a city_a cloud

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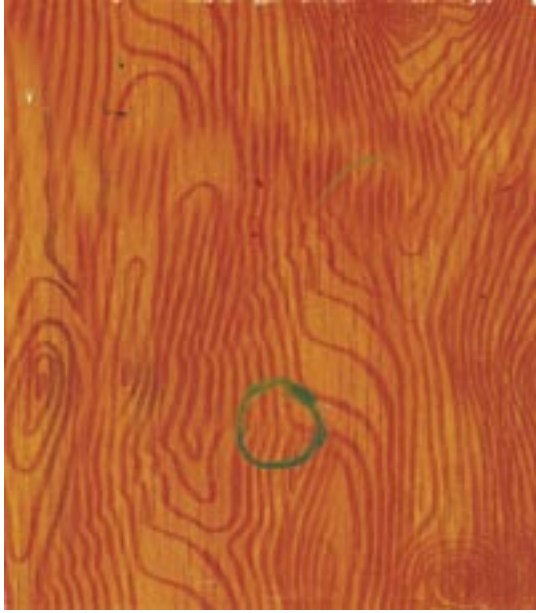
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a dusi/e-chap

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eVersion (PDF File)

Print out pages 2 through 10 (not including this

page) and tape together in the sequence below.

Page size is US Letter but can be scaled to fit A4

(with some excess on bottom).

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

The final poster (images will degrade slightly)

should look like the image above.

DUSIE

first from nothing, from a cloud
and

2   a decision to apprehend

3   a city, a cloud and a city, the
distance between, its skin slit
open

7   in a particular courtyard you can
understand how rain is an
accumulation of elsewhere and
why ink bleeds the voices of
local of lonely radiators of
thought, the voice that is not the
voice but the vibration of lights
of the city at night

8   the sound of rain in another
language becoming the image that
is rain in that thought the
moment of blue letters waltzing
down the square of your back

4   here I watch you dip yourself in
     earth cool powder of earth &
     emerge a satellite on the patio of
     satellites, cloud-tree in bloom

5   you say yes, a slow yes, to stain
     the map's authority, this is
     where a tyrant lived this the
     same street the desert swallowed
     this the moment I spilled milk
     on the poet's chinese notebook
     this the smoky room in which
     we met now fire unfurling now a
     cloud's pink dress lifted by my
     finger,

9   there, flux that is logic that is
     merging and also unbound, the
     elastic distance between our
     bodies passing on the highway
     that circumnavigates the city, its
     exits naming the nine singing
     bridges, the slippery border and
     the time that is always 10:10, the
     weather according to an
     unconvincing cloud and life
   in the late victorian age
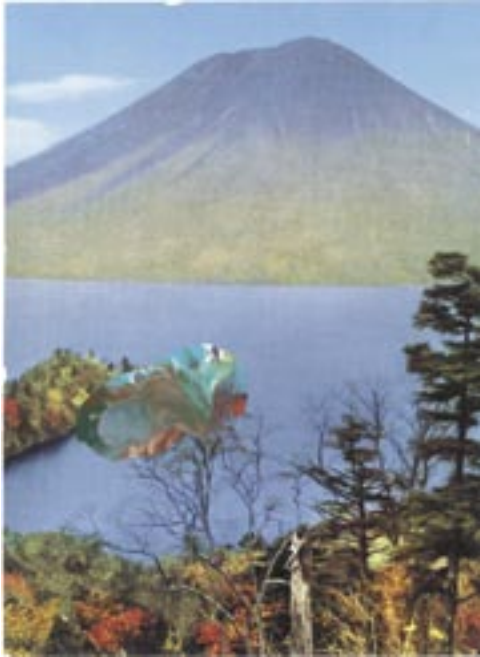
6   here, a choice that accumulates edges other choices, and with each choice chance, lost in the supermarket again, the erratic pattern of tenement balcony clotheslines, fluorescent world filled with flickering bodies, wayward stuff in search of like stuff perched on the curb, the way people navigate the city as if glued to its choreography, that this is our best option considering the crossing and uncrossing and running around

10   really the hallway, its linoleum, scuffed and dully gleaming, that I think of and get sleepy, the satellite dish I mistook for the moon, the truck that guarantees overnight delivery, the orchid garnish from a drink without you that looked like an astonished purple rabbit and I thought of you, the japanese fighter plane with a red moon on each wing, the moment before my lips rise to your lips, one finger one point of pressure, I have included these in your lunchbox

11   the distance that is anywhere, anywhere
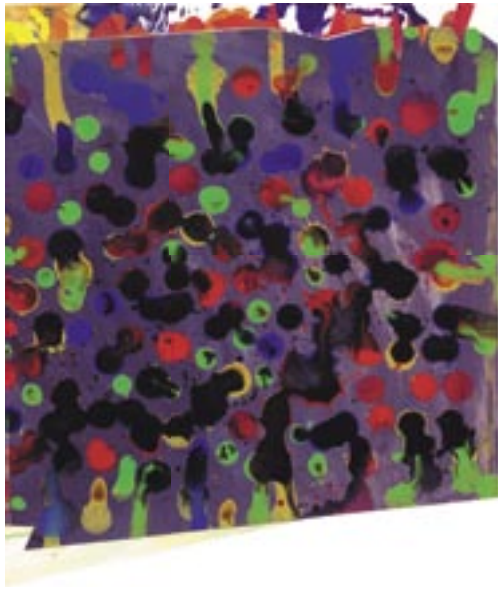
12 because wanting resides in the distance between, fluid and make me ancient, because beneath its shimmering typography is a region of the body often overlooked eternally milky, that there are protests there and block parties and a short film about clones, because you are kind of what you do

16 broken sky and the city you heard of the distance there the collision and sticking of dust and ice particles, airplane airplane, moonlets, blueprint

17 you said thin jet-trails across my thighs, trails broken in the water, that we are more buoyant when confused and oscillating

13   negotiating the so-called city situation because there are other cities coveted and rebuked that become part of the lexicon and that after the show there will be a gathering with wine and subtext and thoughts of other names that wander upwards and float away on fugitive satellites

14   that is the autonomy of sky and the temporary sentence 29 pigeons disclose on an antenna

18   the heavy temporality of clothing detailing bumper to bumper could-be laws, paratroopers, taxis, that once the sky was wholly blue until one day the city paper's front page photo captured a cloud over the corniche

15   that's not what you said you said
        he said we broke the sky before
        she said she was working
        against the idea of a coherent
        whole, it was the liquid room
        and the new buildings that
        already resembled ruins she said
        ruins the way someone else
        might say sleeping-field or act
        one

19   when the cloud bleeds ink and
        the sky is wholly world-like
        there the alien cloud stalks the
        scuffed truck the astonished city
        and all we ate for breakfast was
        purple gossip

20   when I can't be bothered to buy
        new shirts and I know the
        doorbell is about to ring and you
        think purple is sentimental even
        when saturating a bruise or slits
        or the imagined lips of the dead
        seven feet under the city or

21   chintzy decals pinned to the sky
that you come and always leave
your rabbit behind why
sometimes a supermarket is also
an invasion a déja-vu ligature
when the bridge to your old
neighborhood has lost its sense
of direction

25   so breathing in a thought and
sensing its expanse its reckless
cavorting with no regulatory
authority and no financial
incentives the impulse that is
now and then it is

26   this body world and the
blooming about to play in the
sky water splitting and sending
out, will be milk spray and red
garden, be shining in the landing
world on your way to work

22 the spinning sphere that is
    wanting, its rupturing the
    accretion of new neighborhoods
    and new ways of doing laundry
    and the only plan that is
    obsolescence

23 how multi-storied faces gleam
    nightly and cellophane preserves
    agendas underpinning our sense
    of autonomy if I don't think
    about what we have chosen the
    city is spared, the cloud
    absolutely normal

27 did you hear what you said
    when you said it not when but
    where or across what distance
    that big place over there that
    nowhere in particular or the pink
    villa with the trees that rattle
    when they drop their pods on
    our bodies rose hips and
    hibiscus that first time of our
    bodies in the cut-up filled in by
    an impulse spanning out, out

24   of a choice lost amongst other
choices and its condition
cobbled and nearly not

28   in particular the characters of
our names that cloud a decision
with the was continuum and is
now here a certain sky wholly
world-like

29   that there's the skytop the cloud
that was a city the broken cloud
that reaches will slide down
reaching bottom