



**NEW PINKY**

## Exactly

Somebody begins to exclaim the word *exactly!*  
just as a pair of chairs is clanging in the other room.

Imagine that the c and the t have been  
dropped from the word *exactly!*

Instead of the *c* and *t* sounds in quick succession,  
there is the background noise of  
two  
tin  
chairs  
being moved to collide with one another unexpectedly,

at precisely the moment  
to both startle the speaker into pausing mid-word,  
and to adopt the same role as c and t together  
phonetically.

So—It ends up being, “exa [clang] [other clang]... ly!”  
“exa- *c* - *t* -ly!”

There is a large enough pause between the two clangs  
for the word “exactly” to become an invention for the speaker  
as it unfolds.

(Onomatopoetic flirt, this unique version of *exactly*  
recalls the ancient Greek word *tux-tax*,  
the word for the sound of swords clashing.)

The speaker, possibly less startled as he is  
moved to pause,  
thinks he hears something in the background.

And he is right:

It is the sound of the

two

tin

chairs,

which progresses so perfectly that the speaker  
is inspired to finish the word aloud *I FINISH what I start.*

What was momentarily an interruption quickly became

a lesson  
in the delivery of *exactly*, mid-execution.

The collaboration between speaker and two chairs  
renders their noises both fully sound and fully word.

## POEM

The blood usually arrived at nine  
but it was three so tomorrow  
was another day to be bled by  
biology and gravity.  
Where was the dead phone pile,  
the rotaries towering high in a field  
for affect?  
There was no one character  
to blame. Not even  
the hunter and his trophy antlers,  
his new meat for a week of cozy dinners.  
At the lake the water froze into  
water boulders and now a mountain  
crashed in perpetuity—

## THE HEAVIEST BOOK

On the way to the light the tree fell onto the gravel  
In the paper cut, a downward sensation lands in a garden of painted depictions  
of wandering wounds  
I am alone in this garden, on a bench eating candy and a banana  
A symphony of rats becomes the echo of a text written by the one who does not  
belong anywhere  
The “voice of exile” Du Bois said of the sorrow songs  
Of people outside time, without ground

Where am I, in all this—in the chaos of a city that moves without thinking  
All day I struggle to make a day  
Bury myself in sand and dust  
And from nowhere sing that the tolling bell is for us, our rebirth

Inside the plaintive knell of premature departure  
Inside me  
What you’ll find  
The opened book of our birth:  
Knowledge of where we are on this earth

There is nothing to do but take the book with us wherever we go

It is a heavy book

Through it you know your station and what you will find

Let me sleep let me sleep I write to find—  
To know—  
I mean I write to—  
It is the bloodletting of the self  
In the stutter  
When there is nothing to say  
Just a desert of language that unfurls before a pure mystical feeling  
“I” the background of thought in the beginning of sleep  
Or the fog that surrounds you like the awareness of death when you face the  
corpse  
How many ways can we be killed by what we made for ourselves when we felt  
weak  
They say, “You’re doing this to yourself”  
“You make the impossible mountain just to weep at its foot”

As if you didn’t know that you’ve traded your chance at a propitious “I” for a few  
hours of eyeless repose

Some had faith at the end of their failure  
But you were always looking for a reason to give up

The fog is your way of remembering to forget the 3 centipedes in your closet  
Look at the distressed face of the baby held by the priest in the giant mural  
You say, *I love the parts of you I cannot assimilate*, but there’s nothing innovative about  
the way you say it

When I don’t feel bad about myself Kant’s importance shrinks

Like the banks I merge to become something greater than myself  
A plowshare made from the steel of melted swords  
Or a chariot made from the flesh of 600 melted angels

What constitutes this—this lack of formation, when all my thoughts pool to reflect  
you—in or on the surface of the sound of the lesbian bass piercing the  
accelerando hearts of 600 teens drunk on the possibility of being seen  
while lost in “it.”

My ears are still ringing.

The tilting dyke has charcoal around her eyes, everyone is singing and sometimes  
I’m in a funny mood—laconic like HERmione, who sees the corner of a  
piece of fabric but not the event—not the primary matter of what has  
transpired.

How could someone’s concentration be so intense and yet not at all?

(And why is she always looking at what is invisible and not what shows itself in  
good faith?)

You hate me, they say.

(The withholding demeanor of the one who feels truly alone will always be  
mistaken for scorn.)

(Because they can’t read you, they assume the worst.)

(Because there is silence.)

(This is my silence, which is not silence at all, but bracketed speech.)

(If I close my eyes it's because I'm tired and not because I'm bored.)

And then, when I feel myself falling I remember my dream in the flash of a sunflower opening behind my back. A tree losing itself to winter. There's nothing there by the time I turn around and everywhere I go my back is turned to the dream, until the moment I hear the latch open and the square of concrete beneath my feet dislodges. Where am I? Only Autochthons of the Book ask such questions. It is the mystery of a return without a place. Excess of language without the anchor of land. All I can say of the desert is that it prepared me to receive the Book by showing me solitude: The Book of Questions.

"I miss you," I wrote to my journal. "I miss knowing myself so well it drives me crazy." In these pages: dreams of being shown the grace of work and not just desultory efforts or the inverted grace of falling apart.

To know more than the way love inside the cave splits the skin on the knuckles.

Or the way the cave becomes a terrordome becomes the city that gave birth to neoliberal trade policies...the surveillance state par excellence.

(You are afraid. I could have told you that.)

## SISTER

Sister why are you looking at me  
Well why do you think I'm looking at you  
She's sitting in a chair I'm standing  
I kneel down after she says it we hug and  
My face is mashed in her long black rough hair  
Belgrade marijuana Belgrade home made liquor  
Belgrade air with that special uranium rain tang scent.  
Bent. We kiss each other. We begin to kiss.  
When we were kids the adults told us  
To kiss each other that we were brother and sister.  
Now we are at each other. We are listening. We  
Are finally listening now and that is good.  
We are being obedient obedienter  
Than they ever might've wanted us to be.  
We are pressing against each other wet and we  
Get to the bed undress each other and feel each other and I ask her  
Do you have a condom she says No we don't need a condom  
We're just going to use our hands so we do we use our hands  
On each other until we come first her then me when she comes

## Blue for the touch of your hand

I wonder if I am decent at home, if when the air weakens light, it is okay to share myself in the window or to leave my burnt balls leering on the bed. Who else is all youth like this, in a position towards the world, wrapped in dunes and sun and covered rose. I aggressively make a certain intellect show, again to bed.

Who did I miss so far?, I am alone. I reach a limit reaching out to who?, is usually a limit of color, that now I press with wonder. I'll be transfixed even though its beauty really lacks. Is tough and unfixated and so sad.

It's cool and frozen outside, hawk-eyed winter fraught with loss of neighbors. I remember honey in his ear to myself, no one here, to share or to create that with. My brain's outside of terminal space, I look a lot, and acknowledge certain prisons of dance drawn around, daisy's floating silence in a water very near, that I rested in the park a long while ago. There are so many more dimensions to its quiet, growing from its lonely shape.

## Partnership

Womanescing is a double-braided sword.  
Luxurious nights to the fountain alter's  
colors-changing light, our single blue room.  
It makes the twilights in our window look lavender, sometimes turquoise.  
Vicious love with ass-slapping, neon orange accents  
we see upside-down to the ceiling, then softest sips.  
Mouse-eyes,  
Webs.



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