

# MY COMMON HEART

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Spooky Girlfriend Press publishes chapbook occasionally.  
Sometimes they're 147 mirror shots on Facebook.

<http://spooky-girlfriend.blogspot.com>

"i just wanted to be nice, and live a normal life... but events kept forcing me to figure out ways to survive... smart enough to know whats going on, but helpless to do anything" — "bradass87"



## MY VITAL DEMYSTIFIED ART

Hello my vital demystified art moving through everyone and pluralist shaking and uncaptured and capturing only in opposition to categorical impulse arriving at the potluck mimetic gluttoned by electric suburbs and the cities themselves with their own undulations and commerce like a mall carved in the manner of Sacco and Vanzetti secret admirer of the countryside running from its own catchy sob consisting of sobbing mostly outofashion unknowable from your mother's money and from your husband's money and your wife's money and the money of the people and the youth a rival government like William Carlos Williams or St. Augustine of cold gods and colder basements rampant in Cincinnati occupying San Francisco of Iceland mostly in there's Brooklyn rioting in the basements of Oklahoma also in Kansas the rental houses and universities in the city and not the city Australia hello Texas Maine for hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars loans that will never be paid all the new tenements occupied the cigarettes unsmoking themselves a body in a lavender quilt it belongs to a girl this vital demystified art always standing in the corner of the room beautiful and male a fine-boned actor he knows nothing is libidinal and acquisitive he is an idiot totally and we are sitting on pink sofas too much to say to ever sleep again the laborer kissing her own brick in the sunlight gossip books libraries emails my demystified art hello like Aztec ranks returning Cortez also

## **ONCE HISTORY**

was a slow factory  
making only itself

and I had a heart  
(who you could testify)

brimmed

## **DEATH, COURTROOMS, HOSPITALS\***

were death,  
courtrooms,  
hospitals.

## **MY OWN SKIN**

I contemplate  
my own heart  
resembling no organ.

It is a "lost heart"  
but I don't have to look at it  
in a season of revolution.

To my  
great relief –  
the world.

*\*I wake up singing "death, courtrooms and hospitals." The next verse is "banks, boardrooms, and universities." There is a chorus "IT companies! Armies! Films!"*

## **ALL OF A SUDDEN THE CITY ON FIRE**

To sit down finally for a serious reason  
and all of a sudden  
the city on fire

its annexes, museums and cinemas blazing  
blazing SUVs and bicycles also  
grocery stores, markets and precincts  
on fire! all of a sudden!

perilous and illuminated city  
its gas stations exploding  
a torrent made of citizens

fighter jet pilots ejecting  
over the crowd

the crowd smoldering also  
pointing cell phone cameras  
toward every collapsing office

the city inextinguishable  
swallowing  
but never swallowed

Nero! Mubarek!  
Quadaffi! Scott Walker!  
Sam Brownback! The CIA!

all there and sizzling  
these emperors  
and sneak thieves of civics

in this the Cosmopolis  
only these ordinary frictions  
of myself  
and our serious purposes  
near death and near birth  
setting fire  
to all

and suddenly the great eventual quiet  
of this fire, too  
breathless, ashless, a not-terrible,  
wonderful kind of fire,  
my fire, probably!

consuming all of a sudden  
the city both arid and tropical  
conquering and conquered  
and rickshaws, semi-trucks,  
infrastructures, tungsten hoards,  
enemies and subsidized  
bankers burning

the animals of the burning city  
squirrels and birds and rats  
kittens and dogs  
themselves glowing  
only slightly  
harmed

I am never personal or impersonal  
just an arsonist, I guess,  
receiving no pay for this,  
I volunteer as a soft minister  
of burning up  
the known and unknown

brothels, daycares and call centers  
living rooms, city blocks  
the women and children  
glowing finally  
like animals  
more visible than nature!  
I knew it!  
I am that woman! I have a child!

the once empty factories are busy now  
with unions of flame  
cooperative and mutual!

our legislation is gulls like sparks circling  
and mayors and law enforcers,  
award-winners, too,  
dashing through alleyways  
trailing themselves  
and diminishing  
into a not-even  
history now

while everyone stencils  
    on red coals  
"no more tyranny or materiality"

you auras and ghouls!  
this bright incendiary something!  
to set fire with no matches!

my austerity and sitting  
    combustible  
and having, all of a sudden  
    as a consequence,  
manufacturing and accident  
    all around me

this all-of-a-sudden burning city!  
this world!

## HOW A REVOLUTION

How a revolution is like a newborn child  
How you think it might live and fear it might die  
How it may be bad like a rapist or heiress or tenured professor or CEO  
How it may be good like Emma Goldman or Iceland  
How in darkness you know even if it does become a rapist or heiress or CEO  
How in darkness you know you will always love that child / that revolution  
How you will keep that scrapbook  
How you will love the beauty like a disease that infects, with fear and benevolence, everything  
How you will love the beauty poets do not think to sing about  
How they sing of themselves the poets and their funding  
How for a newborn child or revolution I am like a dog who does not know to stop barking  
How a revolution there is blood and shit but if all goes well not too much of it  
How always the pain  
How the kisses on the newborn child and soldiers  
How I would kiss the newborn child/ revolution three hundred thousand times if you let me  
How some humans claim "the world has had enough newborn children / revolutions"  
How they say "look how these turned out"  
How the mass logic of revolution is clever with natural altruism and self-order  
How the logic of a newborn child is clever with natural altruism and self-order  
How the newborn child has a moro reflex, a plantar grasp, a tonic neck reflex, a sucking reflex  
How the people bring sandwiches, clean socks, and cold medicines  
How the newborn child laughs in its sleep  
How revolution is like a newborn child laughing in dream life  
How before it has laughed it has dreamed of laughing  
How a revolution is not my revolution or a newborn child not my child

## THE CROWD

I prefer the teeming crowd of souls to the teeming soul itself. This has nothing to do with my material condition. Every kind of virtue is found in a crowd: that humans in a crowd create their own paths as if they are water that creates its own stream of water. How an individual, alone, can do almost nothing. She cannot make children or be a poet alone. If she grows carrots they are less delicious for she has no one else to taste her carrots. She has a crowd of carrots but carrots alone. How if she dies alone she is less than dead. How in a disaster, humans in a crowd. How he might, alone, drinking a Michelob and watching television, but in a crowd in a disaster carry an immobile man down the stairs. The building falls around him but the man carrying the man he does not know is not Hobbesian. He may die in this moment being completely ordinary so not Hobbesian. Only the state and the man who loves it are Hobbesian and even in a crowd, how at a party, humans in a crowd. What causes the women to shout out in high voices a woo-hoo in the parking lot, one two or three of them? What causes the men, in the parking lot outside of the velvet room, to make those deep dog woof cheers as they walk in the path the crowd has made like how water makes a stream? This is the crowd, how it turns the voice of one man or woman into a voice without words, and this voice without words is the voice for the crowd. How this voice without words is another poetry. How the remedy for the state is always the crowd. How the state exists to blanket the crowd how poets exist to advertise against the crowd how poetry is often the service of the state how oh what a piece of work is the crowd that we work so hard together to work against it. Every architect works against the crowd. The architect is building only stadiums to corral it. How in a stadium there is that fear of falling into it. How in a stadium there is so much obedience not to the crowd but to what is not the crowd. How the poets wish to sing the national anthem in the stadium. Where are the grand halls, flat and open, in which the crowd can gather? Where is the lack of elevation? In secret the architect builds for the crowd She makes grand halls, flat and open, but these are only in her dreams, at night, when she is sleeping as the crowd also sleeps. To dream with the crowd is her cognitive surplus. At daylight the architect wakes alone and sets off alone to plan against the crowd. At daylight the philosopher wakes alone and goes back to his rational inquiry and does not wonder, "what makes the crowd like water making a stream?" At daylight the statesmen sends secret cables to the other statesmen who

send secret cables to the other statesmen who sends secret cables and all of these statesmen and cables are against the crowd. How the crowd is the first to go hungry. How the crowd is always leaking. How the crowd is never neoliberal in its desires. How the crowd is its own ideology. How the crowd will kill you and barely notice it. How it will save you or rage if the state has made you dead. How the men and boys who stand there with the guns shake and grit their teeth and suffer, a little, as do the young male elephants who are exiled from the family of elephants. How the crowd so often starts with women together conspiring. How for this reason you are not allowed to see women together in the movies conspiring unless it is about clothing or a man. How the young male elephants who are the humans like the young male elephants can hate the conspiring women and also the crowd . I watch the girls I watch conspire as they play and this is the seed of the crowd that could become later revolution or a party. I prefer the crowd itself to what makes up the crowd. At night I dream of a poetry for the crowd. I imagine the bodies pressed against each other until there is not one set of feet left on the ground.

## REQUESTS

a squat, affable man with dark wavy hair sitting on a sofa in a living room and wearing a white t-shirt. a blond man in a multi-colored baseball cap with his t-shirt tucked in his jeans hugging a much younger woman with her t-shirt tucked in her jeans and behind them is a sunset at a beach. one of them is wearing a batiked money pouch, but it hangs between both of them so that I can not tell which. a tan, wrinkled man with a little gold hoop earring and thinning, curly, chin length hair which has been treated with a mousse, hairspray or gel. his eyes are unfocused and of two different shapes and behind him is the window of a bar. a black and white photograph of an artfully unarranged empty bed with three wrinkled pillows and a very white wrinkled sheet. an irish man with a brown beard and very long brown hair wearing a dark blazer and a white, unbuttoned dress shirt. under the white, unbuttoned dress shirt he is wearing a black t-shirt. he has the slightest gray in his beard and is looking far off the camera and behind him must be ireland because it is green. a pair of hands on which many words have been written. an oil painting of the sea side or whatever. a white man with round glasses taking his own picture in a mirror, flash in front of him and wood paneling behind him. a black and white photo of a beautiful blonde woman with lips-ticked lips and a serious stare. a young man from India with a logo t-shirt sitting in front of two bulletin boards. a black and white photo of the back of a white woman in a ribbed turtleneck holding a smiling infant the smiling infant wearing a manly flannel plaid shirt. a nervous brunette in a high-necked wedding gown of the 1980s with a handsome slender man resembling the president grasping her hand and smiling grandly. the cover of a book with a photo of a nest and in that nest two robin's eggs. a strawberry blond woman in sunglasses making a quirky smile while holding a quirky reptile. behind her is a blue cove and a sail boat and the sand of a beach. a black and white photo of a man with glasses, a moustache-less beard, a balding head and small dark eyes. he wears a zip up athletic jacket and behind him is a framed photo of a blurry faced child. a smiling bangs-wearing blond woman in front of a microphone. she also wears a black tank top, a pony tail, a jet choker, eyeliner, french tipped nails. she holds one hand in front of her bosom and behind her is only the top of a head and shoulder of a salt and peppered hair man in a t-shirt. a drawing of a troll in a baby carriage. the troll holds a cigar in one hand, a beer in another, and taped to the carriage is a drawing of a blond woman, round and naked.

## LIVES OF POETS / DIOGENES

There are poets who live as dogs in barrels  
whose nightmare is to wake up  
and find they live in a palace

whose nightmare is to wake up  
a passionate yoga amateur slash  
didactic locavore slash  
pious and failing human  
thin and pink

to wake up reformist  
and striving  
to wake up responsible  
for no cosmos  
and never answering  
to the immortality  
inherent  
in

to wake up  
with an award  
or assistant  
or liposuction

to wake up  
splendid and American

while all the other poets get to live as dogs in barrels.  
all those other poets  
living

the whole world  
also  
as a dog in a barrel

woof

## WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE WHAT IS ALL THIS MONEY

"history"

A man without a polis is either more or less than a man. A man without property is without a polis. A man without property is without a polis is an animal or a god. There is a decoy private. There was that euphemism, privatization. There was that legal fiction, the corporation. There were the roots of the private, deprivation. There are the de-privatizing forms to fill out for the public. There was an accounting of all the sex partners for the state. There was a weighing of pregnant women for the state. There were those needles in the children for the state. There were the public assistance cards owned by the private banks. There was Citibank and Bank of America. There was US Bank. There was the fact that everything that appears in public can be seen and heard by everybody. There is a stake in this. There is my name a poet's citizenry. There is that this costs me everything. There is that this is in the air. There is all this leaking. There are these things the private: pain, hunger, birth, death, disease, menstruation, rape, sex, labor, grooming, food preparation, animal care, miscarriage, abortion, heartbreak, dirt, debt, work, and hospital bills. These are the things that are public: -----. There is that the private hurts the man without a polis. There is that the public hurts the woman without property.

These are the commons: "my heart." This is the common: "my heart."

## **RAPE**

Revolution is not the cause of rape. There is rape in the ordinary day and rape in the extraordinary day. There is rape both in daytime and at night. There is rape in rooms and also outside of rooms. Rape belongs to a crowd and it also belongs to the household. Rape is for groups and for individuals. Rape is historic and daily. Rape is for the ugly as well as the beautiful. Rape does not belong to one people or only in the time of war or only in the time of peace it is not the crime of strangers and it is not only the crime of statelessness it is also the crime of the state. Rape is not only anarchy it is also a social order. Rape is of nature but also not of it. Rape is not only for women or for men or for the old or for the young or for any, in particular, of the races or classes. It is not either for the rich or the poor. It is for the powerless but also for the powerful. There is for some the idea of power and some the idea of powerlessness and some the idea that there is no power and for some there is the idea of revolution and for some the idea of the impossibility of revolution and there is still rape, of revolution and not of revolution, of sex and not of sex, of private and of public, of exterior or interior, of what is every good and bad of holes in the body, of Nero who says that not one hole of the body shall remain inviolate by the state that is by art that is by power. That you will not be human. That you will not be human before you are raped. That you will not be human after you are raped. That you will be human with and without rape. Revolution is the cause of some things but it is not the cause of that.

## **I KEEP IN MY EMPIRE**

I keep in my heart the great spoils of the empire I keep in my empire  
the spoils of my heart I keep in my heart the great looting  
of the empire I keep my heart in this machine

It's great  
to keep my empire in a computer  
made of hearts I keep in my machine  
that everywhere gasping  
springtime each season  
an empire more rosy-fingered  
than dawn

I would like to tell you without any poetry  
that I keep in my heart  
both formlessness and justice  
and deep in my heart an empire of form

I keep my empire in some areas of Kansas  
and keep some areas of Kansas  
in my empire my heart My body keeps my empire  
with its food and its service plans with its cars  
and its churnings with its screen and its  
sexiness

my empire is looking  
like a god

and my empire is in my heart it's just like every other empire  
expanding and dissolving  
like a robber baron keeps his castle  
like a petty vandal keeps her city  
or also like a thief who is a girl

I keep in my heart my empire the spoils  
the missiles and congresspeople  
the drones of the common empire  
the radars of empire and the robotic arms of empire and the  
nanotechnologies of empire  
the corrective surgeries and interdisciplinary departments of empire

the wired and the unwired configurations of empire  
the profits both personal and impersonal  
the margins both personal and impersonal  
the suffering both public and privatized  
the profitless profits of universities  
the invisible hands of the invisible workers  
the invisible hands of mostly women and children

I keep in my empire the empire's hands  
I keep in my heart an empire  
of the sleeping and the unsleeping visible and invisible crowd

I keep in my common empire my heart also common  
the empire is spoiling the loot of the body  
and also the loot of the flourishing body

I keep the detectable and undetectable contaminants of the empire  
the green and the ungreen  
my love and technology  
and the technology of my common heart

I keep in my empire my justice and my vulnerable feelings

I keep it in word docs, emails, PDFs  
and in books

I keep it in bodies and in my garage that great empire  
for something  
my common empire  
and vulnerable feelings

I keep in my empire all the kings and the ballers  
I keep in my empire the workers and beggars  
I keep in my empire the information technologists  
I keep in my empire all the government contractors  
I keep in my empire my heart and the spoils

## **QUESTIONS FOR POETS**

what time is it in Sydney? what time is it in Tallahassee? what time is it in Cincinnati? what time is it Helsinki? what time is it in Philly? what time is it in Davis? what time is it in Paris? what time is it in Texas? what time is it Milwaukee? what time is it in Oakland? what time is it in Orono? what time is it in Chicago? what time is it in Brooklyn? what time is it in Bahrain? what time is it in Morocco? what time is it Tokyo? is it a good time? is it a bad time? what season is it? what day is it? is it either night or day?

## IL PIE FERMO

*"It is only when walking on a level that the foot resting on the ground is always the lower; but from verse 61, it appears that Dante had afterward begun to ascend. If il pie fermo (firm, strong) can be shown to mean "the right foot," as majio stanca (weary, weak) means "left hand" in canto xix. 41; then Dante, in ascending the hill slant-wise, with its summit on his left, will have the right {fermo} foot always toward the base, or lower than the other."*

It is late winter 2011 and the tyrant says some villains have given the crowd a pill and the pill is a taxi and it is only this pill the taxi that moves the crowd ceaselessly from the city toward the city itself and ceaselessly from the crowd to the crowd itself. The crowd and the city will not cease, says the tyrant, until the crowd has reached in this taxi the crowd and the city because the crowd is ceaselessly the creature of villains as tyranny is itself, says the tyrant, a show.

It is late winter 2011 and the crowd hears the scratching of the captive humans and their fingernails upon that hard roof, the earth, and also the fingertips of uncounted corpses tapping. The crowd is full of the songs of the almost living and full of counting the uncountable body and full of provisional food distribution networks and the crowd is shouting shame.

It is late winter 2011 and the captains and industrialists and presidents and kings and magnates and primes ministers stroll,  
their hands behind their back,  
and elsewhere, the forever hums of Chinese manufacture  
and here the caterwauls of lust and dying both  
    the imprisoned leakers  
        the erroneous wood of the delicate  
        poetries  
            "pornography or opinion"  
            how crystalline and  
            advanced.

## **CAPTAINS**

your stocks  
rise

on a river  
of blood

**I keep saying Glenn Greenwald Glenn Greenwald and this  
jacked-up gasoline empire constricting and expanding,  
enemies and citizens the same**

*"The child outside society or expelled from it at an early age recovers his clothing at  
the moment he is reintegrated into the human community"*

1. That the enemy of the state is the open air and leaking

Bradley Manning is naked!

Bradley Manning the unhappy gentle enemy of the state!

Bradley Manning the unhappy gentle aider of the enemy of the state!

The air, then, is that enemy and the open, also, that enemy, and

I would live in that enemy air and open also leaking its weapons

leaking naked innocent unhappy gentle

information

onto everything not for Bradley Manning naked

leaking

This is that moment in history

that the state keeps Bradley Manning naked for the state

leaking gentle against the open

against air

## 2. Gentle nervous Glenn Greenwald insisting

Gentle nervous Glenn Greenwald insisting in the gasoline empire contracting and expanding.

Gentle steady Glenn Greenwald to be blackmailed by banks and the state.

Glenn Greenwald nervous and steady and open and the air.

This is the moment in history at which there is Bank of America.

This is Bank of America manufacturing omnipotence for the state, contracting and expanding

its enemies and citizens naked for the state

to contract and expand Glenn Greenwald accordingly

the air also contracting and expanding

the open

also

## **ALWAYS THE MOB**

Carl Sandburg wrote a poem called "Always the Mob" and the mob is the devil turned into hogs and always in Carl Sandburg's poem the mob is being dropped into seas and also always the mob are the sheep of the hills of Australia blundering four-footed and also the mob is the tomb kept for kings and also in Carl Sandburg's poem "Always the Mob" the mob is a room where the thousand sat guzzling and also always the mob is a singular hand writing among the thousands who sit. Carl Sandburg wrote a poem called "Always the Mob" and in it the mob are the fingers of Nebuchadnezzar and also the mob is a circle of stones in Athens and the sunlight also on the rim of sunset and also the mob is always the Union Pacific and the Woolworths and the Titanic and volcanic ash licking peoples and cities and the mob is Napoleon and Lincoln, too. Carl Sandburg says he is born of the mob and will die of it, too, and also that he will either slip hot metal into your neck or also kill for you. Carl Sandburg is crying at stars and this "gnarled thing" the mob and everywhere the mob is nature or politics or expansion or history, and I am the poet Anne Boyer and like Carl Sandburg, in his soft and outofashion stars, of the mob, always, too.

## **THE NEWS**

### 1. The first thing opens

The heart opens, the chest outside of the heart also opens. The ribs open fully into this not-separate category of the news the heart so often disappears, goodbye, adios, lost or just sitting there with a prisoner, or it is there in the wars, our wars, in their always escalation. We are lonely for our own hearts. We call out to them, "Hello!" but there they are in the news like in Wisconsin, or in Tunisia, at the desks of the DOJ or staring at those men who kill their wives.

### 2. How each hand opens to the news

Each hand opens, and each of its bones and sinews and muscles have joined the news.

### 3. The stomach opening

The stomach has opened, and the news is now in that stomach. "I am so sick now that the news is in here! I want to die!" we say, clutching at ourselves and moaning. We think the news is a crab, maybe, made of hard shells and weapons. At night it crawls from our stomachs and sits in our dreams.

### 4. How the other parts open

The face peels back and also our mouths and eyes are open. The pores are open and opening more. The skin has ceased to cohere and is open all around the things of the body: naval, wrist. The knees open and the kneecaps, too. Also the back of our necks open: the spine unfurls from here into the news. Penises are open and opening. They are not used to opening; women, often open, and everywhere open, too. Our hair follicles open, then everything all at once is open, both joining the news and joined by it.

## 5. How my family opens

My great-grandfather was a human open to news as also his daughter my grandmother was open to the news as also her son my father was open to news as also my own daughter opens to news as I am a human open to the news all of us always opening to news always open awake and vulnerable with common sense and justice of no separate category from any other. My great-grandfather was open against bankers also my grandmother opened for workers also my father opening against tyrants also my daughter opening for the news as I am open also to the news of no separate category from any other against bankers and tyrants and made of a politics and art for women and children, the world in that majority directed by that majority,

Probably some great-great grandmothers opened  
also distant cousins opened  
also uncles and aunts great and greater opened  
also all these relatives like the whole human lot of us  
opening for the news  
also a whole people opening also like nature opening to the news  
of no separate category from any other  
full of and filling that earthly majority.

## **a benign political critique titled "Where did the money go?"**

(02:26:01 PM) Manning: i dont believe in good guys versus bad guys anymore... i only a plethora of states acting in self interest... with varying ethics and moral standards of course, but self-interest nonetheless

(02:26:18 PM) Manning: s/only/only see/

(02:27:47 PM) Manning: i mean, we're better in some respects... we're much more subtle... use a lot more words and legal techniques to legitimize everything

(02:28:00 PM) Manning: its better than disappearing in the middle of the night

(02:28:19 PM) Manning: but just because something is more subtle, doesn't make it right

(02:29:04 PM) Manning: i guess im too idealistic

(02:31:02 PM) Manning: i think the thing that got me the most... that made me rethink the world more than anything

(02:35:46 PM) Manning: was watching 15 detainees taken by the Iraqi Federal Police... for printing "anti-Iraqi literature"... the iraqi federal police wouldn't cooperate with US forces, so i was instructed to investigate the matter, find out who the "bad guys" were, and how significant this was for the FPs... it turned out, they had printed a scholarly critique against PM Maliki... i had an interpreter read it for me... and when i found out that it was a benign political critique titled "Where did the money go?" and following the corruption trail within the PM's cabinet... i immediately took that information and \*ran\* to the officer to explain what was going on... he didn't want to hear any of it... he told me to shut up and explain how we could assist the FPs in finding \*MORE\* detainees...

(02:35:46 PM) Lamo : I'm not here right now

(02:36:27 PM) Manning: everything started slipping after that... i saw things differently

(02:37:37 PM) Manning: i had always questioned the things worked, and investigated to find the truth... but that was a point where i was a \*part\* of something... i was actively involved in something that i was completely against...

**Nikki White said...**

Hello, happened across your blog while perusing another poetry website and just wanted to comment on this text because it really caught my eye. I must admit that the first thought that crossed my mind while reading was, Is this a real IM conversation between two people? The New Critic in me quickly silenced this thought and tried to focus on the text. But I can't help but come back to my original question. Any authorial input would be greatly appreciated. Another question that I'd like to ask is this: how is the speaker of the poem to be identified when it makes use of unconventional form? Am I to identify with the voice that appears the most or am I meant to feel like the recipient of these messages? Any and all comments would be appreciated. Thank you for your time and the great writing.

## TWO VERSIONS OF THE SONG

I could tell everyone things, events, failures in the narratives, describe in detail certain crevices and explicate tectonics. It is in no way impossible to be Walt Whitman, but truer and more precise, making my only home "the innocent question," like Giulietta Masina but listening to Democracy Now. How does this not resemble the products of other factories? There's the total insufficiency and dogmatic realism of explication. There's Schopenhauer's contempt—not for the injustice of the conditions that make us vulgar but the vulgar crowd itself. There's these emails, to Sandy and Rory and Dana, all names that could sound like a boy's or a girl's. I'm full of big promises. I'm tired. I work three jobs. I am unceasing but also I am so totally ceasing and sometimes almost ceased. I write this on the board:

"no more this animal body"

but

"a spiritual body freed from all want"

The actresses are a feather disguised as a kitten. The freedom of the web is made of scrap heaps picked over by beggars, Chinese factory workers jumping out of apple windows, also tungsten miners, fossil fuels, militaries, soft-hearted-industrialists: an abandoned blog, its final post from years ago beginning with "I'd forgotten." Those whose lot is to non-heroically maintain/clean objects and environments differ in relation to these objects and environments. Does anyone believe I am serious enough? Will I be allowed to win? I know some things. An old man smokes a cigarette while bicycling around a parking lot full of snow-drifts in the rain. There are so many necessary prepositions. How else to describe position? I am taking photos while waiting for Cara to join me at the cafe marked by the cactus with the head of Pancho Villa. Everyone around me is shouting the names of revolutionaries, but we can't say for sure which one. These are two versions of the song but neither is the original. I write that you will know yourself in relief to these people—Americans, who are like Romans but are not nearly so inventive. Everything is so near to perilous and still everyday I'm waking all up in that vision full of silver, a beggar among beggars. I am in electric contempt of the tourist (no psychogeographer), and you know, already, about my faithful contempt for kings.

## HOW TO EXPECT A SHOW

of wounds  
without armament, as if  
a small god herself watching  
always everything  
at the battle lines  
for the first sign of lack  
of force  
hanging around blank-faced  
impatient and volitional  
awaiting the naked moment  
of all of the rest of you  
in which each shrugs off  
his or her decorative fragmentation

and war

**"provincial, silly earth" -- Alice Notley**

Not for jets with metal bodies  
or mercenaries with sweaty male bodies  
or thugs on animals with hooves  
or officials in official automobile caravans occupying official boulevards  
or jack booted harems  
or the oligarchs / their profits  
or governors Walker, Brownback, Kasich  
or for billionaire brothers in Wichita  
or presidents erudite and otherwise  
or poets considering the most cunning expression  
for their faces in photos amateur and professional  
or a fixed devotion to thingness  
or not-thingness  
or celebrating the stakeslessness of stakes in regular status updates  
or wearing over our common hearts the aegis of warlord centuries  
or for not being made for this  
or for always and forever being made of this  
not for the idea of rule of money  
not for slavish devotion to minutes  
not for that giddy insistence  
not for slavish devotion to the inconsequence of art  
not for the slavish devotion to the consequence of art  
not for slavishness  
not for lack of devotion  
not for devotion  
not for insularity  
not for lack of a common purpose  
not for the great negative accounting of living then dying  
not for dying  
not for this constant accounting  
not for a constant, not for

## **THINGS TO DO IN OVERLAND PARK**

make a gif

"MORAL PHILOSOPHY"

deface the currency

imagine the skin on my face has returned

the reconstruction of the social world

## **THE POET WITH THE BEST BODY**

The poet with the best body is hungry. The poet with the best body is both a heavenly host above the table and the corpse being carved upon it. The poet with the best body finds sushi in the dumpster. The poet with the best body cashes her WIC check. The poet with the best body eats emu and camel. The poet with the best body chose his lamb from the field. The poet with the best body is trading her food stamps to the babysitter. The poet with the best body has enjoyed a platter of Bagel Bites. The poet with the best body has found a sale on Totino's party pizza (88cents). The poet with the best body takes photos of all of his meals. The poet with the best body serves fried chicken at the reading. The poet with the best body posts pictures of himself in the restaurants of Belgium. The poet with the best body has drowned his melancholy in lucky charms and avocados. The poet with the best body has a secret gourmet food blog. The poet with the best body posts her dress size on the Internet. The poet with the best body could never have sex with that woman again after he saw her eat that entire cauliflower head. The poet with the best body feeds her child the only fruit. The poet with the best body steals from the Golden Corral. The poet with the best body is not as hot as she looks on the Internet. The poet with the best body is incurable. The poet with the best body is naked on the stage. The poet with the best body is in it for the love. The poet with the best body could beat you up. The poet with the best body is feasting. The poet with the best body has posted 147 mirror shots on Facebook. The poet with the best body is sitting at the table.

## **PREOCCUPATION**

1. Put your body in minor places unwelcome to your body. You may start with places rented or leased to you or places in which you have a kind of tentative and half-access or right. Ten minutes under your own bed in your rental home or apartment. Then, also, fifty minutes sitting quietly on the strip at the end of the yard, the easement owned by the city and on which the city won't let you plant rosemary or carrots. If you have a job, stand in your workplace's supply closet for seven minutes longer than necessary for what task might be done. Have a picnic of apples and beer on an island in a parking lot. Sit on the bench outside of Olive Garden for a morning, reading a romance novel in a navy blue windbreaker. If you can afford to go to the doctor, do not leave the exam table until three minutes after you have been dismissed.

2. Dance music is closer to a true politics. Secret ballots and lots of talking and drone attacks are not a true politics, not like dance music. Those things are a pre- or post-politics. The body under dance music is the memory of the body under true politics, is the re-animated and re-vitalized polis. Under dance music there is only with the greatest resistance any kind of not moving or not body or almost never a paucity of courage. And how rare is the lonely dance music? Also how rare the dance music individualist who can remain, over time, against both the crowd and animating beat?

3. Sovereignty is the enemy of freedom.

4. To begin the practice of solidarity, approach, first, the plants, and then the animals, and then the children, and then the elderly, and then the women (both beautiful and unbeautiful), and the men (both those in suits and lacking suits) commenting first upon some shared environmental experience, and remarking upon, second, some obvious aspect of the other's gloriousness, and third, some matter only oblique and suggestive of justice, or shared suffering like disease or mortality or the world.

## **TWO CITIES**

Two cities have been formed by two loves. The one seeks sustenance, shelter, and the maintenance of objects and environments, but the greatest glory of the other is when the one lifts up its head in its own glory and says "hey" to the other and then the other says to the other "hey." Also when the two cities, earthly and ideal, say to one another "hey, you other city, you are really my glory, and the lifter up of mine head." In the one, all the princes, kings, queens, presidents, prime ministers, bosses, and the nations they subdue are ruled by the love of saying "hey" to the other; in the other, the princes and the subjects shout in the middle of the square about ruling and love and some citizens take dictation. The one delights in its own strength, represented in the armies, defense contractors, urban planners, and banking systems; the other says, "hey, I will love thee, the other city, with my strength, too." And this love is reciprocated! And the two cities are in love! And therefore the wise men and women of the one city, living according to love, have sought the profit of their own bodies or souls, or both, and those who have known the ideal city and the earthly city also became their imaginations and in becoming this became the glory of incorruptible everything and they became together birds and they become together pilgrims and they become together four-footed beasts and they become together creeping things.

## THE WORLD IS RESTORED

We become an ancient and familiar place we clump together when  
you shuffle us we enjoy extreme minuteness of form  
the true parents of the child are there we ignore retribution there  
are reasons for images we sit down to eat dinner  
we aren't reborn in great disasters irony is unscarred hotel dining  
is a glory we assume no totalitarian premise  
we do what any narrative does we refrain for a time from  
acknowledgement there are no oppressor's conspiracies we are  
floored by minutes  
there's a lot of primeval nothingness we feel that history was a  
different arrangement we do not come home to banking systems  
we have destroyed all the crystal  
we are characterization and panache we have police training and  
magic our work is profoundly absorbing there are no CEOs  
yes there is a lot of paper we are not vassals we are admired for  
our fingertips we have Candide for information  
we've made a cosmographic deal no one is queen of the underworld  
we can marry androids the duke is annoyed but we stay calm  
there are no traditional positions metallurgy is never centralized  
it's great to be integrated into the biosphere we all land somewhere  
we have a garden and kick the tires we never waste our mental  
capacities we live 950 years there is no annihilation  
those creatures have returned we are in our original system of  
innocence and it's okay we never talk about Kierkegaard we spread  
dark powder over the windowsill and frame  
we wear enormity instead of uniforms we are never introduced as our  
dishes we pet the bull by his horns there is no sense of separation  
ruins are habitable and delicate forms  
mutants are welcome the dead are resurrected as Tycho  
Brahe on a bigger level we never chastise we are  
Neolithic like tigers  
we don't euphemize the neighborhood this is the official trailer  
mothers are omnipotent young rabbits always live