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DISCONTINUED MEDITATIONS

I as an object, not a subject, identity. In the English language gender manifests without mediation in the impersonal pronouns of "he" and "she" i.e. the one's who do not indicate a moment of utterance. So is this the primal gaze, in which gender is born, without a voice? A mute couple in Paradise?

One edge of death is the edge of language. In the way writing rescues suffocation from breath. And the picture listens in its silver tain.

Mallarmé charges white space as a vast over determination of the blank.—(for Ron Silliman the blank between characters is the 27th letter of the alphabet.)—Isn't this an aspect of the larger trend toward pan-semiotisation of the little that had eluded its march? Heidegger, at least, preserves the white space in its negative integrity as "earth."

Are we thus in the house of diagrams looking at a column of tiny multitudes depart? Or in the proliferation al foldings of a vertical column into a tangle of hair? (And a book resembling it?)

Consider the poem to be a balloon filled with inflammable sound, its letters pushing out with tiny hands carrying their equally tiny flags of surrender. A Bactrian camel occurs in a brief moment and its hump takes in the poem at the moment the sand becomes inflammable water and a ship arrives with orders to patrol all liquid space and a tiny whale retreats into its own balloon.

Poems are merely camouflage around an endgame predatory exempla considered in reference (to) the transitive varieties known "as" extrema invisible bridge mathematics hidden in the think-crypt outwarding the cold of earlier exterior ensemble aggregates that pose as grid gates over water stuttered in the mnemotechnic: "just in case it forgets."

A long poem, perhaps, is still a fatal concept given that there are two points of being between a trajectory of becoming, and a roof is but a singular becoming space from now on in language where the self seeks a resting somewhere else.

The disappointment of poetry. Success of enigma, intimate clarity of babble outside-finite fury fusion. In the West at least zebras versus crocodiles across a dawn-thorn "There" (there) I wrote writing "across the written demolishes a lyric presence." Eccentrically possible in the sobriety of a wine god in a hurry to a stretch limo like a genuine prayer from Heidegger returning to Russia, full of acquirements in lovely blueness but parenthetically man dwells on *this* earth atomwanderer wretch or wrench in aphasia and bound for the Meridian Motel. A cry is being beaten and hedgehog is in pain at the thought of Hölderlin's panic in front of sacred pathos. Rip the petals' pages out of Angelus Silesius's (rose) howother or whoother he may be.

~~In the blink of "to write" the root's two zeros become one upon the fifth letter.~~

Deletion as an affirmation within language consonant with the Mosaic prohibition. Hence a poetry located in a radical mutism, a graphic gesture to silence. Add to this an interdiction "i must have nothing to say" and to this a counter-neology, a newness in the old arrived at by contraction. Please escort us to this Lurian space of *tsim tsum* and at the same time grant us a mechanical poetics of the impersonal idiolectically speaking, neither hermetic nor obscure (for what is there to hide in deletion and what's obscured by a clearing?)

But strangeness?

Indisputably strange and via strangeness: encounter. But can reading encounter? Or in the tenor of Celan can the other meet the wholly other? The ode barks. The sonnet sniffs its own arse and nothing takes place in place. We return to Heidegger if deletion is a clearing. To the other Heidegger. A Jewish Heidegger tracescattered in the many of. A hope. Unfolds this encounter as the wholly other Heidegger might guide us. Delight in to delete. Into delete to originate. Here was now. A systematic date with stochastics catching a chance. Abruptly. Deletion disappropriating not disappointing. Appropriately dis-property. The wholly other owned. Six weddings at a funeral then it turns away to show its page. The exchange now from the encounter. A relating back to. To and fro. Two and from. Essence at the inessential. "This is a poem." Not entirely of this poem. But from it. Tracks a back-trace ticking it. An intimate neighbour to strangeness.

A touch requires a fault-line across congruence. Not me this interruption of amnesia in experience that makes the poem pencil, faucet, glucose tablet, matrix disaster in rhythmus of an infant's calculus. Sageschreib, poemsay, songnotch? Circumstantially "around" the stance (talks on his head) strictly, insofar as the sum of no longer being not one

in keeping with none there as no one.

Baudelaire once claimed that commerce is the lowest and vilest form of egoism, a claim that articulates nicely onto his sibylline proclamation that the "more a man cultivates the arts, the less often he gets an erection. ... To copulate is to aspire to enter into another—and the artist never emerges from himself."

The Self, as it knows, is an ephemeral disguise; merely a habit of saying "I" and Malraux offers to the theory of the lyric the concept of an "'I' without a self," a poetic position of the personal without the laminating narratives of an ego. A pronominal condition considered as bare life on the edge of language experienced, even prior to encounter, as the inhuman. The inhumanity that is language formulates all discourses human and post-human alike. This position excites a silent cry that, for lack of a better word, is called vision. It was heard by St. John of the Cross, Angelus Silesius, and possibly by Bruce Andrews. Onto the gravity of this lyric pataphysics we deposit Jean-Luc Nancy's sense of writing as ex-scription and teleologically frame it as a quest for the golden apple of zero whose the bite of which reveals that to taste nothing is to taste excess in abandonment. And all of this a pretext for whining.

"No ideas but in things." Mineral pleats, trigger blades, geometric conversations, counter weights, hyperbole. But what force names the Other the Thing?

Words do not belong to the inhuman that is language as they are letters in dysfunctional relation and established by laws other than the Law of the Father.

Poetry crosses prose and prose crosses poetry. Chiasmus is a railway convinced that it's a flag.

The contemporary poet's prose is oblong, lit at its corners by chased glass across translucent sentences; its structural co-ordinates are dome, medallion and fact; its words when exscribed become dictated elsewhere through barrel vaults into a length of non-descriptive sky. Exuberant eyes are there to greet the words as soldiers in a landscape. Dwelling there for the crew has already landed. Its consonants are clerical along straight boles without a bough, its vowels gemmed fabrics and metallic shells catching the ear as club details. The poet's prose, like its dream, has no outside; its grammar stabilises as viscosity under pressure.

Laminate the entirety of poetics with a paraconsistent logic and then study the Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* backwards even though the *feeling* of the sublime is a *judgement* without rule. But thank you Marx, Lenin, and you too Trotsky for your thoughts on the violin.