

Born into something that is placed onto you and which you are not allowed access to. The description of furniture in an apartment you are not meant to stay long in. The effervescence of death, change. If what you sense in the invisible, senses you too. The musicality of the beat. Regenerative DNA. The aural's slowness. The moment towards eternity. The moment when your intelligence disappears. When you're with friends you lose all your money, but it doesn't bother you. Meaning vs Space. The wound which creates. Urban landscape writing. The identifier's misidentification. All the things we are made of that come from the sea. Knowledge, space, the other, illness. The fragmentary nature of the moment. The empire in crumbles. What the frame holds and doesn't hold. Outside the marginal space, the space's body's hope. That which you spiritually endure kills only that which needs to be killed. Some sort of narrative embedded amidst incantatory chant. Voice over musical voice over. Poetry as a way to see everyone to say everything you don't say to them. This is a game, this is practicing scales, this is lineages, this is possession. Religion of partiality and that partiality's other part. What you don't say is what you are saying, is everything else. The erasure poem's bolded words, grayed out vs. . The meaninglessness of the naming, it is in the meaning of the meaning that we are named. That which is seen is not seen, is completed. Sayings you don't understand, sayings others don't understand. Duped by awareness. Steps towards obliterations are steps forward. Thrashing doesn't help. Existing in ways we could not exist in. That which appears that is beautiful, until we read the next line. When you just don't understand what people are saying. Observation journalling. We are countable, we are air. Out of focus, and numbered. Matching yourself to your enemy. Bowing over and over again, faintly. Our lineage's details. Not a vague happiness, but a mild one. Language's obstruction. The sweetness of men, or the sea. The moments you want to just wreck. Only approaching the reality of things if we re-situate ourselves as objects. The moment of the turning point, and what remains the same. Pausing for mortality. Observations that disavow allegiance. The impossibility of knowing what really happened. Re-taming the self. How what you write changes you. Objectifying the object. Friendships with walls. These significations less and less brilliant with time. There is no answer to the question. Everyday passion becoming passion every day. We all want to think about what itches.

We met at 851. We met at AWP in D.C. We met like around, at poetry readings. We met riding home together from Laura's Alma reading group. We met through a friend from grad school. We met because he is everywhere everytime I go there. We met at a poetry reading. We met when I went to her first poetry reading she ever gave. We met on Facebook. We've never met but we met on Twitter. We met in Chicago. We've never met but we were always friends on Goodreads, then we met on Facebook, and it was like social networking love forever. We met at his reading at Books & Bookshelves when he was in town one time. We met when he was in town and gave a poetry reading at David & Sara's. I met him when he gave a reading at the Long Haul. We met when she was one of the interviewers on the poetry radio show I did. We met through Dusie. We met when I went to her poetry reading at Pegasus Book Store. We met around, or maybe at Laura's house. I first met her when she read at Sara's house in the Haight. I first saw him when he worked in the library at New College, though we never had classes together. My earliest memory of her is of her announcing which day of her period she was on (#2) at SPT. I met him at The Longhaul reading series. When I met him I thought he was a true genius and I still do. I met him on Facebook; we both had had plantar fasciitis, and he told me about the shoes that helped him. I haven't met her yet; she is the second of two people that Susana recommended for this issue. We met at Susan Gervitz's house the day of Julia Drescher's reading when C.J. Martin read her poems in her place. I first met her when she read at the 851 and was afraid we were all going to go up in flames as she threw her notecard-poems to the floor one after another. I met him at this bar. I met him through Dusie, his chapbooks were made inside photo albums and the pages were torn on purpose. We met through Dusie, and then we reviewed each other's books. We met when she was in town and gave a poetry reading at David & Sara's. I met her around, at readings. I met him so long ago I can't remember how we met. I met her at The Speakeasy. I met her when she published me on her webzine, and then read at her house when she had a poetry reading celebrating the issue. I met her at AWP in D.C. I met him through a mutual friend, and then he moved away. I never met her, but I met her through Dusie, then I published her through ypolita. I met her at AWP in D.C. I met her. I met her at 21 Grand. I met her at a poetry reading we both read at. I met him at New College. I met him through a friend. I met her at The Longhaul. I met him at Bird & Beckett Books. I met him through a friend. We met during the Debt play rehearsals one year for SPT's Poets Theatre. I met him around New College. We met at Andrew's house. I never met him but my "boyfriend" has and says he's really cool. I met her and I was laughing. I met him through a friend and he said he liked my work. I met her when she had long hair. I met him before I knew him. I met her when I was her bank teller. I met her at a poetry reading. I met him when I went to his poetry reading but missed it. I met him at New College. I met him at the poetry reading of somebody else's that I missed.