common vandals whose names are known, who have a criminal record and who are presently held at the disposition of Justice.'

'From his devastated home, flooded with water and mud, the poet leaves for the cemetery. A cortège of intimate friends escorts him, led by Matilde Urrutia. (He once said to her: *It was so beautiful to live when you were living.*)'

'My poetry and life have advanced like an American river, a torrent of Chilean water born in the hidden heart of the southern mountains, endlessly steering the flow of its currents toward the sea. My poetry rejected nothing it could carry along in its course; it accepted passion, unraveled mystery, and worked its way into the hearts of the people.

'I had to suffer and struggle, to love and sing; I drew my worldly share of triumphs and defeats, I tasted bread and blood. What more can a poet want?'

'...a handful of youths gathered next to the coffin and, raising their fists in the air, broke the silence to respond to a spokesman who resonantly called out the poet's name:

'Comrade Pablo Neruda! Present! Now – And forever! Now –
And forever!

'Those suicidal shouts were the first rebellious expressions to be heard in the two weeks since the beginning of a slaughter which would continue to be carried out, with thousands of victims up to now.'

'If my poetry has any meaning at all, it is this tendency to stretch out in space, without restrictions, and not to be happy to stay in a room... I had to be myself, striving to branch out like the very land where I was born.'

Pablo comrade to the dying and the bleeding and the speaking comrade to the colour blue the pirate ship the bottle and the lover and the president the captives in the stadium the frightened and the makers of the bread

On the 11th of September, 1973 the bombs were dropped and Salvador Allende was dispatched. The doctor died. I heard his final dicta on a tape as we were seated round a table and an old woman cried and the children were silent. Planes flew over La Moneda bombing it. Allende was the president elected democratically. He was candidate of Popular Unity, a coalition of the parties of the left. Before he had been chosen as the candidate Neruda was a nominee. Neruda gladly handed in his resignation, gave Allende his support. Allende was a doctor. 'Allende was never a great orator. And as a statesman he never took a step without consulting his advisers. He was the anti-dictator, the democrat of principles, even in the smallest particulars... Allende was a collective leader; although not from the popular classes, he was a product of the struggle of those classes against the paralysis and corruption of their exploiters.'

Allende, in his first annual message to Congress, 21 May 1971, declared: 'I assure you that the Chilean armed forces and the Corps of the Carabineros, loyal to their duty and to their tradition of non-interference in political affairs, will support a social system which answers to the will of the people as expressed in terms which the Constitution shall establish. A system which shall be more just, more humane and worthwhile for all, but above all for the workers, who until today have given so much and received almost nothing in return.'

He cast his poetry abroad in waves of medicine. Here are some of the things Allende said in his final broadcast from La Moneda just before his death:

'I shall not surrender.'
'The military are strong, they can enslave the people but it is neither by crime nor by force that social processes can be controlled. History is on our side. It is the people who make it.'

'These are my last words...'

This poem is too full of bodies that are bulging with last words. Let there be no more last words. The wish collides with time and practice.

'I don't remember which linguist made this very beautiful and disturbing reflection: "each one of us speaks but a single sentence, which only death can bring to a close." That sends a kind of poetic shiver through all knowledge.'

death sentence life sentence spoken by the crowd to speak to live to want the bread without 'the admixture of alum, soap, pearl-ash, chalk, Derbyshire stone-dust, and such like pleasant, nutritive, and wholesome ingredients...' is this a crime to want to savour and develop what connects a human's 'hands and... work, the eyes, the viscera, the blood... and work.'

'I am writing these quick lines for my memoirs only three days after the unspeakable events took my great comrade, President Allende, to his death. His assassination was hushed up, he was buried secretly, and only his widow was allowed to accompany that immortal body. The aggressor's version is that they found clear signs of suicide on his lifeless body. The version published abroad is different. Immediately after the aerial bombardment, the tanks went into action, many tanks, fighting heroically against a single man: the President of the Republic of Chile, Salvador Allende, who was waiting for them in his office, with no other company but his great heart, surrounded by smoke and flames.

'They couldn't pass up such a beautiful occasion. He had to be machine-gunned because he would never have resigned from office. That body was buried secretly, in an inconspicuous spot. That corpse, followed to its grave only by a woman who carried with her the grief of the world, that glorious dead figure, was riddled and ripped to pieces by the machine guns of Chile's soldiers, who had betrayed Chile once more.'
blue calculus

"The "rear" is... the place from which you watch without fear, not ashamed to take your time as you turn from the newspaper article on Asia to the page on the Stock Exchange, then twiddle a knob on the radio, then go back to the article. Taking your time is also getting a kick. But the soldier who'll die if [s/]he leaves [her/]his shell-hole, the [wo/]man holding [her/]his breath trying to escape notice as [s/]he lies among the dead, the [wo/]man who's killing someone – they have no connection with the "rear". They are cut off from choice; they can't take their time. If you can dream, calculate, feel pity at the thought of the dead or dying heroes, if you can even identify with them, it's because you've got time and are comfortable enough to do so. "Delight me with the sacred cause for which someone else will die."

taking time is taking bodies with you numbers of them
who
is fancy free?

the poetries and politics are numbers games delightful for the spent and the inspiring not much good to breathe the social in and talk the traffic down from way behind the differential line

It's party time.

"Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, "The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance."

Crowding in.

'... I have no theory. I don't go around with some dogma under my arm ready to drop it on somebody's head. I am like almost everyone else: everything looks bright to me on Monday, everything looks dark on Tuesday, and I believe this is going to be a bright-dark year. The coming years will be a lovely blue.'

I'm going out. I do not hold my breath.
'Blue pencils, blue noses, blue movies, laws, blue legs and stockings, the language of birds, bees, and flowers as sung by longshoremen, that lead-like look the skin has when affected by cold, contusion, sickness, fear; the rotten rum or gin they call blue ruin and the blue devils of its delirium; Russian cats and oysters, a withheld or imprisoned breath, the blue they say that diamonds have, deep holes in the ocean and the blazers which English athletes earn that gentlemen may wear; afflictions of the spirit – dumps, mopes, Mondays – all that's dismal – low-down gloomy music, Nova Scotians, cyanosis, hair rinse, bluing, bleach; the rare blue dahlia like the blue moon shrewd things happen only once in, or the call for trumps in whist (but who remembers whist or what the death of unplayed games is like?)

'Tell me, I asked the baby softly, is it true that everything first goes grey, then white, then blue, and then you fly to the stars?'
the stars

"[S/]he who asks fortune-tellers the future unwittingly forfeits an inner intimation of coming events that is a thousand times more exact than anything they may say. [S/]he is impelled by inertia, rather than curiosity, and nothing is more unlike the submissive apathy with which [s/]he hears [her/]his fate revealed than the alert dexterity with which the [wo/]man of courage lays hands on the future, and precise awareness of the present moment more decisive than foreknowledge of the most distant events. Omens, presentiments, signals pass day and night through our organism like wave impulses. To interpret them or to use them, that is the question. The two are irreconcilable. Cowardice and apathy counsel the former, lucidity and freedom the latter. For before such prophecy or warning has been mediated by word or image it has lost its vitality, the power to strike at our centre and force us, we scarcely know how, to act accordingly. If we neglect to do so, and only then, the message is deciphered. We read it. But it is now too late. Hence, when you are taken unawares by an outbreak of fire or the news of a death, there is in the first mute shock a feeling of guilt, the indistinct reproach; did you really not know of this? Did not the dead person's name, the last time you uttered it, sound differently in your mouth? Do you not see in the flames a sign from yesterday evening, in a language you only now understand?"

Nietzsche 1973:73

'If one has character one also has one's typical experience which recurs again and again.'

Nietzsche 1973:86

'Poets behave impudently towards their experiences: they exploit them.'

Nietzsche 1969:191

'I am Zarathustra the Godless: where shall I find my equal? All those who give themselves their own will and renounce all submission, they are my equals.

I am Zarathustra the Godless: I cook every chance in my pot. And only when it is quite cooked do I welcome it as my food.

And truly, many a chance came imperiously to me: but my will spoke to it even more imperiously, then it went down imploring on its knees —

imploring shelter and love with me, and urging in wheedling tones: "Just see, O Zarathustra, how a friend comes to a friend!"

Joel 3:14 KJV

'Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision...'
'The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw...'

'The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood...'

up front
I'm going to be up front straight as a die or do
the poetry's a job to pay the house off our
economy is not an abstract word in these four walls or so
I'm told we only own the space between them that's what strata title means
economy is not an abstract word but it is dirty
in the Greek it comes from managing the oikos that's the house
now here's the rub and revolution who
is the due de casa? what's
our beef with him why does
he manage us and cook us our blancmange white food? we pay him
through the nose for it each payment stipulates our time for breathing in

the struggle with the duende is a battle over what will happen next who
cooks the chance who takes and laughs about the last experience who acts
on intuition and who sits around the table tears apart the dreaming or the
sudden disappearance of the pest who manages the living room the factory
the medicine the learning and the dancing out the victuals who balances the
forces who decides what's for the best who does assemble in the valley
whose decision who has bled the moon turned down the sun immobilized
the future shooting stars who did not grasp who waited timidly and died
before they had the chance to ask who tried to tame the tendril that returned
us who has licked the hand that spurned us who embraced the guilt that
earned us

Cesar Vallejo was a poet from Peru a dark materialist telling what the scars
of living in the wings of ponderous extrusions sounds like in the claws of
sleep and of exuberant asphyxia

Neruda 1977:244

'Vallejo was serious and pure in heart. He died in Paris; he was killed by the
polluted Paris air, by the polluted river from which so many dead people
have been fished. Vallejo died of hunger and asphyxia.'

Vallejo 1978:57

'I will die in Paris with a sudden shower,
a day I can already remember.
I will die in Paris – and I don't budge –
maybe a Thursday, like today is, in autumn.

Thursday it will be, because today, Thursday, when I prose
these poems, the humeri that I have put on
by force and, never like today, have I turned,
with all my road, to see myself alone.

Cesar Vallejo has died, they beat him,
everyone, without him doing anything to them;
they gave it to him hard with a stick and hard
also with a rope; witnesses are
the Thursday days and the humerus bones,
the loneliness, the rain, the roads...'
the burning guillotine

the commune Paris 1871

'Marx 1971:141
The Commune, having made inquiries consequent upon private
information, found that beside the old guillotine the "government of order"
had commanded the construction of a new guillotine (more expeditious and
portable), and paid in advance. The Commune ordered both the old and the
new guillotine to be burned publicly on the 6th of April.'

here apocalyptic
cooking up
this dinner's on the house
who tells the teller to account for it?

Karl Marx, a poet, tells a story. Here are pieces from the story.

'Marx 1948:53
'The first decree of the Commune... was the suppression of the standing
army and the substitution for it of the armed people.'

'Marx 1948:53
'The Commune was to be a working, not a parliamentary, body, executive
and legislative at the same time.'

'Marx 1948:53
'... the police was... turned into the responsible and at all times revocable
agent of the Commune.'

'Marx 1948:53-54
'From the members of the Commune downwards, the public service had to
be done at workmen's wages.'

'Marx 1948:54
'Having once got rid of the standing army and the police, the physical force
elements of the old Government, the Commune was anxious to break the
spiritual force of repression, the "parson power", by the disestablishment
and disendowment of all churches as proprietary bodies.'

'Marx 1948:54
'... not only was education made accessible to all, but science itself freed
from the fetters which class prejudice and governmental force had imposed
upon it.'
'Like the rest of public servants, magistrates and judges were to be elective, responsible, and revocable.'

'The political rule of the producer cannot coexist with the perpetuation of his[her] social slavery.... With labour emancipated, every [hu]man becomes a working [hu]man, and productive labour ceases to be a class attribute.'

'...the Commune intended to abolish that class-property which makes the labour of many the wealth of the few.'

'The working class did not expect miracles from the Commune. They have no ready-made utopias to introduce par decret du peuple. They know that... they will have to pass through long struggles, through a series of historic processes, transforming circumstances and [wo]men. They have no ideals to realize, but to set free the elements of the new society with which the old collapsing bourgeois society itself is pregnant.'

capital which
like its weapon and its workhorse
labour
has no country

capital this head without a shape or shame or shade of purple black
this sick abstentious captain
wiped the commune out

the poet tells the story of its Pere Lachaise towards the future though

when labour makes itself and makes
unburnable decapitating nurses
who pronounce this capital to be unwell
and have the courage not to wait for law to change before the moment of the planned spontaneous appointment to approach the sturdy bed and with possession of their own initialing to see the life-support machinery unplugged

and gone the noise that drowned the living

'Working, thinking, fighting, bleeding Paris – almost forgetful, in its incubation of a new society, of the cannibals at its gates – radiant in the enthusiasm of its historic initiative!'
the tsars

on thursday evening sightings here were made of poets gone on strike the populace is laughing all around them making circles striking poemakers are so utterly inside the poetries they took upon themselves to meet the streets with no they did not wave their pens their laptops crayons spraycans coats of mail they walked the road in silence on their strike society will not be harmed by their decisive inactivity as if the wheels of progress need them there's a weighty metaphor you have to laugh they gave it to us now it's ours they have no way of repossessing it they make their poems try to sell them hard and end up giving them away and with them little bits of blackness that's what stories are that is the epic feature of their selves gone into bread unkissed before its thrown into the waste capitulator solemn like and walking with no placards with no fists raised clenched no arm in arm the police don't bother to forestall them or arrest their motion no reporters photograph them even lie about them true I'm here to tell the story but I'm nothing like officialdom or samizdat or academia or avant garde myself I am a passer by who happened on some inside information maybe someone at the window of a shop they processed past themselves the poets they have not so much as hinted at their needs or their demands they haven't said they wanted money shorter working hours death and dissolution of industrial relations stolen wirelesses or spectral instruments to write them into what they write about or safety regulations workers' compensation sick leave just a more just world to live in or a better house or some respect or uniforms or what perhaps it's quiet that they want or rights to intellectual property or rations at the supermarket no more noise more craft more air more mediocrity more smoko or a few more squares of paper for the lieu

the poems here are heavy and industrial
the doctorate

a veritable crowd of doctors peppering the poems with their medicines and indecipherable writing

Michael Marks our chemist told us that he had to sit exams in understanding what the doctors write on scripts

what healing exegesis! that's what Walter Benjamin does Paris Moscow Marseilles Berlin Naples hashish dreams messiahs deaths marxisms artistries the doctors

at the medical centre who made a misdiagnosis the other doctor at the same medical centre who asked a patient why did you call me a fuckwit? and got edited out of the cycle Thomas Thomas the doctor who looked you in the eye Frantz Fanon Salvador Allende all the doctors certifying death Fernando Silva doctor x exsanguinator German doctor Paris Texas Brecht

Brecht?

Brecht was orderly
Brecht felt with brain
the scientific loves the rule of heal
the antipowers of the gut remain

how many poets does it take to make a revolution?
how many poets does it take to change a lightglobe?
how many poets doctor?
how many heal?
how many count?
how many eat their cereal?
how many dream?
how many smoke?
how many drink?
how many litres?
how many poets write in places that are lost?
how many places have been lost?
how many pages does a poet fill?
how many thrown away?
how many squandered?
how many referents well beyond the reach of any self-respecting word?
how many poets live?
how many speak?
how may speak another language?
have bad skin?
how many socialise?
how many stop?
how many ring around?
how many have no voice with which to sing?
how many tap their feet?
and strictly make themselves construct?
are avid in the rain and chirpy in the kind of grey with little hints of blue?
how many steel?
how many plunder ruthlessly and joyfully?

symbolic bring together
diabolic tear asunder
Pushkin died in bloody duel
the gun collided with his thunder

Pushkin black of blood from Africa

the other night we ate with a union rep who said it's funny how we think and feel a sense of spiritual bond with a country long gone off into the shadows how we think and feel a sense of solidarity with those who breathe with something like our lung and even savour this imagined bond of blood ethereal and blackened by the fantasy

one morning not so long ago and in this land a crowd got up and stretched and yawned and toileted and trod the street and did not end up ever coming home

some say the crowd was murdered

in the reach of cars and trucks without a public transport system dreams and ramps and lines and plots of chora country-love and doctoral desire want to know but more I want to eat want place of spirit house of whisky house of meat want song

the poetry is light
fantastic
heavy in the sense that it's not breakable not easily consumable
combustible yes
basically
industrial

a practice of great diligence delectible detectable and dictatorial and
dialectical

you know the sense of having something fall away by theft

what is not taken by another?
something taken by yourself

some things are better stolen things like images ghosts clinging things
oppressions competitions indecisions let these things be taken put them on
the line to dry
some thieves are likely to attach their hands to them
go out some hours later see the pegs in place where once the spectre was
your favourite spectre modern and imposing fashionably thin

hang out your spectres lords and ladies
let the thief called daylight take them off
and take them
in

our indecision is a tool
it comes complete with our undoing

"Do you think that pock-marked jerk is really a writer?"

"Yes. If Etteore says so. He loves to joke but he does not lie. Richard, what
is a jerk? Tell me truly."

"It is a little rough to state. But I think it means a man who has never
worked at his trade (oficio) truly, and is presumptuous in some annoying
way."

What is your trade, your office? On what building site? And were you born
for this? Is it your station? Are you nicely pigeoned as function in the
whole? Well, Colonel?
at the park beneath the sudden tree I met a storytellerpoet telling of the making of that heals the minute that the storypoem is ensconced here we have taken off right out of history right off the beating track (this is the track where we're subjected to the beatings) storypoet says I'll do imagining for you relax be lumpen rotting scum detritus shit I'll sell you instant healing doctoring my personal and wholly apolitical come one come all my magic cure my sure-fire medicalled you take for hole discourse the totalizing poison in the bloody drinking water or the natural gas the twice as long the faster shoot the guilt in print the night I will be what your word is worth be what you want to say to those who say it letter-writer speaker deputy rep missionary advocate position-paper maker profit utterer el vate seer blind down we do not want the world to see us at our writing I will cauterize the cartilege

Neruda was referred to as el vate, the seer, by his friends.

do all poets scientists all tellers of the tale (the tale?) go vatic at the edge? the crowd got broken into? who steals voices? pawns them?

On the back cover of Yashar Kemal's The Undying Grass James Baldwin says of Yashar Kemal: 'He speaks for those people for whom no one else is speaking.' Elia Kazan says: 'Yashar Kemal is a cauldron where fact, fantasy and folklore are stirred to produce poetry. He is a storyteller in the oldest tradition, that of Homer, spokesman for a people who had no other voice.'

the writer speaks in voices that are formed in the crowd

not innocent of interests

here is a writer more a poet who has spoken for the people with no voice industrialists have given of their time their energy their sleep their calm their capital to make the people prosperous to make the jobs to make consumables to meet desires industry accumulated capital has never had a voice until this writer more this poet spoke for it articulated what its members believe in what they hope for for our country here at last is one who is not intersected in the fight to be correct this writer more this poet profit priest of what we put our faith in speaks for those too busy as the captains of our industry to speak to find the time to write to sing their dreams their visions their encumbrances their righteous angers wrongs they've suffered at the hands of those who give their voices to the multitude of voices seething with their petty envies evil eyes bad attitudes and longitudes and studies and conspiracies at last a writer who gives voice to poetry and poetry is godlike from the mountain on the tablets filled
proscriptions engineered in inner sanctum born aloft the only raft that in the
flood will be the saving of us ah umanita row hope and cigarettes to last
until the shore delight the tent of terror up in smoke this writer more this
poet this disciple of the real the cure angelic does not fear the present does
not cut assunder from the graft is not the kind for whom corruption holds a
kilogram of terrors

are the chips
blue
yet?

or are the poems like prescriptions written out peremptorily to heal and send
us on our way?

if so
the government should pay for them
the Bertolt Brecht who made this claim

that 'when we help the lost we are lost'

Shen Te a prostitute and later a shop-keeper says this at the end

well doctor end helped poor beginning
poor beginning helped a doctor end
the writing of the epics that are black and vanishing
do not be deceived by simple stories

There are many stories told among our people dealing with the solitary worker with realities. In these stories the worker, or concretor, as such workers with realities are known, is in the house alone.

Before going on, or in fact, *in* going on, a few important points must be elucidated:

1. The worker may be male or female or both or neither or somewhere in between or somewhere quite unrelated to either of these notions, floating
2. or rocketing. Why should the worker float when what the worker is engaged with blasts and goes to places not yet named?
3. The worker with realities came to be known as a concretor. This appellation was given over time by many readers, listeners and interlocutors that blessed and cursed the worker. The worker with realities was called a concretor because to concrete is to grow together, coalesce, make hard. The worker with realities did not make easy.
4. In saying that the worker is inside a house it should not be assumed that this means a detached domicile belonging to the worker. It may mean a flat or business house or gate-house.
5. In saying that the worker is alone it should not be assumed that no one else is with the worker, talking to the worker, taunting the worker, touching the worker, working on the worker. Possibly the worker is alone with a spirit or a house full of spirits. Maybe they will help or hinder how the worker with realities will work.
6. In saying that this or that in numbers 4 and 5 should not be assumed the reader is by no means prohibited from assuming anything at all under the sun or above it or a little to the left or right of it.

In these stories the worker with realities is stifled by the very things that in the opinions of some should be enchanting. That is where the problem is. The worker is enchanted, jinxed, bewitched, besotted, spotted with realities like these. They pox this worker, measles this concretor.

To the point where the measled poxed enchanted charmed accidie-ridden worker wants to take the fountain pen with which the worker concretes and plunge it viciously and confidently in the worker's stomach or the chest. The worker with realities would like to act with confidence in something for a change. The concretor is tired of being tentative. The concretor bewails the worker's lack of concrete courage.

In the stories told among our people the worker alone in the house does not resolve things with the pen.

Our stories do not end conclusively. They are concrete. They are hard stories. They bring things and people together. They work.
But they do not dissolve the problems of the worker or the hardness of realities.

Some workers think of stories such as these as emblem of the untrained violence of the worker.

This story though reminds a lot of people of an embolism, just a very little clot of blood that won't dissolve and carries something violent, trained on the brain of any worker: sudden death.

This story has been told in secret centres for the maintenance of health for since the overthrow of that which has overthrown 'even the sky goes underground'

The work of the following workers is proscribed:

1. The worker who concreted the above.
2. The worker that the aforementioned worker quoted.
3. Workers who form any kind of link to the above work, leading to it, running parallel with it or following from it.
4. The workers mentioned obliquely in the first stanza who have told other versions of this story regardless of whether they originated the story or claim to have originated the story or know themselves to have taken the story from the side of the road after its having fallen from the back of a proverbial truck.
5. You. You with your metaphors and your concerns with housing, health, safety, education, relations of production and so on.
6. Any other workers unbaptized, unspoken for, untimely in their speech, unchained but not beyond but not beyond

the corporation's reach.
liquid paper

vanish

turn to white

write out the story do not let the epicentre voice you make your tale astound your life into its elemental liquid

'I nothing can be as astounding as life – except writing.'

and the liquidation sale where everything you see is gone to white to goodness for the sake like milk like varnish

'No question about it: he was a good nigger. The Whites say he was a good nigger, a really good nigger, massa's good ole darky. I say right on!

He was a good nigger, indeed, poverty had wounded his chest and back and they had stuffed into his poor brain that a fatality impossible to trap weighed on him; that he had no control over his own fate; that an evil Lord had for all eternity inscribed Thou Shalt Not in his pelvic constitution; that he must be a good nigger; must sincerely believe in his worthlessness, without any perverse curiosity to check out the fatidic hieroglyphs.

He was a very good nigger

and it never occurred to him that he could hoe, burrow, cut anything else really than insipid cane

He was a very good nigger.'

the fatidic hieroglyphs I realise are what these poems are contending with they grooves carved in the name of holiness and prophesying confidently wildly orderly and troubling to the troubled doubly so one in the spirit colonized two in the house the garden market factoring the work oeuvre ergon turning every page the seerial and sacred glyphs are lining many of the drawers and packing crates and tea chests

who put tea in these who picked it who unpacked it drank it made the chests available thoracic and respatialized?
fatidic hierocarvings did I think they hid behind graffioetid totem poles that
bore the spirit in the cables of the strident new and devastating
internationale of commercial and ballistic love

I bought it for a song

I fought the lore

I did not realise at the time of write that hieroglyph was juxtaposed with
absent and elusive gone to ground historiglyphs yep many of them crowded
on the many polygrooved and carving tongues

I think I have been trying out a story of a poet one who
mythical and monstrous in the sense that frankenstein

upon a time a
a poet is upon a time and black with it unless the paper liquidates the
bumbling zealous flag

'And they threw stones at him, bits of scrap iron, broken bottles, but neither
these stones, nor this scrap iron, nor these bottles... O peaceful years of God
on this terraqueous clod!'

does every act of writing stake a claim to be the epic giving meaning to our
history? it makes the notion of the common from on high from ideas ideals
cultivations cloud and god

and human tears and birdsong jail-epistles to the cringing week by week (for
weakness loves the weak)

the claim to heal to put the broken back together heal the crowd be jesus
make it whole again

my tongue is bloody with assertions
I am bitten and I bite with concrete
contradictory
love
the story tricks it is not innocent not artless
not the horses of the king the men play soldiers bent on reasserting all the
fallen dumpty
it will prod and circulate and play the stirring of new 'forces and passions'

'When that black Women's Liberationist expressed a fear that when it comes
to putting down the gun, she may once again have a broom shoved into her
hands, she was expressing one of the most anti-elitist new forces and new
passions that had come onto the historic stage and were raising altogether
new questions....

'.... Individuality and collectivity became inseparable from the mass
demonstrations in August 1970. And for the first time also, history was not
past but in the making. And now that they were making it, there was no
feeling that they were lost in a collectivity, but rather that each was
individualized through this historic process.'

wanting new beginning needing it like purpose or the ash of caporal iran and
andalusia I fought the lore
and Anna Akhmatova won

she put me right she did
see this is how it happened at a pinch
I'm in the shopping centre walking to the agent for the paper one with jobs
inside it then it struck me like a hoon behind the wheel that I had tried to
make a new improved and interestingly eclectic poet up from pieces of the
past

I will not mention names they
swim in memories the story goes like this no name no here's a name but
nothing to go emulating nothing to endure like military horses nothing to
encode or make a creed from nothing that contains the secret letters living
in the consonants the name to be unspoken on the pain of theocratically
endorsed and executed death and nothing that will tell the rightness or the
wrongness of the vibes the moment gives in guise of future blackprint
drawing up tectonically as slave to achitrave no comforter no holy spirit just
a name above the portal

horses heal the troubled sleep they whinny and they neigh
the magic
bird with
magic wings
will fly away
bring
magic things

'I want to be buried in a name'

I don't

the funny clown in the Domain had rotten teeth and wore a lairy uniform
was kindly

I would like to throw a lot of poetry around like black dirt and savage soft
and rich and fertile full of worms and stories not like snow or pots that gods
don't make or towels or cakes in faces faeces mental

arable
a poem I can throw around that can be hoed ploughed burrowed cut into
engraved afresh in correlation with the make of history
and dedicated to its secret chorus

'I dedicate this poem to the memory of the people who first heard it, my friends and fellow-citizens who perished in the siege of Leningrad. I hear their voices and remember them when I read the poem aloud, and this secret chorus has become for ever the justification of the poem for me.'

do you remember Sunday mornings underneath the kitchen table in the war? the bags of sand protected us like time

I did give up the search for good ideas and saw the sorry tiger central asia this ellipsis dancing on the bitten razor's edge our razors are embedded in the secret choruses of our bombing and appraising prizing jacketing and jousting

'Only today did I manage to finally formulate my special method (in The Poem). Nothing is said directly. The most complex and deepest things are expressed not in dozens of pages, as people are used to, but in two lines, but two lines that can be understood by everyone.'

pity the poor bastard who even gets thrown out of everyone because s/he cannot get the meaning of the concentrate and will not toe the line but loves the itty bitty city circle

well we like things portable and prescient

and fast

'To Poetry

You led us where we could not get like a shooting star into the darkness. You were lies and bitterness but never — comfort.'
an agent of the secret circus

secret circus this is place where future joins with shooting

every game of chance and augur divination cowrie shell replacement of the lotta with the lotta open bible up at random read the cards the coffee ground the leaves of tea the flower do I-Ching I spy I wish I double and I nothing

"There is a legend, in our country as well as in China, on the miraculous "Book of the Wise". When facing great difficulties, one opens it and finds a way out. Leninism is not only a miraculous "book of the wise", a compass for us Vietnamese revolutionaries and people; it is also the radiant sun illuminating our path to final victory, to Socialism and Communism."

my goddess is the shaker of the marketplace and purple and the cemetery

the market in Bashan today is bullish unconventional

convene the real they weigh upon the living look
who weighs upon the dead

"...if a man's wife dies before he has assaulted her, he must prove his manhood by beating her corpse."

the lotta struggle
tug-o-war with rope a ritual a game it takes the space of politics by semblances

and lotta luck not struggle neither strategy nor tactic only luck the aleatory combination singled out select

"With the pawnshop and lotta the state holds the proletariat in a vice: what it advances to them in one it takes back in the other."

take my money
take my super-saver
please don't take my fictions
out of me
don't kill
my fabled flavour

looks like circuses are banned
they have to be the secret here like jazz like all things underground they fly
above the very earth they take with them the crunch is this

I want the something else and I am in the circle now I love its edge I love its
elephants I do not buy the ticket I perform the perforation of the boundary
the circulation of the ready in the act of supersession yes a supersession of
the circus one time only night the final and the deadliest and menacing of
where we sunk the pegs and raised the tents and stabilized our caravans and
ate here we are ready we can drift into the shadows change our jobs and
entertain the odyssey across

'From the slaves comes the freest of all music, jazz, which flies without
asking permission. Its grandparents are the blacks who sang at their work on
their owner's plantations in the southern United States, and the parents are
the musicians of black New Orleans brothels. The whorehouse bands play
all night without stopping, on balconies that keep them safe above the
brawling in the street. From their improvisations is born the new music.

'With his savings from delivering newspapers, milk and coal, a short, timid
lad has just bought his own trumpet for ten dollars. He blows and the music
stretches out, out, greeting the day. Louis Armstrong, like jazz, is the
grandson of slaves, and has been raised, like jazz, in the whorehouse.'

your lines enjamb your treachery has all but fizzled out you move from class
to class like student who is serious and good you do the rounds like
revolution

'In every revolution there is a paradoxical presence of circulation. Engels
remarks in June 1848: "The first assemblies take place on the large
boulevards, where Parisian life circulates with the greatest intensity." Less
than a century later, Weber says of the disappearance of Rosa Luxemburg
and Karl Liebknecht (as if he were talking about the results of a car crash)
that "they called to the streets, and the streets killed them." The masses are
not a population, a society, but the multitude of passers-by. The
revolutionary contingent attains its ideal form not in the place of production,
but in the street, where for a moment it stops being a cog in the technical
machine and itself becomes a motor machine of attack), in other words a
 producer of speed.'
I was searching for a word to slow me down

something beautiful and all-inclusive allah ole oya el naivete diabolo jazz terror tactic strategy duende poet poiesis analysis the dialectic skill luck circle circus trope escutcheon methodology critique research narrate revolt retell beat rhythm wave bleed boast.

No stop is full. The words here unlike buses always have a lot more room for something more. The many do not slow the single down. The crowd is opening and moving. We are out of here for

'... in our new perspective – there is no perspective.... Jazz is volume. It doesn't employ voices with accompaniments, similar to figures against a background. Everything works. Each instrument performs its solo while participating in the whole. The orchestra has even lost its impressionist divisions – with all the violins, for instance, playing the same theme on harmonic notes to create greater richness of sound.

'In jazz each [wo/]man plays for [her/]himself in a general ensemble. The same law applies to art: the background is itself the volume....'

'...the human essence is no abstraction inherent in each single individual. In its reality it is the ensemble of the social relations.'

'...each one of us changes [her/]himself, modifies [her/]himself to the extent that [s/]he changes and modifies the complex relations of which [s/]he is the hub. In this sense the real philosopher is, and cannot be other than, the politician, the active [wo/]man who modifies the environment, understanding by environment the ensemble of relations which each of us enters to take part in. If one's own individuality is the ensemble of these relations, to create one's personality means to acquire consciousness of them and to modify one's own personality means to modify the ensemble of these relations.'

'the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all.'

'Only now did Karl understand how huge America was.'

'At a street corner Karl saw a placard with the following announcement: The Oklahoma Theatre will engage members for its company today at Clayton
race-course from six o'clock in the morning until midnight. The great Theatre of Oklahoma calls you! Today only and never again! If you miss your chance now you miss it forever! If you think of your future you are one of us! Everyone is welcome! If you want to be an artist join our company! Our Theatre can find employment for everyone, a place for everyone.... Down with all those who do not believe in us!"

'The first day they travelled through a high range of mountains. Masses of blue-black rose...'}
amassing a great fortune

'... we were more than we had thought we were.'

my intellect my interlinear was plundered and my heart my dark was
whitened with transfiguring and playfulness habituated

Malta was cross-polinated by an intellectual of the empire yet to come it
was the roads the boats the elephants the quarrying that wrought the theory
terrorized the populace they countered: call our native adoration of the
natural historically naive we want a birth here on our stone the steel as well
is artificially and aptly ours we pocketed its recipe there will be no
containment of the change

our souls are ours our space is either being stolen whitened with the dust of
classic chalk or repossessed and revolutionized yes time and place need
change like plants need water Africa will violate the treaty we agreed to
signed with blood that as the time is gone and as the zones are neutralized
becomes invisible WE VIOLATE AND VIOLET EVERY TREATY where
the chosen name was made and signed on backs of us we are not blank
we're not white human paper our poor forces were appropriated made to
look like heroes then and peacemakers but we have glyphs already that you
do not know about we clowned for you and played our ghostly notes of
freedom to the likes of you
we were your jokes
led to the laughter

'Being Europeans, we thought we had given away to doctors and priests our
ability to heal.'

it is not we but they who make and hide the caches and the crashes
underground it is not we but they who mess around with bodies who
investigate the territories set aside the dripping and the breadless seedy
zones they make the brothels and the maximum securities and treat us when
we turn the guns against us when we cut across the subjectivity to match the
meaning of the tragedy the song of goats and Graeco-Latinizing that's our
history we bought it we're still paying for it rates of interesting work with
paper state the catch

I used to be an orthodox believer in the universe and what a human is when
cut from body any body then I found my stolen horse and road into my
bloody history and swept myself along into the making of a future with the
taught and tautologically stolen by our common plunderers I loose the reigns I swear no light can blind me

I have seen
the dark
and made
a patch of it

'What we sought was darkness: the darkness of forests, darkness to let broken things grow whole again, darkness, origin of life.'

'Slavery was shown us – held up to us – as the beautiful road, the right road of our lives. Among us the destroyers raised from human refuse ludicrous prophets preaching acceptance of slavery, love of pain inflicted upon us, love of destruction directed against us.'

'The Africa of everyday, oh not that of the poets, not the one that puts to sleep but the one that stops you from sleeping, for the people are impatient to do, to play, to say. The people who say: I want to build myself as a people, I want to build, to love, to respect, to create.'

this cycle of poems thy are yours to know my comrade colonized you're not alone my comrade poet maker of a living with ingredients that laugh and heal and hassle and do harm and help the house to house escape beneath the eyes of those who do the bidding (who among us has not known the invitation to be one of them) as agents of the hidden and the capitalized crystallized and boxed cubed cured corrected apolitical and wholly spirited away with taste of haste.

'That power we had felt flowing in us and through us could not, in the nature of things, be acutely conscious of us as individuals. It must come rather as wind comes to the trees of a forest, or as the ocean continues to murmur in the seashell it has thrown ashore.'

'A gulf deeper than ocean yawns between the old world and the new; and what by now I was accustomed to, would startle a burgher of Madrid or of Salamanca.'
drawing lines

So, what's happening?

Everything. Everything's happening.

What is it like
being colonized?

It's white. It's mighty white.

the metaphors you write with
are not such
that they
should not be analysed
they may well get
the better of you
do a class analysis on them subject them test them find out
where they're from and where they're going to
I'm talking metaphorically
analysis the better class test find

not black nor white 'His fingers [though] were wet and he smelled blood.'

like this
'I've searched the holy books
Tried to unravel the mystery of Jesus Christ the saviour
I've read the poets and the analysts
Searched through the books on human behaviour'

I did begin the line of thought and thought that this is what it was
a line of thought
I lived inside the cave and 'I found God and all His devils inside...' it was a fascinating one with lines of books a desk for working at a place for lining up the lines of thought that
like trajectories
I swear
would move or else
I moved them
sounds like people disbelieving at seance
Who pushed the glass then?

Cave 1994
Calvino 1984/85

173
learned that writing is a push
and that the cave was not the living not the bebop caravanned ensemble
only house where lord of house could crumble
up the cast
you took the placard at its word and with The Nature Theatre
you signed up
became a dweller of the cave the Oklahoma metaphysical and welcoming
and warm against the night where trouble's made and poetry and breaking up
the whole
and climbing out of it

Calvino 1964

'The cave came out into a torrent.'

Vallejo 1978

circling round and troubling turbulent untragic epic canto jondo pushy and
material 'Telluric and magnetic'

Calvino 1984

'The torrent was running silently over white and black stones.'

Vallejo 1978

'Black stone on a white stone'

Kafka 1939

'In the Penal Colony'

I too am colonized. They made a home in me and I in them. They stretched
me out. They took my mind away on holiday and fed me starved me made
me less than who I am. The crowd of me assembled was dissembled and
misrecognized, my crowd my blacktown sent for food.

Lotz 1975

'I listened to their vague and melancholy singing, learned to be at ease with
inarticulate people.' No not slaves but slavers savers salvers who articulate
with bodies of the dying and the dead

colonial the colony of artists of the colonized of ants of lines stretched out
the circles were stretched out to make the lines there's no conspiracy that
way no breathing with each breath a poem each an unaccompanied and
unaccompanying solo in ensemble free development of each the whole is
blooming volume is from each the breathing is arhythmic and
unconstitutional and voice can speak to voice and blackness runs from
mouth to mouth with dead held high

dead?
Duende. Master of the house. We have a house to build to paint to clean to keep to house to shelter. Yes we house the house we give it shelter with our bones and skins the master of the house death/duende bids it. Here at least we feel a sense of safety. Here the colony will give us jobs and songs to sing security and colour in our cheeks.

Eora Darrug Gandangara Tharawal...

In New South Wales.
vocal instruments

'To use an expressive phrase of the ancients, the slave is merely a vocal instrument, distinguished only as vocal from the beast as semivocal instrument, and from the inanimate tool as dumb instrument.'

who
in the house and falling through the doors unheard unseen unspoken singing textured recollected woven versed reversed and worldly?

comrade let the vocal voke
a voice is more than instrument
your voice is yours you're not alone in voking it
we're vokers and we're lectors reading out analyses the loosenings of elements cum tunes
and poetries our fictions that defy the captain's frauds
yo captain death he says he is the master here
the finest of our black and blues breathe fury flowers fight intensity on him
he's not our background though we are
amassed our background and our voking of and making of conditions wet
with change we groove like writing out we etch like history we glyph we jazz we party we are partisan we dedicate the breakages
and captain 'He breathes threatenings and slaughter.'

circa circus circle out research search
and destroy create a culture and a house without duende

but we need the boss the boss is knowledgeable able brings the band
together makes the space and sound equipment so we play our instruments
and as we do the boss plays us we are the boss's instruments the boss is
paying boss makes good for us the boss protects or else we're out that door
we're on the street we'd have to find another boss another owner of our voke
another colony where ants like us can occupy our hands another place of
safety hey the market isn't can't afford to be compassionate we need a
human face because we have no human face ourselves the market
designates its will to us through human face we
make our way we circulate like money in the market boss leaves 'striding
forward' we go 'like a [hul]man who is bringing [her/]his own skin to market,
and has nothing to expect but a tanning,'

a circle for analysis the diabolical the cut through the throw apart the
loosening the elements destroying
and a circle for poiesis the symbolic throwing stuff together bringing into one the making the creating

analysis/poiesis both imagined and imagining

the magic of the captain though is white all colours made to one destroying any individuality the boss both sun and moon no difference no day and night no lines and circles eyes no horses and no building envelopes no roads no afternoons no psyche seasons sea-loves memories no glands no change no samenesses
'all will be the same though all will be changed.'

di Lampedusa
1984:31

this when the circles are not made but are inherited when what you're hit with is beyond your choice to dance imagining

but there
is no beyond
imagining beyond the practices beyond the dream and no beyond the bodily the healing the enjoying of the voyage the releasing of the fear the play the scape the revolution the constructing and decolonizing of the sounds like glory gravity the foot is planted dancing on the faultline venerated as frontier

Apollinaire in Neruda 1977:46

'Mercy on us who explore the frontiers of the unreal.'

There is no mercy on the circles made for revolutionary change, for nothing less than radically smashing up and reassembling elements.

Luxemburg 1972:127

'In contradiction to the police interpretation, which views the revolution exclusively from the standpoint of street disturbances and rioting, that is, from the standpoint of "disorder" -- the interpretation of scientific Socialism sees in the revolution above all a thorough-going internal reversal of social class relations.'

Langer 1949:125

'...there were many reasons why alcoholism was being fought [by the Popular Unity government of Salvador Allende in Chile], but the most important was that it was considered counter-revolutionary, just like machismo. And what was sought through all the therapeutic techniques in use was "a change of values". This was the slogan of those who worked in mental health. They were trying to show the population that the man who could drink a lot and hold it from an early age wasn't a "real macho", nor was it any longer a
compliment to be a *macho*, but that companionship between the sexes was what was sought after. When Pinochet took power, one of his first measures was to raise the price of meat and lower the price of alcohol. His advisers must have also known that alcohol, intimate companion of *machismo*, contributes to counter-revolution.

the bosses shout us drinks and make us hungry look the cat dragged

Luksemburg 1972.254  "... hunger is the most dangerous ally of the counter-revolution..."

and also of inestimable value to the counter-revolution is the distance made by thought and art (as if these two can run!) the distance made by workers in these factories the distance made away from world from class-specific state-laden planned according to the augeries and vagaries of market WORLD

Gramsci 1974.275  "The concept of revolutionary and of internationalist, in the modern sense of the word, is correlative with the precise concept of State and of class: little understanding of the State means little class consciousness (and understanding of the State exists not only when one defends it, but also when one attacks it in order to overthrow it); hence low level of effectiveness of the parties, etc. Gypsy bands or political nomadism are not dangerous phenomena, and similarly Italian subversivism and internationalism were not dangerous."

sweet luxury of artist in the colony and blissfully projecting this subversiveness: the colour line this circle is a danger to stability you see we're nomads here we're rebels in adobe we're particular we're distant from we're unattached to any ruling of the ruling any working of the working class
detectives on matisse

'In fact, the meaning of a text can be nothing but the plurality of its systems, its infinite (circular) "transcribability": one system transcribes another, but reciprocally as well... there is no entrance language or exit language for the textual dictionary, since it is not the dictionary's (closed) definitional power that the text possesses, but its infinite structure.'

Gramsci 1971:322

'... is it [not] better to work out consciously and critically one's own conception of the world and thus, in connection with the labours of one's own brain, choose one's sphere of activity, take an active part in the creation of the history of the world, be one's own guide, refusing to accept passively and supinely from outside the moulding of one's personality?'

Bakhtin 1984b:123

'Laughter purifies from dogmatism, from the intolerant and the petrified; it liberates from fanaticism and pedantry, from fear and intimidation, from didacticism, naivete and illusion, from the single meaning, the single level, from sentimentality.'

the pond the country town with people alien in it who do not know you serve you at the table how I wish I put this down I want to see and not to write of sea with sea to sea matisse the church can go in it the flowers in the pond the japonaise the pain can dance the oil the structure with the chorus and the pears the hairs the ray the sting the revolution ode

I dance into and out from where the sting attached itself to you I caught it first the scope the history my nude is vulnerable red can life be still or dead?

I thought the morgue while flying in the wet and fucking blue of it a ghost was mute behind us how he spoke too much defenestrate him he who speaks a commentary rather than a voice

not life nor carnival nor cunt nor canvass nor create nor grape nor poetry the pink is like a pig in me I hug am unattached to earphones and my voice card will I risk deface defame delight unplug I hear that rosa luxemburg's in tears her palm enormous arse in place on ground within europa your abduction was a sunny one the bullshit did not mar the mar the message is

our voice is deep auspiciously mistakes are good the butchers too are wedded to the beautiful and various we backwards into jazz
our cat is destined for a living in the clown the sky enforces with its jazzetry
or paradouse with flower flame the voyage into momentary meeting with
tomorrow here mislaiden savoury illiterate focaccia hot chocolate sing the
krisis into me becoming me the moon is full the dinner in our memory is
festive for the rest of us with wisdom and simultaneity the making and the
marking of the earth with stomp and stuff our hands into is wet with wish
and word and world and as for you
you piece of poetry I kick you in the arts
and rove away to where the wave of next will aphra behn
we are assembled for the round we're circular
we are not federated
class of special bodies

'Afther their death, attempts are made to convert them into harmless icons, to
canonize them, so to say, and to surround their names with a certain halo for
the "consolation" of the oppressed classes and in order to dupe the latter,
while at the same time emasculating the content of the revolutionary
teaching, blunting its revolutionary edge and vulgarizing it. At the present
time, the bourgeoisie and the opportunisths within the working-class
movement concur in this "doctoring" of Marxism. They forget, obliterate
and distort the revolutionary side of this teaching, its revolutionary soul.
They push to the foreground and extol what is or seems acceptable to the
bourgeoisie.'

The fetishizing of the sacred name the iconizing of the head the talismanic
carrying and quoting of the text invoke that voice that multitude or solitary
chosen one eccentric and polemical and tragic.

There are 'special bodies' bearing arms and wings. They have the power to
envelope or to shoot. They come from us and in their uniformity and
multiplicity and saintliness they are above us alien to how we dream and
need and how we work.

They come late at night when love and candles and poetries are being made
and lit. They come complete with soothing. Yes, they soothe us with the
sound of our new names.

I have never said this before. It's like I've blocked it out and undergrounded
it but it is risen to the surface as I circle round to procreate a voice:

They gave us names. They chose them and they forced the breakages in us.

They took our names away. Our fight was disembodied and our epic crowd
was broken. We looked for other names that would embolden us and give us
capital to start with. Who doesn't crave the upper case? Who wants
something less than wings or weapons?

'There's a particular danger involved in Marxism, for young people. Aside
from the moral coherence and the voice it gives to so many feelings and
sentiments. It's such a total critique of society, and the mission it sets itself
so overshadows other concerns that young people who embrace Marxism
often find within it the means to deny the necessity for any further exploration of their own psyche.'

'And already the poet was mounting before me, and saying: "Come on now, thou seest the meridian is touched by the sun, and Night already with her foot covers from Ganges' banks to Morocco."
quietly

Quietly we formed a circle searching out our spirits and our roots and where we go from here. We studied what the here is like. We moistened lips and cradled fervours, teaching the ensembles that were racing in the veins of us. We met and spoke of speaking the unspeakable.

We tried being winged and armed for each other calling to each other's names and summoning from each *El angel bueno*

'Not the one that tied death to his hair.
The one that I wanted.
Without scratching the air, or wounding leaves or shaking windows.
The one that tied silence to his hair.
So as, without hurting me, to dig a bank of soft light in my breast and make my soul navigable.'

I'm rowing on the plight and pond of it. I have not told my name that it is different to a pond but what the hell I like the frailty and sense of false security afforded by the temporary metaphor.

This morning in the bed I read two poems made by Gabriela Mistral. One named *Mother*

'Blushing, full of confusion, I talked with her about my worries and the fear in my body. I fell on her breasts, and all over again I became a little girl sobbing in her arms at the terror of life.'

the second named *Image of the Earth*

'Now I know the maternal feeling of things....
Now I remember a cleft in the valley. In its deep bed a
stream went singing, hidden by a tangle of crags and brambles.
I am like that cleft; I feel singing deep within me this little
brook, and I have given it my flesh for a cover of crags and
brambles until it comes up toward the light.'

These two poems were translated from the Spanish by Langston Hughes and
he The Negro speaks of rivers

'I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.'

I too have been around in different circles
know the float and know the dive and know the drown a little know the
bloody angel and am clued in on the core of how the forces work I've had
the time and am still having it

I've even time to capital the names for there are many of them
each of them a poem flown and fought with sky and blood
I have the time to speak into my spirit in my name
and know its secret colour
and the stones and stories that its permutations
call to
and its journey punctuated by false fastenings

I have
the night with you
we're in the row-boat
candle lake and night
are still
and we are moving this
is not
a dream
it is the secret coloured flower
of the revolution rowing there's
no fight between the stars and candles
and we do not fear the changes to the water
wrought by dawn

we have
the dawn together too
it is a necessary facet of our warfare
having time

and you said
*how else would you tell of this?*

by drinking of your eyes
by laughing circles with your lips

and by the night
    the secret colour

by the star that you are guarding and delivering
    the candles on the row-boat

*waters*

*and the vigilance*
*political and unafraid*

by speaking to my spirit to my name
on pond lake river
rowed
with you
iconostasis

'The society that will organise production on the basis of a free and equal association of the producers will put the whole machinery of state where it will then belong: into the museum of antiquities, by the side of the spinning-wheel and the bronze axe.'

'We do not often come across this passage in the propaganda and agitational literature of present-day Social Democracy. But even when we do come across it, it is mostly quoted in the same manner as one bows before an icon...'

weeping oil and bleeding blood the icons are entwined in stases

see the icon

sit
icon

stay

rude screen!

the powers are diminished in the making of the stases they are bowed before by poets and are images of what they think they say

who does not know the flow of blood?

what does not build what does not tear the place apart what does not question does not open up and fly as lakes are wont to do and know the risks is what 'flow/s/ out into a god.'

the names they call us with they sink their hooks in us our skins are tracked with transport routes and state-provided infrastructures for the bloody business we are masses of us
"It can be a very messy, bloody business," says [Dr Lisa] Maher. "They're young and inexperienced. Because of the police presence [in Cabramatta], they know they're taking a big risk every time they have a shot. You'll see them jabbing furiously, trying to get a vein, and there's blood everywhere. Sometimes they'll wipe away their own blood with their fingers and then five minutes later, without washing their hands, be pressing those fingers into someone else's arm while they're injecting them."

listen what's the problem don't complain mate when you die there's nothing going on the train with you except for your tattoos

so choose them carefully

they will attend the back of you and be your stately icon-screen the lie around your mysteries your joyful sorrow-laden glorious

the pins are inked the skin is sore the blood is trickling gently

what do powers say? and where is our control? and how can writing be organic non-iconic anti-static?

'Of all writings I love only that which is written with blood.... blood is spirit.'

'Write with blood:... you will discover...'

lakes of blood ponds full of the stuff oceans stinking of it come and see get off the train and see

the state near axe and wheel the axe cuts into wheel goes round in circles that do get the dealer going somewhere passages are amnestied there are no satisfactions sung aloof

'Science is a circle of circles. The various sciences... are fragments of this chain.'
martial art

Fanon 1963:44

'The circle of the dance is a permissive circle: it protects and permits.... There are no limits – inside the circle.'

There are no limits to the will to crush the circles ground them down to poetries invoked and memorized you have to carry lucid images of that which has been crushed there is no way to vivify them scientifically

with whips of what is happening and musical chronologies and healings we are open on the ring and we permit the entry of the new performative and operative instant for destabilizing

Seremetakis 1991:1

'I follow women's cultural response to historical fragmentation as they weave together diverse social practices: dreaming, lament improvisation, care and tending of olive trees, burying and unburying the dead, and the historical inscription of emotions and senses on a landscape of person, things, and places. These practices compose the empowering poetics of the periphery. Here poetics communicates with the Greek concept of poēsis, which means both making and imagining. For the poetics of the periphery is always concerned with the imaginary dimension of material worlds, of things and persons made and unmade. In Inner Mani, this imaginary dimension emerges from the relation of women to death.

'The poetics of cultural periphery is the poetics of the fragment. One thing must be made clear about the fragment. It may be marginal, but it is not necessarily dependent, for it is capable of denying recognition to any center.'

or any head oh captain

look our dreams and laughter and critiques and knowledges of what the matter is and how the hands are unresorbably political are sharpened and are circular and binding on you loosening on us we are aware of taking sides

against the wall!
we want to draw your outline and include it in the mural

once you're drawn
we'll quarter you
accommodate you in our mud and straw and tenements and districts of
secretion
social housing is unfunded

on the rim of looking carefully and feeling very well we fight our values
there

'I have a mind to confuse things,
unite them, make them new-born,
mix them up, undress them,
until all light in the world
has the oneness of the ocean,
a generous, vast wholeness,
a crackling, living fragrance.'

we have comrades in the density of fierce uncentres
they are not exotic we have set ourselves to learning each one's sciences and
scaled each other's skandalon and waxed historical inside the more-than-
dream of making and defending concrete candles

show me what is unrelated

'The people defined me
and I never stopped being one of them....

From having been born so often
I have a salty experience
like a creature of the sea
with a passion for stars
and an earthly destination.'

ture the poet is felonious
against
the river of the meritorious and shortly possibly

why stop? why not address the arguments outlandishly medicinally
out and out against the rationally economically divined intransigence?
our economic is the house we build the lake we row with candles that are
comrades to the moon

the elements that go to make us
elements we've watched and taken notes on are assembling in the wings and
they are ready to perform

the art is martial terrible naive it's either taken in assimilated
or resists arrest
trapeze

In Berlin and its suburbs, officers are making arrests on their own responsibility.'

There is a line between the trope and the escutcheon.

That line can be broken only when the questions are intoned: whose trope? defending whom is the job of the shield on which appears the said escutcheon?

Better to muralize than moralize about it.

The line could be featured on the wall as a dash evoking speed or a hyphen bringing elements together. He or she who speaks of this is foreign and at home here. Even story-tellers take the plunge and paint the line here.

Here, where it alerts.

From twenty paces in the clearing at the dawn please name your crust you will be phoned and told of where you fit in this

this death too will be told in time in voice soft softening the blow still small voice something like the one that charmed the fire from Elijah in the opening that man was grave a soft and almost human voice that tells the story of the death as if the dangerous and unpredictable was long ago and far away the kind of voice that makes of all that's human and foreboding little dashes little hyphens of exotica mysteria semeia serendipitica safely set asail apart affronting to the images engraved thus cordoned off encircled in the art of whiteness

listen to the stories that cannot be muralized they speak their tropes to us with gentleness they shield us make responsible arrests among us bargain with us win us over and over

the boy died he died in war the girl died she was fighting in the cusp of us he died he had leukemia she had a heart attacked he was about to leave the bar she was attacked he died asleep she died from drugs the officers they beat him she was driving in her car just got her p plates hit a pole he died at work
the site was not for safety regulated fell from scaffolding she did he had the flu she had malaria he fell she hurt her head his hands were burdened by the know

the teller of the distant story separates the lightning from the thunder teller poet too will hit the roof the floor the force the finding the disaster poets tell of death and die and life and drink into and in the deep and over and over

Luxemburg 1972:296

'Again and again the revolution will bring to the fore the basic question: the general reckoning between labour and capital. And this reckoning is a world historical conflict between two mortal enemies which can be fought out only in a long power struggle, eye to eye, hand to hand.'

Rich 1995:33

'Maybe the poet has a hidden program – to recruit you to a cause, send you into the streets, to destabilize, through the sensual powers of language, your tested and tried priorities?'

Beckett 1984:315

'Over, over, there is a soft place in my heart for all that is over, no, for the being over...'

come over you who have the wearing thin of having had a living over you who took the boat over you who had a choice and you who didn't you who were the taken over you who had to do the handing over you who did the seeing over walls and seas and glass frontiers and perspex boundaries and you who fall who get who keel who win and once were won over pushed over run over you come over over come

resist the evil eye and its companions those with whom it shares its bread

come over you who are evacuated people you who are the victims of invectives bought with value that you made red dirt will animate you rivers talk from Mexico to Mexico the contrite are expunged from here with bones and glyphic sticks that in the making of and telling of the struggle leave the overcoming mark left over beautiful resdwa burnt through cut into the reaffirming surfaces and catching where the points are where the circles meet and strengthen there is passion in the story of the workersindigencesingenious the mottled and the throttled and the marked as
heinous tedious mischievous the makers of the tales and tropes and tables
and the strophes
what's a poem that does not invoke a turn?
doctor death

'But equally hateful to the fighter as to the victor is your grinning death, which comes creeping up like a thief — and yet comes as master.'

the line between the trope and the escutcheon is the line from blood through word
to death
the line that binds the student to the company of captains

ditch that sight of what is going on
and what cries out
and what cannot
you doubt the line adopted by the board the one dimensional
the maker of the grade they'll mark your head with
stretch your back out learner you are in the penal colony where culture
not unlike the souls that fly around the jars in our laboratories
ventures on trajectories from teaching to the being of the token of the
universal goodness made of steel and spirit trucked through bodypeople's
blood
the mudflaps are inscribed with stories of us
yes we made attempts on death
we will dictate our sentence
it is not our way to do it in by doctoring

this sentence does not centre or begin except as writing of a number of the
epics that are black and vanishing and this done anywhere I do defy the
messenger who names us as the neverchanging tools this angel wears our
death and destines us for graveyards for the poets obsolete

'Of all the art forms, poetry is the most economical. It is the one which is the
most secret, which requires the least physical labor, the least material, and
the one which can be done between shifts, in the hospital pantry, on the
subway, and on scraps of surplus paper.'

whose economy whose time whose house whose hospital and who is this
who asks the questions couched in whose selective rhetoric whose factory
whose factors whose assembly who is classed in darkness who with purple
dye
cloth
dye
whose service station whose Tarxien whose school whose laundry time
uncounted in the record books whose regimen whose radiance whose world
reversed re-versed whose electricity whose peace untold unterrified untooled

'Tools, machines, buildings, utensils, etc., only serve in the labour process as long as they retain their original forms, entering into that process from day to day in the same form as on the previous day. Just as during their life (during the labour process) they maintain the independent form in which they confront the product, so do they continue to retain that form after their death. The corpses of machines, tools, factories, and workshops, etc. remain in existence apart from the products they help to create.'

people makers of the figure and the fight are marshalled in to be the tropes of something some THING other than themselves and like an army braced for steady urban and industrial attack against the freeflown revolutionary educative grow with self in charge of changing self and joined by choice with other humans no not tools not ready for the work and tighten up the belted wash that floor and get the samples in not articles of reading but the self-made thought the movement of the loosen up and make the new together am I clear yes clear as black and healing mud as clear as any surface good for writing on as clear as road from thick to thief from blood to anti-tutelary struggles town to entrance point from loss to loosening from jazz to compact jest to joust from poem to political from parliament to proletariat from reservation to the rising up from flow away into the sacred bank to ever-deepening and rising row your boat upon no need for order or for drunkenness or hell our lake not sulphurous but curious not spurious not effortless not flawless but enormous and injurious not creeping but responsive no not gone but going on

our poetries are tools for making watch us break and make our tools afresh we have no cemetery in our minds for them they are not foreign to our bodies we are handling them and are the head of them they do not wind us up or steal us

so be careful Universal Steel for in the streets and in the secret places where you think we serve you we dismantle pieces of you take your pieces home

they're foreign orders

195
we
are foreigners who give and make these orders
we
black
epic
critical
and difficult for you to see
but not
we emphasize in circles of ourselves
not vanishing

your infinite is cut
by our incisions in your soul

be careful Universal Steel
we're living
very near to where

we'll make an end of you
sabot

it is the age for that

I vanished from the odes became a god all-knowing writing reams and
taking time pretending to a unity a plural

'... they have failed to appreciate the... problematic nature of the word
"work" and the unity it designates.'

there is a working-class way of knowing
not for those beneath whose eyes the making is performed
they may excel in knowing everything there is to learn in other ways but
some nights some stars stories smells spills some dislocations sounds sabots
some methodologies are never known
except by those who turn who sabotage the master plans who do who want
who have no place except the tenderness of practiced solidarity
philosophy of praxis

who are the saboteurs what unpaid activism what unnoted songs what
circles undescibed what saucers what guitars what gutters perchers snipers

Gramsci wrote some notes from prison where 'His teeth fell out, his
digestive system collapsed so that he could not eat solid food, his chronic
insomnia became permanent so that he could go weeks without more than
an hour or two of sleep at night; he had convulsions when he vomited blood,
and suffered from headaches so violent that he beat his head against the
walls of his cell. It is against this background that the achievement of the
Prison Notebooks should be seen. When first arrested he had written to
Tatiana [his lover’s sister]: "I am obsessed by the idea that I ought to do
something fur ewig... I want, following a fixed plan, to devote myself
intensively and systematically to some subject that will absorb me and give
focus to my inner life.'

a Gramsci saboteur a lover of Julia Schucht writer revolutionary prisoner
beneath the towers of the corporation

'Gramsci once wrote – commenting on some lines of poetry by a certain
Bini which said: "Prison is so finely-wrought a file, that, tempering one's
thought, it makes of it a style" – "Was Bini really in prison? Perhaps not for
long. Prison is so finely-wrought a file that it destroys thought utterly. It
operates like the master craftsman who was given a fine trunk of seasoned olive wood with which to carve a statue of Saint Peter; he carved away, a piece here, a piece there, shaped the wood roughly, modified it, corrected it – and ended up with a handle for a cobbler's awl."

I rushed into suburbs like a reddish-purple dyed sublation sister brother take the tamarisk it has been growing from the bushes here for epochs at an estimate conservative and coarse the question isn't do you dare? but dare you not?

'What is political activism anyway? I've been asking myself.

'It's something both prepared for and spontaneous – like making poetry.

'When we do and think and feel certain things privately and in secret, even when thousands of people are doing, thinking, whispering these things privately and in secret, there is still no general, collective understanding from which to move. Each takes her or his risks in isolation. We may think of ourselves as individual rebels, and individual rebels can easily be shot down. The relationship among so many feelings remains unclear. But these thoughts and feelings, suppressed and stored-up and whispered, have an incendiary component. You cannot tell where or how they will connect, spreading underground from rootlet to rootlet till every grass blade is afire from every other. This is that "spontaneity" which party "leaders", secret governments, and closed systems dread. Poetry, in its own way, is a carrier of the sparks, because it too comes out of silence, seeking connection with unseen others.'
Scheherazade

'Storytellers continued their narratives late into the night to forestall death and to delay the inevitable moment when everyone must fall silent. Scheherazade's story is a desperate inversion of murder; it is the effort, throughout all those nights, to exclude death from the circle of existence.'

Deep inside the territory people made a living out of bounds. They slept away from those who were the white and murderous. The killers had not circled them or cut their lines through them or else by now they would have killed them and their trees and dreams and taken out their fires and their stars.

The people sat around their fires telling stories to each other. When you tell you need to have a people who are breathing with you, space as well and time. Or else the borrowers of fire come and take your breath and slay your story.

Underneath the common moon and many stars the people voiced their stories.

Everybody had their turn. They testified to different stars, their different moons, their spacious selves. They sat in circles. Everybody had a turn, a time, a place around the circles, eyes of fire.

In the cities of the thieves the killers taught the people that the stars are only excellent for spangling their escutcheon with.

The children there were different-skinned and stolen, sold, swapped, lost, hunted, stained. They dwelt in tunnels where the people left their shit and piss to run beneath the buildings and the streets like warm and necessary rivers. There they hid from thieves who tried to hunt them down

The fire-circle people and the sewer-people drank each other's stars, unwound their skeins and loosed the stories heavy-duty in their blood.

Come fire thunder. Tremble hell.

Now it is your turn my comrade. Fight the lies with fire. All our stars are hot with it as well.

'It is possible that in every work language is superimposed upon itself in a secret verticality, where the double is exactly the same as the thin space between – the narrow, black line which no perception can divulge except in those fortuitous and deliberately confusing moments when the figure of Scheherazade surrounds itself with fog, retreats to the origins of time, and
arises infinitely reduced at the center of a brilliant, profound, and virtual
disc. A work of language is the body of language crossed by death in order
to open this infinite space where doubles reverberate.'
the poet Rosa

Luxemburg 1972:306
'... masses were abreast of events...'

Benjamin 1985:367
'... the sluggish water of the Landwehr Canal that marked the district off from the proletarian quarters of Moabit...'

The Landwehr canal where Rosa's body after being bulleted was thrown.

the doubling of the money

making cordon for the slums the people parted metropolita and polita and thankyou very much we've got the mattress and some packing cases well we'll share the toilet share the stairs we'll count our blessings bless your art and patronage good governor

the drawn there by the dormitory for the factories and queues the quartered there the polita good doctor Rosa yes the water's cold red Moabite

Luxemburg 1972:264
'Ruthless revolutionary energy and tender humanity – this alone is the essence of socialism.'

Cabezas 1986:87
'You always cultivated that tenderness in the mountains. I took care not to lose my capacity for that beauty. The new [hu]man was born in the mountains, as others were born in the underground in the city, as the guerrilla was born in the brush.'

with death
you always need to have some kind of brush with death to make your cities epico and spoken with the fire the canal is not the poem or the end
poiesis is continuing

'The beginning and end of everything is what leaves its mark...'

The leaving of the mark is not the moment of the brush and who is moving is continuing to move the earth is revolutionary permanently.

'Politics is imagination or it is a treadmill – disintegrative, stifling, finally brutalizing – or ineffectual.'

'Writing has never been capitalism's thing.'

When they give you evil eye because you will imagine and will say and write against their lapidary longings for completion absolute and brook no contest when they eye you whitely make a din with your sabots the specialist is patronizing tells you that is what I'm for to look away from you to where my art is waiting for me formally correct exquisite and acquired and tasteful overseas

the swing is frightening
no poems will decide the way
to split and fray the rope we lost our chains the day we signed the enterprise agreement what a bargain
we stay put without the chains and watch the cable thrown across the black canal into our Moabit they know they've got us steady on and off there is no need for our containment and what's less we hate the toilers and the stragglers

have a thousand nationalisms pounding on the door
with hammers nailing bars and boards to close the entry up

'... he [the king] thought himself related to the rest of [hu]mankind only through the nobler class of poets.'

and rightly so the captains can depend on nobler souls

and poets in the conflict at the base?
Luxemburg 1972:235
'There can be no socialism outside the international solidarity of the proletariat, and there can be no socialism without the class struggle. The socialist proletariat cannot renounce the class struggle and international solidarity, either in war or in peace, without committing suicide.'

Luxemburg 1972:236
'The immediate task of socialism shall be the intellectual liberation of the proletariat from the guardianship of the bourgeoisie as manifest in the influence of nationalistic ideology.'

against our guardianship protectorate our wings our thoughtfulness our guillotine our pocket cult our tragedies our literature in permanence idea our unemployment permanently high our pool of labour our formations health for some and education for the many mind you when the teachers struck we had to call the troops in and I know you'll find this hard to swallow they did better much much better when it came to getting order back and in the universities well there we've changed the campuses to military bases better better our approach our capital idea our boast our urban freedom for developers and progress first our trope our trumpet walls of Jericho will be rebuilt and throw the whore the saboteur the Rahab into jail

Foucault 1984:96
'... mobile and transitory points of resistance, producing cleavages in a society that shift about, fracturing unities and effecting regroupings, furrowing across individuals themselves, cutting them up and remolding them, marking off irreducible regions in them, in their bodies and minds.'

This is what is happening but not as resistance to a status quo but as resistance against the move to shift it even everso gently so lightly. Cleavages have been produced and unities fractured

in the working class

poiesis is continuing
naivete and terror

The rhizome has no beginning or end; it is always in the middle, between things, interbeing, intermezzo.... The middle is by no means an average; on the contrary, it is where things pick up speed. Between things does not designate a localizable relation going from one thing to the other and back again, but a perpendicular direction, a transversal movement that sweeps one and the other away, a stream without beginning or end that undermines its banks and picks up speed in the middle.

It is the terror of the in-between that burns the energy.

the walker on the tightrope is
with ministry of dot dot dot before and Universal Steel behind
near death and terrified and
with a dash of boldness and naivete
serene

the beginnings and the ends are not just lost they're taken and dismembered sprinkled liberally throughout the body of the textile industry that spans the stretch between them skein-like I have seen that word before

the poem ran outside just now and bad-mouthed factions settling in on crests of waves that did not tally with the seen and smelt and felt and word and tasted music of the sudden and cyclonic happening

we seek our peace our living in the health and wellness of it is now ineluctable

the revolution has not vanished

this is Lenin Vol with little hair and many volumes Vladimir without an Estragon explaining paraphrasing mocking Kautsky: '...at present we are in opposition; what we shall be after we have captured power, that we shall see. Revolution has vanished!'

the revolution turning round the means to think and feel and to perform is underneath and in-between and overturning on the edges of and at the heart and at the livid liver of and on the skin of in the writings and in the fields caught fire of and in the mist and singe and singing of and fighting of and
animation of and in the lap of in lazuli of in lieu of in the laze around today
of in the teaching of the taking of the leading of the self by self of get the
poem out of here of course you learn you're ready to perform and on the
rage before the purple like yourself and quite unlike you

'Poetry of the purple cheekbone, between saying it
and not saying it...'

between having practiced it and understood it in-between where terror is
and giving birth and nothing in the world like newborn cry there's nothing
else that's near it nothing like the living bodiliness of it
the choice
of voice

you want to know and simply perpendicularly presently and presciently
what the crying of the purple cheekboned poem is against?

the body-snatcher killer thief mosaic of the pointillistic god the captain good
protector kind administrator of the souls of here

'There are people so wretched, they don't even
have a body...'

see the culture here is anti-here and dead against the working out the no the
culture is colonial invisible and prophesying brightness and resemblance
verity and actions in the name of corporate security and productivity

'Blatant colonialism mutilates you without pretense: it forbids you to talk, it
forbids you to act, it forbids you to exist. Invisible colonialism, however,
convinces you that serfdom is your destiny and impotence is your nature: it
convinces you that it's not possible to speak, not possible to act, not possible
to exist.'

like here has gone from revolution sorry there's no room here gone
the tearing up the slabs and making new the breathing
comrade revolution vanished like a trope a speaking part in epic poetry a
few black marks on slabs left down and read when
trodden on
is that what's left?
deracination pulling up the roots deradicalizing derhizomatizing hypnotising deputising death to speak for bodies such as ours

no

call the craze naive it is again
a newborn cry
and fills the paving slab with terror
but
the circles too are broken
we spill out
we are not fixed

the movers and the fakers gave an ostrakon to crowds and turbulent and raining laughter and an ostrakon to ocean one to unpoliced tenderness miscegenation and to unrewarded zeal

you guessed it
we've
been exorcized and forced by fast and telesensual poetry to leave we did not charge we did not grieve we cut asunder loosed our humours emigrated we are in poiesis
that's the the making and the finding and deciding of the means

'M...the whole of what is called world history is nothing but the creation of [the hu]man by human labour...'

poiesis is continuing like wood and laughter sky discontinuities and dirt

'... Granted, then, that all of literature is a long letter to an invisible other, a present, a possible, or a future passion that we rid ourselves of, feed, or seek.'

this is a letter to the passionately spoken

how's your havoc?
how's your epic?

what's an epic?
sayings of the people
masses of the sayings made
and said and questioned
by the interlocutors
who sprawl and brawl
and sit together
amble and abet
the interlocutors?
we are
of them
we spell our make in pulsions to each other
well
we make a bit of this a bit of that
once bitten we still have to make a living
if we can
on the way home from Liverpool the other
day I trod on what I read
it was a paving slab with 'abo'
written on it in almost purple red
perhaps morat and in the o
there was a cross
where else?
and then a man walked past
black
not vanishing not crossed not circled
on his way to Liverpool
'a step past the territory'
epics
even on the smallest scraps of transience
are what we take
a minute past
a laugh past
a fight past
a trouble past
a textile past
a territory past

a new zone here
a body here
a confidence and quirky poem here
a struggle here
a letter to my lover here
a night here
a going
on

what is going on?
tens of us
hundreds of us
many of us
five of us
the two of us
we answer: we
we are going on
we are what
is going on
... the philosophy of praxis is... consciousness full of contradictions, in which the philosopher [her/]herself, understood both individually and as an entire social group, not only grasps the contradictions, but posits [her/]herself as an element of the contradiction and elevates this element to a principle of knowledge and therefore of action.

Antonio Gramsci
from *The Prison Notebooks* 1929-1935

*Today I want to be wholeheartedly happy,*
*to be happy, to go about sprouting questions,*
*to throw open my windows impetuously, like crazy,*
in short, to proclaim
*my state of newborn physical confidence....*

*Then I would like in substance, to be lucky,*
to work without beatings, without humility, *the black burro,*
to feel the *sense impressions of this world - my provisional songs - to find again the pencil I mislaid inside me and the beloved organs of my tears.*

Cesar Vallejo
from *Payroll of Bones* 1923-1936
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