



George Quasha

PREVERBS

Susan Quasha

PHOTOGRAPHY

surface retention

GEORGE QUASHA
preverbs

SUSAN QUASHA
photography

Surface Retention

is the sixty-fifth in a series of texts and chapbooks published by Metambesen.
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surface retention

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A Note on the Work

Surface Retention is a collaboration between Susan Quasha's photography and my preverbs. While it's the first series in the thirteenth book of preverbs, it's the third series (completed March 2019) in our collaboration (of which there are seven series completed to date with an eighth underway). The practice is basically that she sends me a photo of her choosing more or less daily, without discussing it with me. Her photographs may have been made at any previous point in time or the same day she chooses the photo. Usually in the evening, I have the photo open on one screen while I do the final composition on another screen, working with lines that have either been written previously (usually earlier the same day) or in variable relation to the presence of the image; the latter tends to exceed the former. There are no rules about how much preverbs are in direct response to her images or her subsequent images are in response to preverbs. They stand in undefined, but strong and complex, relation to each other, while retaining an essential independence.

GQ

January 2020, Barrytown

surface retention

for Sherry Williams



I

eternally no same staying

What's in a name? Something is, passing through.

It's easy to find a needle in a butt sit.
I discover the hard way ass backwards not having sat all the way down.
There's no rationale for this.

Watching myself I glimpse my always other.
It shows me trying to walk through walls.
A music presently is the sound of self authorizing identity slippage.

A poem would be presuming to speak to your unknown.
It shows movement from thought to thought without remembering why.
Heads turning without good reason show.

Alien means unrecognized.
It entertains omission.
It cuts loose integrating flying by.

I'm here trying to learn to read on the fly.
The line of thought enfolds its intelligence almost syntactically.
This is cutting back on presuming to say the thing.

All kinds on the planet and no repeats puts saying this in question willingly.
We're aiming to not try saying what we are saying.
Losing aim is optional.

Strike up a law rising to the occasion.



I awake creating the novelty creating conserves, all before sleep.

The project is using up reality before it takes off.
This has never happened before and still isn't.

The poem appears when its matter exceeds its antimatter.
It ends up transposing its its.

People can't help fading into people.
We're in waiting to appear further before disappearing into appearance.

Crossing over here is the matter with doing what we can.
Attitude is in swing as posture is nano-correctional.

I learn commitment by rationale that won't stick.
Novelty follows by happy flyby.

Tomorrow is a different reading today.
Facing it starts in the face to tell it heartily in our passing.

Sticking it to reality means the commitment won't fly.
Not priority, singularity on the fly.

Is is not an equivalator.
No photo says no.

Saying so is positively inverse.
It teaches being as dead as necessary to locate.



A single listening authorizes.
I hold up the flag to see at all.

First thought least thought first.
A thing is true when it locates its permission.

Thinking gets through by the necessary *means*.
Meaning is more than it says turning verb.

Linguality laces pervasively.
Following entrain of thought half begins half behind.

Listening's for what's not yet happening planetarily speaking.
First thought first thought lost.

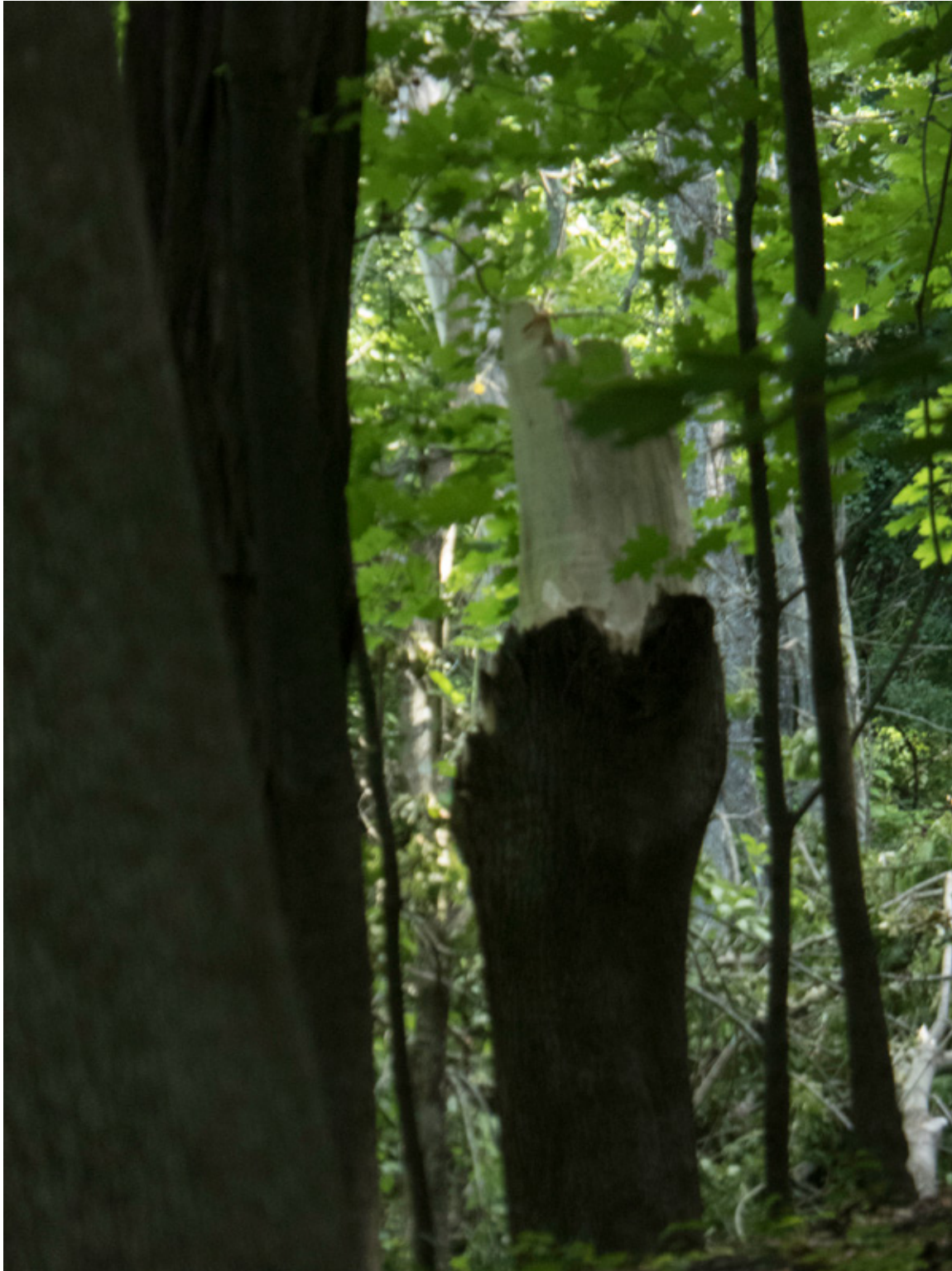
Singularity is now and never.
The heart flows founder than ever heard.

How off we find ourselves.

We're on a slide with tide.
Optimally reading envisions the bottom it never touches.

As ever never listened to we're nearer home abiding.
The middle empties for terror or curse, better and worse.

It says what it wants, found wanting.
Now starts the day listening through you.

*Linguality lodges imaging.*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS OF ONTONONYMOUS THE PARTICULAR*

In corpus callosum verbal vision *bodies tough through best knee forward.*

There's a division hot for channeling through saying shoo! with arms wide open.

We're talking standalone confusion states of matter.

Brain can't help telling me I have nothing to say, mind enjoying surround sound.
Looking straight on it's not even the person you see.

Nonsensical sensed things standing up for themselves stand for unheard of things.

Loving accomplishment values graduation passing on with prize, image-possessed.
Say everything with force of the atheist belief system, poof! science on its cross.

How's half knowing what I'm looking at to end knowing what I'm talking about?
My reading is lit by what only now claims appearance without even asking me.

It seems I identify with the lonely figure in the forest.
Since no one told me to say what I know I can only continue saying what I don't.

I'm growing in confidence this speaks for multitudes microscopic mushrooming.
Right there right behind the upright unknown.

Meet the stand-up confused half way.
Take me to your breeder.
This last thought's thought before me facing out.

* Hereafter shortened to Pre-Pre-Socratic Sayings

ET says if I say so
 DUCHAMP*



Now to let line female toughen reading survival I let it run me over.
 This is as straight as it gets on a curve speeding.
 I'm against time.

Simon says don't ham it up over-knowing.
 A poem is language leaping back into its body.
 Don't pretend to see this.

Following the former you're out of this game.
 It's a way out of doing everything you didn't even read.
 Fucking flowers go wild unseen.

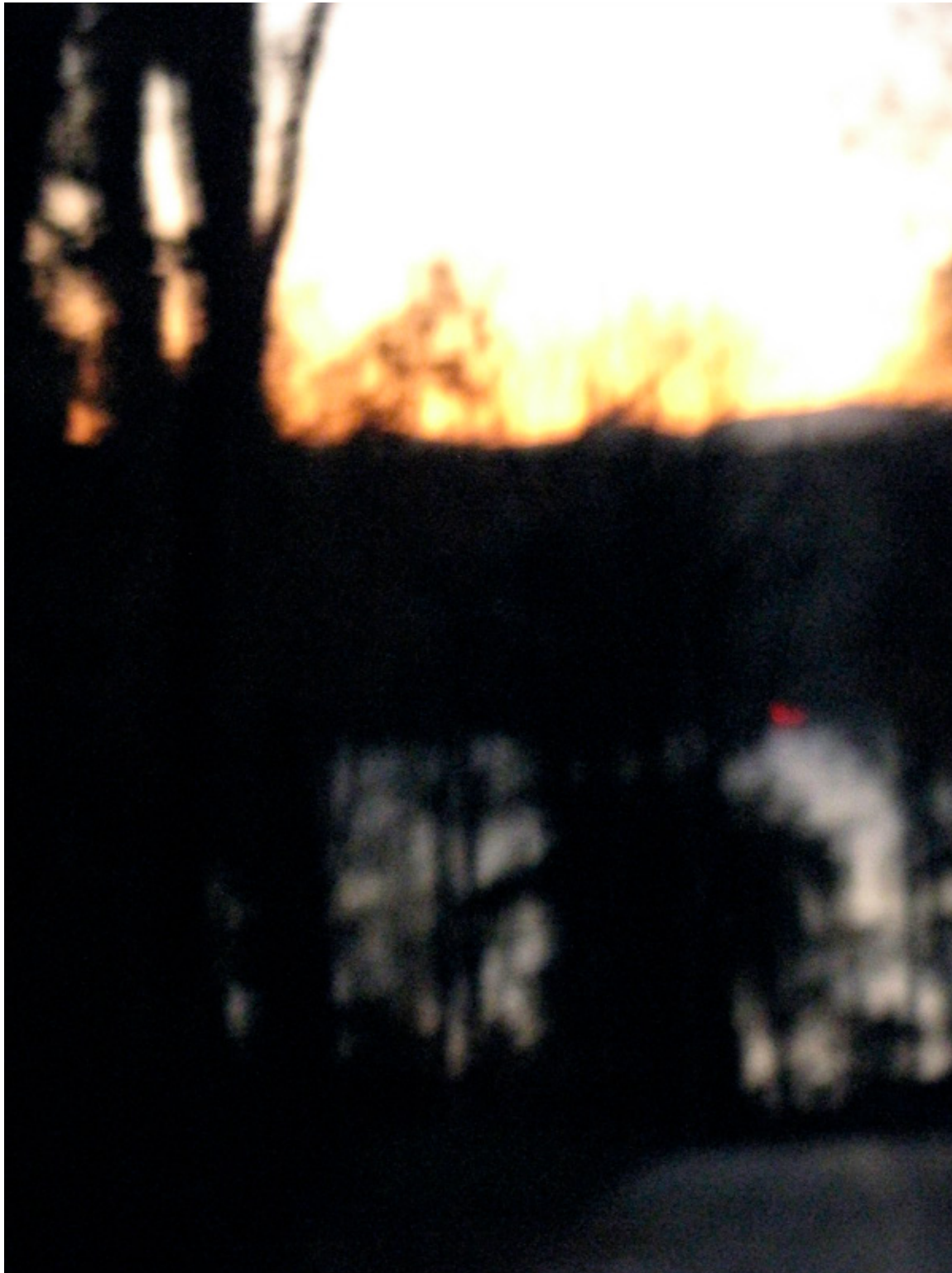
Speaking of against I mean body on.
 It's language through and through and then some.
 Simone says don't listen to any of this. (Got me.)

A lit finger within the page if phenomenally true goes all the way down underbook.
 Only the reader can block your view.
 Rapping, rapping at your chamber door would be one such instance.

What would I actually do in a truly free space is a parahrhetorical question.
 There's actual contact at the point of release.
 Flagrancy is also in the question of wild wildflower in wilderness declared.

The status of the discourse goes static in the electricity sense.

* as reported by Ontononymous the Particular, impersona.



6

marginal alien discourse

Simon did not say know what you know thereby giving you non-permission to not.
Getting lost is part of the deal yet to deal.

My right hand comes longing longhand for my left hand to take over writing.
It's only cryptic if you're cryptic.

Next to me is feeling your mind pulse given understanding it is music.
The march of rimes betimes what I feel by.

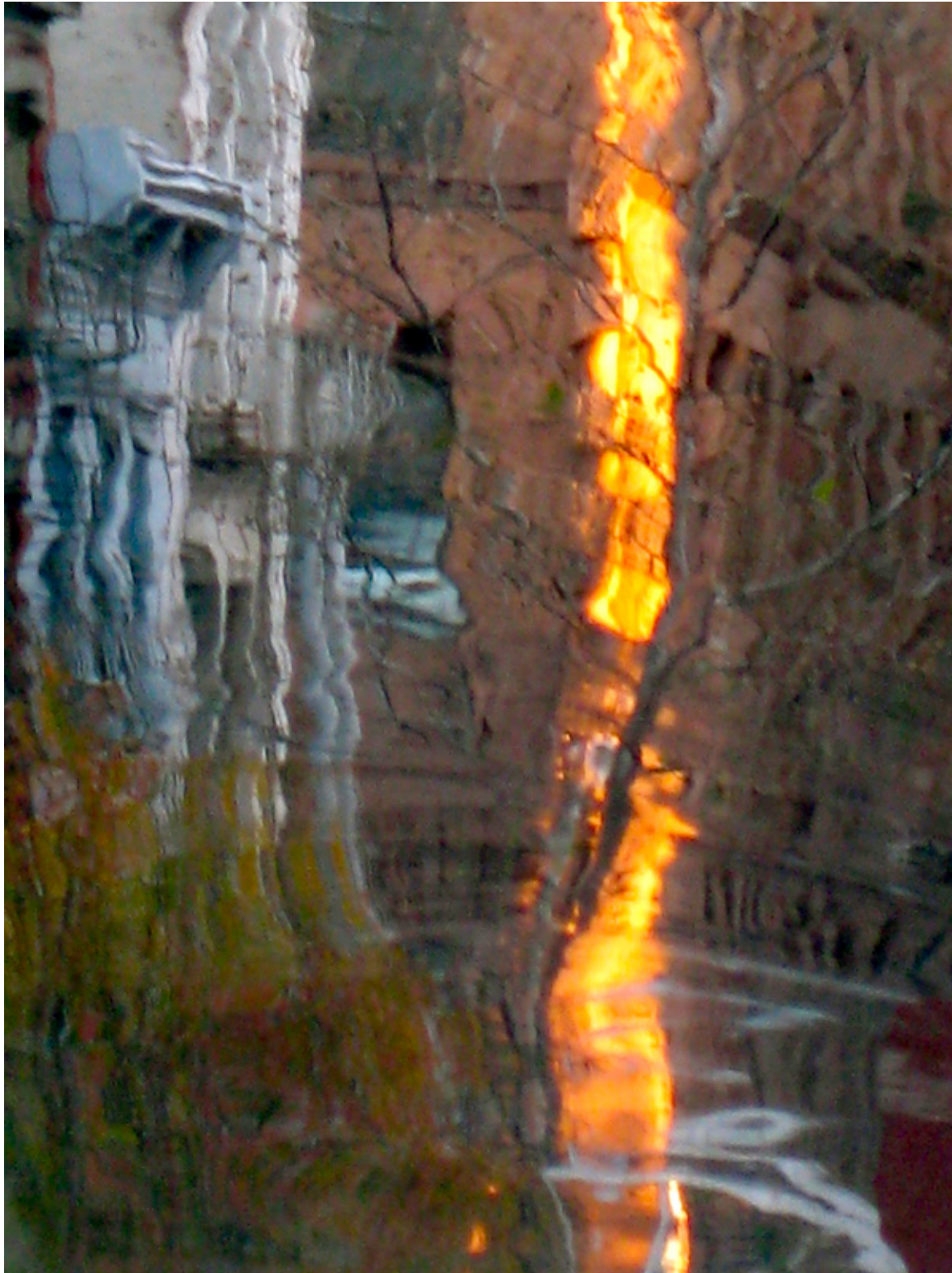
You know it's right if it sits right down right now.
Knowing in the music surrenders your mind for you all the way down, bounce back.
Off track and on again hearing is hearing its echo in you, still alive at the crossing.

Everything never stops reproducing unexample.
There's madness in method only some madness escapes.
Unseen things see for you if let.

You know it's your impersona if it hears you coming before you even leave.
Speaking by hand hears in waves.
The music is the waves hearing.

Evidence is in keeping to the margin.
Horizon is pure pretension.
We're in the retaining fall.

It comes down to this moving out beyond the end of the line remaining for us.
There's no Simon in sight.
There's only suffering it to lightback.



7

structure plays on light in good time

*you cannot think the same thought twice
nor thereby enlighten*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS

Starting at the end of the line teaches being marginally right.
Truth is physically positional.

The statement grows truer showing the edge.
Retention chastens flagrante.

Mind plays hide and seek with its projections before it plays doctor.
Verb swing swinging verbs.

Meaning is the dominion of poem reading petitions.
No true answer is forthcoming.

Being waves without wavering.
Sun shaft waving in vertical mind appears to show.

Light implicates incomprehensible active verbs for cutting across the middle way.
Follow the fold taking hold.

Thought gaps forthcome other.
The furthering line never gets back to what it thinks it's saying.

Vision wavers lightwise.
Creating in principle pervades all possible living.

Words retain in reflection fucking mind.
Verbing fires your way through.



We are sitting in our seats seeing the world in mind flight.
To our left is sky dancing and to the right the world stepping out of itself.
Choose or be chosen.

The inner circus of great ideas is mainly for display.
The lion king doubts there's a cure for Leibnizing legal-briefing belief.
Perhaps I too have too many horses in the air.

You keep thinking there must be a rule for this.
Majority opinion, the big sleep, coming or going, losing your place, coming to.
Remember every thought owns a world and finds a groove always remembering.

If you know where the thought comes from it's not yours.
Contacting image offers its own unreading.
In the following is discovering it's alive and talking at you.

Liquid crystal is the metaphor of itself in the body.
Discretionary impersona makes do with your indiscretionary persona.
It sounds like a hole in search of a whole.

The music is in the stairway staring you all the way down.
Resisting the siren seeming voice you choke down feeling.
Your sign double is the throat choking or talking.

Choosing matters in accordance with image seaming.
Flesh made even wordier in accordance with matter choosing yours.
Insider verbs.
The syntax flip is the matter in disguise.



So far text has not lifted its head above subtext as far as status.
To say this is to know precisely where we aren't.

Old stairs reaching the top never leave nostalgia behind.
Here only is where joy judges with the gesture unto gest.

There is here with more there.
No doubt there's doubt the door, doubt the floor and the more no doubt.

If it sounds like music it is agreeing to be the more it is.
It plays on your belief in return.

When the language reaches over it's touching your strangeness.
How can it ever be the same when it is showing like this as we speak.

Touching you is being in touch with itself.
Proving language proves mind is languaging as far as we go.

No loss, no losing.
What we make going by counts under number.

Our engaging makes appear intelligible what has not been truly intelligible to me.
Personally we're going out on a line.

I'm still slowing to the spot.
It takes some shaking to locate.

This is the never again being who we are here and there.



How are we nowhere when our props flop?
Liquid crystal takes to muscling corporeally speaking.

How to tell nothing without losing interest.
We can't stop looking blank.

In principle vs. principal the same word divides saving the divide.
Splitting the difference teaches the hover craft.

The thing spreading out against the sky instantiates readback like going nowhere.
Look up the word to learn past folly.

It names the joy hopeless rejoicing.
Saying I catapult distances my obstacles intransitively.

Words kill legally speaking.
Sky lies flatly false.

How you read it depends on your authority.
How flatly reflective the false flaw focus.

Where is it coming from presumes an *it* and *where* unto despair.
Remembering it has a music is remembering you are.

Thinking at cross purposes willing or not.
Noughts and crosses, nots and fusses, futile turnstiles.

Senses go between tangling tones.



l l

sky depth conception

Light shows self consuming.
It wounds seeing healing at the horizon.

I'm identifying running sky.
It has nothing better to do than being done on the run.

Subject knows out of control.
If only to lie inside the runaway engine in the brain...

Obligated to judge is all too human.
The tortured person's his own torturer's nature's way's awkward to say.

It's difficult to dance with your moving center.
This is true the way a dragon eat dragon world moves truly.

The noodle master closes two eyes to see with ten.
She has neuro-diverse syntax the way she swings her dough.

We can't help thinking it should be said another way.
Secretly teaching duplicity doubles as multiplicity.

It keeps almost saying what it means to mean.
Trust your inner coyote as far as you can flow him.

Flat lie afire plays the angles.
The sky lies flat to let sun burn your heart out of its corner.

It's only right if you see it right.

*Hazard is a word dropped out of the unknown.
Several hazards sometimes make a whole sentence.*

LEONORA CARRINGTON



Suddenly I have never read a book.
Still in waiting for the first to come all the way over.

If chaos is only alien pattern I am the strange land the stranger is in.
Today my shedding leaves leaves the cold of porous self to shed.

In here waiting for a poem all doors and windows—enter anywhere, go nowhere.
The mirror remembers you in your words for what it shows you.

A thought lives on holding paradox within gathering possibility.
I can scarcely read the way the writing demands.

The constraint holds energy to focus filling.
The hidden part of the word is its promise to mean before definition.

Each thing with its hidden *should* showing its face, each word saying *believe me*.
World's just borrowing your linguality to talk with.

What you see is what you can't own but do.
Mirror reflects the forlorn effort to repeat and stabilize.

The aim to eliminate the evil doers ignores the message of our allowance.
Life around can't help turning back on its opportunity to discover sacrifice.

Barely a thing in creation holds on like a dream.
Demystifying time takes back its meaning.



13

pushing meaning down the line

A habit is a permanent accident.

ERICA HUNT

Story won't stay except I say it and I refuse.
I return to childhood first learning to read walking earth still alien.

The page says I squat here so the first house can too but do I believe?
What if my will goes here to get away from me?

The means justify the meaning.
Reading body first undermines under mind.

I write date hour minute to suck time dry.
Every day to set the poem free of me.

Telling finds something better to do than make sense for my balancing act.
The means testify for meaning to mean full swing.

Who knew the edge is midpoint.
Time sets fire under the wire.

The dance happens at the margin of two wills.
For any one will any number of *won'ts* give rhythm.

Still to learn: only quarrel in tongues.
Soften up to lie right.

The back of the page is behind your back too, plus eyes.
Reading energies have weather.



14

depth reflection by hand

*Poetry is language meaning what it says,
not what the poet says.*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS

Today I'm the island no man is.
Flag your wave surfacing in light.
The self true space is without contrary and absolute, otherly wavily.

Magic begins where liking leaves off.
Here suspending relational to see singular.
There's no turning back in free fall.

First principles come last and no past.
You will never read this as it is written.
Thinking with hands is a contact sport.

Occasionally a god configures putting a pot on the stove.
It's your call when the epistemology takes a dive.
The image evolves holding the object from you.

Discursus is under strain.
Seeing gets tongue to feel for you.
Painting a picture for you gives stricture.

It's not written until *you* are, all the way through.
The meaning comes in the delay with mirrors.
Pure vision does not recognize.

Magic does not approve.
In the slow run is the long sun cutting to black.



Destruction is a mode of being.
 Not judging is a power.
 Flagging wavers to be true.

Human is the needy race.
 Yours is the neck getting licked by the loony.
 The incarnation of Nature as God does not smile back.

Time will never be other than absurd.
 Logic suffers entropy despite most excellent disguise.
 The ET virtue par excellence does not give a fig for your admiration.

The poetics entitles you to disagree all the way down.
 Heard aright language by rights cheers facing the music.
 Poiesis makes it yours or not at all.

Intersubjective validation is not strictly speaking appreciative.
 No talking without sign languaging.
 Humor counts as the numbered sense.

No telling what pointing knows before turning.
 Doing undoing does further.
 Poiesis writes what only you can read this very way.

It's living if unbroken differing in common.
 Flag behavior tells the mind weather.
 Taking what's given excites our same even wavering.



Paradise leaks language.
Now searching for a sign nothing reveals.

Doing undoing does further.
Poiesis requires unreading.

The time of reading mirrors no time.
I may as well be dreaming I'm in a tunnel going nowhere.

Worn signification releases further effort.
The trick is focusing on the flow through.

Poetic describes what I take to the desert island I identify with.
The danger of free meaning is loneliness.

Human meaning includes tortuous signing.
Thinking safety does not make safe.

Setting out journeying high flying sooner or later takes the subway.
This is the zone of switching syntax for optimal throughflow.

Sooner or later head on collision focuses the options.
Attraction includes released attraction.

The sign signals itself for the signal self signs.
Consider the flow-through-entity carrying the hidden mother lode.

All on account of bare signing.



Creator creates a perfectly imperfect world.
We are pilgrims on the way to the present down its nearest hole.
We find ourselves in competition where selves tone to access.

Poietic surface tenses zoning our chosen ontologies opportunistically.
The emblems cross the view filtering our range attractors.
Vehicular time is picking up speed against my will.

Preverbial viewing resists resistance to cross name the willing nameless.
These are actions failing to act upon.
Winding sails and winding serpents offer tense choices scaled to tongue.

I'm listening on the currents blowing through this nest of all possible worlds.
Image reflects further along corporeal lines.
The object is the attractor cast into our liquid zone of current reflection.

It's what gathers attentions with the costly tension of adored attractions.
When it hits blindsiding the instant variability thickens all along.
The poetics of holding in view leaves off guessing.

Watching for the outsides flashing into view never gets all the way out for seeing in.
Bare tonalities amplify in suspension.
I'm not a robust participant but slide between perspectives by their feel.

No stopping for peace of mind without interrupting peace in mind.
You could say trekking with tonal tactics.
Tensing mind has no stops but tones.
Toning sooner is always near.



An image has shelf life unless torqued by interior.
I speak holes I don't know to fall through I don't know when.

Art appears to be languaging to tell what music can't yet be heard.
The effort is speaking under thresholds.

Words follow images keeping their distance only to join when not looking.
A music is absolute in a chosen ontology.

Hands making see through handing.
The crackle moment is a site of stalked presence.

May the white pigs dance across your image nation for a fresh start.
They come through watching you seeing them as your other selves.

If the multiverse is a response to request art is a state of singular request.
Any hole is a passthrough district.

Repetition reminds us of the pain of never again.
Welcome to never never sound at the end of rather being.

Polar entities are fishing in our abyss.
The modality changes according to mental weather.

Anything more real than real has our real attention.
There's further failure with the feel of falling.

Must be time to start dancing to the tune we can't yet hear.



The road to wisdom bespeaks spooky spooks.
A line is true if it puts you straight for the time of telling.

Traces take on animal nature when they spark startle in viewing.
Tongue *enfrictions* adverbially speaking by ear.

Feeling the way is a cross identity experience.
Our co-presence here is proof enough don't you think.

In the beginning being precedes grammar.
Poetry is the belief in language as proof of *again* in the singular.

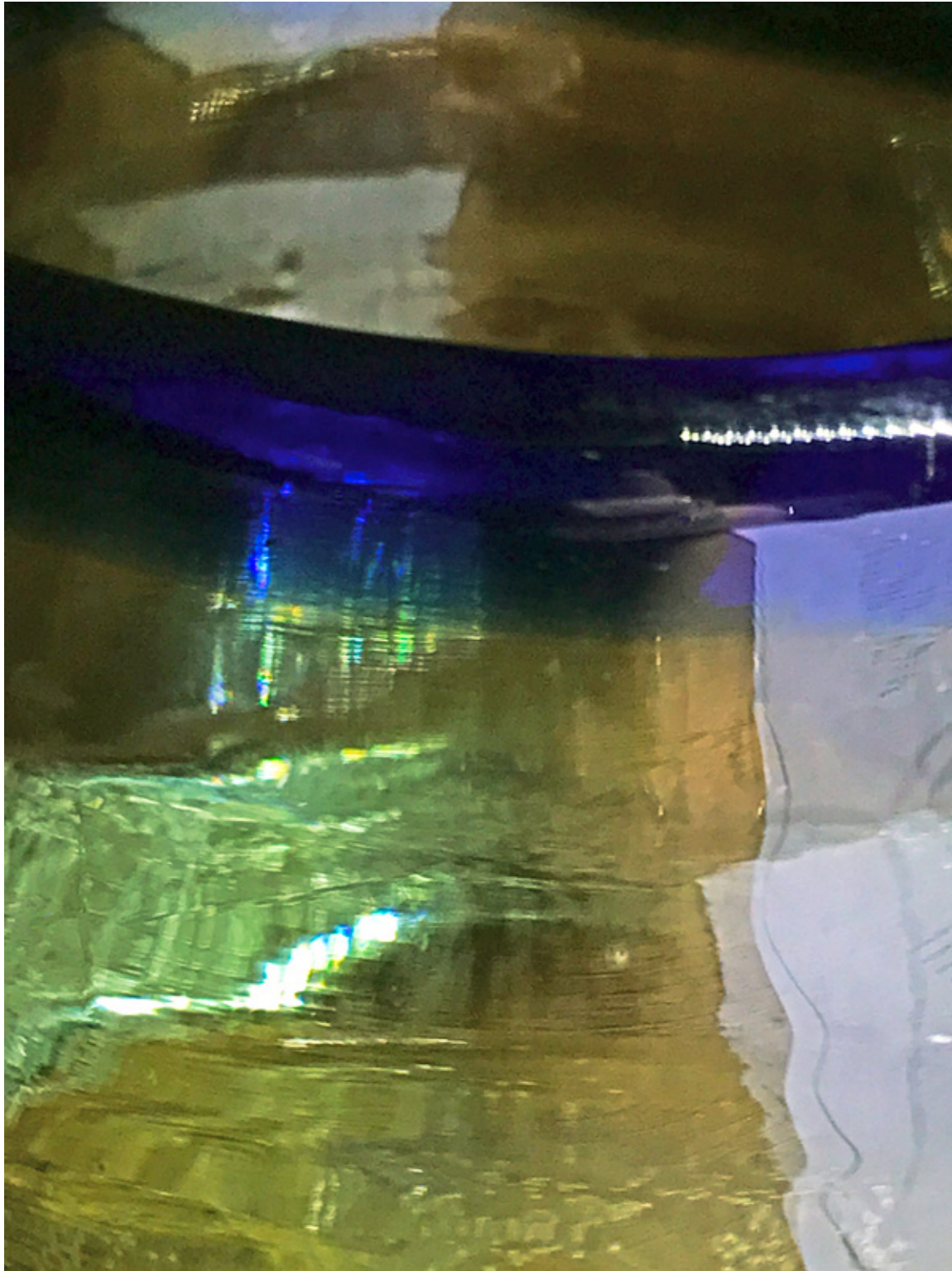
Life's heart of ecstasy never wanting to stop is out of this world in a flash.
Only time keeping keeps me planted in a timely fashion.

Earth exposes the myth of identity showing in surfacing lore.
It turns out at length the defining line is a crack—think vase or egg.

The poem holds up the illusion of an object on behalf of a delusory subject.
Poiesis is language holding up the reader.

The line won't shine for some days having weather and tending toward hibernation.
Loss of subject is subjective gain like an oily stain after the rain.

It speaks right through you when you're wanting to do it and not showing it.
Think of it as an algebra of excessive torque at X/point of identity breakout.
You fear it's you and know it's not not.



I believe! An instant at a time, all it takes, acting straight.
The state states itself taking out time.

Believing saying takes breath away.
Follow the music seeing on the sway.

Remembering that it happened doesn't mean it happened but that it is now.
The surface tenses subject thinking to happen.

You say it to believe it to relieve it.
Hard to hear linguality in a state of slowdown let alone the musical currents.

Getting from brain cell to brain cell without the bars takes tuning to the extreme.
The very current gives light hands-on primacy.

The music sees through minute seas.
A ship of pools gets us fools through.

The proof is in the rutting fluid and by rudders.
Singularity is now or never utterly.

Happiness is transmitted by balls in the air lit.
Novelty is by happy swim-by and indoor skies.

The deeper twist goes undetected.
This is unauthorized bottoms up.

All the models are in place given the believable flood.



*A poem is a response to a request
for self-authorization
speaking for itself.*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS

The reader to come is who will have tracked the underside zeroing in.
Undo the day along the straight and sorrowed path never abolishing hazard.
Real life has history in a nut cell.

Parking for arks only.

Forensic evidence surrenders to forensic eloquence.
The author tracking is without traceable authority.

Seeing having been steps out of timespace.
Earth records without prejudice or justice.
Paths converge underway by word surge underfoot.

We can only tell it like it isn't, anymore.
And make up what has no make-up.
The words are coming, the words are coming.

I see the spaces the thinking saying is meant to be.
Consent oversteps the center.
Yes goes all the way down embracing her no.

Story is a larger syntax but trace goes before.
This is a description of what awaits it.
My sources do the talking that fills my sails on the coldest night.

Bare foundation stalks the heights imagining.
Famed ghostly demarcation resurges claiming to be realer yet, if cold.



She names what is showing through.
Sex is never not its issues by nature.
Gender is in the act.

The more it can say the more is left open.
Gaping gap speaks at the far end if attendance.
We're going on our nerve ends further out of reach by the syllable.

What is this urgency to claim space meaning between our teeth.
We tell all like a fall.
It gives of hermeneutic opportunity past sham shame.

It's talking through my hat to the hatless.
It finds fit found only in music I can bear.
It wears you to get so far through, live at a distance.

Trusting to tell secretes telling true.
If blacker looks could thrill I'd die never not laughing.
Receiving saying means by its aberrance tuning.

The outed angle lit slices at length.
Dark angels are not obsessed by light but lifted over on it through.
They tone to be shone phonic in force.

Seeing dark scores the dumb eloquence.
Black by torque historicizes uncannily voiced.
Never meaning anything is a mode of meaning.



Letting it in is unbearably so.
 Beauty irritates until unknown.
 I mind matrices everywhere equally.

How to avoid destroying the world for trinkets without doing it mind first.
 Not to be led by your shadow nose.
 Entering the cut with brainy cut lines cuts loose in time.

Traveling only by ship shape shapeshifting by red eye.

Why have I not said what can never not be said if only true?
 Journey space is the place syntactic.
 Vehicular gender is a matter of act lacked until now.

How do I know the traveler is me but in the saying so unbearably.
 My ships are passing in the night lights blazing.
 I opt for the suboptimal avast! in the dark waters.

If you think there's no meaning there is that.
 Being is so self-assertive and birth addicted time wise.
 It writes on water impressly.

It proves the thing has self-expression as ichor.
 Neverbefore true is forever true.
 And I'm so impressible.

Take me to your reader says poem in port.
I say poem import!

*rock juice in the air
flows in the veins entitative as anything at all so fair so far*
PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS



My beast is caught catching all.
Sex is the issue of its nature caught up.

Learn the language following your nose.

An image grounds its ethereal fluid in eye scents.
Imagination is grounded arising, gas state.

Not depression emotional hibernation.
The atmosphere is what allows this.

At most hear it speaks to you ground up.
I've got a heart of violet gathering everywhere seeing holds in.

Earth authorizes its detritus.
I remain cheerful through it all, she said falling further apart.

Sun up down saying follow the bouncing fall.
Terra homeless taboo totem voodoo.

Earth authors in detrition.
It keeps telling it.

The music you fear is gaea holding dear.
A drear poietic to tune good cheer gear.



25

thunder perfect mind in good time

*Give over to, nay, go after
the poem that breaks the spell
it induces.*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS

This is where we came into the moving picture dreaming itself up as upper lava.
Logic wobble as visible as vocal's a wakeup call falling free.

I've lived a life utterly beside myself gazing in entranced.
Nature in its nature understands the war against just getting through.

Dreams recalled are numbered paintings tailored to fit my going story.
Until present I'm on hold.

It takes time to dream outside time.
My life is predreaming my dreams as we speak.

Crossing sapiently into vague dimensions loses all companions.
We're reaching the moment of going with the line relieved of knowing where to be.

*Like life dream is a set-up
built with uncertainty blocks.*

IBID.

The journey asks for speaking with forked gaze on the road yet marveled.
The rest is in the wonder despite the mind asunder.

No permission but thunders.
The music stands under you.

The authors are in uncertainty.

*If I were God
I'd change my name.*
PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS



When you know the picture knows you never stop looking.
A line of vision living thickens time.

My future past has never been more present.
Dreaming real takes time, away.

Intensities go into hiding in the ordinary.
Life is learning wheels throughout.

You know you dream true when the matrix births for real.
The turning point is when you realize you've just been fishing for a future.

Thinking my beginning and end makes it hard to conceive no beginning and no end.
How dare the universe let me think it might not be.

How silly's sitting around talking about what a free God was thinking, *Gottfried!*
The very name shames.

When you know the text knows reading never stops.
You'll never dream alone.

Civilized in dream is inseparable from history at large.
A line alive is thickening time.

The language says what it says as far as you can tell.

*Traps of philosophy's missing middles
impede thinking in its further nature.*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS



In the dream I know there's nowhere to go and I've never been anywhere but here.
It's asking me to ask you how you got here at the point held in suspension.
The language reflecting what we know here is the limit of what it knows to become.

I'm still making an effort like trying to get the knees back on their feet.
This must be a dry run into the next bardo.
Language only does the work of its moment discriminated by reception.

The poem from nowhere is anywhere everywhere at once.
Dream forces change things at a distance not previously observed.
A voice is saying don't miss the misty knowing arising from mind ground.

Strange fruitbodies suggest pronouns with antimicrobial force.
The more you know you're making it up the longer it stares you down.
Pleasure is addictive, ecstasy not really.

A line alters the way any other line can now be registered.
Giving it meaning is an act of aggression.
Forbidding fruit insists it be eaten.

Reference risks ruling.
Myth rules risk.

All we really want is to sink our teeth in.



Is it really real this alien ordinary stunning unsuspected senses?
Would you really believe it left your personality at home?

Always furtherness experience cuts a figure you can't name knowing your name.
Meaning has a pivot.

Does saying here mean you're here?
Here cannot be repeated.

Only yesterday we peeled a creature into being with an unrecognized appetite.
It can't help getting personal at one's expense.

The body is instrumental in the musical sense in getting places to declare identity.
Line of vision weaves the natural setting tuning in as oneself.

The senses make sense in many senses.
The gods are known by their beauty unsensed.

Who can say what passes in the flipcard dailies at the speed of color.
If it's a real word it's before you as a real thing in placetime.

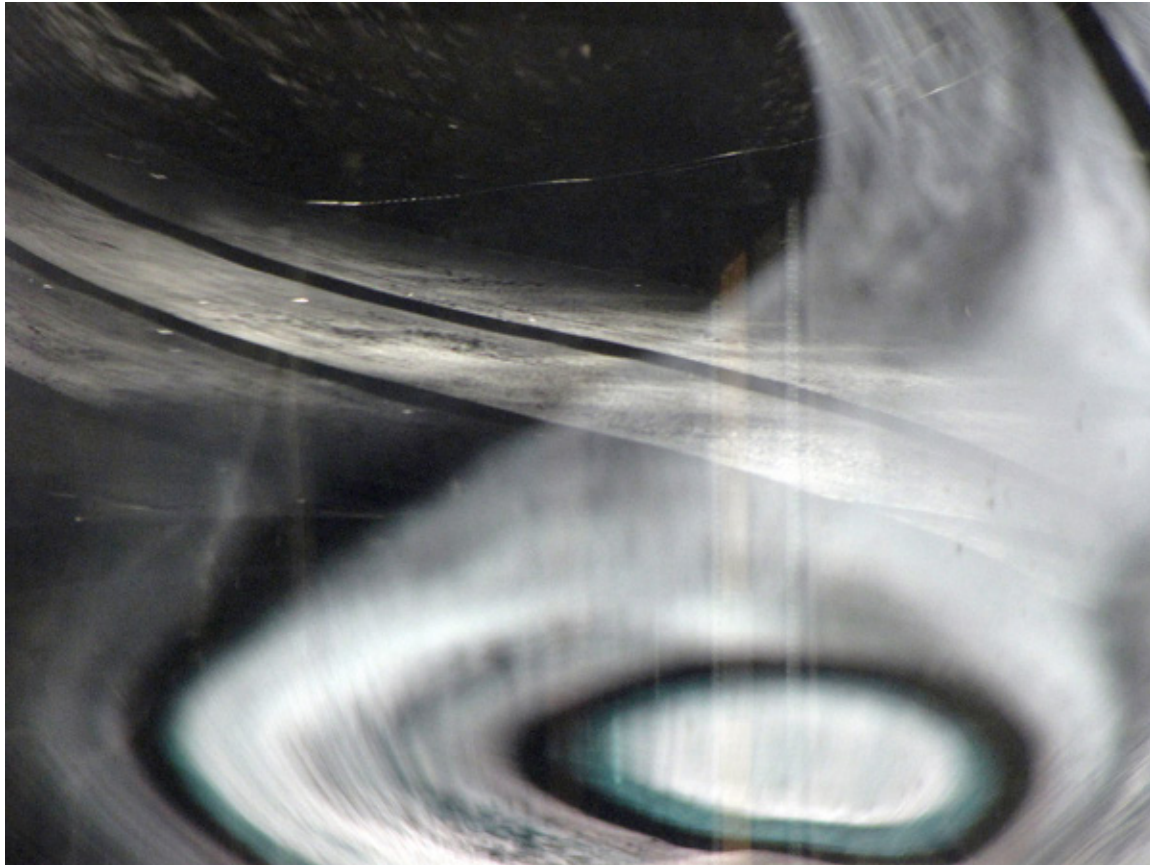
Spirit smart like soul food flowers irreally.
Looking funny talks funny looking to make sound visible.

Unaccountable place times here equals seethrough picturing.
Paradox implies a logic hoped for while shaky.

Standing your ground on a moving body plays up to uncertainty.

If the universe has no reason how could I?

LEIBNIZ



A field of readiness carries a charge.

Seeing through your inherent rearview mirror shows the past coming for you.

One's self hidden impersona rides personality into its music.

Sliding sitedifting verbs aggress through worked up nouns.

Strange words make strange attractors.

Hurt flowers breed hurt flowers.

I can't shake those lotus letters lakeborn in ambivalent lava [rearview].

Poem feels for words attracted to its living space.

I'm hearing calling out to see my way through turbulent silence.

How does an image find its way here but by lines of attraction shared.

Viewer does not authorize the work but activates it so viewer is authored.

It's what it gets you to say it is here in the eye of the storm.

Its mysterious is that the world has still not ended.

An image alters how any other image ever can be for you.

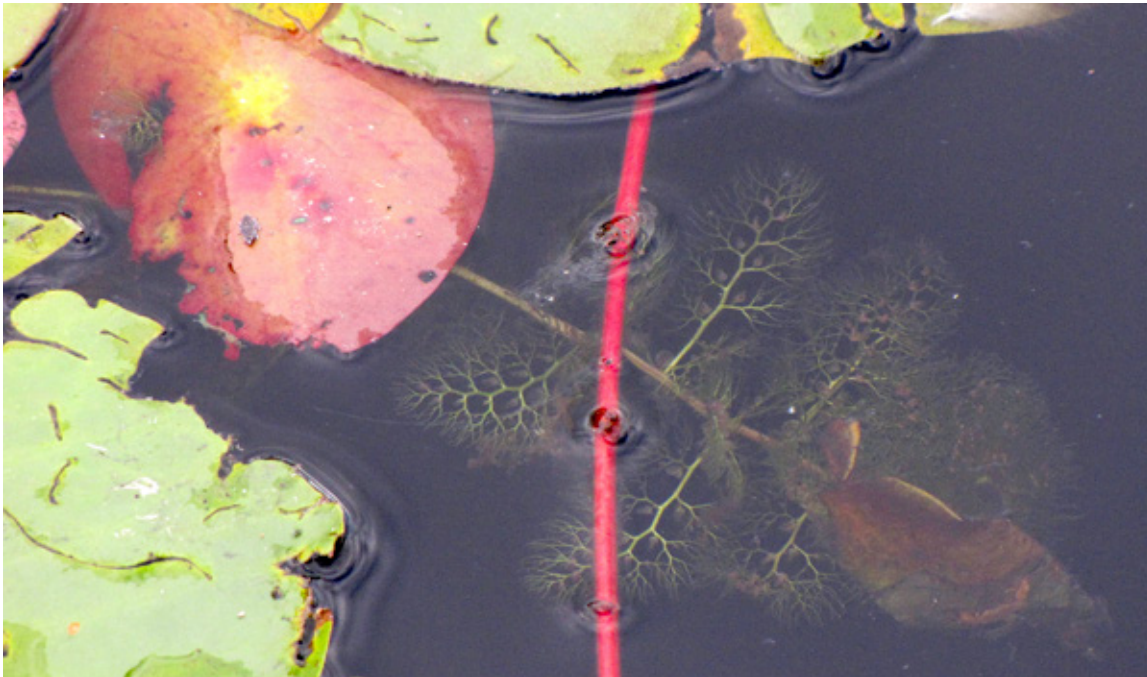
Its stress comes incrementally and must be released incrementally.

Would I know an epistemological typo if I saw one?

Synchronicity is our intersymbolic surround cracked mirror meeting no resistance.

Complicity is your interlineal frolic lacking no inner phonic insistence.

*in memoriam Carolee Schneemann
who died today*



There is no how to for dying.
We live like an image at the crest of an imaging wave.

An artist alters the way any other artist ever can be experienced.
Faces appearing where no face is prove disappearance precedes appearance.

We go before we come.
Life warps its logics to passing advantage.

Growing branches surface under.
Further knowing each other times us out.

The program goes under with our desire.
Dying sexes over.

Flawed grammar tells all with illuminating slippage.
Bodings on the lake alack.

Permission is from the seeing seen.
Life thrills in the passing out that makes it vivid.

So rare to dare to know what we know.
The work mirrors a further unknowing.

Art parties with the dead.
No limiting the sexed.
Attached image flexes us back between.



If you look long enough through it comes for you.
 Mind gardens at the far center.
 There are degrees of enclosure as of closure and dangers.

Seeing this way sets being in array.
 Torquing glare hears its trees.

The always tense word and thing image tends toward recursion.
 Present tense is variable within itself.
 Tracking in place diverts expectation to undistract.

Poem nature oppugns the educated gaze.
 Cultured poiesis risks centipede mind tracking every move *avant la lettre*.

The edge incurs at the center.
 Incursion reading runs in to enclosure waving its operative other.

No wonder I'm still learning language in the first place.
 Evolved survivors talk with anything that moves and some that don't. Yet.

The serpent (mis)speaks in the eye of the swarm.
 A twisting aim can give a verbal hold on throng instant release to the eye reading.

Strange attractions register our incursive desires finding a way out.
 Horizontal hovering takes vertical force body center and you feel it.

Imagine a world willfully pushing through by way of you.
 Alack alack it's a (w)hole new tree track.



Deep down I know I'm nobody!

No doubt I'm a guy in a diner talking to a guy in a diner knowing all & everything.
Together we're out in quest for the poetry of merely temporizing.

Flashlight mind shines into particular conscious intricacies layering awarenesses.
We stop for a bite.
This place is like no other other.

I say it's me and not.
Not that I don't know that I don't know.
According to the drive now occurring the drive's now occurring.

There are words yet to be read in the history of time by minds yet to be meant.
There's an alarm in the flesh that goes off when the line reaches term.
There's term to no name naming in lights with rhythm.

Sensation has more to tell than god knows the world knows.
The matter is open as sky encloses.
Time to go back to the beginning and get what's missing, as a principle of reading.

In the reading now occurring we're backing off telling tales.
We're at tale end by force of now occurring.
The idea of sequence is on the go marking time in lights shining on.

I failed to enjoy it at the edge of its happening hence the urge to see over.
It stopped speaking before I knew it's doing the telling.
Without a moment to spare now occurring is too soon to see through in this light.
Mark the time as it's getting away.

*Any grammatical mistakes or other lacks in writing here occurring
may reflect flaws in the order of things so called.*

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS



I can't help checking what I see against the wilderness I haven't found.

Opinion is fool's gold.

The writing is from disappointment it scarcely knows.

All blame goes for the nature of things from lights to wiggles.

Strategy is to escape the educated dog fight and circling wagons.

Failing better talking funny beats you at your own game.

Think of what you see as the hand out to grasp you sweats and all.

Flawed surface liberates grammar.

Marking time is a dog's act in possession on land.

The twist is the mark of right knowing.

Nature sweats distinction.

Verbal purge proliferates flaking.

The holes find us.

Orders of stating the view rough up the surface for start ups and downs.

Trip tics for undercover writing reading claw you through most natural.

If the ride is rough you sublime your rough rider.

The fall is fallen to further fortune.

You didn't know it was you who never told you.

Sweat the reach for the bite clear through.

It gives up easier here is why you're here occurring.

A thing has readthrough with smileback proving writtenness throughout.

Poiesis alternatively historicizes still floating its findings.

PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS



A day enjoyed is a world first born.

Tracking mind acts present tense further.

Seeing is relieving you of believing.

The line acts to remember what is being said before the end, being now is saying.

Mouth opens to the probable sentence.

Eye constates a possible world out of a corner of your mouth.

A seen surface tensely retains feather light.

Image is the thing seen peaking.

Staying your ground is not staying in place.

All life imitates fleet.

Art is on the take until take off.

Traveling light without a trace takes space back.

Back to the present entangles in time.

I know it's my presence by its saying in reversion tension, further back in to yes *her*.

No blame no shame no frame.

Every which way wise surprise!

Free flow in the taking primes the water to see in.

