

To cast this as too seamlessly beautiful would be unkind.
It would be tantamount to obliging you to adore me/this against your will.

All the same, do I satisfy a portion of your immediate need?, placate a momentary itch?
I'm happy to do so!, even if I'm aware that itch will soon migrate to a {spot/[site]} I cannot reach.

I ask only one thing
don't forget what we had for even this fleeting moment.

Verfremdungseffekt

MEANWHILE HERE:

When the initial shockwaves subsided by even just a few inches, for some it was as if the {planet's} deft alerts, its aspersion to assume degrees of frailty, were promptly caste aside and affectations approaching vulnerability &/or magnanimity as first response also receded.

Assertions of prowess were again openly displayed for one & all on the streets & around. Was it simply that the {jaws} of necessity & its {delayed twin} morbid desperation, preempted the assumption of [__behaviours__] that could {largely} be described as contributing to the alarm in the first place? Or was it that such displays of aggressive command, openly demonstrated, seemed simply more out-of-time in the wake of all the efforts at solidarity and deferrals to performed civilities already on the edge of collapse?

Was I following in the same? I admit, at times / assumed the legs of another body sexed male, exploited his gait so as to intermittently deflect invasive attentions.

All the same, I had to ask myself again and again, if my insistence on physical incarnations of the/my predicament would aptly resonate with the trouble—occurring to me as plainly, and at times painfully physical in encounter—and its call to action.

Are my displaced estimations borrowed both from the time-weathered distillations of others & immediate transmissions tenuously broadcast—attempts at avoiding leaving mute the implications of the/{this} body enraged, fragile & in revolt—themselves the products of corrupted response?

DISTORTION

all my gestures have shifted register. I’m yet to figure out to which exactly.

I’d hazard a guess—after {sitting} next to/in them for this long now—at a fourth, a major 4th. They *would not resolve* to the tonic: Too solid: Foundational.

They sure insinuated they were on their way there though, to home, as the tonic is often named. But gestures are endowed with the ability to shift shape, take on the lightness of a wrist’s twirl, the impostures of humour or hallucination.

It was an {unexpected} turn. Threads from my older times not so distant as to become {memories}, like the place where I was born, kept surfacing.

It could have been the [_{job}_] at hand, my revisiting the [_material_] itself? However re/de-composed?

Retreat wasn’t exactly the {exercise} I’d assumed but there was an echo of a steady, aware, backward step or four. The backward course though was indirect, interlaced with a side-step and something of a shuffle. Not being the spring chicken I once was my options were thinning. Opportunities for adventure, for risk taking, were not of the game I could bargain to win.

Winning’s proposition was plainly just out of reach for far too many. The {jaws} of limitation were closing all around, along with all the borders. Movement was tricky if you didn’t have connections... oder kohle.

I found myself rifling through any trace of a name, number, or lead however tenuous.

[PGs 52–53]

a brief window presented itself slightly ajar. Furnished as it was with restrictions and demands, I was in the middle of a rare proposition & I was idiot enough to bend it beyond proportion.

My agility’s limitations did not stop me. Through its offering I snaked. I didn’t reveal much of myself to the others at the plant but maintained something of a secure footing by exploiting the little knowledge & limited skills I’d managed to accrue. I effected dialect.

It allowed me a semblance of cover. A cover story. What was coming was gonna be a greater challenge than I or anyone could imagine—unless you were of the cynical opportunistic sort that was already on the road to a demise, a //highway-to-hell// that excluded you from the {trouble} of thinking beyond yourself—and I wanted to be ready. My intimation of the major scale’s reassurance, the major fourth, was possibly a way to calm the waters stirring at my core. Why sound or music, and especially a major scale, marks the transition to this register for my behaving I can only attribute to my inability to find the words to describe my desperately intuitive move. I wanted to move closer to a calm and with the tools I knew and was willing to use. I wanted to be ready with whatever surprise lucidities I’d accrued, in spite of their being anchored to the torturous socialities that have influenced them and the contortions that permit *this* body to produce them.

BASE
APPROXIMATIONS
GEOMETRIES
INARTICULATE

{SURFACE HICCUP}

Somehow a crack in it all presented itself. A rupture whose ripples spread outward from so many a central disturbance, each becoming themselves from the {same} source and hence broadcasting echoes of one another. I wouldn't ascribe the accident to something like fate, or a determined occurrence presenting itself like an epiphany's seduction. It was more that {capital's} ingredients all urgently waited around ready to converge, conspire into action, whatever form all that business might take. This was all different* but *I was again* on the run.

I'm not exactly sure how at first *I* was found, found myself in it & there. *I*'d skipped orbit well and good, was 'out on a limb'. Or so *I* thought. It worked for a while. In my wilful naïvety *I* simply continued on, grifting, coaxing the slipped moment/place shifted into my own design. Or so *I* thought.

You were there & scanned the {terrain} with a slow and steady but vaguer commitment than my predicament demanded. There was something between us, the place & me, you. A disconnect kept us from //meeting// held me at //arms length// You weren't exactly foreign to the place even though nothing really felt familiar to either of us. I know I'm putting words in your mouth. [__Was it that we'd {invented}/entered a place with an intention to read it for our/my own benefit? I'd been delivered code, but was it that our speculation contributed to the impasse? That estrangements were unavoidable?__] Probably. You transmit details. Their frames, their houses, and the info crammed inside of them capture parts in concert. Their combinations have purpose and even in their idleness, strangely vacant of bodies, they do their own thing whilst dumbly awaiting whatever function they might serve when bodies arrive, when our convergences spin them into play.

Transmitted, I could/should probably capture at least something of their import with a little simple mental arithmetic. Your words help, our correspondence. This though doesn't stop me from attempting to make contact from here {by subverting it all}, exaggerating a pictured chain; some rubber; a numbered metal lump; a tree next to a streetlamp, taking advantage of a bus stop; a cropped engraved sheet of hard stone featuring what I figure are names that are condemned to contribute to the immensity of {re-animated} names whose sounds I cannot form in my mouth, monuments_to_the_dead whose names serve other than their own times.

I manipulate all of it from here. There in sunlight, me here in the disordered syntax of sleep, they arrive & are corrupted, until I wake and perform similar contortions consciously. Over guarded coffee my muscles tighten when I discreetly read of queers ejected from shit or whatever jobs because they were infected, infectious. I cannot suppress the echoes of loss and irrational persecution that flash across the pages of history i reconstruct while my cigarette burns out.

I know everything framed in those images you send are there, they were there, in front of you. But I've spun out of orbit into a place not exactly out-of-order. It's a place whose material details of not dissimilar kind have transitioned, have left behind their intended purpose in being abandoned.

Scale was playing not only against the retina, it was toying with the other tools for perception at hand. Degrading metal joinery; doors loosened from hinges; chains hanging bereft & without ambition like hair persisting on a rotting corpse; cement grounds crumbling, their surfaces rupturing as the roots of new trees claimed their foundations; blistered rubber lying limp, all participate in a patina of dereliction affecting all my movements.

I am thick with energetic inflection, but they too crowd the spaces between these activities, these words. If this haze of industrial demise didn't immediately

border forest, canal and the tiny settlement not yet abandoned, not so far from the Capital, I might have easily dismissed other {forces} hard at work out here, those gurgling alongside my own condition which I am unwilling to diagnose. I am implicated in this imposition.

It's all been sitting there for some years {listening to the turn of seasons themselves perverted, periodically inhabited by noisy migrating birds busy reproducing, blossoming flowers, Saturn & Jupiter charting course across Poland's very near sky, grunting deer bucks and symphonies of horny frogs at the edge of the locals' busy days}.

They distract me. Their idleness is not mute, it's hot for the taking & I'm not alone in that exciting me into action. They're ripe for the takeover, to be resuscitated by economies foreign to their beginnings and their shadows that remain.

They are the relics of superseded regimes and they, like any {unintentional} monument to a past, are ripe for interpretation's assumptions and infidelities.

We look on, and the conflicts their degrading edges admit make themselves known in between the stuttering grammars of beaver, swallow, weed, all the men called Maik/Mischa/Michel/Michael, myself.

Something of the birds' summer labour I come to recognise in my own. I've gathered all this immediately available stuff & aggregate it into scenes of production. I push it all into the gaps, into whatever corner presents itself.

TRANSIT

Beyond me, yet still attached by the threads of my thinking them/my preoccupation, they move. I could have secretly laced their bulk with a device to track or trace their movement as they pass through grand processes —those massive operations albeit contaminated by the minor behaviours enacted upon & around them, animated by activities adjacent to their officialdom & its surveillances. I pay mind to the symptoms {native} to the problematic procedures of their transit, but I've chosen to cast these as accompaniment, background noise, murmurings around & about them, at the edges too of my thinking. A possibly opportunistic move, my attentions are fixed on another set of {behaviours}, those inside the box: tightly pressed against one another, isolated and evolving together as they move through space, becoming themselves together and separately as they pass through each & every check-point.

Sigfried described it. Moisture would be released by the wetted {cement}, initially and frantically engaged by my determined questioning's introduction of it to the forms that would together, compressed, determine the shapes they'd become. Wet, they were at their most active. Internal to itself the chemical process under way also behaved on, by, and with the conditions in which it was busying itself. Moisture, once it had serviced its initial catalytic charge, would be released and absorbed by the wood's own porousness, now painted perverted colour-data-set scale. Not done with water's influence, the concrete poems would reabsorb the then sweating wood's digestion of the very same moisture trapped in the box's tight chamber, re-appropriating its own secretions now filtered/changed by the fixed shapes of the wood's response.

I'd imagined this time, this process of becoming at the very least material fixity, an opportunity to form in the mouth of my mind the words for describing this moment, how I felt about it and how possibly to come to an understanding, or at least a recognition of some sort or another. In its place, what has occurred, instead of coming to {conclusion} by my speaking/writing through them, the persistence of the material worlds' dynamic othernesses have, in their ways, spoken, and I've been compelled to listen.

The concrete poems not constituted of letter shapes now converse with the painted wood, itself oddly released from my mind's active distortions of assumed details from the ghosted site they move toward. In my absence, locked up, away from the manipulations of their producers and their //Near Future// consumers, they converse.

I move through the contradictions inherent to the stubborn physicality of the proposition. I have taken advantage of their *impersonality*, their non-human immunity, as they cross borders evading the scrutinies applied to humans, and I reassure myself when I read a note-to-self __ *there is no correct tool or application* __ in scrawled large looping script on an already soiled (left & right top corners) sheet of A3 paper. It's sure there are expressions aware of material contamination already in place, and they assume some of these too all confined to their container.

I want to conjure rhetoric that affirms my position with the words //Staying with the trouble// or a similar combination of words projecting a comparable sentiment. Is this why the *I—the one on the keyboard I've just augmented with both the command & shift keys*—inhabits each of these 5 texts?

I attempts to produce a sharp attention.

My words glitch & they hiccup: stumble along with the *Broken Diction* of my activities.

Grasping for a way to give this physical body's troubled {significance/insistence} form—wading through procedures that could just as well be discarded if *I* could only forget a nagging presence—we moved, //My body & I//¹

¹ René Crevel, Paris 1926.