

The Institution At Her Twilight
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Rain Down the Years

The night is 23 years long and in that time I feel destroyed but unchanged.
It's been raining since the girls left the house some months ago
and the umbrella once the darling of the upper classes
has stopped offering us its protection.
Rain is order imposed on our chaotic admiration of landscape.
Where there is no water there is no narrative.
There are many boats bobbing on these waters She says No that's not water
it's liquid commerce retorts the story.

There in that contained darkness is a multiplicity. Whoever you are.
The refrain repeats and redoubles. It is impossible not to watch it .

The imagery surrounding weather defines it differently for each of us, depending .

The science industry will not read but does synthesize.

Top-down leadership seems dead when I am on top I am also prone.

Wreckage bobbing on the water bespeaks an unkind partnership
is it Poseidon or the ample pollutants of the passersby?

The water will get us, she says now singing. From the busy streets of the city
come a thousand modes of transport, each one likely to allure. I would ride
the trolley if only to disappear therein. The train is only tolerable when no one
speaks. A boat might sail out a bit too far. Another hurricane looming.
This one Germanic. Oh schadenfreude remind me how long it has been
since you had the upper hand.

Will he? One is never too old to wonder.

When it rains, as the saying goes, it often does pour.

Happy And Photos: Station as Principle

An interiority designed to politicize our sensation or that apparition
just past sensation conjugated as a form of style ...

Here *she* comes, she of the lively bouquet of tricks, by which we mean
service: I desire the service given to men of twice my stature
and I desire the humility of the server. Weep not those of you without
design there is logic outside the logic we know.

I would sit under a statue of fixation did you notice his construct?
as if from the very fires . And thereby consume in all its simplicity
my hunger .
At the halls within my long-deserted love of self in public.

There is a dish that reminds the schoolgirls of their futures. The little whores.
A plate of shrimp on ice carried over the ages of freeze and thaw
not unlike the need to have this conversion inside a pattern of thought
that comforts us. On the mahogany bench she never met my desires, no
she stayed in her place palm to palm we met on the banks of our inabilities.

She wanted a regular and we were it. There under the statue I confess I like toast
with jam as much as any other coupling. No matter how accurate your memory
you would write it differently ... no matter whom the statue
or why the coffee came just as it did, as it always has ... and why sometimes this
is a comfort and others a sense of shame so vast and terrible we hide it in our service
to others gender plays a mean trick on the average customer ... he expects her
to be heightened but she can't ... with this turn with this mannerism
with you I thee not in my own form of course I don't know for what reason
I was made this way, only that it lands from time to time in meaning
outside that which I grant meaning.

An Independent Symbiosis

What use to redirect your feminism ()
when the brain to body circuit is a cultural non-operative:
Multi-tasking is a leveling principle:
resource-sharing meaning the old story comes around
in non-linear contraction in moments like this
mercantile language conjoined with abstract political ambition ...

Handing off parenting to the demands of the day.
I am covered in transaction. A real-life widget
and yet inhabiting the physicality of motherhood
with all my service and all the accumulated knowledge
of lack of service. This is the twilight of the institution
as a component part.

I incorporate partiality, voluntary or enforced,
into my baseline operation.
Union of all sorts accepts and exempts itself.

Cute, Hungry, Romantic ...

Which parts got lost ? You seem so ... *together* she says?

Within this conversation, its own small parabola of formation, is the key ingredient:
Start with the oldest book in the world and its inevitable destruction: if you had read it...
you would not have been inherent in its destruction. But don't let that demoralize you.

The destruction of the ancient world is part of what we live with. The corollary
being that which we want: A blue dish, a lingerie nightmare, a different color PLEASE
monsieur don't let me drink this hot chocolate alone.

I would but it makes me feel so childish.
Shut off the radio when the news is bad.
I gave my love a dish of salt water. Not metaphorically mind you.
Motherhood too. A non-trope.

I remind myself to *turn off* the radio.

Train Rides Are Such a Luxury in this Place

I would like to ride this intermittent conversation into belief
as flight becomes our lingua franca
separate an alert rendering of provisional.

What makes people lonely is something about them.

Trains vivisect the byways. Hidden under the elaboration are more boys.
Their voices bump into us at night when we are sleeping.

A young mother turns the compartment into a thicket of words.
He is asleep. So beautiful she says as if the word itself separates her.

Oolong tea and a craving for light.
The central loudspeakers praise the rails.
Trains tell you a lot about the country you are in, says the tea-seller
who has ridden trains as cargo and passenger both.

If he is so beautiful... one of the women is saying but her voice
circumvents itself. We are a deeply unoccupied people
and our trains prove it, built for redundancy and profit rather than speed and skill
meaning we move through space badly.

The languages of transport differ from the languages of travel. Take me, we say, home.
The idea of home dreaded and adored without depth perception ...
Tea selling What does it mean to choose an occupation
Passengers disassemble randomly as trains break with landscape .

What does it mean to choose a person as an occupation.
Couchette the endless reconfiguration of space as a transient value
related to that which transacts upon space a happening
as the mother on the train is itself a beautiful location ...

Intrepid the Justice

Slowly the realization that repayment is unimaginable
so giving is a solitary act .

Double the debt ratio on certain moonlit evenings
when the connections waver ...

a small current outside the window. By which one might understand
open space to be a comfort.
Always the need. Clinging to my view .
From here the whole world owes something ...

There was no price tag on shared space only the sense that *shared* ripples off into
the shallow eddies and lingers there stagnating. Only the sense that we clarify
ourselves in photos, awkward charlatans of the countertop. I love your
photo I say.

It is so insecure. So he sends me more. Not flowers but pictures of flowers.
Not liquidation but a small pile of oranges. Not performance but stage directions written
in an elegant hand. By which we recall the hatred for those who give us what
we want. The emptiness of satisfaction her transformation into a creature
of habit of love his old cracked face her modeling of the faraway look:

If you shout from the rooftop I WANT will that decrease the criminality?
As if it could go unnoticed ...
Only a crass eye would catch a thief in the act.
Bath salts, flowers, stationery: The curtain rises I know he hates me I know it.
That luscious giving hardens into debt do we owe by ability
or by affection?

Repayment comes unnoticed but default burns a hole through the operation.
Inoperative parts most welcome.

Why should they be satisfied those ruffians those hooligans those owers of money?

The joyful growth crawls right up to the porch and says hi buy me fix yourself and love me.
The terms of repayment align mightily with your cravings.
Lying in bed reminiscing. The moonlight anchors variability

my love affair climbs up to the rooftop and shouts
payback, I wanted you to keep track so that I can repay each crumb.
Every time you make tea, the tea leaves spell
L O V E. Every time you open your mouth
you want to pay me back clamber up
look me in the face You know you owe me.

Convention of The Airwaves: A Note

Suddenly, it seems brave to live "this way"
banal rhythm of housework and outrage about the *condition*
turn off the radio it's too foreign it's confusing and it's giving me pain:
there in the wild in the backyard in the open is a strategy
I mean by this that I want you to continue that I love you here on this earth
in this irrefutable physicality .

The marketing of ideas is presented as such a *crime*
but really there are no fields without a longing for impurity
the damaged rattled unification: So how is it that there is nothing
to answer for other than physicality itself ?

Yes I would wear this dress every day
if I didn't feel the need to represent myself as organized
around other than primary sexual characteristics instead I am organized
around clothing labels the significance of the para-corporeal surface ...
That which is chosen rather than that which is inevitable ...
The marketing of the self is inevitable and yet we rail ...
books strewn around but not read no placed
as an ersatz love-act a sub-carrier in the battle for integrity

Public space ruptured long since by ... remember? The mothers and their children
broke with urban design and that was the beginning of an unexpected longing:
hungry thirsty bodies.
The concretion of desire a narration

in the fields in the wild in the climate in the tilt of her chin
in the light grey silence in the radio:
Marcel DuChamp and a *dictionary with films taken close up*
Musique Concrete and the sounds of technology through which we know
the sounds of empty space : two tin cans is a racket
the body amplified is a love act. Situationally speaking the body must be resolved.
Musically speaking I have no training but compose my dreams
her dreams the threshold into and out of them quivers between us.
Found material forms an argument of its own. Unless you believe
that only intention forms argument :

waking up at night that door still open
I was trained for denial
I have *one* too it takes me over sometimes
and for this I polish a rhetoric it is incendiary my shirts my slips
my return to the body as an advertisement one note if well presented
can entertain an orchestra there are sounds to conquer
as yet unaffiliated my stink is an advertisement to smell me ...

The single note trails off and picks up again the edges of sleep and dream
are defined only by witness. I watch you sleep when I am sleeping
I dream of being wide awake with you forever in my skin
personality was a choice I made not unlike wearing a blue dress
but stronger and the field flies apart only when you deny it
The idea of difference is a reassurance in fact the fields cohere
shockingly so .

Found textuality organized around characteristics of randomness
lack of ego a mythology
I don't practice that privilege to forswear one's birthright
yes I love
eating in public it doesn't fit within the schema
one note contains the multitudes but the multitudes
pretend to be singular for that illness we have clothing
the reassurance of monotone an aspiration to perfection
can't progress even when attendance is formalized: the senses taking leave
of the assemblage : the public space has boundaries defined
by private interests a construction of accidental wisdom .
We are organized around secondary characteristics
by which we often think of beauty that resource that falsehood
as an act to which we aspire mothers and children a function of need

which troubles the question of public as a generous posture
always the private insistence.

The visionary realms form an immediate meaning
that outside its learning its overgrowth
the blue regard of science leans into our continuance
so this is, after all, a lyrical generation :

A Charm Detection

The impulse to semiotic repetition increases.
As we feel increasingly deceived.
Personal deception is a position.
But social deception is a doctrine.

My daughter has hysterical vulnerabilities.
But I have none :

I undress & the amplification of my disrobing is
a violence. I undress and still I am loaded with product.
Mothers are a loading zone, yes and yet as a mother
tethered to social meaning.
I don't refuse . I wear it and
at least a virtual body reaction like nakedness takes place ...

When my mother died the world loosened.
As if falling off. I felt the breeze where I had never felt it before.
A space not public, no, immensely private.

Consider her absence as a vector
a contract between us
so many spaces that are both familiar and alienated
virtual sensation is more addictive than actual sensation
because it gives even less.

I have no cracks, just dullness. Like a rock.
My mother says when she is dying "You are a rock."

I love him tightens.
My child tightens.
The spectrum tightens.

We are talking about our dead mothers.
A room full of us.
Talking about ourselves in light of dead mothers. In the light of dead mothers.

Yes ethics matter more than doing.
My ethical ability has deformed around my tactical ability.
My daughter spits the world out through her body.
I hold it for her. I am a rock. She bathes in the sun on my surface.

Erin Mouré says: Admonish wit, at wit's end, where "wit" is.

I am at wit's end. And yet my wits go on. Without me. I stand waiting for them
to release me but they give me form without them I am the ether of social meaning I have
a man and a child and a job I am tethered to the narration you are used to you can relax in
my presence I am a rock.

So that when the balloon is punctured you are no longer outside of it.

My wits contain me. My meaning. Men are good
at ascribing meaning, even if vandalized and indolent.
Look at me. I am a rock of love and affect .
I am naked as the bank and my wits abound their end abounds.

I am directly perfectly proportionally aligned with their endpoint.

We Embrace Imprecision a Side-Effect of Distance

There being no such thing as silence only racket
and no known calibration for the elements needed
to make it disappear

we contrive silence as lack of attention lack of speaking

We want assurance but from whom?
We want to know that something will catch us but what?

What's Wrong with you?

He said *Ob, nothing is wrong with you.* we were at the edge
of language and disgust and we were sweet
not talking not thinking just vibrating
little waves of being onto each other ...

The image of a net, cast off of a boat: white thick curling into the life-water ...
and the reeling in. Clutch of belly life sea life under-life.

if we give up *this* what will catch us?
There is no such thing as freefall but uncertainty is the same thing
unless you train your mind.

He was beautiful stumbling
there is no such thing as intelligent nostalgia
but I remember that person
I invented as we walked upstairs
What are you wearing? I stole things and then I gave them back.

male silence reads as disdain and female silence as erasure.

So to not be erased we talk which is the erasure of our silence
our imaginative self talking whispering noting nothing.
Nothing is wrong with you? Yes.

there is an erasure which nothing will catch .

The image of water with no boats one seamless horizon
with an underbelly of riot.
ultra-sonic love songs.

There is no catching them just knowing them.

Time leans away from us she is talking quickly nervously
little nets thrown out and ignored
I like her but I have nothing

our constant calamity reads as no calamity
reads as nothing the aporia :
the earth would not betray us even as we betray it

nets abandonettes

silence audible as a choice to stop listening
...

Afternoon of the Public Body

His meal pushed aside he speaks with deliberation
implying mutual satiation rather than
the force of appetite
and yet she feels mechanical
a mutilation of her uncanny goodness

the narration locates her assumptions
and puts the fever to them by which I mean her body becomes aware
of its choices as a kind of death.

Staring at her photo I say if you ever get bored
I will stare at her for you.
Love makes the crudest propositions: devouring the object ...

And yet the long silken arms
being in love as a political action

:
aestheticized inside the tiny leather valise
a hoax a false back through which the female slides out

it is an art: staring at her picture ... *What is your favorite City?*
city of secrets the dead cities
the way we talk about habitation
the naked woman in the public fountain
... my favorite city the filmic glory

for a moment that reverie
is the one we live in
far from the one we belong to the blank field

if you want me to stare at her
I will I will devour her my favorite city is the one in which
the man pushes the plate from his body after swallowing
quivering delicacies fresh caught
the children of the city are various and their work is gruelling
as we wander deeper into the living quarters
we realize that without them it has no spine .

Love should refuse union
the messy gash the mute cities the aspirational cities ...

as the populace bathes sleeps eats

a period of satiation may precede the use of force
even that sparked between people

My favorite City is the one we consume
My favorite appetite is my satiation

Love as an urgent spasm of self
a plate of quivering proposition
all that has been attempted is there with us within us
to keep force at bay all that has been lost is there
to keep our hopelessness from descending into romantic tropes
one body ascertains another as a kind of meaning-making
and moves away from its insistence ...

Glacée Code

A kinesthetic realization of threshold. The interim sovereignty transgressed again.

Meaning when he stands there I agree that
the desire to pinpoint the moment in all its chaos is unbearable.

Not unwanted or unpleasant but rapacious.

As in all these years I watched someone going but who
The implied trust eludes me.

In the larger sense utopian principles diminish cognition and what do we do
for them?

In the smaller senses are alive to the moment it is just standing there
between two registers. As if one had all one's life .

In Greenland, the melting ice provides a new world. When the moon rises over the train
tracks, *Oh* the urban rush. Even here the moon reformulates the sky. The slow
moving metal takes the moon for an image.
Abundance there in the arms of my beloved (?) and the land thundering apart
while still basil and tomatoes and corn. Every Harvest, the unrequited love .

Someone was going, clearly, but I felt oddly as if we were being conjoined.

Is it imperative to know the history Then biting into a peach.
The thorough absurdity of it lands fully in the afternoon archetypal associating
one woman with another. This is how men might imagine themselves if all
their dreams were reduced to novelistic device.

There is a blue hour. When the portents become sentient . That is when I
am sure that I have indeed spoken out loud at some point.
This is a comforting respite. There is also a surfeit of afternoon in which
sentiment appears luxuriantly articulate. Abandon here the idea of linguistic
departure your exit should be hasty and physical or else we will think you intend to stay
on principle.