



free floating
instant nations

preverbs

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a note on the poems

free floating instant nations comprises twenty-three page-length poems (preverb complexes) from the ninth book of preverbs called *White Holes*, still in progress. There are seven such series of a variable number of poems in each of the completed eight books. The first book was published as *Verbal Paradise (preverbs)* (Zasterle Press, 2011). *Glossodelia Attract (preverbs)* (forthcoming: Station Hill of Barrytown, 2014) will be followed by *The Daimon of the Moment (preverbs)* (Talisman House Press, spring 2015) and *Things Done for Themselves (preverbs)* (Marsh Hawk Press, fall 2015). Two series like the present one have appeared as small books: *Scorned Beauty Comes Up From Behind (preverbs)* (Between Editions, 2012) and *Speaking Animate (preverbs)* (Between Editions, 2014). Other preverbs appear on www.quasha.com.

*for Julian Semilian
& Laura Ingram Semilian*

Cover design by Susan Quasha
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I say me as if I were a tree.

I appear to be looking up because I am.

All directions up from here.

Descartes didn't think he was a tree therefore he wasn't.

Sacred scared, count me among you.

Human to the last drop down.

Ever up for the great adventure, enemy to the last convention.

The twist you name shames the list.

If we let say who's speaking here we'd be less what we are.

I'm on this journey because I have feet.

Facing down on horny earth in a phrase.

The syntax is make sense before it's too late.

The line to follow is twice born again makes three now four.

Fill in the middle to feel what is always missing.

Woke up feeling I'm not wringing enough out of life.

Spread wider the more it comes.

Pick any card, it's the Magical Child, oh you again.

You're not going to like this but I didn't think this up.

The poem has been nicer to me than I deserve.

Serve one who serves, she says, thrice lived fourfold.

The dragon is what is most deeply reframing.

Energy raves.

If you think it it's force.

The rest is a ride.

Settle in its syntax.

Everything is saying what it is from morning to night.

So much being is cancelled out in lobbed attention.

Cut the racket, says our neighborhood mind.

Crowd scares, cloud bares, bears.

Let's face it is language missing parts and all.

Thought swells without gaps.

A hole here is a daemon swirl.

Thrown back on beginning is the voice to follow.

Suck meaning to the last drop down.

Do what you're told folding.

Better than hearing is appearing.

It's back to the body before daddy comes home.

A certain sadness is a residue of contact along the way.

Life absorbs. Sad mind resorbs.

And you wonder why be here to her calling.

There is no end to mouth whirr pulling us through.

The letter way has winds.

It feels I feel, in a certain curve, I forget to hold back.

I found my one foot stuck in regret which got me home alone.

Saying it all the ways ensures reading more ways than one.

My faith is you'll find me finding her, here, there.

She'll never let you down on the path.

Suspending saying gives time to find what is being said.

Four is the number of orderly displacement. Residues plus.

Books are to handle like little people worlds reborn.

There's a poetics of hiding in pages.

The virgule mentalic finds power in pause.

Everything is wanting to be said its other way.

Not quite catching on is the atmosphere here inside this portable heart.

Brain spin, belly spin, everywhere in here getting personal's apart.

Between words is intimate.

It's as far as she lets me go between worlds.

Only seeming is to be said before, but it'll do.

Overfluorescing disclosure's more than I can say.

Free running in mind keeps the feet down under.

Her windblown tone still marks my spot.

Forgive my reaching but I'm trying to read what has never been written.

Facts free-float once they arrive inside here, restored.

Meaning is evolving choice in this moment.

Any line speaks to all lines, any mind touching all afield, including down under.

Saying ferments.

I'm still honing a mind-tone to mirror the ontoonymous.

Here we go drawing inconclusions.

Honor only what is said for the first time.

Logic enzymes regulate the rate at which our chemistry together reacts.

Don't count on numbers to get through living thickets.

The world is aging while being is waiting it out.

Time wants to play itself out with your horn blasting until it fades into space.

Keep your word in your pants.

I only get older waiting for the poem.

I know the work is real when it takes time to know its ways, and lost until then.

Intricate insides of the lettered surface calls you in to its byways.

The four count is free running or else I'm on a run.

Or else mind is on the run and the tongue runs free. Pacing still.

As lead into gold does not go easily take me by the hand and then my word.

I imagine words as entities on the go.

Jostling here through this aperture is the mind set intricately in self-calling syntax.

I'm tracking the bounce back as if pebbles arranged by waves over tough terrain.

Today I'm feeling in balance with all amidst rumors of further crashing down.

What does it take to be human is not a question but destined turmoil laid bare.

Strangely words moving before me fold out the lips on the move seeming sacred.

I'm looking for a match out there.

Saying the off thing resets the system on an off chance tracing.

She's coming through the wall as I draw inclusions.

It stretches my head like four bolting entities radiating out.

To do in a single gesture what takes pages to explain self-interrupts.

Never trusting until it's urgent is a path to trust.

She's unbearably beautiful or she wouldn't still be here.

Construction is instantaneous or it doesn't stand alone.

Keep cutting through to the cut off setting free.

Life falls apart into its times.

There's music in those cracks.

Here we are again in the animate middle, and again.

Trauma may result finding the present endless, no future without it.

Floating free with a tail wind has it own intelligence.

Mixing semaphores waft in the brain forge.

Never quit until you turn said into told.

I take it as it thinks to come.

No blame, no shame, no frame.

Only the unanswerable questions are real.

My fortunate human birth is progressively homeless.

I speak as one less sure of who I am than before this address.

Identity torques in any actual living syntax.

Told to address you is to exhume intentions.

As luck would have it memorable lines are liaisons dangereuses.

Claiming to be known is trivial sex.

A poet is on an island begging you to learn her language.

Blame it on the weather it's so harsh rerhythming knowing.

Still slipping into her mindstream babbling like this book in its brook.

Tripping itself trips up on the way up.

One foot in, one foot out is not happening until both feet are in, both feet out.

How else can we complete the universe in a single line?

Sometimes I doubt my feet are real and the earth is touched.

I still throw my arms around trees when no one not even it is looking.

I don't like to admit not knowing who I am, absorbed as I am.

There's a place out back the mind goes secretly to celebrate stripping down here.

The big black walnut teaches a high standard for dying or even the thought.

It gets personal between words as between the tree and me.

This is between you and the tree so long as it includes me.

Suddenly we find ourselves here no longer us and wondering who.

Courage, the rhetorical opportunity exposes identity to dropping down on all threes.

Dying is doing as never before.

It sets the standard for action.

Duende is the unavoidable speaking for itself and within hearing.

Time is as close to unbearable as we are hardwired to allow.

It has taken forever for us to get here together.

We've been right too long, it's a disaster, no contrary without going wrong.

How can you sing the wrong song?

The good question must be answered while in the body.

Is a good question running out on time in the sense of running out of the house?

Is it cramped in here where we hold out to the end?

Is running out of time like running out of space?

The under poem is never more than it's question.

Questing is from time immemorial.

It refuses to say how the line must be read, and more.

The grail is not in hand yet catches a certain spray in speaking.

It instantly shapes the free space surrounding the sounded syllable in place.

The underpoem is the site of magnetic stroke, the long side of ecstasy.

I think in threes knowing the outside shows in fourth place.

One settles here from sentencing.

It strikes the mind with the feel of knowledge and evaporates.

Forgive me if I keep forgetting to mention blood and fate.

Rain is expected anytime after three, as reported on the morning of the Deluge.

Nature teaches reading on the run.

The blind have their own way of discriminating water from blood.

Being a poet may mean circling carrion, the drain, and female sexual beauty at once.

Where does it come from is a question revealing the endlessness of the poem.

I'd know that mind anywhere signals our conversation has begun.

It's the site of return unrecognized—birth all over, my your further swirl.

Sometimes when the voice isn't coming through I feel abandoned.

Cognitive mind wants to own history and art as though they were the same.

Opinion expressed is bottom-feeding coercion.

What is ahead is not to be thought any one way, not even this thought.

At a certain angle the poem is from outer space gone inner.

I am prepositioning you as we speak.

There's talk of alien mind getting friendly with the girls.

Listening well you know prepuce is bi.

Androgyne says going there together is root talk.

The mind gets dragged out to the end of its tether to say straight on.

From prepossession to preposition is outward to spire.

A word truly spoken is invention of meaning.

Evolving mind is in the round.

It's not so much tired as fired differently.

Are you with me, are you with me, come in, come in.

To the sleepy mind it's language as usual until nodding off jolts all the way over.

The stream runs both ways at once.

When two hands is two brained you are prepositioned to know three.

The good grammar is always almost. Comma point, hind wing, *cut*.

I keep saying it's saying till I never believe it, timely and unending.

Reading futures by your nature.

I'm learning to exploit cracks.

Daisychain these aberrant joys that don't store.

Time to illuminate the indoor peaks, according to the dream. High rise lite.

Killing a pleasure undeniably human until you're there.

Tensions always from other sides pry the middle.

Dying is never before, living verges.

A line is in lockdown until read.

It has escaped from the living heart of it all.

Enter the cloud and learn clear seeing.

I make you read as Blake made me.

This self-exalted marriage is instantly or not at all, and that takes time.

End of the line, end of time's rime.

I think I'm done then it says no.

She comes for show and that's no no.

Low down repetition gets me down, and then I find time.

One alone is fourfold depending on the view.

Beginner's ignorance, beginner's luck, beginner's mind, all as cast, talk after Indra.

Genuflection says genuine inflection knee first.

Punctuation pricks the song, cold notation getting hot.

You say what you say to see what you see.

Play is day time in flames.

Call for help to hear your own voice.

Our says are numbered in fortunate stall.

The name is changed to inflect the innocent.

A jungle gym swings in a manner of speaking.

This easy way out is another way in.

Time slides when not present.

Are we here yet?

I picked this moment to say this like an apple from the tree dangling.

I couldn't cut off without the count.

Three is a number tree for pickable meaning.

Now start over, O holy triad, vulva, and all good things brought round.

Long born sounds hang longer in the air.

I hear between her walking.

I'm going into hiding behind trees between mountains.
For love of earth slit I lost my way only to be found in over my head.
The poem is a magical device with an unknown range.

It takes a finder to find her.

Reading is a struggle to overcome an unknown.
Rise up eternity as the sun's maternity.
How to ride a mystery with eyes open gently?

Lineaments from line to line gratify desire non-sequentially.
I hear no music until let sing in rings this very fling.
No sticks, no flicks, no licks—in absolute no particular order.

If I get you to agree I sell out like a warden.
Welcomed to the zoo you know it's all true legally speaking.
Wild means roaming to the limit possible.

We're here now because a world keeps turning up missing.
You only believe when you think you know the person.
Go further around to where hiding is.

The surprise in store is no floor.
Help me pick this lock I said in a dream.
The food was laced with consciousness and we're still recovering.

13 *leaping between two worlds unable to bear either*

My first intellect is a contradiction in terms.

The body with which my heart hears yours is ours.

The edge of between us is a ledge over an abyss.

I ride the inner dolphin in the lower belly, big ocean.

Her every movement is a cosmic superimposition in the raw.

Gnosiurgy aswim.

How not to compete with the unknown as oneself?

Life itself and myself are getting along presently.

Idle sex abuses the soul.

Uselessness is difficult to achieve without art.

Pop up dream needs its serpent space sounding gno gno gno from brain stem.

Rhythmic stumbling self-adjusts the audium.

The dolphin breach is syntactically sexual.

The eye that sees us is ours between us.

Why does it take till dawn to say the simplest things vs. sweet sleep?

The mouth of the true Orator is the shape of the line at hand.

Excited dreamy self-true saying is the edge of sleep revving into story.

Variety in every line shakes down the embodied sound and tells a tale on me.

Unchain my heart, unfetter the race, undulate to surf start the art.

2-way first it sucks mind into the matrix only to release her other world.
It's good to know where you're going and you can't, so, know *that* you're going.
She sings woods until they mirror.

Inevitably variable the tip of the tongue is wave crest and life breach.
No good line aims to be good.
A dakini comes out of any wall you can see through.

Pressing two breasts together entrains two pulses to an ocean.
This is the discriminate wisdom of fin nation and boundary flutter.
Remember where you are while you can.

Mind floats when you hold her breath.
The body with which I sense the dolphin is hers before me.
I'm feeling betweenner than ever.

Linear to her is landing unknown.
She wants tasting, not taste. Eats earth with slender fingers.
Her pronoun is her title which is how you call her when absent.

Believing in nothing empties the world without finding emptiness.
Her razor edge teaches exact riding, levitation, and other shrill skills.
Life is a score possible though unlikely to be read before the end of the line.

Sublime voice is the noise of unhearing.

The world is a whirl in short fall.

Drop down, drop down till the ground is crown.

Listening to the life is listening through the work.

Transmission is that having received it is to be your other.

Infusing cells excites invisible light.

The poem but cites a self-writing book unwinding at last.

Nothing exists but makes its body as it speaks.

Decade after decade the same few thoughts in their unexampled masking.

You've almost got it covered by starting with the eyes.

What is hidden tells all.

It gets personal but you're not all there and when you are it's not just you.

A vast hand of reaching for everything at every moment has radio detection & range.

It's hard to believe who we are.

We want the familiar familiar but it's anything but.

It takes all possible discourse to say anything true with a future.

I have to work myself up to cry boo to a goose.

The earth can be hollow in mind yet molten in the center.

Its book chapters in new tongues for any given sentence.

Learning your own language is volumes without end and radially giving, catch.

The thought came Life is attention deficit disorder writ large but I lost the thought.

Babel is baby talk for the incarnationally biodiverse.

Even Eiron breathes streaks of the tulip heartwise in sinews nowise ironic.

Hunt down your double in verse till you know yourself triple.

Lust for meaning is so persistent we hammer language into shape like basic English.

Self-protecting obscurities hold paradise from itself.

Sign of the inner fascist: sense of humor does not extend to oneself.

I'm calling back to the other end of a hole, hello, are you there, Franz?

The poem teaches us to rise up from green pastures.

Great minds have opened the way of calling through apparent solids.

The familiar under gaze ceases to be familiar leaving only exception, but after but.

Language on its own is unrepeating as possible.

Styiletto, dangerous instrument vs. coercions of style drives the bleeding point home.

The tongue turns too many ways to tie.

Language off on its own is unrelenting as sensible.

I practice logodiversity in the interest of avoiding mental famine.

Free running in mind keeps thoughts underfoot on the loose.

The newborn can make all known language sounds till we cut them down to size.

Language owned true is unrepentant as bearable.

Look, it's dawn again here in the middle of night. Soul proof.

Permission to speak with light from the end of the tunnel.

The need to smell woman is postlapsarian earth definition.

The life mysterious is but a ligature for her slur, a music giving rise on the sly.

She's the archetype where I have an apple for a heart.

My 3 of heart's exorcism of the long misspoken's a way to say what once was regret.

Any recognition blocks a gate. I sense a wolf.

Naming her dims the view of her.

I'm trying to get close so I can hear my symbols clash.

I mean every word.

We say tongue to emphasize an unknown verb sex life.

Happiness makes the world safe for dousing.

It's lingual to tell the truth by sexually tonal transmission.

I'm letting my hair down to prove no one can tell.

Personal language is a path of sheltering inside meaning.

The outerling purpose is reverberance such that you think porpoise.

It breaches a sense of mind conceiving itself as surface.

Meaning means flashing light on the waves.

The mystery is the two never more than one.

I don't mind heading up skyward and leaving all thinking to the belly on down.

Neurology is coextensive, radial, neutral, and driven by raw attraction.

Angelologically speaking, the neuronic is gnosemic.

Craftiness is no test of sincerity.

I'm standing up to the temptation to refer, but my knees are feeling a little weak.

I'm listening in on anything meant.

I shift to get out of the way to know it's coming.

Endurance neither; sincerity is sudden and knows irrepressible inner laughter.

Being shakes out when no one's looking.

I keep shifting to get out of the way knowing it's coming.

Every word means itself and is not required to make up its mind.

Each allows its level of sex in green pastures.

Angels don't think straight but rely rather on torque.

I'm the last to know when one has me in mind and so I douse formally.

I shift out of the way of the known coming.

Every word counts yet rarely keeps a secret.

Thinking in singular verbal rhythm inconcludes.

Blake died singing. Still audible.

I fear half-open spaces.

Contained here is devotion to present saying what this is so I know what I am.

A word and then a sentence finds its tune you vocalize to say what it says.

Writing intimately from afar is conduction.

Is the music knowing itself and still feeling good about being itself?

Not to play at playing.

Stomach rumbling calling itself a crisis in indecision is a wake-up call before dawn.

The site of thinking relocates without notice. Note background flicker.

Dependency on sounding sincerely personal is telling sweet dreams to the dragon.

Gut level cognition is a leveler.

Whereas we rely on the brain to say yes and no simultaneously.

The heart does not interpret.

Half-open is closed before the divine which is the opposite of divide.

I listen to myself watching from afar.

70 camera angles in 4 seconds in the Psycho shower reveals thinking close.

Fuller presence on the actual spot spreads outside time. Director's cut.

Line movies along lives to come.

Not only here is it contrary to begin and end with not.

Any thing possible to be read is an image of mind breached part way open.

Once again stumbling into the bardo of unlimited variation I feel born all over.

It's not the dominant on/off that matters most but the in/out between.

The movie starts at three.

The belly has its feelings which feeling knows not.

Straight talk is as direct as the immediate curvatures of the space spoken through.

The varieties of syntactic experience array as mycelia.

Slow down until the word speaks up.

Some syllables are tripping as you're barely hearing.

Gut feeling quietly sets off its own revolutions.

A higher life is letterly possible.

Listen onward, on the incline.

No time for the decline of the West.

A line is a trance of uncertain duration.

Intractable entrances flick forth.

You can't dance at all the weddings but you'll try.

Am I man enough to take dictation from a mantis?

A self-unlearning language is trying to tell me something.

Late night attraction to the sultry unintelligible foretells a poetry.

Anything said accordingly draws a world to hold you from.

I'm reminded as if remanded by the forces that flee poetic.

They double dare to mock soft meaning in the interest of free being.

My life in its instant known is the now unknown.

The field resists surrounding bounding.

A poetic basis in mycelia sweats out analogies in earth's big underground brains.

New lingua franca tells why you can't stop touching yourself to know you're alive.

Inside each moment is room to reach outside time.

Poetic is sensing the wild of growing room.

It teaches pagination by spheres.

Inside symbols I'm hearing cymbals clash.

Shell seas, seeing with ears.

Bliss is not a construction.

You are floating sheltered on found debris, lingual flotsam.

Conch hears mind turning in secret flat adverb vulval.

Things are blind spots until heard.

Sensing hot on the spot doesn't make you horrid angry.

Thinking honey mushroom/Oregon/mile-square mycelia makes my brain feel small.

Space is thick with holding and minding and homes.

I have received a signal from the daimon—time to act, suit up, curtain up!
You never know if he's joking or not, nor does *he* know if *you* don't.
Nor does he *know* if you *don't*.

Identity has sides as yet unknown, voices unheard, sexes not yet named.
People hide their manys behind their anys.
The curse of the one letter being.

Stick to the present.

The poem is female and her purpose is to stump the mind, says I.
She takes back my meanings as fast as I figure and wins my trust here at the bottom.
Restless rustless life is sudden new coming from behind, O Orpheé.

Being is contrary relatively speaking.

Everything is relative but some things are more relative than others.
Debate is lip boxing.
It's hard to smile with this sentence in my mouth.

The poem is exorcising the demonic inner child whose head won't stop spinning.
The inner movie either changes the world or exchanges it for a willing unknown.
Priority is a manner of speaking.

I've made up my mind to unmake the maker.

I know it's a poem when it teaches me language lip first.

In this place I discover it's on loan.

It's only really here when it speaks for itself.

Meaning releasing the bottom falls out of the sentence and I drop down through.

The race is on to uncover content's bone.

The only owning is right now.

Mouth to mouth resuscitation invites gossamer rainbowish bodies from between.

Dreaming non-separate from enearthing, dawn is a fragrance of the body in heat.

Setting tongue free from perfection furthers nature.

Waiting for the thought to follow one comes to the end of the line before its time.

Extrasensory thinking has sex with strange flowers without noticing.

It makes you horny for regression.

No point in licking the ground she walks on if you're not really there.

Getting oriented is inside out.

Ingression's ego transgression, going going gone, beyond gone, just looking inside.

I'm not talking to myself. My *aaaahhh*'s ablaze.

Many ends, golden strings, lost leaders, fractal findings still come between us.

This embraces the flip side of Jerusalem, emanation, what it takes to know her.

Going forth & returning is equally the case for heaven & hell & everything between.