



# FOR ELSE

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*For Else*

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## For Else,

or: Flights Of Thought or: The Art Of Flight or: Harm, Moan, Eyes  
or: How We Came To Understand The First Of The Buddha's Noble  
Truths or: *Dukkha* Today or: A Story Of Changes or: The Myth Of  
Progress or: Look Around You & Tell What You See or: *No Ideas  
But In Things* or: We Praise Folly Without Any Understanding  
Of Irony or: *Alternatives To Thinking*: The Story Of The Failure  
Of Psychoanalysis In America or: How Capitalism Perverts  
Every 'Thing' Human or: How Escapism Is No Escape or:  
Truth Is Both Sought & Found Spontaneously or:  
The Dialectic Of Force & Rest As First Realized  
Upon Reading The Poetical Works Of  
St. John Of The X or: Some Virtues  
Of Meditating Before Falling  
Asleep or: *In Pace,  
Simul Ac Decubui,  
Obdormisco*

BEROLINI,  
M. M. XIV.

## Contents:

1. For Else
2. Hypocrites
3. For The Love Of

*dedication*

of own invention politics

just like phenomena

just like husbandry

like economy, *gestundet*

*politicks* of an hour

and there would be worlds with or without *hem*

if God could give *us* back, there's grace

before beginnings *o aporia*

found harm

-ony in disharmony, all of a piece

and so there *you* were, performing

primordial scene among phosphorescent trees, *La joie*

*de vivre* was one document

-ation, at least, then willows whhh—

willows weep, change, whisper

down the lane, and again

there's change, but still, there's this

Other

...else—and this, and this *well*

*ist für* "Else"

2.

do you remember when we met

I was young  
and you were always already experienced

I was naïve  
you knew to hope for the un hoped for

I plucked apples from low branches in an orchard down the street  
you could climb mountains inside anybody

I walked one direction  
you wander locus infinitus

you guided my hand, articulating  
the gestures my fingers must make  
to reach out for love

though nature hides from us, despite all effort

there is no bribery for truth

3.

“here,” you said, and took off your dress

history’s aggregate  
of details is dialect, which accounts for many  
confusions

“my birthmark, freckles, striæ and scars”  
cloudshift, inkblot, haruspex

and “...sometimes my dreams are punctuated”

a siren’s passing  
projects some-

one’s potential death .

roused,      Rise—  
remember that this too is part of human feeling

*where have I come from?  
Where am I?  
Where shall I go?*

where am I  
permitted and by what

authority

*fuck it—this is*

beginning without  
bureaucracy and no one can  
write all the wrongs  
(one has not) committed  
(those committed against one's *self*)  
nor portend to rite a-  
quit-  
*tal*, this valley, o hell,      *idiot poet!*  
even without un-  
deine, *mousai*, thinking

what's wrong, what's this  
time—

before we can eat,  
these potatoes to peel, apples  
of the earth, even we are

little sins  
against love

*empirical derivations*

destitute our bodies and souls

all the same

the body is

“inside the soul,” belonging  
in part to each  
of us, the weak

among all of us is a weakness  
inside our selves, one

an Other’s keeper without  
so much as trust

though life persists confusing  
*reason*, but for light I longed for

I looked out and couldn’t see  
I looked again, and found

one in one anOther

\* \* \*

## SCENE 1

*left shirtsleeve rolled past humerus' start, he halfbends forward though planted firmly upon a stack of empty plastic soda crates, and before a backdrop with unused wooden pallets of divers sortes. A needle presents itself to his epidermis, dermis, hypodermis and what's beyond. We walk past him, finished with an afternoon and evening's catering job. He doesn't seem to notice me or her, our shadows, our conversation*

## SCENE 2

*wading through meaning, the bus stop attracts a small crowd, waiting to get going wherever they're going. He comes toward us this time. Reeking, his part's not intuitive to him, a critic thinks, nor could it be really, for any body. Few hearts open to him, fewer wallets, still—*

*he enters into light. Eight o'clock's tidal boulevard swirls around him. Unperplexed—he goes forth with movements learned from Moses*

6.

it's its  
form that fails  
us—

and still, persists, and we  
allow endless taxation, pomp of meaning  
-lessness, force-fed, are *beaten*  
*to pastures with blows*  
of want, and never understanding  
want, we're guilty without trial

because persecution pushes sanity past all limit  
into nostalgic depth, eye appears as enemy, and  
we appeal  
to anything to escape  
this hell,      life we have hardly

chosen

liberation : Amish, *Aussteiger*, Shelley's "unacknowledged  
legislators of the world," and Oppen  
's "legislators

of the unacknowledged

world"

*it is dreary* O God grant us whatever

\*

When You died, did we receive Your body?

No. There was no immanence

what with so much

want so many potential markets to win

When You died, did we receive Your spirit?

No. Transcendence remains beyond us

just a simple light to break through

for those few who look

not through LCD or gossip

but through *eyes*

\*

give *us* back, there's grace...

but we forgot to ask, and forget the way back

to where we are

from, and not

spirit  
-ual, but oh how enormously  
small we are, smaller  
even than  
our portraits *against* the landscape  
in Brueghel and in Cranach

7.

but there is this  
Beauty everywhere, to find

I have seen *you*, out, walking,  
in strangers' eyes

clear, light-refracting  
orb, everlasting

infinite Else, our  
childhood's darling

regained, how  
should I praise this

love, this small  
ness, a small shrine

there, dedicated  
looks out onto your

e

*x-pause*

## Hypocrites

don't write good poetry, but otherwise use  
resources well.

What can't be said will be done.

Return policy, and other cycles  
of ego-death difficulty. However, hypo-  
criticism, with what wish-wash  
of hermeneutics no clearer than sky's

daygray drapery and Spittel

-market's receding

phraseology

of tourism's digital click, of greed, and these empty streets  
of private ownership upheld. Will we never allow nature  
to reclaim all our meaning

-less inventions. Gust of westerly wind

snaps a youthful stem in two, despite the god's stiff

cock, jealousy's pyre's more pronounced

than anything, yet

the Other's love kept the child

here amongst our garden's constellation, Hyacinth

's blood go figure the flower

and under his sun who wept

for him. All desire

is contradictory. Though we could harness certain forces

like wind, stream, beam of golden

thought and still

be content for generations like dogs in convertibles

riding with the roof down, and summer

evening's spent bathing in a plunge pool

adjacent the waterfall  
hidden behind some neighbor's barn  
where there's a fence and  
a sign that reads 'keep out' that's never been read,  
and now light seeps through the stratus  
since the time I began  
work on this poem, and there is always a way  
away from dogma, from accepting  
the unacceptable

## For The Love Of

her, or of nature or god or you—  
or this endlessness  
in each of us, of which is all I can be certain

but that through it our bodies extend into one  
an Other, like a pun  
to allude to this  
polysemous, our sexual being all  
for *le petit mort*, taken right up to the edge  
and pulled back

oh and who can stand it?  
is it why we'll usually just sleep it off  
and afterward forget to jot down our dreams  
like we had promised ourselves?  
or maybe we'll carry it through the day with us,  
having felt the key inside the lock,  
and turned, uncranked  
the first one then the second one  
without ever pulling down the handle  
and opening the door—  
or just maybe we'll go on wondering  
what it actually looks like inside there—

for love,  
we must keep trying

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