



FOR ELSE

Cameron Seglias

**Metambesen
Annandale-on-Hudson
2014**

For Else

is the seventh in a series of texts and chapbooks
published by Metambesen.

The reader is free to download and print it without
charge or permission.

Copyright © 2014 Cameron Seglias

Cover painting © 2014 Cameron Seglias

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-panse

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

-markt'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

Berlin
September 15-21, 2014