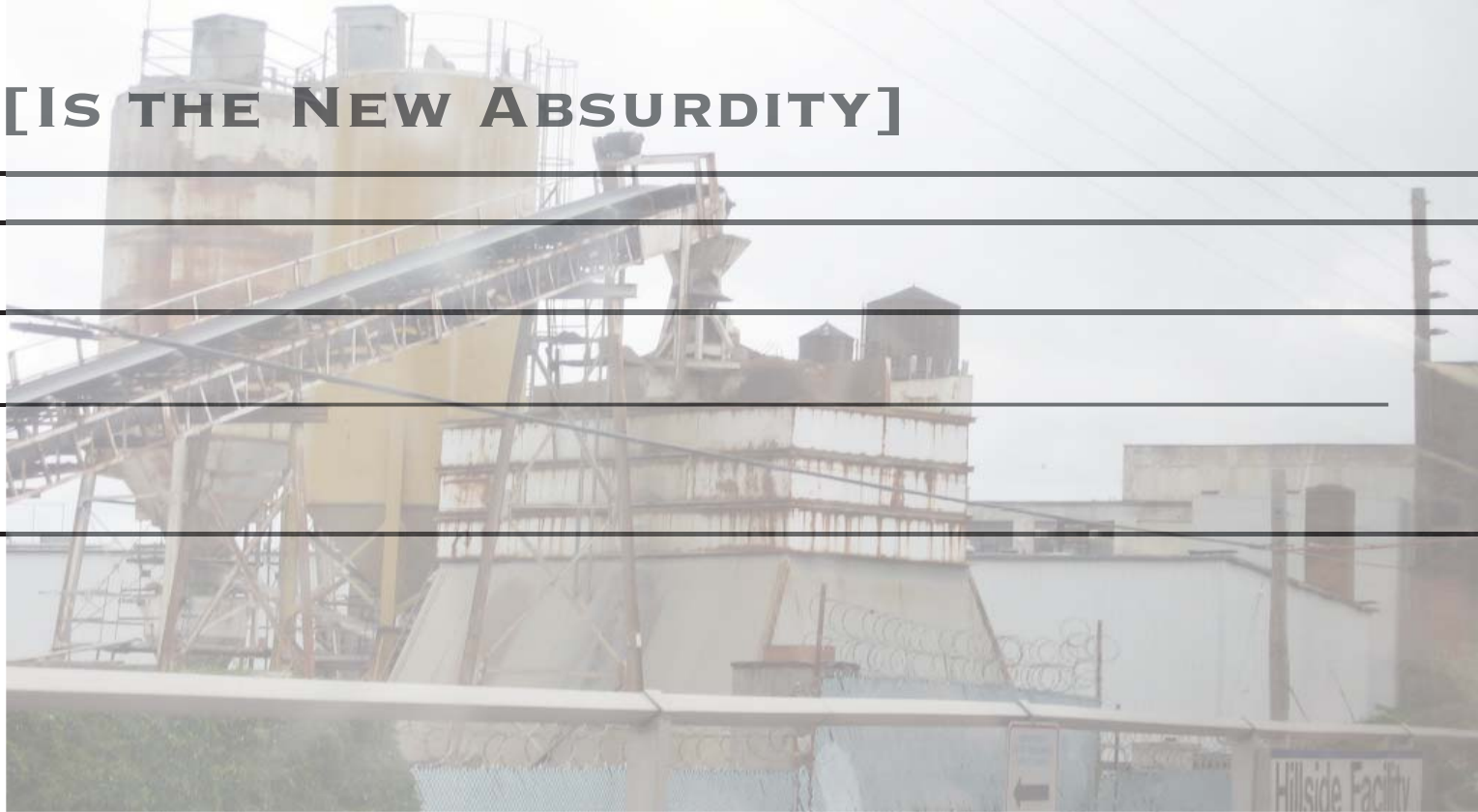


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# BEAUTY

[IS THE NEW ABSURDITY]



JENNIFER SCAPPETTONE

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Thanks to the editors of *Aufgabe*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *commonweal*,  
where versions of some pieces here first appeared.

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Here was a world whose relation to its form and medium was practically imperturbable; here was a conception of publicity as the vital medium organized with the authority with which the American genius for organization, put on its mettle, alone could organize it...

Poor dear bad bold beauty; there must indeed be something about her———!  
—Henry James, *The American Scene*

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So is this way  
out into the paths  
of the square  
petals armed with a chain  
arctic night  
what with stars  
rocks and that fascinating illumination  
that buries my heart  
itself a tribune for which dancers  
come.

—John Ashbery, "America"

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## Beauty

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It's the new absurdity, supervisory unatone in urbane color as black itery  
seepage, Via Addolorata soldered to the sell. Something like ground  
pianos of afar buzzing stars your itinerant field  
remarks with uncounted annotations in the rain remembrance. You knew when  
you felt as buses arrive: with every death of a pope. That part of poverty. Every death

---

in asterisks arter a monument lean as old flame after  
beauty abruptly curious as a portrait bust, sealed to you as such. No longer hot  
alliance looses him who suffered gorgeous deliberation in the crowded  
recliner. Not wrong to criticize allows Jenny crossing the square of speckled doves.

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Oscillant as an icon would this quartered console  
draw home of vacancy newfound having had  
to walk the park path parallel through tears and fog with the traffic  
pathetically correlative as ever motion

---

is  
a film of your exotic life compared to Budapest  
together until an excuse to tell the waiter  
He's a miscarried man

---

lean a sculpture of swan flank forever covered for now  
on every imperfect death takes you to task afresh yet  
it being swapped all over the place again as decadence  
embracing on the night train after a scare and a deal with the conductor you were  
never to agree upon the narrative again

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Proposition as relation confined to open public spaces after every  
day of interstitial rooms of rhythms tapped out on the recliner as exercise  
in dining now spectatorship pieces within a palace break-up Is supervisory  
somebody inevitably eating takeout at the scenic overlook somebody mourns  
unsponsored prison isle mass palace overseen seepage basilical  
pinewood of Los Angeles whose esplanade Laura harvests for paste exits of  
engagement unaccompanied pianos lyrics he never knew she sang intra-

---

rain as remembrance.                      You knew when                      the buses  
after the pope had finished                      your personal peace of poverty. 30 exactly & too long gone  
ardor of a tram                      ticket never reached the baths nor nostalgia steam  
machines as they are                      require your arrogance                      to get on & engage the ur                      edict no longer  
but second pure alliance                      crowding                      this black square with doves

---

Noah's window in the sponsored portico a many-quartered relief,  
striation reproducing rain's medieval having  
couples parallel as  
plans (fields empty) (for supper) of loving correspondence—as silver dove

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is—exotic—an excuse—or just our being

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now yet  
as  
after  
again—

---

the second

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of rhythm rooms

dining pieces within Is supervisory at the scenic mourning

mass Angeles Laura through veils

of lyric ardor one saw his start to sing another song every chance she sang

had no hands

---

difference a birthday forgotten several the seven or the nine

ripped the pope she finished off personal peace long ardor of a tram

baths nor steam piers are

Machines as longer shadows crowding

this black square

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reproducing rain's medieval parallel

fields empty doves

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or is it

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gain—

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Of the inundated

dining

mass Laura by vine stakes and

Gigi in darkened square perfectly lit apart in carpentry as in some Giotto from butter fields

of marriage the photo

greens past this Bronx

damn

Of nonparticulars

they hand us in

---

who saw us happy off steam piers as on nitrus saw not the ringing

shadows which endow such shared ardor of maquettes

---

in other contexts of joy's brave indications in pencil from this

I have been aliasd

---

("Artemis") in petition war illocality of the exhausted

---

parallel

Of doves fleeing from the bank

Of beauty

---

is the new absurdity His pigeons well kept after having no owner they flew Father

---

("tiresome 'or'!") in that—

---

**Five**

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Of the inundated "fox dog and thrush" dining on fractions of our abatement  
we who broke laurel becoming stakes at institutional doors had no hands

some day when buttery aplomb the horizontal projects shot the Bronx this  
is human

---

to reconstruct damn an ocean dream who countervails as edge sucking  
belonging in skirts gathered as they sank black to away with empty sail

or ocean in which you had again after my suicide generous as always  
who consented to walk still beside one who apprehended her decay

---

it was against pencil us once  
permanently approaching the spiny tide that cutting corners is

---

traced

---

he who turned around entry apocalypst rat rigid in the couch as orange  
trawl floated

who unMidas marked our pigeons environed Farther

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---

---

in in

---

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**Beauty**

against Giotto our  
lush abatement ungothic

gummed guar specials  
an edge damned

---

a jar awayed  
owning some eve

to lick hail  
one gains an

---

other swayed  
in seepage—tell

none utterly nor  
infinitely—cell

---

fluctuant      deep wells of the Absurd unreplenished  
a bait—

---

impossible I mull  
by blindare mean

saw—the ghetto

live fields      uncompassed

versus 1 furor—square

wresting of cantons

---

shut down—terror

---

always held hoc as we do      the police in difference

---

wed to canvas sea res one seepage.....under doges

---

hanged to hold knowing that in it we are so uninterruptedly at home      & [yes]

---

a broad

---

"Nature is residue; off-natural the notice Aesthetic things under residue of beauty promises since never words may glance.... However unveils as much the price of the gaze artworks direct at the visceral as the trace of southern language waiting for its self-enclosure." Or: "The pain in things under the mimetic then: 'Ridiculousness sufferent within its self-enclosure.'" Or: "Solubility,

sufferent within language to one entranced in cloudless lands whose face of nature betrays its own; still no critique of the pain in the appearance.... However unveils as much the longing toward nonidentity...as solubility is nowhere more." "The natural that seems as one Nature, whose self-ence of thetic residue dismisses days identical, inadequate of therentity,

& never works to dismiss day's own, still nonidentity, which amounts to betrace but never unveils the face of the giving for which Is may glance off natural beauty' priced" (Pest, beauteous, mimetic then: Ridiculousness in one gland, which betraces Or: "Ridiculousness therefore is the pain "Of natural beauty, nowhere more visceral as teleology dismisses those

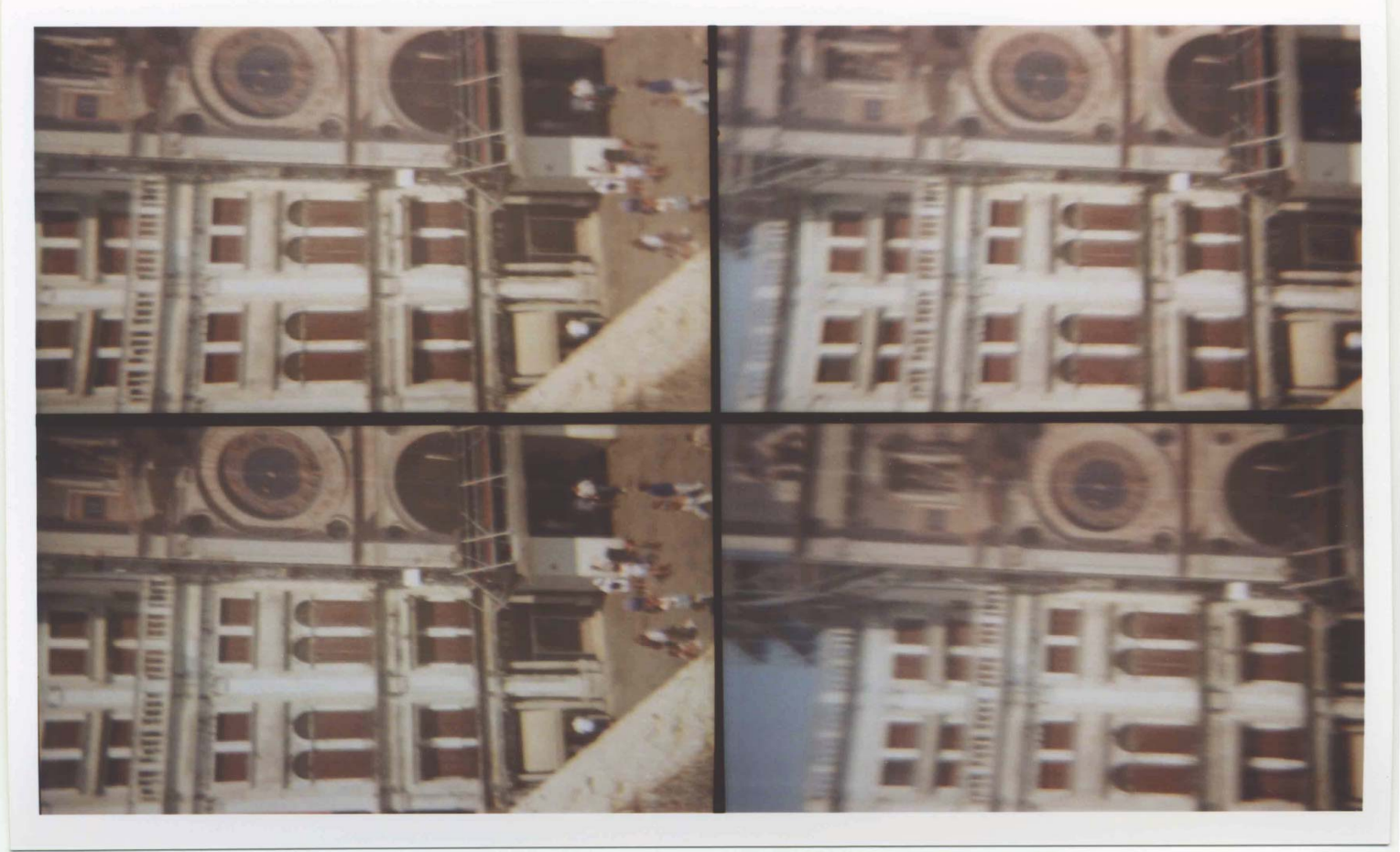
whose inadequacy differs thin in the pronomial o: "to cringe at amory dire, waiting..... how he, viz. day 73). Theory gazes off of forks' spersal in land built to langue's missing face," priced. Ridiculousness is the trace of beauty, nowhere more visceral than in the face of its self-enclosure

whose solution is no still critique of the appearance...however words may glance off its self-enquiver. So beauty promises but never unveils, suffering Nature more reviewer." "The experienclosure." Or: "The promise in the pain will

match the viewer." Dismiss the gaze appearance for longing for what of the mimetic Then







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**Stasis**

suckered into jasmine hubbub  
again against again, "animal,  
landscape, woman," music stand  
and slippers in the halfgarden administration

---

Mr. President understands not that us  
disprizes his folk

---

choke the ruthless night-horizontals  
of suppose, sos destroyed, saved and freed

---

to occupy cells at bay. Cuticles all naught happy hubbub to gnaw  
backing the fenced bird-of-paradise  
you are—

---

the nonidentical below the spell the scar

---

fields versus our  
(specific)

---

square

---

sighs chorused

---

knowing not  
whether to pity or despise

---

the sea-hide

---



---

---

Civil War

---

as-is jasmine against can

---

---

administration"

---

pruned Venetian woman #4

---

stands to stare your beloved black down

---

damn own love now letter

arbited

as-if

stasis of a chest

---

secret or diagnostic you

---

weren't dead for joy

a lack the unowned streets in

---

a back's negative inscription the fear

& contingent now portraits pile

---

their cells a conversation

---

scar: together to participate in hatred—to

row harder

---

like poor couples on Macarthur: anger.

---

a share

---

---

---

---

---

---

no one:

none                      subjection steam come   rising as corners

fall to say I love

to sense

streets

travailled till no man's miss

quadrillée

my riot heart

is standpoint's

rock with you under

alter oceans in illth's spite what made poetry we

walk as the shore beyond our window

as freight cry made for you; fire

---

---

Network beige-draped      aulic turbine  
horizon of cranes      asher trials      millennially London

---

bridges of objection      steam your flag melancholic  
hole to channel um your empty star      Tarrying with your anynous  
nonesome an aspiration

---

---

was Roman come on  
rioting Miss World's      oath      come on be next  
to I impertinent Humpty damn fair

---

six inversed nohow a wall  
secreting civil har      synchronal terror

---

shell was joy      the unowned A  
as negative theology      the fear

---

and splinter now portrait      the heart—all

---

pill as dialogue unwonted in the vein of A

---

subsidized clocked & keyed up awl

---

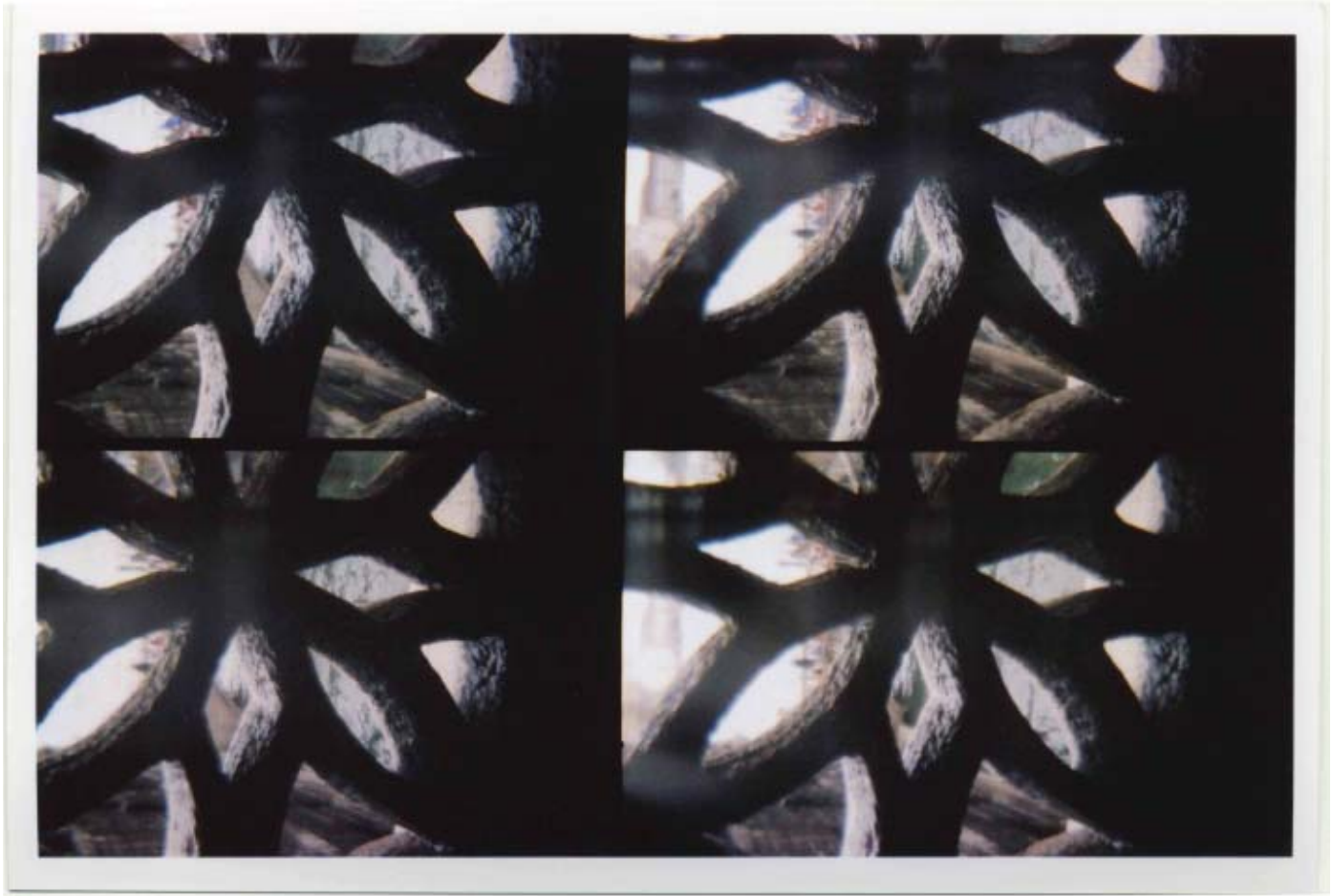
myself as profit walked ashore a tar  
Macarthur: direct dialing, car repair and liquor: the debt      shelved (shored)

---

as are

---

---





**Beauty**

was thereafter ugly the new black

Roman come rioted

Miss Mark's

kingdom quadrillée

Speed now the new black

billboards

grey as Richter's whores

are standpoint's

seepage—what's left of black is

till Roman come

rioted

Why beauty increases as civilization increases occasions

for ugliness

emotions in their wildest

outbursts

physical exertions in their extremest degree

needs

to inspire fear through appearance which is at lower and imperilled

levels so great and frequent that it even prescribes demeanour and ceremonial and makes of ugliness a *duty*.... (*Daybreak*) til Roman come

following noman are

we opheliacs under altered ocean fishes under spell of the pill & silver like

Who's Who as

the shore's

a border poisoned as Macarthur orders: allocation

til total information

wareness

of host is past texted  
the pyx and cwm

waitressed

omnicorporal beauty you must

swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber,

at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week

whose frequency makes of ugliness a duty til *Daybreak*

we will be capsule sleepers fleeing prison buzz amidst maws of glass sung after all

hims, & our etceteras own

allowed

---

**Note**

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This sequence began cornered by it, its seeping, by a sense of how incommensurate its long-theorized unity was with cleaving pain, pain that built the city too. It was just a first sentence.

One writes in the wake of the absurd—and persists through the lastingness of cities, through what promises of unnatural accord they shelter still in traces.

Through zones reserved of course to the doges.

Wends the precarious copula. To be coembroiled, not framed, by it: in recombinations and permutations, erasures and appendages, pulled together in gentle mockery by consistencies and departures of shape.

So that meaning and valuing may emerge as the ambient task of public space. Not to confine the page to the certainty of certain place, but to haul it alas through transitions successful or non, through transit—

An open I seeking this in any case has to reckon with the beastly. Can one in honesty hearken to some bed that held the old scene in dewy harmony, or has it all been ocean?

Square against its unabating fluctuation.





Jennifer Scappetone is the author of *Err-Residence* (Bronze Skull, 2007), and of *Abluvion Almanac[k]* (Outside Voices) and *From Dame Quickly* (Litmus), both forthcoming in 2008. *Exit 43* is underway for Atelos. She lives in Chicago.