

(yatagan)

Updated directives for getting lost in Arcadia -- misread instead: '365 Poems for Every Occultism', 'Polygraph Park', 're-cinderling of fires', 'haunted by horse-guests;' astutely becoming more than a statue but less than a man, painted-in like the ones who going were before in your place. Before I admit it, I'm already writing myself down amid writhing, spiraling wills, a body attuned to the room - a groom - poised softly on smoldering cap-toed calfskin dancer's heels, dressed in the threshold of the closet door's mirror-observations at tacked angles, the dreaded figure drifting away from the framing gaze's legitimate complaint: longevity...(& this btw, should be put into perspective -- applying yourself to the bright end of the candle, last half as long, hoping to burn at least once-more as bright?)

Father's enthusiasm for consuming war - movies, books, TV shows, clothes, model planes, politics, (un-)pleasantries, accents- was all too infectious. I have fond memories of going out with him to weather on his porch chair, where, wearing his hugging shearling coat, he smoked unfiltered shit, carrying those burdens that run down our one side of the family and up the other, only ever drawn out through picture, history & song. When don't we quit it, deciding enough has been done to death, reposing, & so let death file away the breast? "In my lifetime" means before the end of the world and/or if this movie never ends. Death becomes his picture-maker just as we begin to picture him in his world-become-irritant, after-lit & post-traumatic. An arc of stars goes from astringent shivers to warm gas jets to bitter gall to earthly fertilizer to tonic, shared, precedent pressures of breath at the starburst of a butt-end become dragged-out, dank for all times' scatcall of sentimental vendettage & pathetic loft of newspapers folding & unfolding prayers in shared subway tunnel air.

Outside all are else: opaque pine fog, mentholated in grisaille, terraced distances and tree sap smoke blanketing caramelized needle-stroked ground coat around crosshatched rows of roads and odd lots of houses sullenly pulled up & put up for sale. The stale smell of leaves pulled from deep recesses with snow caking to each tread; tannic, ringing versos, as the crevasse in each cheek above the dimple fills with sorrow's core sole complaints as the sun in bright, polarized pigmentations called *fleisch* and *sola fide* carry through these days of delays as a notebook kept in any & all circumstances, protection against fatigue & stupor-humour, sorter of priorities, if only to make up later time for making time up...winter darkened views from the parked car windows: heaven in the tenacious husks of birch trees belonging to the night of someone else's lights. His eyes half-closed, resting after having undergone the knife, being now some other something than with the breath of life, and nothing achieved via brute force but only by some arcane rite. Now, under-brain mumbling a cracked chill back to impassive, opalescent scrollwork of etched, old-lady mirrors of forest frost, and beyond, block-felted black & white rabbits we melt into with our sight are as mountains.

There's site an artist has created with a live feed of a CGI stag that drifts or dashes through the random-sandbox backdrop of Grand Theft Auto (an alternate fraught-fraud-fault-land of California or Nevada...) We could watch for hours as it paces the scrub and sage outside a truck stop, or waivers along the desolated nightfall's Roman-candle manic-depressive strand. One time this happened: crashes that blurred the screen (thunder, or demi/distant explosions? A 'crash!' blurring the senses.) Not far off, sirens on the highway make the stag start moving forward. A ('bang!') car careered & careened, yielding sparks spurting up off the overpass as it tumbled and the membranous screen within the screen shuddered, shouldered, raining and darker suddenly. The stag started falling over ('whump!'), getting up ('wham!'), fell over ('blam!'), a cat dummies in the sun, legs out sideways on the lamb. A man was flopped down from the sky, tossed next to the collapsing stag. ('Crack!'), a pipe landed crosswise over the man's chest, a pointing black finger burning in slow, unfurling flags of rendered flame that held but wouldn't consume him. The car came down next, flung as if in ecstasy at the feet of the still-prone man and the stag's hind-hooves where they lay hovering side by side.