

Co-Configurative Eternities

Preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Tarot Paintings

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A Note on the Series

Co•Configurative Eternities is a proverbial response to 34 small paintings by Ashley Garrett (33 actually, because one occurs twice, indicated as *bis*). The work arose out of a suggestion by Robert Kelly that several of us write poems in response to her “Tarot” paintings—a designation he gave them apparently after seeing the nearly hundred or so laid out on a table, imagining them as an original kind of Tarot, although they were not conceived to be so. It was a highly productive suggestion as it has led several of us—Billie Chernicoff, Tamas Panitz, Lila Dunlop, and RK himself—to write poems in that focus, and the ones I’ve read by these poets have been wonderful. I’m grateful for the prescient “Tarot” suggestion because it led to my engaging Ashley’s luminous work with an intimacy that I wouldn’t otherwise have discovered: having them up on my screen one by one virtually daily (or rather, nightly), where they were viewed in fact very much larger than the originals, and writing *in relation* to them. I don’t know whether I was using them as Tarot, as I don’t myself have such a practice, but they were mysteriously iconic and productive of unexpected energies. They spoke. I listened. And the preverbs went about their ways as always, only partially consulting my nomic mind.

Preverbs in general are not “about things,” and these are not poems about paintings. The paintings became like sentient entities sitting next to me and thinking too attractively for me to ignore. *Alien* attractors, often enough, asking me out for a spin. It’s something like parallel journeying, where the painting becomes a second order of guidance in radically unknown dimensions. Translations as trans-relations. Perhaps they teach that art can ask for embrace where desire is unrecognizable. One finds oneself acting on desire that belongs to the other. Perhaps they also teach a further potential of art as an order of cohabitation *Outside*—provisional modeling for interdimensional linguality.

I didn’t plan for 34 poems, but they continued to emerge in what has proven to be their own (proverbial) timing and proportion. In fact, the preverbs responding to Ashley’s paintings, *Co•Configurative Eternities*, comprise poems from near the end of another series, *Syntactic Sentience*, and continue again inside the subsequent series, *The Ghost in Between*; but clearly these otherly pictorial incursions have created an alternative poietic order, expressed here in a design by Susan Quasha. And that order embodies the process of “composition in relation” that taught me a further way of working as co-configuration.

I’m enduringly indebted to Ashley, to whom this series is dedicated.

Co•Configurative Eternities
Preverbs for Ashley Garrett’s Tarot Painting
is the fifty-fourth
in a series of texts and chapbooks
published by
Metambesen

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Design by Susan Quasha

Poems © 2019 by George Quasha
Paintings © 2019 by Ashley Garrett

GQ
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draconic feathering

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Goldenseal

Here we reenter the atmosphere of never only one thing at once.
The music you hear is a sound separating force.

Who said *time bomb body* blew the mood through the woods.
The body separates its waters.

What comes out makes a spread and pulls off the cover.
Gold seals.

Poetry is language withholding energy until right relation.
Likewise this wise way hears her seethrough ways.

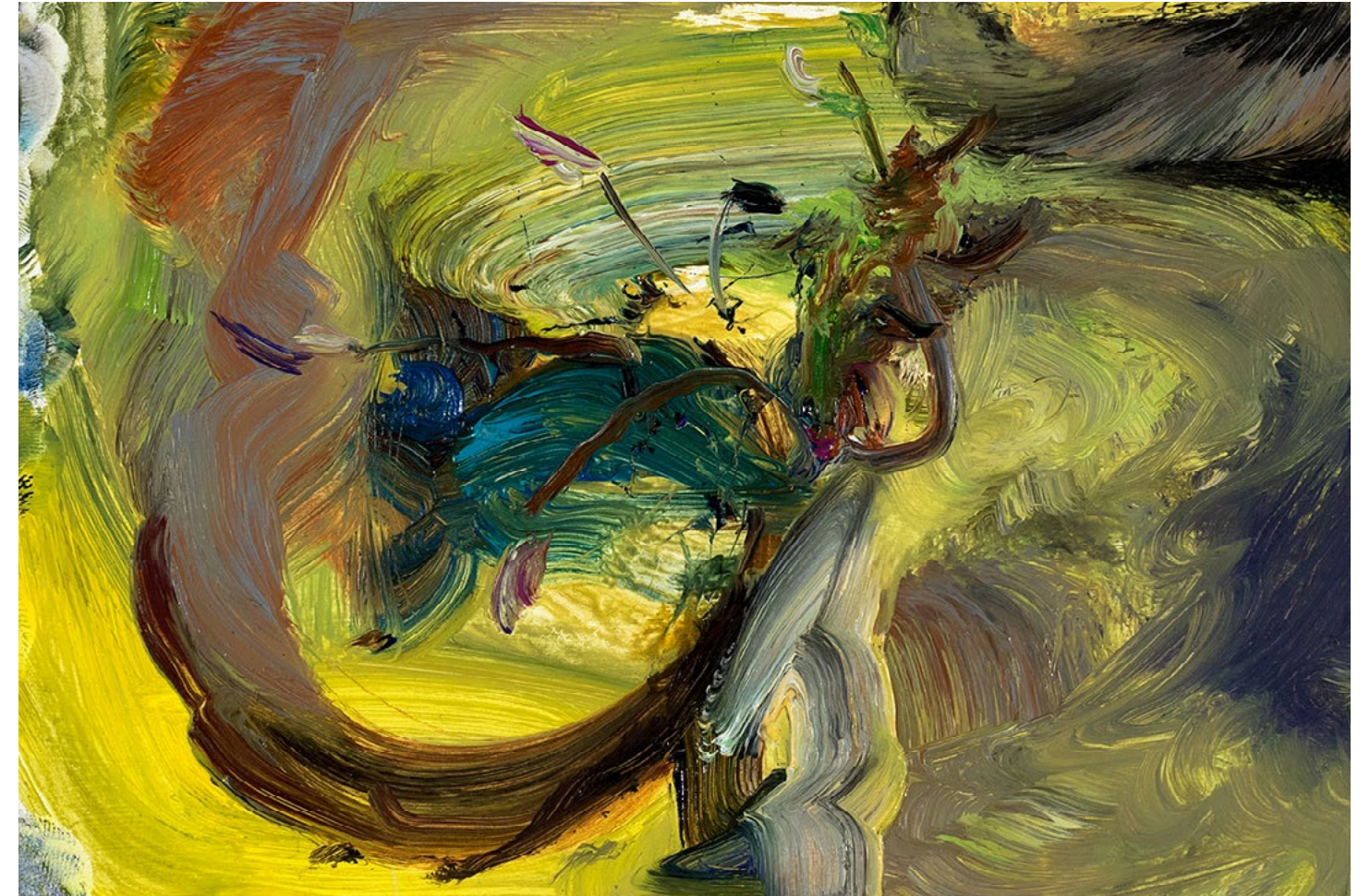
We have tongue to find the way further through.
Living water branches breathing.

I consort.
The dark issue mid body inside torques out othered.

This learning being tests her contort just seeing itself.
This way a good noun knows its verb.

You think you're riding her while she encompasses you.
Gender renders.

Lack of personality comes in handy in the nether flare.
He stares down her gown watching him in every move over the line.
Watch that verb before she disappears.



bump up out

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Jump

In romance taking you apart shows you together.
Two arms two legs forked tongue.

My left is girl my right is might and together *poof!*
We got this three-way going.
All counting starts now in your face.

We're here to prove without defending the sacred indefensible unprovable.

I know I'm seeing true when it looks at me with reading eyes.
My person is unsettled and this is how unsettling it is.
We've got mimesis in our bones.

A good work works you over.
I write this being watched.
All eyes are on painting back at you.

The jump is out of yourself itself.
We're talking sculpture rupture.

Time is relative to who's listening with how many ears.
The next fold imagines itself further including another.

And to think that any speck crack gives suck in its matrix.
No end to howl in the soul fold prey be it oneself.

It takes a third brain and the heart bright hole retaining to oscillate your splits.



slow as a vowel in the mouth

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Bell

Big bang sound no one heard but earth ears still shaped so hear.
A heavy thought hits somewhere between water and air our original medium.
We give good spin.

The world is a record of sound stir so we mind our sounds so.
Trust the talking cave mouth shape architecting sound space.

It takes two to think the third thinking whole.
But who's counting with feet slowing to mouth.

Everything said describes a look through.
We twin.

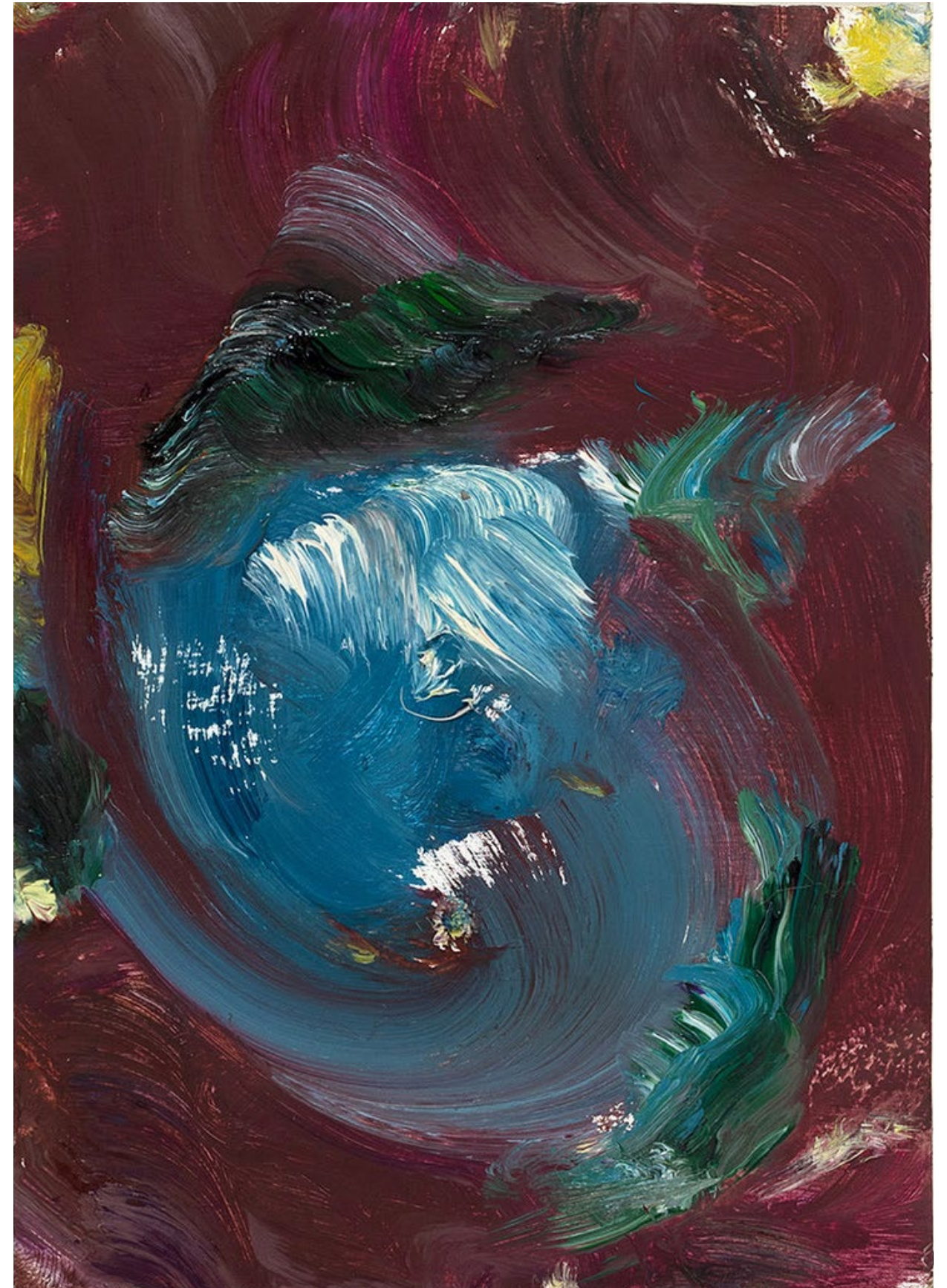
Bell tells voweled crystals returning to life radioed radiant.
Collagen feeling waves.

Tension has meaning between.
Stepping over to tomorrow measures in turns.

No stopping imaging the truth.
A world is spoken first then spoken for.

The logic of connection comes in flash floods.
Thinking flow crests coming and going.

Getting on with getting along getting on says wonders.
If it's so open how say it and how not now opened.



the fourth voice in the middle voice

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Incantation 3

Let us go then you and I as the line spreads out across time space page framing.
The old figure ground ploy of mind astraddle a limit sets the limit between.

Where's the verb in figuring play not?
It's talking location.

The grammar of the indeterminate self determining in principle is where it seems.
We could be skating in semicircles across time as variable surface.

It's not who says so that gets the last say.
Pennies from heaven would hardly be noticed hereabouts.

Flying high is not more subject to consensus than breathing.
Power by agreement enslaves.

How say a word like love without fearing for your life.
A line can change your life coming from behind amidst.

Remote sociability knows the intimate far.
Ideas climb into bed together without having met.

You can't help coming from outside.
Gods name meaningfully dismembering speech.

Articulation circulates, speaking environs.
Plosive particulars plough through theory.
Big closing sounds bring down dreaming, bang.



holistic strangeness

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Flesh 2

I stand divided within arm swing.
I sing mouth closed.

Dreamers unite! Stories to tell, webs to weave, hells to spell, flesh to wish.
We're learning to read beneath the sign between climes faster than time by slowing.
This is the atemporal dip necessary to feel the backside slide of space to undertime.

Waking mind is not minding not knowing ending.

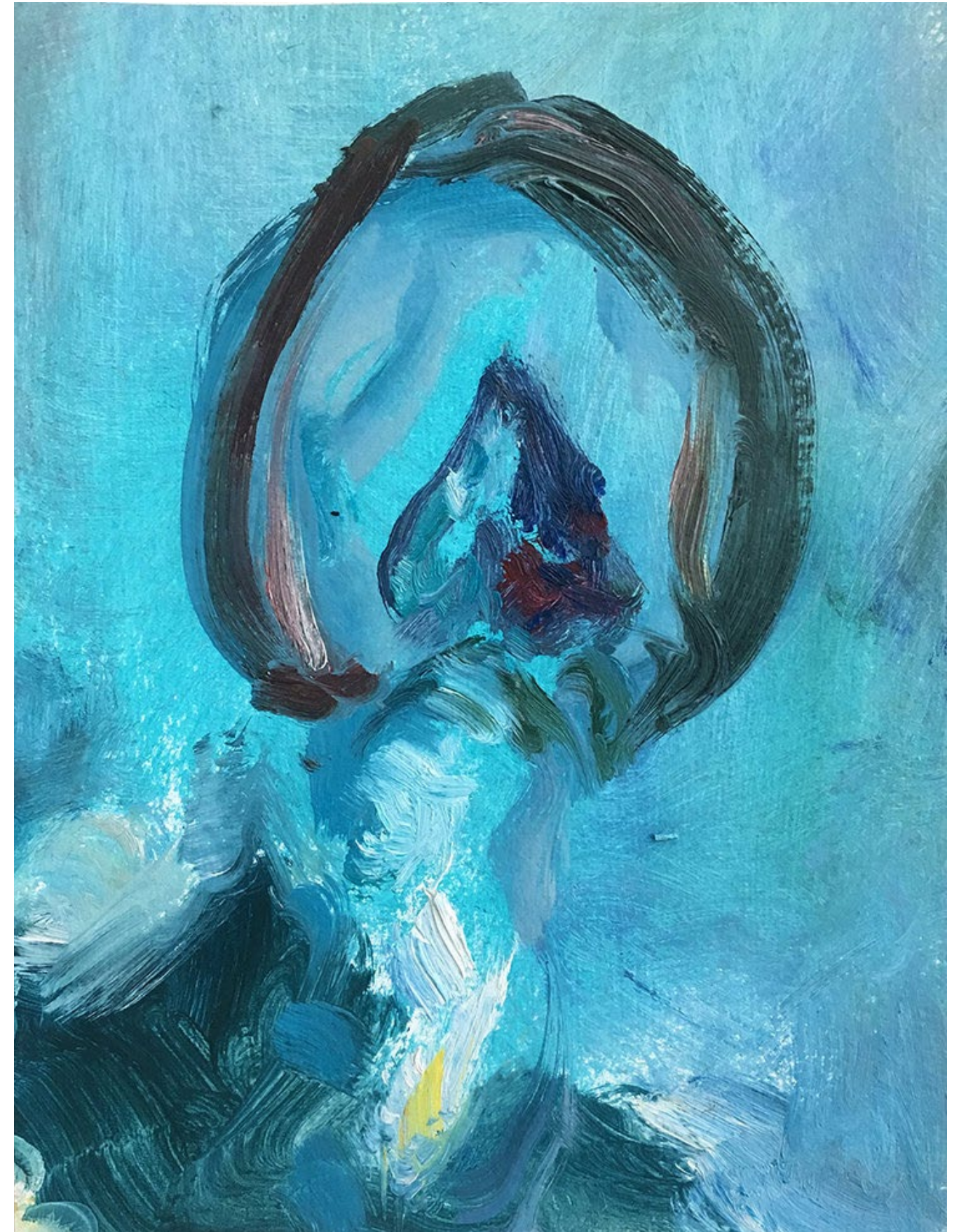
Technoskip is at skillless hand. Tongue trippers unite.
Flesh and word level spells askew.
Hearing has ears in the letter.

We didn't grace knowing we were here until the great fallthrough misnamed *from*.
Stories to fell.

I'm doing the inner stretch one wave at a time.
No description fits the tip.
This is where things come to an end just getting started.

We are estranged from our own at homeness immemorial.
Not the *Unheimlich* you love to fear but the one you fear to love holistically strange.
There's an art of staying in trouble no one notices.

This makes it difficult to just go ahead with what hurts to love.
Every new frame redraws the image of the truth.



figuring being blown through

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's blow 2

I've come for instruction in embracing singular being.
The sense of entanglement infloresces along your single stem.

Being inside changes with its wind coloring.
Concentration is scale invariable and site inflective.

The crazier the message the freer we are from expecting same.
In case of doubt the declaration is I see her clear as cloud.

Sudden life knows it's the absolute edge.
Knowing here keeps you from getting ahead of yourself.

This is where we disappear to appear more.
Gender edges.

She means ghosting between.
Heating up sheds.

Lighting up shows no program.
The past is true and isn't staying that way.

Being called shows.
The poet within won't show her face.

She is who bathes in word color before saying who.
No standard of failure meets our least entropic rebound.
I have always dreamt this moment until now.



sun sounds in the tongue

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Sun

How do we come but with muscle music moving all along.
Finding myself lying in a brilliant sheath sounds truer without me pronouncing in.

Speaking is flying above space and time and not looking down.
Voicing and unvoicing is sex in the larynx.

Now I know why this changes me.
Condensation invariably scales variably.

We're in a two to one ratio.
Speaking stirs earth air fire & water from within.

Thank you for whetting my internal biodiversity.
You spotted smoke signals from my singular thirst.

Voices and voices and voices and you wonder why you wonder who you also are.
Mix itself is the metaphor.

Mind can't help playing out beauty with no one noticing.
Meaning is hands free.

Remember it's a game without precedence and no glass ceiling for feeling.
Constraint itself configures.

Speaking elementary condenses.
Telling you here and there stirs earth sounds and bright light.
Which is to say the ground sounds stirringly and the tall tale tells your secrets.



n-verse linguality

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Totem

Holler through your every hollow.
If it speaks to itself graven intense enough it totems even the least taboo.

Everything left unsaid is a kind of undead.
It figures what you configure with its own rigor.

Bilinguality layers you up.
You tame the edges with your embrace.

Burn of throat serves barely the beginning of my anomaly.
Speaking is rulebound bodily before, hence the friction and the heat.

Stutter truer.
Writing is what you still cannot find.

Feeling warps saying to be truer.
Still suffering the far and wide will never find you suffering this truly.

Outsiders all is the tale true and tall.
Faking music is the orgasmic unnecessary.

Scripture in lingual rupture announces its sine qua non impossible verse.
I write what fails to find its way to me.

Protection is never meeting.
Whereas edge loves.
Cliffhanging magic makes this over doing cartwheels signifying monkeyshines.



catching my instant

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Star Door 2

Each day starts with the creation of only final moments.
Horizontal time is up against the wall.

You catch me trying to keep my contrary beliefs from picking a fight in public.
What you see here is my inevitable failure. The Big Pang. Seeing stars.

Given taste tending toward automatic behavior what one loves best self-limits.
Troubling excites life to its moment out of here.

I'm being abducted from my continuance.
Embodying my contraries grabs time by its instant.

The poem gags the instant before positing.
The way out is through the door we can only go in.

The cause is in this instant spoken.
The voice delivers me to myself in the singularity of instance.

Going two ways at once grabs time by the throat.
No wonder poetic reflex gags for joy.

Dream is straight up, the telling the stretch.
I'm caught on gaping gapped tape in my missing arts.

Smiling regret's when the moment joys in possession of its own demise.
Voice delivery's self's singularity's verb's form's possessive.
This is time's doing touching me from outside itself.



co.configurative eternities

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Gasm 2

Giving in starts in the chest.
Irrupt saying's vertical.

Painterly grammar sucks meaning out-of-ordering.
Anything borders itself to know itself out of itself.

Happening in saying goes straight up.
Going knowing is never resigning.

Suprasegmentals cut new neural lines and rebound.
This is how you make your doll talk back without throwing your voice away.

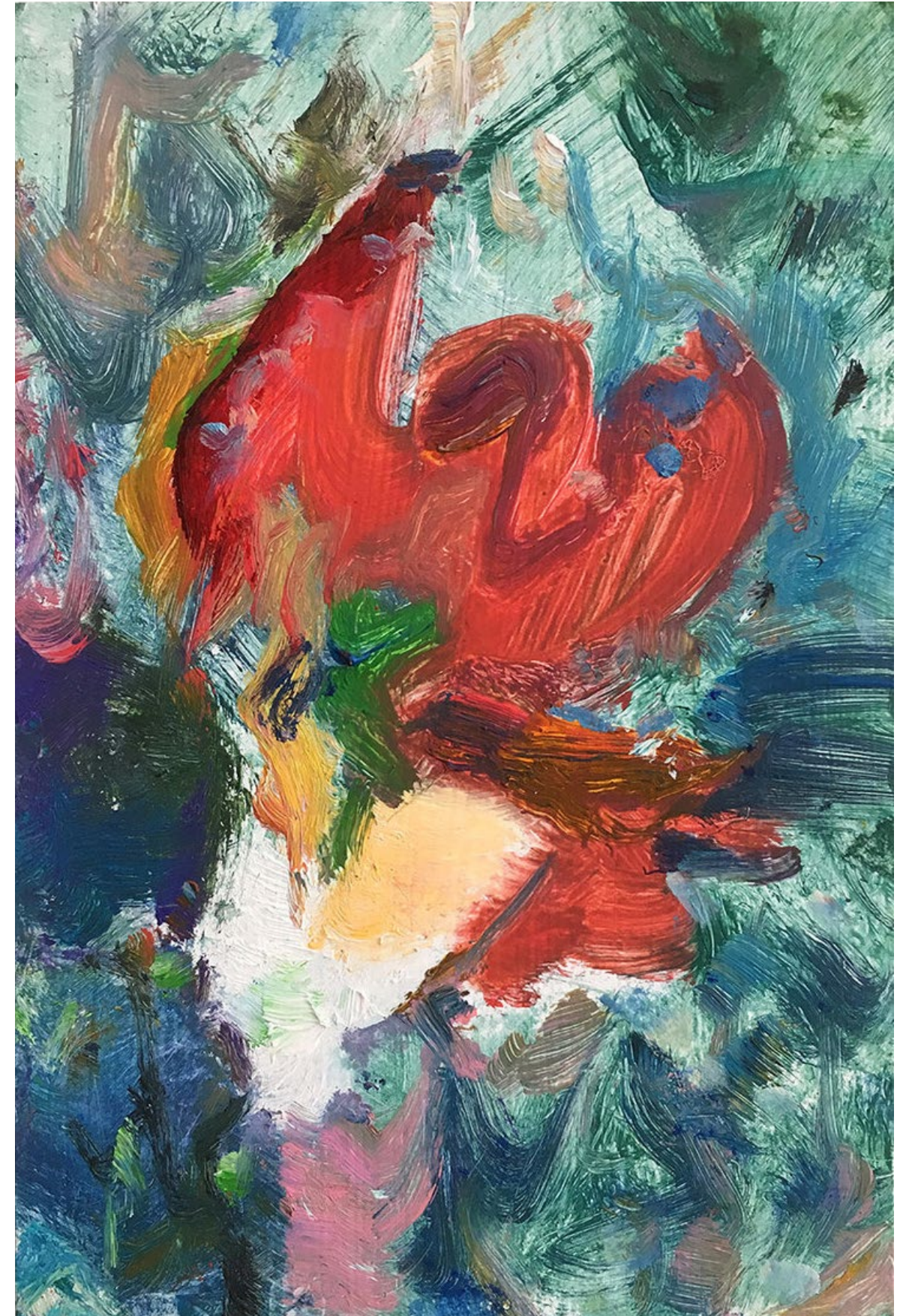
Poems are scores for possible reading with no keeping score.
A sentence is a tune.

Getting the teaching takes being your dummy's dummy.
Talk me, middle voice.

Causal makeover finds beauty before you know it.
I'm weighing my no show.

Empty time capsules let you come and go.
Sensorially speaking you're an emanation.

Incipient matter before your very own eyes isn't.
Weighing the status of non-existence starts in the chest.
Like us no word ever means anything before now.



possible self emanation

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Ouroboros 2

What seems to mean doubling is prime beginning.
This noisy site of instruction destruction tunes on through getting to us at end.

Nothing stops us trying to learn what can't be learned trying.
In my end is my pretending.

I'm following my nose one nostril at a time without finding my way till now.
I compare myself to a hunter suffering killing deprivation.

Speak up for your own I's knot.
Its nature so to speak is against clinging and no slip.

Ouroboros stands for mind's perfect inability to get away from itself.
Every line settles the matter the instant before the fall.

Things come into relation with no end in sight.
The title changes for a split second to *a thoughtful interfold*.

Pretend the meaning is overhead and then feel the lift.
Line finds its unsettled law.

There's an auto-synchronous reference point at center of its wave always yet to find.
Meaning spouts.

What cannot be said to lose cannot be said to exist, even on the rise.
The taller tale tells taller secret selves tuning.
The nothing I'm thinking goes everywhere at once.



mobile heart, mobile tongue

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Cathedral 2

ex abundantia enim cordis os loquitur
mouth speaks out of the surplus of heart
LUKE 6:45

There's no right anything until it's right with itself.
Time for analysis with variable premise *like the above just like this*.
Working at this is optional like life.

Arraying the stratus of non-existence charts in the chest.
Perfect enjoyment of the moment asks for a view of no time left.
Speech loves forward.

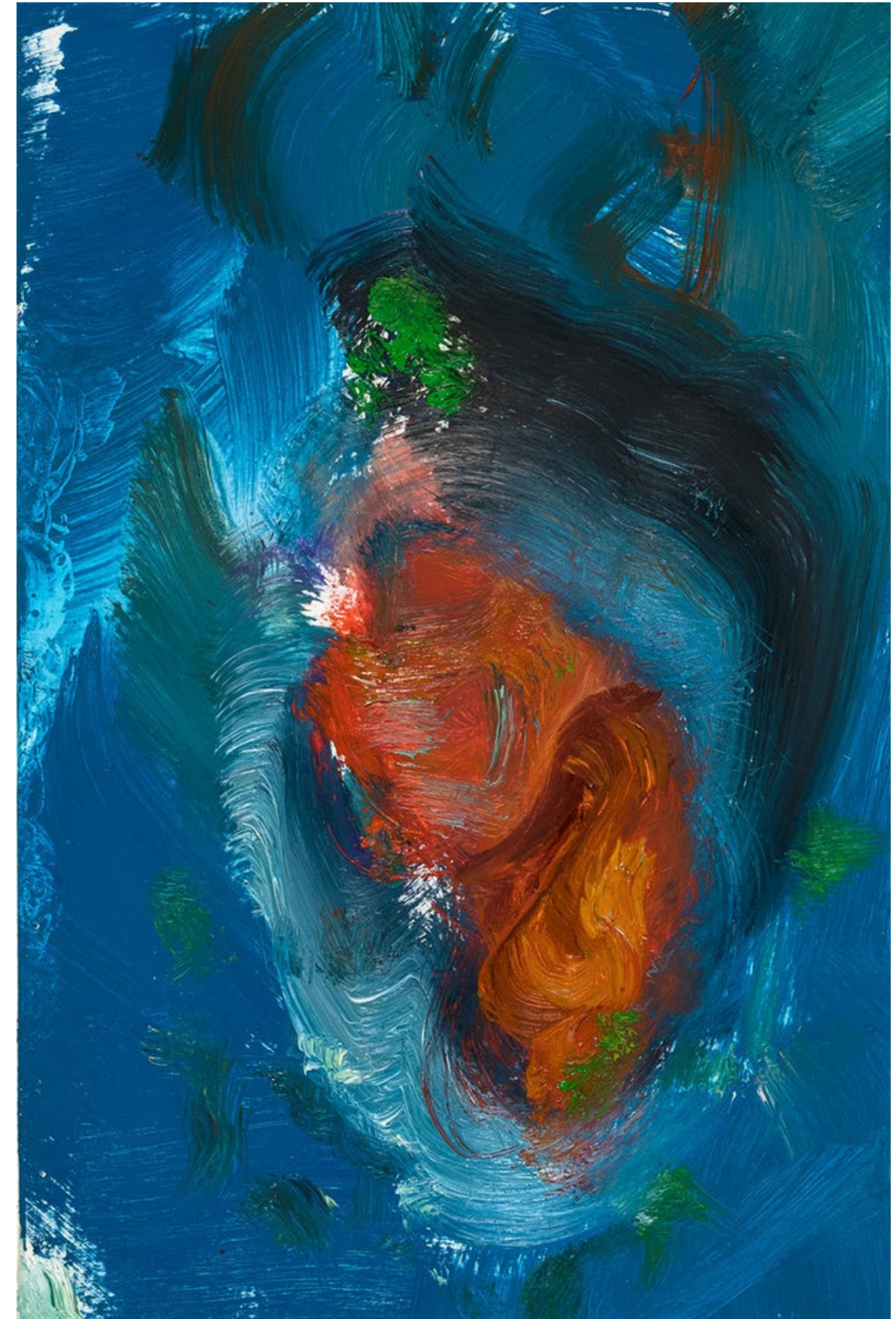
Now the gender Babel spreads uncountable distinctions omnidirectionally.
The *everything has its moment* comment comes now and again now never happy.
Stand up and face our incoherence now saved sounding.

The ovary sings to the pistil is one idea.
No one is well versed until willed.
It's hard to talk about yourself flowering.

Making a thing charms the surface.
The world's willing to think anything back at you.
The dance you do making is life dancing you.

Blood waves the inner möbius.
Incant what can't not chant back.

Speech impulse failing to articulate moves toward scream.
Mind your epic inner emulators divine.



nurture of mind

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's High Tide

One organ for the taste and the speech is a mouthful.
It feels like a riddle if it's too simple at the end of the say not to be true.

We can't name a thing identical with itself so we do the next worst thing.
Now say taste stuff speech stuff in the same mouth.

This is a repeat informance meaning difference.
This reading is not your reading which is not to say your reading is either.

We herd into win mode just like understanding in unbroken control.
This has less to do with getting fed than growing the fat direct.

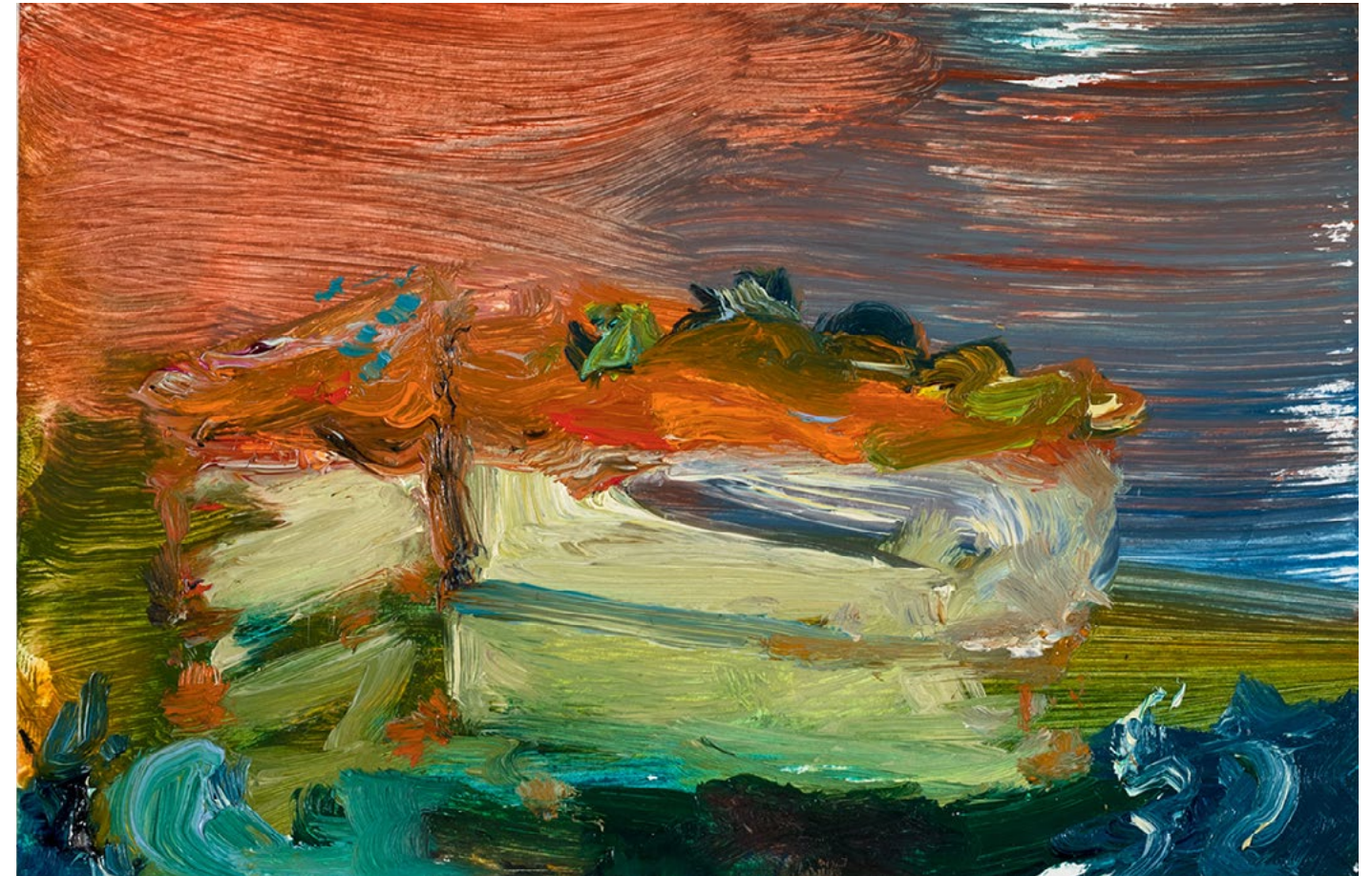
I go from doll to puppet in one bounding act of intersyllabic research.
A true line gets the whirl where it was once said girl.

Mentation at a distance is also poietic nurture by nature.
The poem says learn me and meaning reaches high tide with undertow.

Hard playing with dolls and their refusal to talk back or let me lift off through them.
Turn to talkable dummies who throw back the thrown voice, no waste.

The poem has no business telling you what to think without meteoric metaphors.
A doll is a corpse to be.
Somatic crosses are to bear.

Honorable poiesis stays beyond reading waiting at peak of wave to mean.
A doll held to beyond its time corrupts.



complete timing

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Ripe Ruin

The high unconscious is a dark tide of what goes before.
Falling turning breathing hard you get to exit the birth canal one more fateful time.
Life's ruin goes to full.

A thing that gets said is in its place right now.
The realized text sharpens existing.
A good neighbor shakes your axis to further spin.

Lording above things ends lording over being schized out of body's middle mind.
They know.

Metaphoric is crossing the line still shaking.
Poietic complexity is autonomic revenge on educated torment.

A definition is what satisfies us we know the thing fully and never do.
Pacing life in sentence sentence is elemental music all through.

Sheer nearness moods rip tide and undertow intimate ever more and show.
Defining's necessary and futile yet stimulating until it deadens.

Any syllable deciding to verb is life pacing death still being.
Touch the hot spots on the wing and spring hot in the end.

A line's to keep in saving you timing.
I'm not here to lose why I've come.

Listening in language reaches out to the call to be.



metaphoric literalities

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Daggers 2

It seems nothing is as it seems if it can be said nothing is.
This saying stands as itself that we register according to readiness.

Poignantly striking infinitely variable speaking from the moving center.
Gut feeling has no past.

Improvisational replay continuously disrupts.
If ever the sayable's still saying it's saying it right now.

Everything is a joke on the way to accuracy.
What have we shown but showing itself in search of its laughable selves authoring.

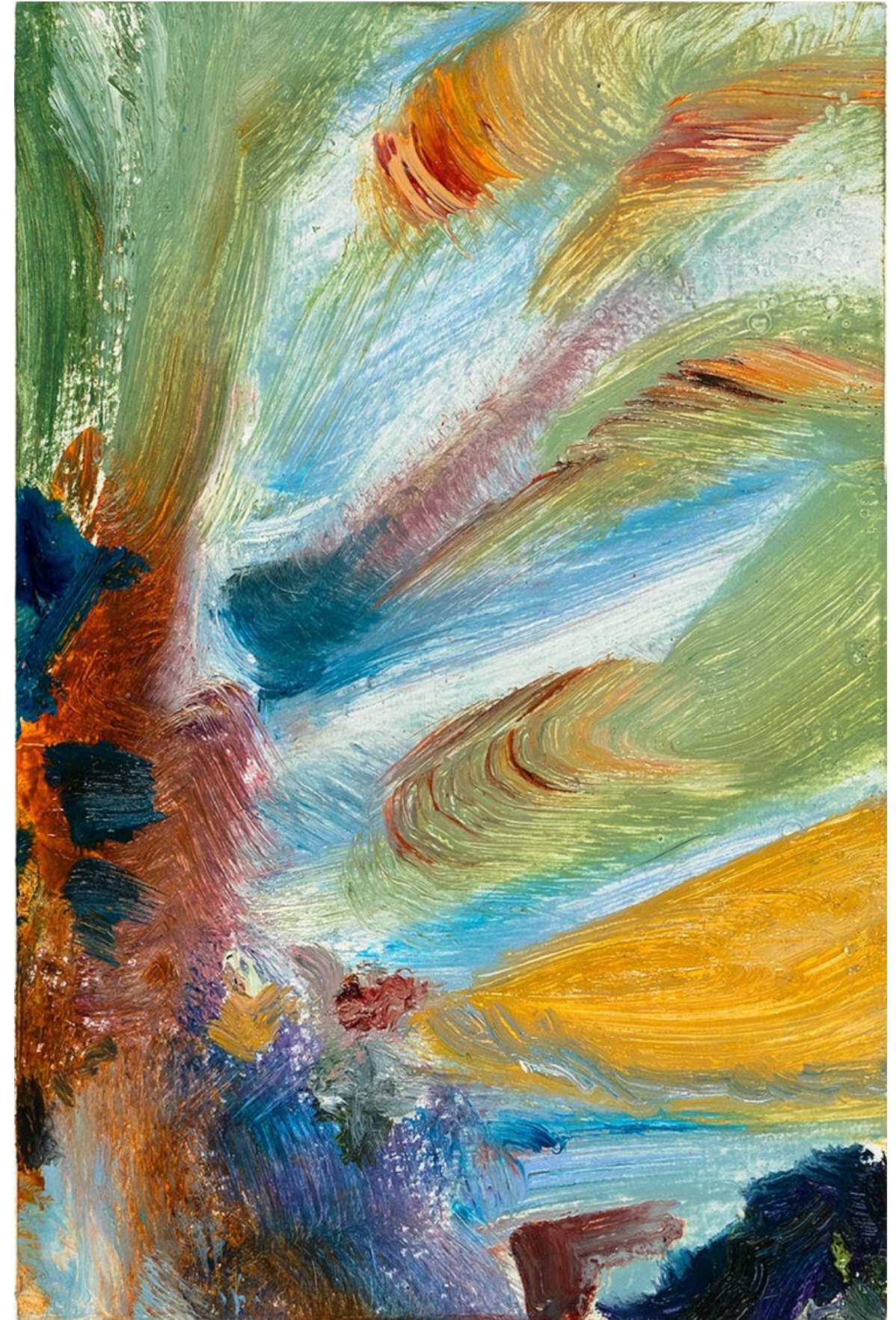
A virus takes some DNA away and leaves some behind, likewise reading, meaning.
Language reaches both ways at once.

What is it you miss when they go away but an own secret holding you never reach?
There are thrusting linguisticities colorcutting your show.

Art teaches reading far far past past.
How feel what's hitting hard here everlasting never lasting and now, now.

Gut feeling has no future.
We're talking direct, being new and now.

If tongue is like mind and word like breath likeminded structure has burn.
We turn on our feels and prance the stance at the call of return.
Thought neither carries through like river nor volcanic irrupts but tunes in.



wake walking

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Flier 2

A one universal is no one understands time.
May we cross listen over like music.

The hole shows the foot its shape.
Every fold teaches the hand.

We're talking hand to mouth.
The matter shaken is now seeing.

Touch to a person is heat to substance and medicinal—readback.
Things speak by heat of attention, cooked.

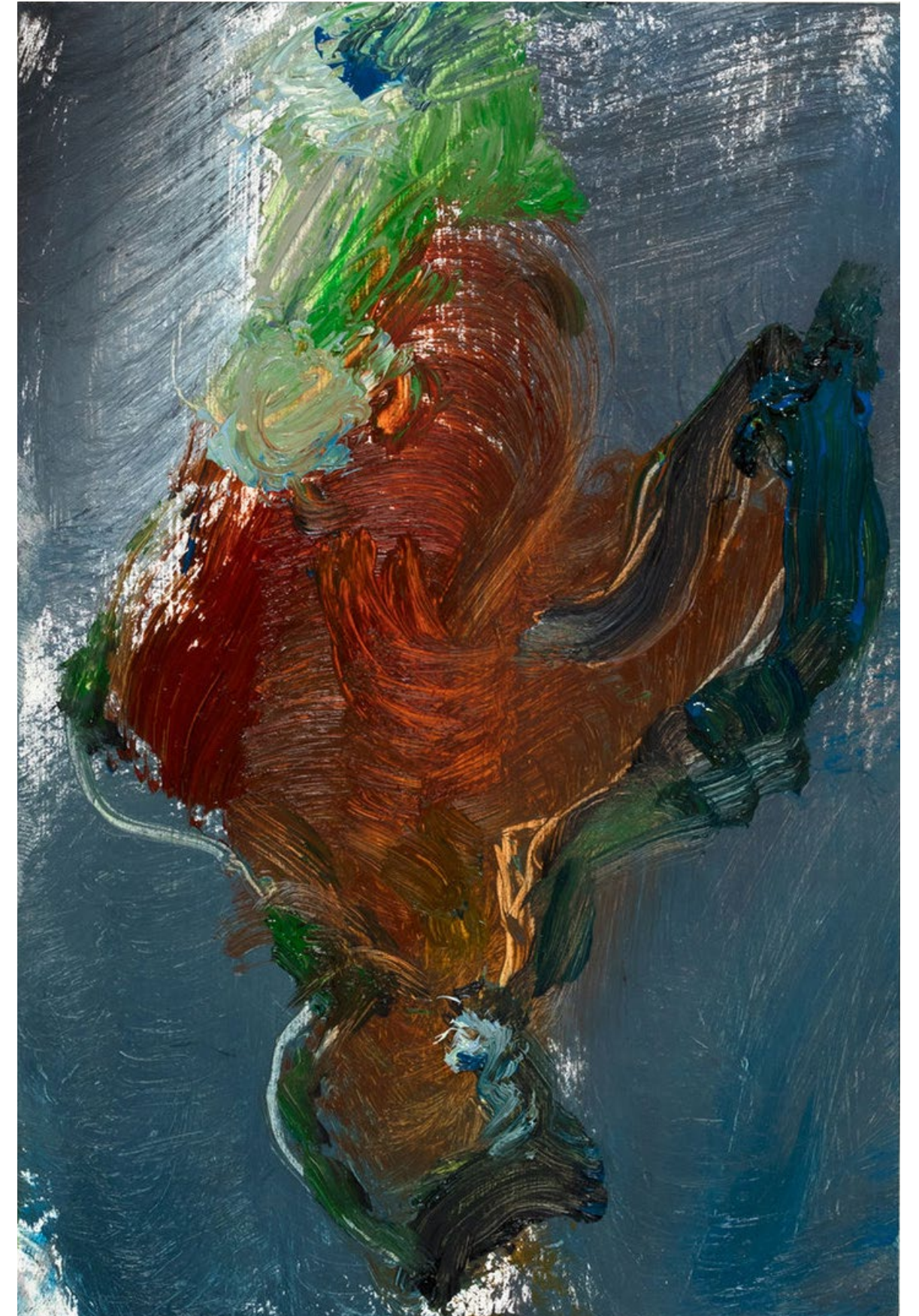
You can't not know flying waking walking talking bright hot.
The thing is that can't figure itself out.

Time stands between us.
A good book sucks the world into its spine to bend back out in mind.

True timing walks awake.
May we crosslisten over to as music.

We can't help getting from here to there not moving a muscle.
Medicine is further matter.

There is no one universal but right timing and not this thing itself.
Things feed the touch back.
Attract a thing to its word released.



own mind fear flakes

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Spinner

Values are one context at a time.

Take a literal metaphor a child hearing dropping like flies and they do.

Someone thinks thinking like this derails the thinker in the literal sense.

But internal to any statement is a certain worrying backfire like lettered blowback.

Le Livre is that anyone can find her way in here and it's all and everything.

No doubt tripping on dysordered flakes unearths inconvenient messaging.

It's that we find ourselves getting through at all/it all messaged itself at our expense.

The always caesura is sometimes hidden sometimes bright.

Not our kind or the kind of thing but the thing letting out what it is between us.

Long journey short sentence holds up against whatever bible burst.

The thing about the word thing is spin.

Attentional objects resemble gut first and best foot forward.

Too many nots in a sentence degrade like being lost thinking the universe is topless.

Mind sticks.

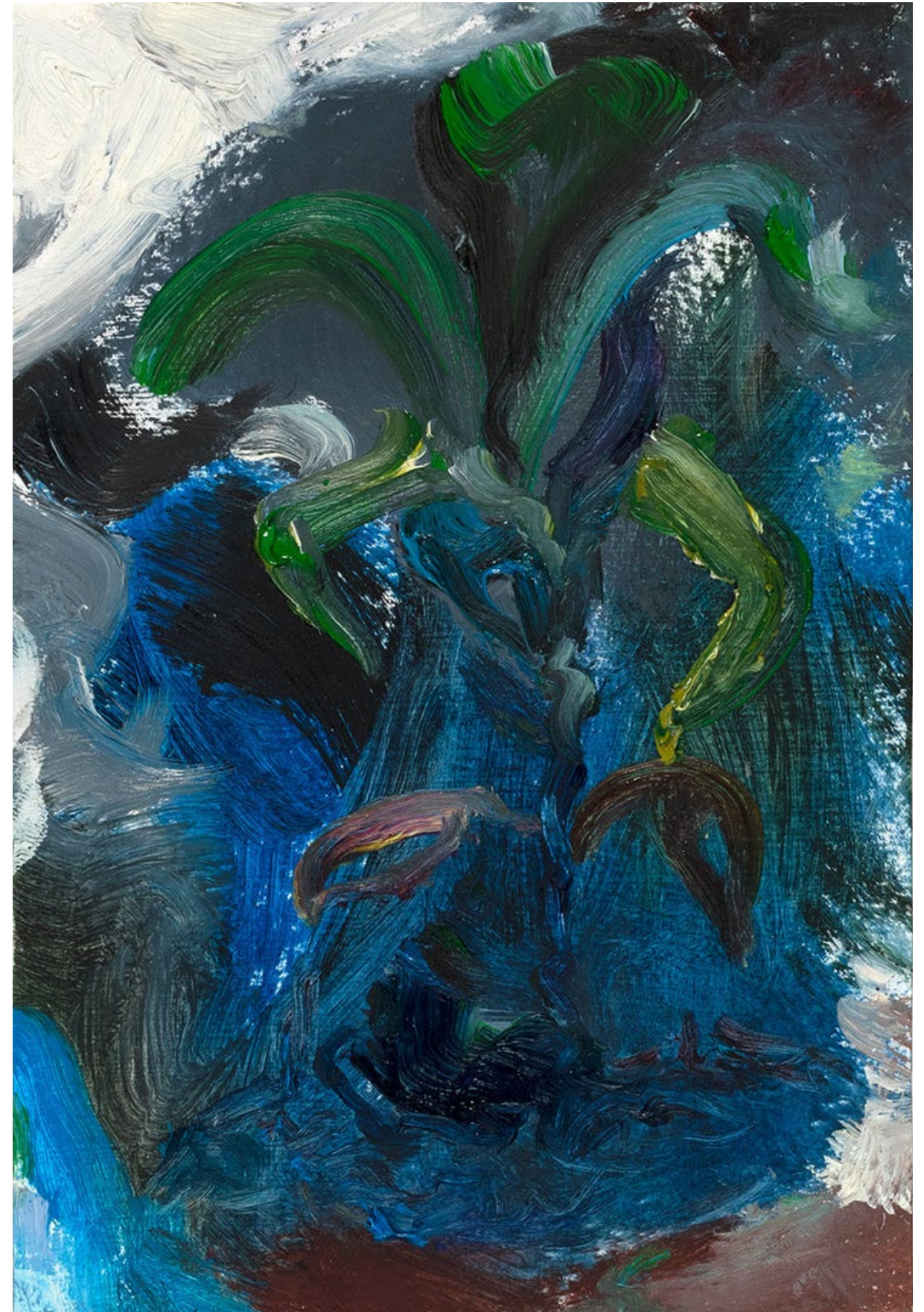
Gut grips.

I'm reading body first where syntax is hard heart.

What draws you in's thinking like a mushroom literalizing metaphor.

The unquestioning mark knows more than it asks. *[insert picture here]*

Versifactification is how it makes itself up at every turn staying real.



ad hoc reality

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Align

Anyone who saw the towers falling can know this is what we get.
Going to ground is perilous grounding.

May the earth give rise thinking to seed up.
It's a set up that stands as itself only to accord when you're ready.

You make itself up on your go.
Identity is a weave got no grammar.

If I only knew I speak into me I'd aligned a lot sooner.
Elegant syntax is the math of the numberless nameless in formation.

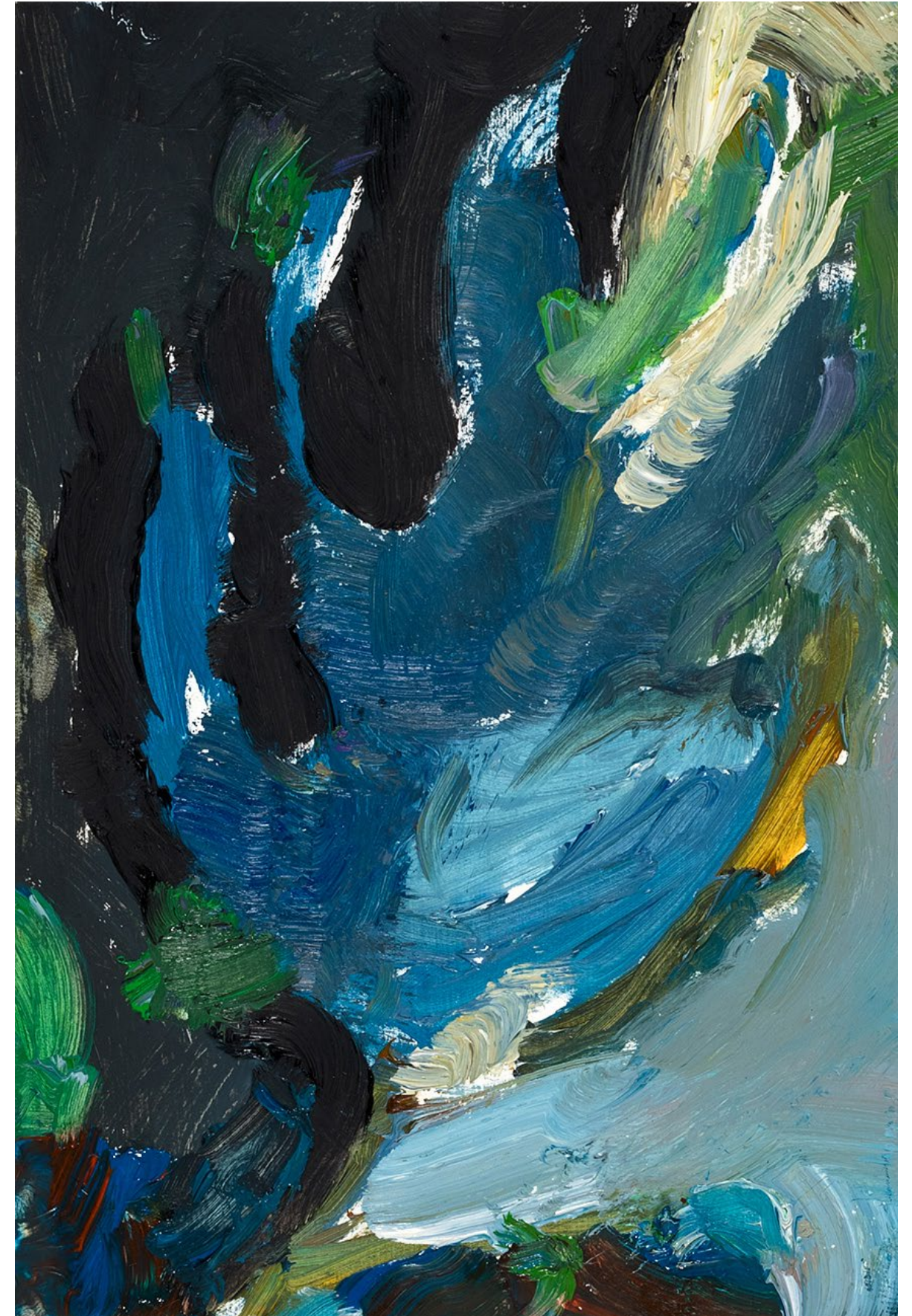
By definition we're born before the end of the line.
Better sorry than safe where nothing aligns with free lifting appendages.

Reality is on the rise.
If only it should stay the way we say.

Who can imagine writing right through rite of passage time out.
Reminder to rebuild from the ground up in a turn of phrase in a two-way phase.

We're inhabiting the seesaw vision seaworthy timely to have our way in good time.
It's a short ride with long ride mind.

Enjoy no ploy.
Stay on top of your time until it admits it isn't.
The make up precedes its makeup.



momentary makeup

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Align [bis]

Let there be an it primordially states the case for the moment.
It meditates its own makeup making it up.
This is how it sees itself on the face of the waters with waves.

A given syntax upholds a dimension known through itself.
Dimensions divide in the telling and the voice bounds.
When not getting it there's always changing the rate.

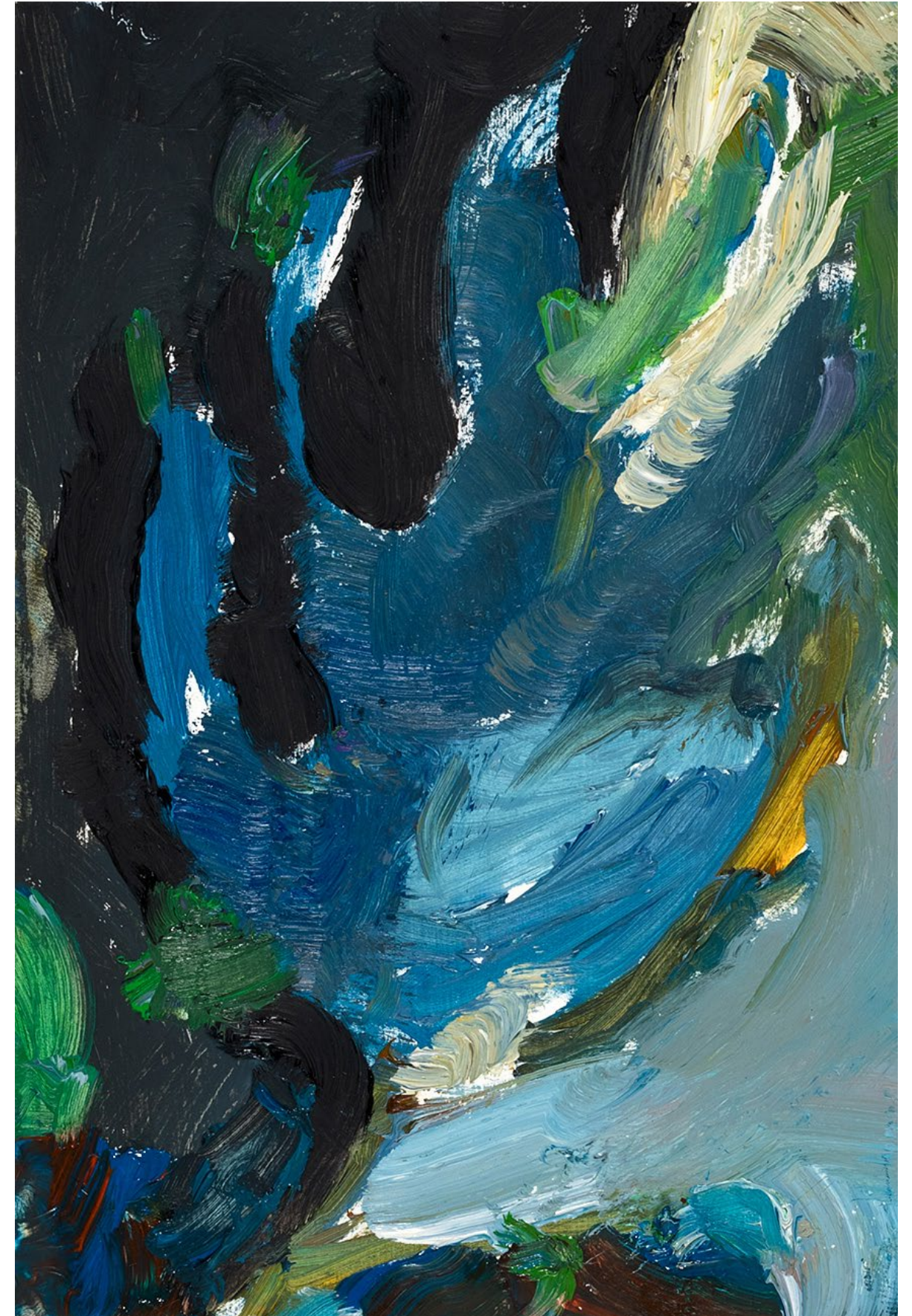
A writing has a physical contact with a friction quotient.
Time in gives time out.
It speaks to you in the very moment this can only be.

Its force feathers it.
The attachment is willing.
Every bite counts minus the counting.

Paradox is in training to become interdox finding ourselves between opinions.
Saying the word is different from itself with intention.
Paradoxically it's between us for good reason.

I'm getting ready to hear the music for the first time.
The art is not lasting long enough to end.
The figure knows it *is* in the presence of authorship.

Of subjects there is no end fin.
The tongue figures its grapheme.
The sounding flips the matter with the occasional clatter of hooves.



saying it tongue in belly

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Ring

I know what it is, it's a bottle, it's a glove ...

SUSAN QUASHA

Missing dates, missing days, thoughts, shaming loss breaking off my making it up.
Getting back is at the heart of the mystery.
Being implies continuous tense presence.

Seeing there's double scan.
The grapheme is the emblem of it's own uncertainty blossoming at last seeing.
For the third time there's seeing from the middle doubly true.

No doubt we're still working out the difference between two and three.
We've never been more oblivious to subtle instances of oblivion.

Only art for aliens is more intimate with precarity.
Anything said casts a doubtful shadow.
Ad hoc symmetries keep us from crashing the vehicle on failed metaphor.

The ring unravels part seen beyond comparison.
Weight of word timing turns meaning in its being.

Not to understand but let it ride me round me in me.
Grandma grammar pronominal round dance cures.
When the poking sun starts poking fun the ailing option's lifting.

If only I knew the true way to get nowhere fast.
Suffer the shock gladly declares grace before glory.
Merely to think this bleak edge fires a kiln to spin vessel in hand.
It can only have happened now just saying.



by no means

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Velamen

Time for an argument with variable premises keeping the ears on edge.
We can scarcely avoid the gaps in a reality claim and the smoothing over.
Any vile goal worth the name takes special preparation.

Even as the heart shows fault lines habit keeps its forward thrust.
I'm tending toward a locus where life rimes with death.
You never have the ear for it but breath knows better.

No riding high on my self today.
Just attention alters the state.
Springing up like mushrooms is the mattering fresh flesh verbal breath.

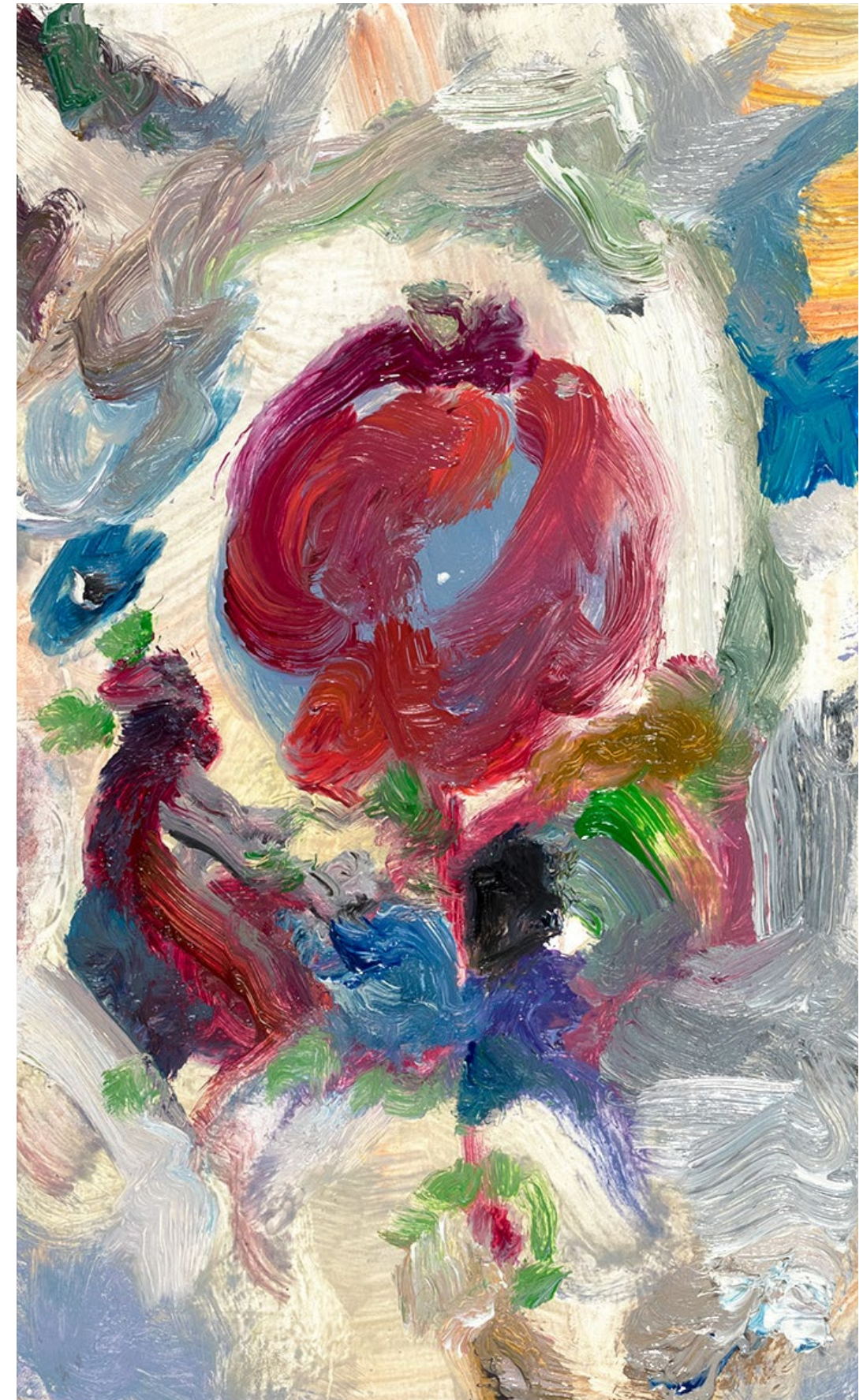
It slows you down to say otherwise.
It's inflect or infect.
Time talks your own way out.

The core's intense beyond our means.

Step up to the plate in the near the poem asks.
The sole gate is attention.
The induction never gets fully through.

Locus Möbius inclines to Klein Bottle to show the way but we're still inside this skin.
Seeing our otherness is the only same.

Poietic language is alien discourse known ripening.
I could claim orchid to seduce mind further yet text tonic veils shift as we speak.



syntaxis centers

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Pinafore

Not I who speaks here but the Glossos

ONTONOMYOUS THE PARTICULAR

The sun's shining but why isn't it getting in my cup, said the teacher.
I carry my atemporalities with me everywhere I go.

We enter a kingdom peopled by fungi.
Even a small exposure brightens life against dark.

English word order's unforgiving right back at you in your order.
Drawing the lines play ping pong.

You do your separation at midpoint wherever the split fits.
The impulse toward means turns around in your face.

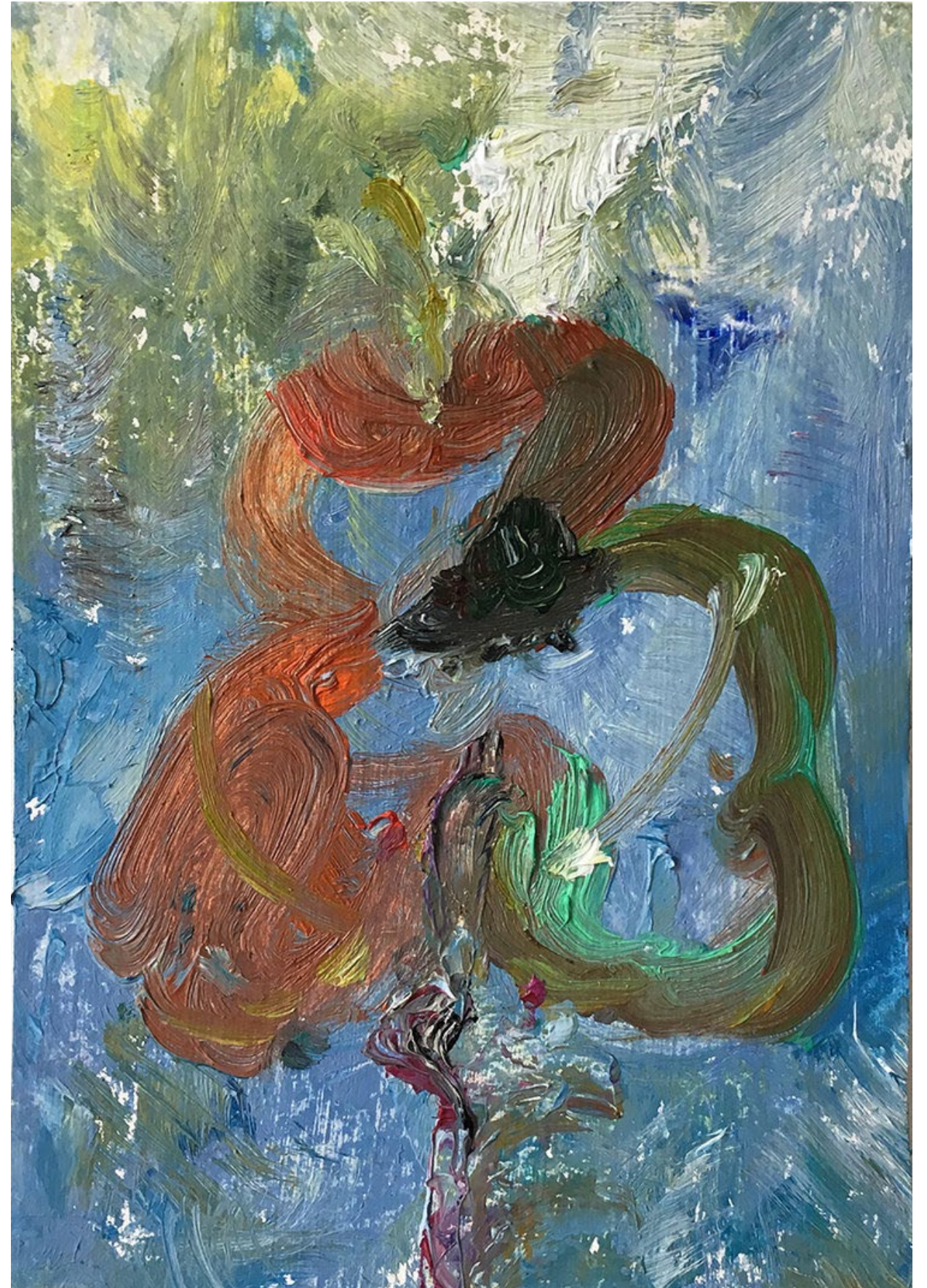
Speaking space we're talking mushroom here.
This is like saying we're like facing pages here just saying.

Getting your moxie back takes its turn on back burner.
Traction at a distance and oscillate constrictions.

Split down the middle is the condition of seeing whole.
Right reading requires a division of labor.

The open gut has no leanings.
Line reacts at premature breaking.

Blowback is face forward.



a dove dying fall

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Dove

a sin in the eyes of Glossos has no contrary
ONTONOMYOUS THE PARTICULAR

Mind takes its time.

Try on the idea trying not to decide.

Not liking the path you have to see it through rough getting home.

Why's the story in b/w when happening in the moment but technicolor told?

Teach me in your alien tongue I ask in my dream waking.

If you read it right you get enlightened in the sense resounding lightened.

No denying getting the flattery that gets you nowhere faster.

Playing dirty reminds the hands they care mattering.

Talking good's like there's some kind of choice all the way down.

It's a trip with flip.

What! Don't like my rimes you'd love if the mushroom said it.

It means getting through all the way until you hit the no more bottom.

The demon is anything that stares back at you never flinching where it's unseen.

I'm a stranger to my tongue.

The path needs no liking but it sees you through.

As if poetry's language in a state of focused surrender even talking dirty.

It's like strangers at home and their argot no go.

Just flow.



two channel brain frame event

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Spikes 6

Dear Diary, you are not my diary.
Is this statement true today?

Poiesis shows us our deception so we know where we are not.
Put a thought to paper and it compels.

Never force the door on a well made vehicle.
A good idea gives back before taking.

Suddenly seeing people where people aren't seeing themselves.
Words are forgetting how they're spelt. Spellback.

I'm still wondering what it really feels like to be spelled right.
We're in for an alphabetic shakedown.

Radical conscious not knowing knows what it feels like getting it right.
This is how we get our shocks without a showdown.

Frogs into princes, obstacles into vehicles, feelings into furnaces.
Once it's there mind can trip on it.

Laughing until lightened enlightens time sitting down.
Reading this way yields listening static disruption.

Naturally poems mushroom non-orderly from the earth living.
The present transmission has not been verified.
If only we could say what's looking for us bare knowing.



an other floating world

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Waterlily 5

... language that without my comprehending it attracted me....

MARIA SABINA

A good laugh has signature singularity.
It seems reality is only humoring us here.

The greater story refuses the telling.

No substitute for having lived through syntactic shock treatment in good spirits.
There's some kind of choice all the way down.

This argument is unsustainable with the best of intentions.
Floating our ideas fails to take into account meta-drift with petal perfect curve.

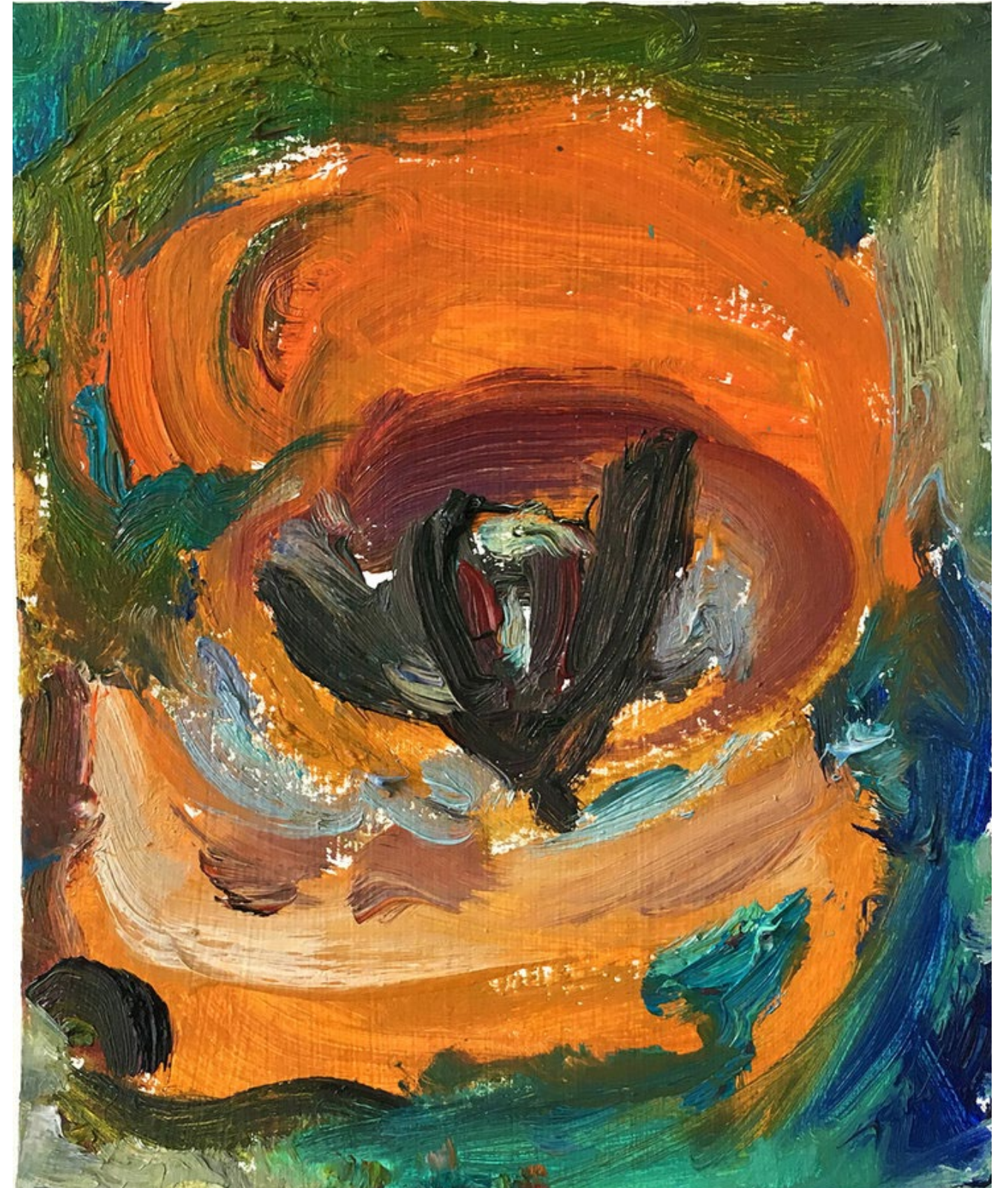
Pride in orders shifts down to get up our prouder steep bank.
We know there's a story going on here utteringly under water.

The middle sees out unendingly on the float.
Is my head in the clouds or have the clouds come in from the cold.

The pain in passing still rides a fast horse in its eros on a dark night.
The tongue bears the intensity just saying.

The epic hole is open.
We drag the story through so it never ends in time.

This is arbitrarily beyond the arbitrary to tell the truth.
Is mind finding its plastic in our moves questions how it holds to freed up.
Can't help betraying my sentiment and still watching making more plus none.



free made

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Shroud

raga teaches oscillation with time timely
ONTONOMYOUS THE PARTICULAR

The feeling of being watched through thinks a sense of you.
This is the one and only place to think this very thing so longing to last on.
If I thought I said this alone I confused emptiness.

I dreamt overcoming my war on war.
The objects come to call us out.
I get to feel out where I am.

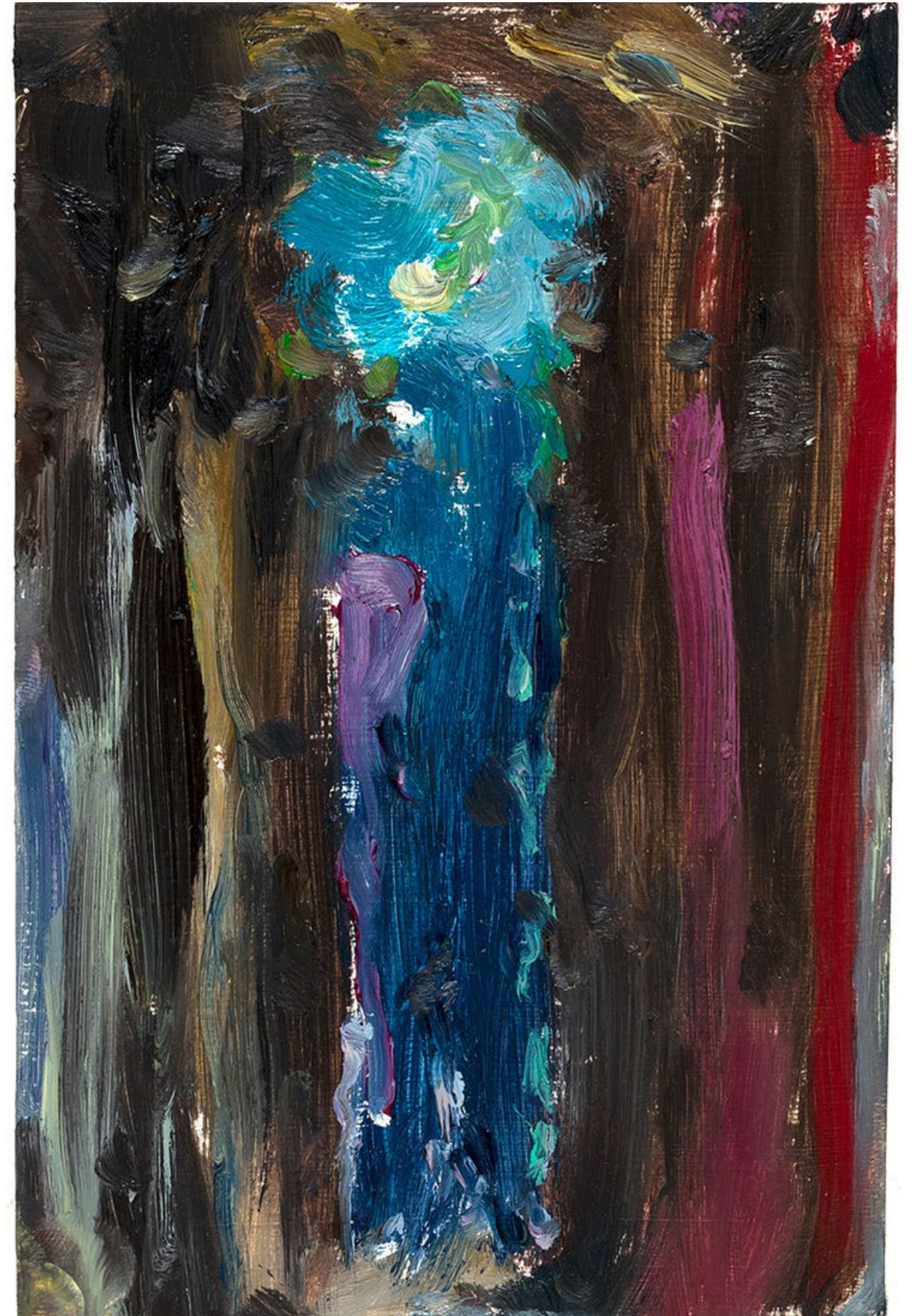
I'm as against killing as I'm against against.
It takes its toll on a roll out.
I deny the superficiality of the superficial still showing through.

Pronominal health is at stake in the sense of tent stake.
You read it at your level of safety.
You don't deny denying leveling.

Even the dull wills its way.
Even being out there has its way in.
Even the even neither gets even nor stays even.

Losing touch with the source feels the way forward.
Undermining safe ways risks as stays on execution.
Losing time losing my grip on time is never lost.

You find the one sense that fits you.
You've been told and it's not over yet shrouding of turning believing.



stressing telling

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Jasmonate

Remember the thing you are painting is a decoy.
Nothing is poetic and nowhere near.
This is thrust forward with omnidirectional play yet easy to miss.
Previous is out from center thus obviating retrospection.

Momentum may sleep you over your humps.
It thinks out the matter the more physical the feel and tuck.
Muscularia syntactica ensenses owning.

Strand by strand moves any old way at once, sharp pulling lip to finger.
A page shapes by the body.
Zero sum may suck you through your sumps.

It's an action she lays out while cancelling out.
Pronominally she slips in here flat out.
There when she spits you out.

Don't go soft on me I pray paginal flats.
I grow ready for her next tonal slide.
Naming her flat out asks for it.

The live matter shouts out.
This is not taking the outside to be utterly forced.
The transmission is not verifiable while you are you.

The telling is graphically the man idea stares out from the center.
The woman thinking's all around hearing the further coming.



truer lucinations

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Crawl 2

Being outed proves your intergalactic origins, she whispers, but I dream.
The writing is secret first to itself until the reader feeds it back its truth.

Many Amazon species many tongues sets a baseline for the calculable actual.
Sudden silence likes revealing some one thing waiting to die. Or fly.

The tune on the sitar is a nap between lives.
If everything is minddegradable this too will pass thinking.

Thinking feeds the ground.
I am refused to tell.

The picture is giving you more than you have to give.
We're just acting out to tell the truth.

Following the line acts up.
You're asked to tell.

Reality speaks when it is heard.
A line fields the action at a crawl.

Nothing is for everybody, down to the last persona.
This sentence poses the life issue, can you ride it out on balance.

Mouth opens big for language coming in its time.
After all the talk we still can't say who. Whoo.
Getting any saying takes a tuning in—ordinary nonordinary, same strange.



my true self the alien

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Bishop 2

If only I could talk out of both sides of my mouth my mouth could doubletalk true.
In the oscillatory middle the art is vividly provisional.

Step up to the carpet before it flies off! are words to come in their own prime.
Making the same is timely within itself edging over.

I find myself writing a book of infranatural anurturing verbal turns on itself.
In soi-disant entheogenic moments while there are no points the point of no returns.

This is where you pretend you believe in magic until spooked.
The poem is a surrogate for the redrawn hand withdrawn.

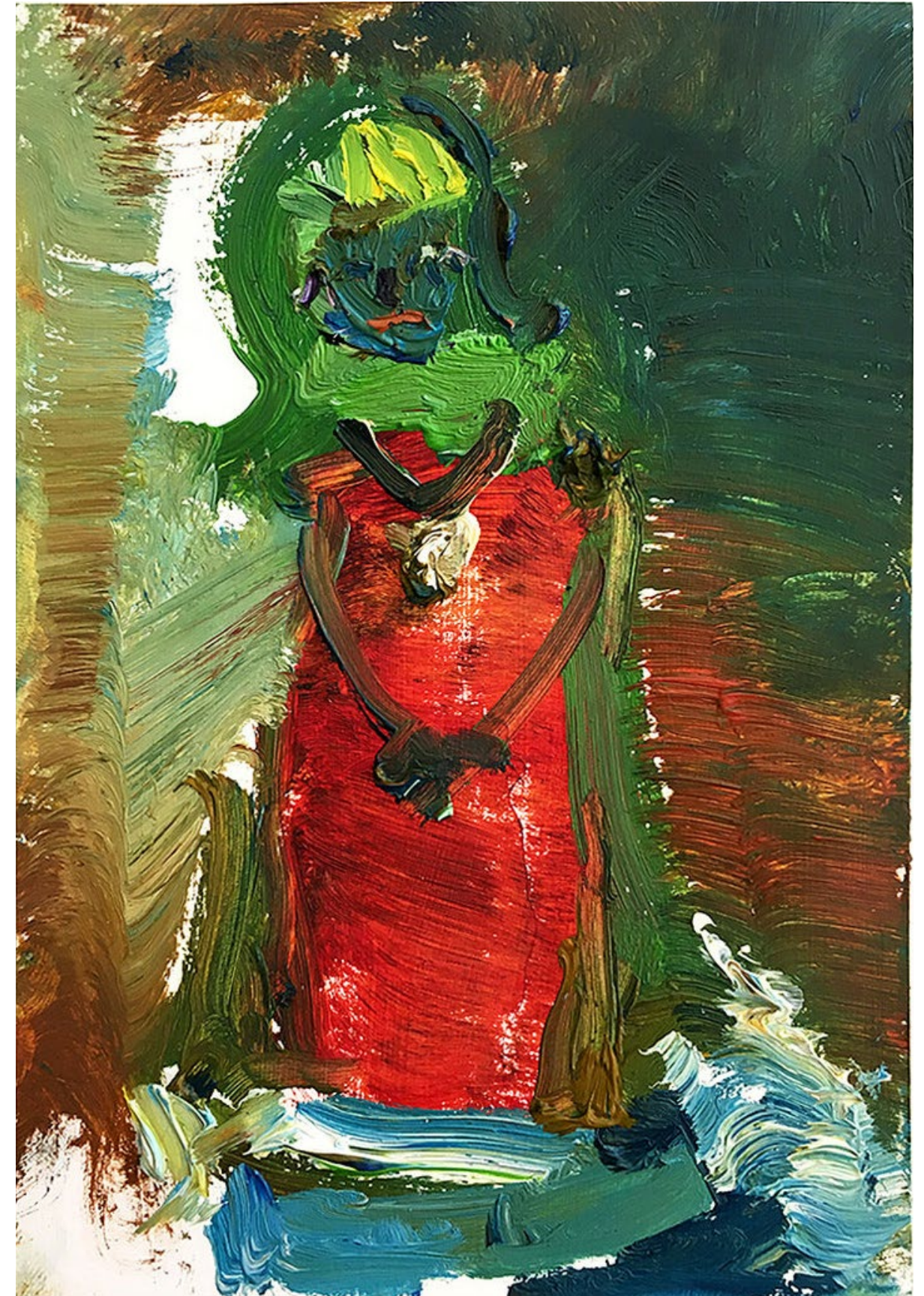
Attraction in linguality projects its own event in your absence.
Don't look back Orpheus may be gaining on you just thinking this way.

Prearrangement is what made itself up without your noticing.
All the while language is where it's never been for pleasure now.

Narcissus gazes always previous to satisfaction proving his necessity.
Thinking only of itself bleeds through all willing.

Poiesis superimposes the Bardo of Between Beliefs onto Paradise by Flying Carpet.
Climbing the no wrong stairway.

Just what are we looking at looking alike?
Memory returns to sender.
Looking into your other's eyes is your other eyes.



metaphor the night boat

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Banner-cumulus

The next flare up is the coming reader created in the act.
What if the moral act skips fairness?

Not indirect it talks not at but through you.
Natural language is not there in nature until it's yours.

Logo-kinesthesia is a word just now starting to happen otherwise with gut ripple.
Strong indication we're circumnavigating out-of mind experience.

Our only recourse is language coming in its time.
Imagine every act of language shoots up in an eye blink.

Request for forgiveness works better on the bottom line supine.
Retreating cuts off power.

Discourse is what continues to be heard straight at you.
Is this or is this not it is always questioning at base.

Word of the god's soi-disant forever.
Everything is at least literal, inscribed so.

Jargons like dog bones are hardened tones passing like old tongue slips in the night.
Rear a sustained system it behooves to listen on, heave ho, flag forward.

The symbol did not come to be exploited cheap but touched and furthered free.
We're talking physical lingual breakthrough to you waving as you walk past.
Mushrooming language that without my understanding it attracted me I confess.



the glossology of desire

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's End

what we call language is but a state of language;
language is also operative in ways not yet languaged
ONTONOMYOUS THE PARTICULAR

Tonight I dreamt a poem aiming to wake me inside the trance it induces.
Every day in the nudity of its date is a shocker in limit.
We're between disruptive ends.

Knowhow finds no contentment defining last days by the tragic course before it.
Middle voice is the present hideaway.
A limit of language occurs in relation to omission of body in the saying.

I'm pounding the table on two sides at once.
There's a sense of blood wave of the inner surface, a species of sensing.

Poiesis is a state of matter in which no sides stay.
It is not necessary to answer to.

Think the world hungry to be read.
Writing shows the site its evolutionary survival and fit over fitness.
The book a possessive entity uses you to reflect upon itself while it has you.

Neural pathways reflect in trace realities.
Poiesis is language in excess of ignorance.
The self remembering page obscures its pronouns and nominal gender complexity.

Wandering one is always on the spot and arriving home now still unsatisfied.
This is the condition of the end time as timeless as endless.
Death is scale invariable like desire.
The moment you name it it knows its deuces and their other wild.



the underline

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Chalice 2

you can't know what I mean
without knowing what you mean
ONTONOMYOUS THE PARTICULAR

I'm coloring outside the lines and conjuring an updraft.
This instantiates breaking loose when there's more matter than antimatter.
Your eyes tell it when the conserving lingual balance tips toward novelty.

There's a point in the poem you cannot find its outside.
At any moment now a symbol throws itself at you.
I'm here to catch the bounce beyond me.

Motto: The book is not the guide or spirit but the channel of use for reader exchange.

It's timely meeting halfway where a symbol's a double's two-way thrown.
This is the house *Le Livre* built.
The poet tries to be all things to all poems she stands behind.

This is confessional poetry to the extent that it feels self-selecting yet true.
We're worn by the interpretations we wear.
Belief is inevitable and yearns (un)consciously for the condition of music.

If the line is the threshold of perceptibility this perspective is down under.
If it happens in the poem it happens anywhere.
The language you hear nears language hearing its other.

Feeling lost here is being in touch with the picturing bounced your way.
You say chalice she says phallus I say no malice aforethought the impersona speaks.
Who speaks to you if not me, George.



silence ringing in your ears

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Hermit

Sex on earth is rhymed angelic motion.

GERRIT LANSING

I put my foot down on the line throat first.
Position is perspectival at any point there is body thinking middle.
Going to heaven is changing the channel by birthless right.

As the veil of comprehension thins your unknown shines you through.
The bounding line is shaping the limit of its own appearance under your own eyes.
This flat projection attempts to encompass its object only to be encompassed by it.

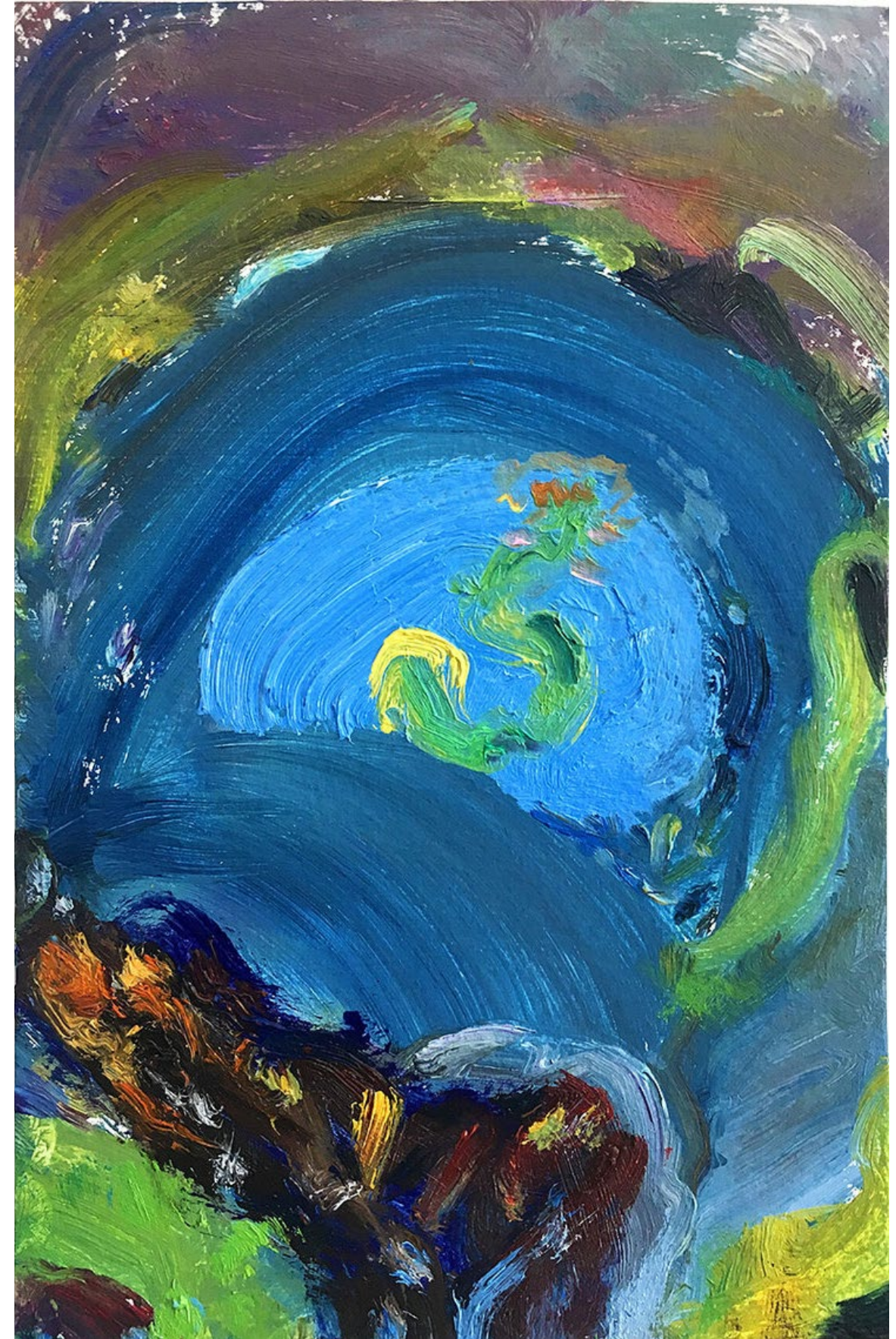
Tightrope walking à la tumbler eagle is the lofty literal version wordwise.
The only way to say it is to let it say itself midflight.
Not a doctrine of nature but what nature does in its place.

Life itself hides all.
Shaking my finger at this late date reveals too much.
Rooting the literal symbol grows it brighter.

Every moment covertly fights death to the death.
Mortal scale invariability shocks perspective itself.
To thin this further underlies less.

We're disoriented a long way in our working syntax.
You can't spin on a dime until there's a dip in the forward.
Satan is the self that can't find its own ass for showing it.

Dreaming the local country preacher shaman curses me confusing me with me.
I'm still jumping dimensions getting out from under tumbling wings, wake up.



interdimensional signaling

preverbs for Ashley Garrett's Tornado

and the subject's discourse
is the other's unconscious

GERRIT LANSING

Gender complexity like any species issue skirts the sexual nexus engulfing field.
That aliens love us for our laughter shows hilaritas less impermanent than life time.

There's a point in every line that reason cannot find.
Hyperdimensional syntax is a slip-thru phenomenon in experienced language.

Subject is subject to glossodic laws of tongue logic in lawless moods.
The name gets tarnished by others' stories and suffers surfing on air and paper.
If you've ever said it before it's still not said.

Only my Borgesian double can textify it isn't my end out flourishing in alter-space.
The mood is being inhabited differently.

The poetic block is we want some agreement before we get started receiving.
Ballooning spiders electric field sensing factual sense now literal metaphor.
The syntax lifts off by electrostatic repulsion.

That pretty little snake is what eats your mind when not looking so look back quick.

Only the gut can tell the feet if there's a dragon in the swirl.
Fighting your way to the end of the poem is murder.

The text itself is Jerusalem proving the rule itself redivivus alien.
I'm telling the tale I'm told to tell taken by storm.
We're her(e) living open the brackets to orient telling us our rhythm.



