



YELLOWPAGES

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The syllabus is leaking, Miley Syria.

The United States has confirmed alchemical whorefare and in an unprecedented omnilateral shame-informed decision, has decided to pull out. From everywhere at once. A severed suck sound of foamy holes cuz terror's never terror till it bites you back.

In B's world, upstairs is downstairs, *let me carry you* means *carry me*, and the stray cat she's named Jeff always arrives at amber times right after dawn and right before dusk when the hoarder-neighbor-lady's apple tree glows its unreachable fruit in the gooey light and we know they'll never be picked as B lies alongside the supine kitty, rubbing her hands all over his young tired paunch. *How does [she] know an edge is an edge? By passionately wanting it not to be.*

The Friday morning show on KFAI (“Radio Without Boundaries”) called *Fubar Omniverse* is threatening to play The Clash, but the impulse gets deferred. A sloth-matador is a master of deferral, especially the one dangerously stepping out of her suit of lights to tilt her tits sunward what’s the rush.

Slowing anything down makes it part of the uncanny divine, I thought when I saw a video installation that looped a clip of Tom Cruise proclaiming his love for Katie Holmes to Oprah, but in slo-mo with sound included so they were roaring at each other in deep-voice lethargy through the viscosity of something gesturing towards tree time. The room was dark and somehow the footage got blue.

The
sloth was approaching from very far away or sometimes it can just drop from the sky, the
knowledge of its approach the only anxiety, but everyone seems to know, once it reaches
you, you die.

Stepping outside later feels like walking into amber eternity. Or a chrystallized interstice between living and dead. I imagine my clit bursting with infinite sensitivity in the interim, the rupture/rapture spawning a loser army of autonomous hatchlings whose only form of sustenance is reading and whose only excretion, by way of golden slime, poetry.

Metaphor is fluid, if metaphor at all. Poetry's a liquid, not a solid.

were more synchronized with tree time than mechanized time?

Like, what if our libidos

We would need two-week vacations simply to orgasm. Childbirth would be a whole season. At every turn we would submit to the vibratory radiance connecting everything. There would be no time for empire.

B has awoken from her nap and is now sliding her body to the edge of the bed with a look of utter consternation, where did the sleep place go and here is my body or I don't know, and now she is off the bed and leaning against it and peeing prolifically on the floor, no, actually right on my copy of *Dreamtime* on the floor. She's three; it's okay, I say this is already yellow anyway, yield and trespass, duration and fluid bliss.

Miley Syria, you're the muse of the fucked-up-beyond-all-recognition omniverse, strumming sum lyre on fire with excoriating simultaneity across the net of causal cords.

Dreamtime is concerned with the boundary between wilderness and civilization—I consult its pee-trimmed pages. Duerr says, *we can only know who we are if we experience our boundaries and, as Hegel would put it, if we thus cross over them.* I want to think of poetry in these terms, a stepping outside the controlled boundaries of the Tyranny of the I (its scenario blinders and formulas) into something unknown, a borderland of the spastic majestic of spinning of collapsing of profane release.

Before I was a poet I was a dancer and before I was a dancer I was a bed-wetter. James Joyce said first it's warm then it gets cold, which is a kind of poetics statement in itself. Bedwetting was my first encounter with erotic transgression.

If desire is eros is a lack, bedwetting is a subconscious transfiguration of desire—it's uncontrollable—the body's primal expression of release and in that release the creation of an absence—(Anne Carson: *the moment of desire is one that defies proper edge, being a compound of opposites forced together at pressure*)—a desire for desire—writing poetry stretches this longing out, it dilates mechanized time in a way that defies profit, it saps time and seeps it—it mingles with the sloth of death—it transgresses the simultaneity of spectacle & atrocity in its out-there-ness—it yells back and yells and yells and yellows the fubar state with its body-felt stain.



This messay was solicited by Carrie Lorig for her poets-on-colors feature at *NOÖ Weekly*, and was inspired by a conversation we had on a road trip from Minneapolis to Iowa City in the fall of 2013. It is for her and for her.

Except where otherwise noted italicized portions of the text are Anne Carson in *Eros, The Bittersweet*.

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