

A De Stijl style grid with thick black lines on a white background. The grid is composed of several rectangular cells. One large cell in the top-left is filled with yellow and contains the word "POSIT" in black, bold, serif capital letters. A smaller cell in the middle-left is filled with blue. A cell in the bottom-right is filled with red. The text "Adam Fieled" is centered in a yellow cell in the bottom-right area.

**POSIT**

Adam  
Fieled

# **POSIT**

Adam Fieled

Dusie Press  
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## Posit

I want  
but that's  
nothing new.

I posit  
no boundary  
between us.

I say you,  
I know you,  
I think so.

I know  
what world  
is worldly.

I know  
how death  
stays alive.

I never  
enter third  
person places.

I could  
go on  
forever.

## Come to the Point

I am that I  
that stations metaphor  
    on a boat to  
be carried across.  
that makes little  
    songs on banisters,  
which are slipped down.  
that slips down  
    antique devices,  
china cutlery & white.  
I am coming to  
    the point. I am  
come to the point.  
I am that I.

## Day Song

& this reflexivity, right now: how it bounds.  
how we are the sum total of our limitations.  
we catch glimpses. what's in the catching.  
what's beyond, behind, between: purple fear.  
bodies randomly chosen, for different reasons.  
dreams of form. charades. too bad, but  
always the knowledge, if we are lucky, of  
scattered constellations in the world. chewable.  
fragments. progress. only in patches. must. do.

## Illinois Sky

One could sink upwards into  
it, lose brown earthy stains.  
Conglomerated air-pockets,

tucked into figments, wide  
enough to lend temporality  
sense, day's square progress.

This I don't know about, this  
feeling, expanse contracted,  
sex impulse etherealized, I

can't see this w former eyes.

It is, after all, a doorstep,  
just me entering me again—

cream purse, vulval sheen.

## Lars Palm Dream

I was skulking in  
a dorm room with  
Lars Palm, who  
was chucking  
lobsters. A yellow

globule tried to  
get our goat; a wall  
started talking.  
Lars was furious.  
Some girls were

involved with us,  
as junk piled up.  
Lars threw a  
lobster at the  
yellow globule,

roaring. It was  
a pivotal moment—  
bare walls. Rubbish  
heap. Fucked  
globules. We left.



## Eyeballs

They sent a maid  
to clean Jocasta's

chamber, a stout  
ex-maenad, still

full of wine. She  
happened upon

the two eyeballs  
of Oedipus, doused

with blood, beneath  
Jocasta's dangling

feet. They were  
smooth, tender

as grapes. She  
pocketed them.

They became play-  
things for her cats.

Perhaps there is  
use for everything,

she thought, raising  
a glass to her lips;

and if I am a thief,  
who will accuse me?

## Rowdy Dream

I was slumming @  
Andrew Lundwall's.  
There was a demented  
cook called Seana  
w/ tortured ringlets.

There was a cooking  
issue, a food problem.  
I ate something.  
I stayed on the fifth  
floor, away from

rowdies on floors  
two & three. My  
Mom broke in,  
spoke of better  
food, more rowdies.

I wanted to be  
more rowdy, left  
floor five. Seana  
spoke gibberish to  
me in the kitchen.

I wasn't happy or  
unhappy; I was in  
the middle. All this  
time Andrew Lundwall  
sat on a throne on

floor one. I was  
making my way  
down there when  
I awoke— no food.  
I became rowdy.

**To Bill Allegrizza, after reading In the Weaver's Valley**

"I" must climb up  
from a whirlpool  
swirling down,  
but sans belief  
in signification.

"I" must say I  
w/out knowing  
how or why  
this can happen  
in language.

"I" must believe  
in my own  
existence,  
droplets stopping  
my mouth—

alone, derelict,  
"I" must come back,  
again, again,  
'til this emptiness  
is known, & shown.

## Waiting for Dawn Ananda at Dirty Frank's

in the syntax of

my vodka-tonic,

& in the neon

smoke-rings

kisses hang

before breezes

## Le Chat Noir

I pressed a frozen face  
forward into an alley off  
of Cedar St., herb blowing  
bubbles (am I too high?) in

melting head I walked &  
it was freezing & I walked  
freezing into pitch (where's  
the) blackness around a

cat leapt out & I almost  
collapsed a black cat I  
was panting & I almost  
collapsed I swear from

the cold but look a cat  
a black cat le chat noir oh no

## **Girl with a Cigarette, Modern Painters cover, January '07**

You don't mean it, do you? You  
don't know that the blue around  
yr pupils is sky in a vice, that your  
fingers are too complicated.

Nothing shows you that shadows  
over yr neck do not account for  
over-delicacy, that shoulders  
simply squared reveal damaged

breast-matter. You smoke, not  
knowing. You take a drag, too  
picture-esque. Your pose is a  
pose, your cheekbones simply ash.



## 10:15 Saturday Night

then like how bout we give this  
thing a chance or at least not bury it  
beneath a dense layer of this could  
be anyone, we could be anyone,  
anyone could be doing this, just  
another routine, another way of  
saying hello, & goodbye just

around the corner like a dull  
dawn layered thick in creamy  
clouds, ejaculations spent

## Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was a corpse  
on a bed on a screen in front  
of me. She lay in darkness  
w an obscure head. I touched

the screen— it grew red. I  
touched her head on the screen  
& she was alive again, &  
blonde. I stepped back from

the screen, hearing her  
breathing. I felt as if I had  
performed an exorcism—  
this was holy water. I shook

through the whole thing.

## Dracula's Bride

I married into blood &  
broken necks, endless  
anemic privation, but

no regret. You see,  
hunger fills me. I like  
vampire hours (no

sleep), a blood-vessel  
pay-check, diabolical  
companionship, tag-team

seductions, guileless  
maidens about to  
be drunk.

We know what sweetness  
is in starvation. We've  
found, satiety

is death's approval stamp.  
If you crave, there is  
room left in you. If

you want, you are a  
work-in-progress—  
being finished is

a cadaver's province.  
Better to suck  
whatever comes.

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\* a dusj/e-chap  
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