BEAUTY

[Is the New Absurdity]

Jennifer Scappettone
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

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”
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.

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
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

is—exotic—an excuse—or just our being

now yet as after again—

the second
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

reproducing rain’s medieval parallel
fields empty doves

or is it

gain—
Of the inundated dining mass Laura by vine stakes and
darkened square perfectly lit apart in carpentry as in some Giotto
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

(“Artemis”) in petition war illocality of the exhausted

Of doves fleeing from the bank
Of beauty

I have been aliased

parallel

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

(“tiresome ‘or’!”) in that—
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Five</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>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 in in</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Beauty

against Giotto our
lush abatement ungotic

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

shut down—terror
always held hoc as we do
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

Six
“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 entraced 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 experiencesclosure.” Or: “The promise in the pain will match the viewer.” Dismiss the gaze appearance for longing for what of the mimetic Then
sucker 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 backs 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
traavilled till no man’s miss

quadrillé

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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Network beige-draped</th>
<th>aulic turbine</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>horizon of cranes</td>
<td>asher trials</td>
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<td>millennially London</td>
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<tr>
<th>bridges of objection</th>
<th>steam your flag melancholic</th>
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<td>hole to channel um your empty star</td>
<td>Tarrying with your anynous</td>
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<td>nonesome an aspiration</td>
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<tr>
<th>was Roman come on</th>
<th>rioting Miss World’s oath come on be next</th>
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<td>to I impertinent Humpty damn fair</td>
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<tr>
<th>six inversed nohow a wall</th>
<th>secreting civil har</th>
<th>synchronal terror</th>
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<tr>
<td>shell was joy</td>
<td>the unowned A</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>as negative theology</td>
<td></td>
<td>the fear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and splinter now portrait</td>
<td></td>
<td>the heart—all</td>
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| pill as dialogue unwonted in the vein of A | |
|-------------------------------------------| |
| subsidized clocked & keyed up awl         | |

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<th>myself as profit walked ashore a tar</th>
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<tr>
<th>Macarthur: direct dialing, car repair and liquor: the debt shelved (shored)</th>
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<tr>
<td>as are</td>
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Beauty

was thereafter ugly the new black

Roman come rioted
Miss Mark’s kingdom quadrillé
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
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 Scappettone 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.