TOUCH-SCREEN MSS

Colin Post

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TOUCH-SCREEN MSS

By

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Bachelors, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 2010

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for the degree of

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TOUCH-SCREEN MSS
AUTHOR’S NOTE

These are minimalist poems, not only in the sense of a delimited vocabulary, a delimited mode of speech, which might be called that of the scribe or might otherwise be called that of pilgrim with her prayers or might otherwise be called that of the logbook, a delimited set of thematic attentions, a delimitation of movements between syntactical nodes, which is a delimitation to the passive or circuitous as a necessary mimesis of the body in orbit or the eye in the act of observation or the hond in the act of writing, all of which propelled by forces not their own, or a delimited imaginative realm in which the poems take place, which might be called that of the touch-screen or the interface; more so these are minimalist poems in the sense that they are constructed after the fashion of minimalist sculpture, which is from a delimited set of materials. Each piece is constructed as an arrangement of at least two of the following three materials: blocks of prose, shards of song, and photocopied surfaces. These are minimalist poems, constructed of wood, glass, or paper. Each arrangement is a unique spatial combination of these three materials, although some types of arrangement do arise in order to reoccur.

There are two voices that sit outside of this minimalist constraint; both are their own kind of possession, or channeling. The first is the voice of Vergil, and I have transcribed his speech as I have heard it spoken to me. This is the voice of Vergil the poet, but not the Vergil of our realm; rather, the Vergil that orbits Brundisia, a satellite in this imaginative touch-screen realm. He intersects this realm, physically outside of it, yet immanent through it, as I am also so relationally positioned, as a co-creator to the work. These are the writings of the touch-screen Vergil as they have passed through my body. His voice occurs to me as a surface I have rested upon, and a surface from which I have gathered my materials. The Vergil of this realm has written the epic, not as a codification or history, but as the production of diverse material to be disbursed and rearranged. The epic of this realm is the array that can always be so rearraynged, a set of virtual possibilities from which form a wealth of potential worlds at the threshold of manifestation.

The other voice positioned outside of the touch-screen realm is the collection of ‘valus’ monoliths. They resemble the material of the photocopied surfaces, but sound as different bodies, by which I mean each ‘valus’ monolith is its own speaking body. These too are voices that have occurred to me, but I could not transcribe them as I have Vergil’s speech; rather, I have snared of each monolith an impression as it has passed through me. The moment of this possession is not a whispering through my hondes, as with the speech of Vergil, but an amassing of scraps. The photocopier captures the surface of this possession. While the photocopied materials in the structured poems are also a surface captured, the ‘valus’ monoliths were, beneath this surface, an embodiment that I heard.

Both of these voices, both of these hearings, weave throughout the text, which is, as I have said, a collection of minimalist poems. I now understand another sense in which these poems can be said to be minimalist: each is a possible structuration; each is a node within a network of possible structurations of this touch-screen realm; each node is brief and minimal.
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PILGRIMAGE IS THE CYBERNETIC GESTURE THAT NEVER EXHAUSTS ITSELF
The console drips with its folds of pores—my Cassandra. Her hair of wyres unbound, we set to licking the tablets. The strategic use of the river, she instructs us, will be to overlay a tarp, to paint broad and deliberate lines on plywood, to plug this all in, to overlay with carp. At the surfys of the sign—a peering. Shallow are riplings. We smell the data before which we kneel: unadorned and unperfumed. There are 14 clouds above my Cassandra as she begins to garble, and the coils of her teeth...When this figure is divided in half, and divided again in thirds, and multiplied by the frequency of the prevalent static, we can hope to summon a trade route, to render it malleable. She once sighted a barge, and her gaze fell on nothing but textiles, and her gaze fell on nothing but shoulders, and her gaze fell on nothing but objects, and her gaze fell on nothing but arches, and her gaze fell on nothing but creek beds, and her gaze fell on nothing but spinning. We call her “Desert Mother” to her flexing cables. Rivers afar, and they are all intended by such frenzied speech. Because names tend to collapse in a database. My Cassandra pulsates at night, her glow striding through the transept, and we follow with chanting.
Commercial strip - the billion
And every ravelin crossed ball
that blink. And layouts spread
exploit the healthcode. Preen
a run-off primer, tracts from
here her Judge
employed by state officials, d
the plea please. And a rooftop
disport waving plump.
The rumple traffic computation
chased across the gloaming
birds.

There were wintertide
Here and in the tin.

There was a nickel-plated bang and Styrofoam
floated across the river. There was something written
for the occasion - a sign board. The bang was halved
as the chassis turned to cash and in the end
there was no cardholder, no cabdriver, in a
signs that were left.
The consolar body is a collection of feedback relays: each return, a new growth, throbbing. With Cassandra calling out to us, our ears fill with a silvery liquid, a flowing that advances with great gushes the nearer we approximate her call with our own chanting. With every step, sound impinges. As Cassandra wails, our legs actualize an upright stance; fingers grasp the knobs to adjust the tone; and “neither does her hue go untransformed.” We sit in a room, kneeling before benches, opposite of Cassandra, mediated by screen, reading the tones of her wailing, our hondes across the surfys of modules. “Tossed between the sky and sea—to sail until you find the harbor lights.” The finger feels the ridge of the knob and the knob shudders, beset as it is in the nerval connections. We adjust the settings at the module and the voys issuing forth is cloaked in tin. Cassandra does not speke except through such material interface. Silvery liquid between our teeth—we each advance our own names, sound from our lips.

The message issuing forth, now cloaked in tin, now through wires of copper, now perceived in the manner of divination, as tracing the paths of birdflight as it occurs above the bursting forest—that is, with our hondes vibrating in mimesis of pattern. In such a position of arc and scatter, we bend at the altar: the bowl for libations is parallel to the ground. When we finally parse Cassandra, we bear her tones across our tongues. She instructs us of monumental constructions to our lamasery. Although we have built our transepts as a labyrinth beneath the surfys, she instructs us to build a fleche, percing the air. Although not to build anew, but to retrieve the fleche already so constructed and lost across the threshold of pilgrimage. Our mouths open in chant and repetition, our tongue beating in and out, air pulsing and shaped into waves. The message issuing from our mouths drips to the ground in drops of silvery liquid.

thickets barrking
into ontogenic
unison

to churning
oares mnemonic
row names

only at boarder
of fiber of cable
wailing emergent

into crypt
bodies stable
bodies sheaf

polonical rust
gathers at pores
void to sprout

venous turbines
graphic shores
exit vessel
“my own bubble is encased liquid
a shout is a wyre that pierces any barrier
and so I have written
the fire by doubling wyres against themselves
rubbing rubbing until a small sphare forms
a void that can be ingested a void
as lens over the eye
these rubeys project leight as a binding
I have written fire and fire will have writing
surfys is flattened ymages
the composite texture is the tension between leight differentials
as towers of various shimmerings
as sphares refracting
as the umbilical pole felled but irradiated
as any speche that is also a seething
I am in the cargo hold of this ship in orbit
of the rubey surfys
filled with glass encased liquids
of which I fill one
in me voyses fill
that are all carried in gravity…”
We bear the dictate from Cassandra as a globule of datum—the fluid she secrete, which is the most stable substrate for information to us knowen. This, we carry, but cannot touch, as datum is known to be infectious, to perce the flesh and flow in the place of blud. There is one such case documented in a manual storad in the lamasery library. This man held the uncovered datum until his hondes were one orb fused around the globule. With all his blud displaced, arcs slowly leaving from his shoulders, he shone a feinte silver and spoke a strain of numbers and glyphs. This speche was non-scriptible, but only described as we describe it now. This datum we bear to the abbot Anselmus.

Anselmus receives the datum, places this globule in the urn. With his ear to the urn, the dictate resonates. The datum quells. With his ear to the urn, the hond vibrates lines across the peyre of tables—the path of a pilgrimage. At the site to which we travel will be the ruins of our fleche.

What circulates, what passes through compartments, is only that which is microbial. Small pieces of Anselmus depart from him whenever he spakes, a pathological entwinement of his exterior person and his interior thought. We study the mechanisms in man, where iren might duplicate flesh. As it is said, flight will succeed bipedal motion. Already Anselmus is mostly playted over with metal. His ears stopped with wires...he catches sound in this web. The lamasery extends into further subterranean passages and holows; a new excavation required of each organ. We can posit any amount of metal upon this body, but we cannot yet posit a mouth, which is not a mechanism, but a resonant vessel. We have scratched at the oracular text and have drawn out the silvery fluid, now caught in gobs, strung as a network in the holows.
The automated mouth would be so constructed as to pronounce each vowel—which is always that part of speech constituted not of variable contact, or rhythm, but instead by resonance in a variable space, or tone—by altering its aperture, and so to hold the vibration. Anselmus crafts such drawings in his plant fibre notebooks, from which we begin to transcribe on ever larger vellum. From this, in the shape of an ark, it might hold an 'ach'. As it is said, the moment of form is a moment of possession. And this when the aire was lately vibrated with matins, and our mouths rearranged with each scribble. In mechanism—a preserve against ruin.

Anselmus proposes a variety of positions, gathered together in a riwle. As the frontispiece of each transcription...Where the positions of the mouth cease to be regular, the voys emitting becomes shrill. The shape then of the automated mouth would be that of a cell—with a single opening at its fore and studded with meddle rivets. We pray with a specific technique in the space of each transept: our mouths arched and bellowing; our mouths partitioned and screeching; our mouths cruciform and leeking; our mouths yawned and wooden. As Bataille suggests, when the mouth approaches a typewriter, these syllables become erotic. To contemplate these shapes, our hondes vibrate, and we begin to transcribe with the quills between our teeth.
The gigabit is drowned. A
The tide of noise must
be a buzzard and a true statism
constructs its edges—clankingly,
the metal legs do walk and metal eyes
crash in prophylactic moments. Circuits emit
a wave form followed by a pulse form.
The dots in static form a message, but
only optical and near. Rebellion rising, saw in who
among the sons of Morn, we

nudge the upper
emits in waves
transect a line.

in Egypt this night, where oscular, bulbs
Equal to ourse
Nor so content.
In battle, what can
Let us advise.
With speed when
In our defense.

The sign is text with no decor—a flight.
they through
and there are cells.
light observed through
This

of billboards—static easing off as messages...
And clamor of voy's marks burquely on
the wax cylinder. Shouts are metal breaths
that ache in cell and wander.

along the roads that set in wait for empire.

Future are struc
to a fine liquid

The land offers

These hands thrive...

poles—lanterns. The
and hands do vibrate it
We begin the pilgrimage and we note these, our first steps outside of the lamasery. As we walk across the land, Anselmus speaks of this surfys. “As it is said, ‘The forest will burst into human speche.’ This, from the prophecies I have read, the buch of Monmouth. This, from what I have etched onto the metal plates…my legs. I see, clankingly.” Trailing at the rear of the procession, we cross a desert of exposed copper wires. Someone in the foreground leads a chant. And now, lynxes among us. We chant in ambivalence. Wherever there are disposed prosthetics, whenever there is a tendency to shift from one voys to many…The chant either wards off the transformative element or involves us all the more deeply. And now, lynxes disperse—each back to a portal in the desert sand, each then emitting only soft squeaks.

We grow to treat Anselmus not as our leader on this pilgrimage, but as a flashhing ping, collecting our measured steps into an outlay of possible trajectories, prescribing not the path of our wandering, but an array or a matrix. His voys has gone flesh. The screen is discursively posited as a stabilizing force: the stasis across which movement occurs. A thousand points of liquid, arrayed. Each static point chanted and this chanting looks like movement. Each static point appears only as it blinks—a hond grasping itself. A glove spreads out its fingers. Somewhere in the course of this tracing, in the occupying of this space, we are to come upon the foretold artifact: the plug to fit the jack-in we all carry between two knuckles. Anselmus instructs us that there will be a plug to fit each of our individual hondes, these plugs dispersed in a nonscriptible array across the desert of our current passage. When we have each plugged ourselves in—the fill the port between two knuckles—the path to the fleche will manifest.

embossed ruthe
wail that
expands in grund

from escutcheon
insert
light

distilled of vibration
placed in squad
array
Our pilgrimage takes the form of measurement. As if canvas, the vernicle hovers over the surfys of the desert. The space between icon and substrate, as infinitesimal, must find its measure in the processual, which is to measure each step as if it were a flow from the eyen. A practice of measure is to weyp before the screan—the eyes blur, but the differential clarifies. Wherever the face is a store of data, weepyng is the interface. Each emits creys from her position in the array. Each crey pings against the others. Ping and return, and so the vernicle harmonizes. Weperyng first extends the face into a smooth register. As it is said, Anselmus once weyp until the wyres of the chapel cracked from the walls, sparking. She weyps and a taut surfys is ever more prepared for inscription. The face is now prepared to receive data, to be moulded. We feel the vernicle as its resonance drips into the surfys of the desert. The harmony of each crey registers a tone and each body vibrates with this tone uniformly. The array has shifted into a vernicle over the desert surfys.

pantheon
or
archive

face of
curvature
ligament of binary

pinnate expenditure
mirror across
voyseyd

ymage
fleche rosen
of resonant creys

ushered landscape
emission passage
the pores

of each
talus
telling

inscription
point, beme
or wave

graft occurrence
sonde these
faces
blame not
lutes broken to
hondes

ovver
terrain of the
digital

hid diuinite, a cloud
fele as though beneath
fele obeiisance

At the scraps of the tower, we kneel. This is a membrane and it registers each pilgrimage. The tower is such a structure that is flat and flasching with the written, and it is such a structure that wretches, and it is such a structure that each scrap of paper is a shroud and a support beam. And a structure is such that it occurs only in constant movement. We, the pilgrims, with tongues of too much flesh to speak, bow at the lines on the membrane. Or glitches occur, we chant to spit with these tongues in our mouth—an aesthetic response—and these too appear on the membrane.

Oldenburg witnesses a scalpel that occurs at the end of his wrist, where each occurrence of the object is a constant movement, a flasching. He places a matrix of strings in the shape of a funnel, witnessing upon this tower—scrap of paper. Written on each scrap is the frequency of a pilgrim’s voyes, or numbers, or a transliterated approximation of birdsong, or the name of a foot. The hond trembles at the scrap. This tower witnesses as at the limits of a lens that each pilgrimage ends at the tearing of paper; that flowers are made geometrical in the planting, the exceeding. This tower: a large spoon with cherry, an upright bat, a screen, all formed from wood.

Although constructed of wood, the tower gestures toward movement. Or the hondes that witness the tower are smaller than the tower. As with a screen, the communicative nature of the tower alters with its size. When small, a static peering; when large, we all must move from side to side.

presage fingers
broaching
this cloud to strings

perce the hide
to inschreib to
play

lute adornd broken strings
floating
it spakes
Anselmus spekes of such continuity…the first bell being raised by the rusted crane, the gears squealing. We no longer have any photographs of him—only film stills with his face rubbed away. We knew him by his idiosyncratic tonsure, by his metal partitions. How must we announce disease…Anselmus says into hondes. At every interval, bells toll. We open our eyen and the rope was in our hondes…was on the tong. Thus, we are mechanism. Curving bell, which announces itself, which is seawater, with currents coursing beneath it, which we have called the time-slip, which we have called scribbled ink, which is the angel without toes, which is the continuous announcement of names. Harmony is matter, sliced of intervals. This kind of telling is reportage. Even as he dissolves from himself, each breath or moment of speche carrying itself away on waves of dissipating skin, Anselmus oversees the installation of the bell into the fleche. As it is said, there is always a king to be named amidst the bodies. Announcing himself from the tower, he calls over the clanging. He tells the impersonal history of commodity production. He leads a preyer from the tower. This kind of telling is not reportage. The voys is ruptured and the hond is beginning to raw. How must we announce curvature…by inconstant ringing.
THESE ARE TALES OF PASSAGE BUT STILL NO TALES OF TRANSCRIPTION

BOOK VIII

Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half-bush'd Adam repl'y'd.
"Neither has counsel nor help... nor aught."

This Paradise I give
To Till and keep.
In order to sing, it is usually supposed that the singer needs both hondes. G. Berkeley, at his seat before the central commonde system of the fleet Medea, proposes that vibrations of the voys first pass through the hondes before emitting from the mouth.

This is why animals cannot speke.

What follows is first spoken by one voys—one set of hondes. This is first published in the gesticulations of the engine bay, which acts as the public space in this shuttle, and each evening Berkeley descends from the central commonde to propose these things before the crew. Although to speak of material things and not through them, the commondour through whom this voys passes...Berkeley would revoyos his theory to further suggest that the voys is the immanent property of the entire body, the corporate assemblage. He accumulated femurs in his study and made of them furniture. He was only a commondour such as he spoke through his crew.

larinks
squeaks quell
spool lip and sphare rim

activation
energy

ushr link and moor ship
breach surfys
winds

The relative value form makes its abstract value manifest through the concrete material of the equivalent value form. Here the manuscript tails
The shuttles return from their monthly surveys of the surrounding planetary systems and they report craters which could only be described as ballparks, an architectural form recurring at each disparate satelite. They report a manifest spectrality. The medium that runs between the scouts’ headsets and the central command system—a thin liquid. Herodotus lingers behind as the other scouts depart this satelite. The liquid is a yellow grime. The narrative characteristics of the epic, a purging that occurs as the protagonist passes through hell, recur in these craters. They report bleachers carved as steppes. As Acker notes, “the ballpark is beyond human scale.” Heaps of marked pages rest beneath the silt of the field, and Herodotus dredges these up.

A set of eight stones circulate through Herodotus’ suit, passing alongside limbs and through the suit’s respiratory system. From one milieu to the next, there are only middles. Each stone microbial and with wyres extending, they document Herodotus’ body as it alters from one region to the next. As he leafs through the pages, Herodotus licks the inside of his visor, sitting among the steppes. He is left with a narrative constructed in pastiche. First, a variety of technical manuals: an overview of the apparatus of a camera lens; proof of purchase for digital audio editing software. Then, a political history of walking. He is not comfortable in the seats and silt has assembled into the crevices of his suit.
They fly. Return to baubles shining dull — complete the flight to snake dancing and branch with dancing urns. Those urns are filled along Pennsylvania German water. Sprinkle patterns with trade agreements. Snail charming.

Nuclear warheads are in flight. Progs are pragmatic with words, along and shoot the air with bugged text with no decor unravel. Herons spy if cells are fly away with bauble. Present thrald alpha performed with gusto.

The book is thrown into the air and falls. Return to baubles shining bright — are falling. Sleepless in fine grained parabolas fall on quarts of empty slumber of the air.

The snakes are feeding with the hee no decor with bugger. If tapestry allows the mikes and fly in the town square — fire, our part lost and route in the Empyrean; down they fell unrawn at dawn. Scribe the Pitch of Heaven, slightly. The sign is gone. Deep and in the general fall as been removed, then broken into nature.
Herodotus lingers on the surfys of the saytelite. At the barometric outpost, he bonds his ankles to the fraying tower. Sight is newly trained through the smutzig visor. Only from this distance and positionality—the crumbling of the Originary, fossil, and tempel. At the impossible remove of the other side of the fosse, the Originary trembles when Herodotus blinks. The wyre about the ankles inscribes into Herodotus’ suit, an overlay of patterned circules onto the residue of the yellow grime and the saytelite dirt. Inscriptions intersect. Herodotus has so lingered—hanging and splayed—each day of this extended interim in the course of the expedition. The body has begun to fall apart. In the arc of barometric readings, the arm surveying the air, the hond vibrating, Herodotus spekes to the detritus. His jaw is loose.

sphare and mesmer

disassembly

reflected

lines of datum

sight or rays

twine

As it is said, writing is primarily a form of excretion. Herodotus spekes of the rituals he observes at the site of the crumbling Originary—processions pass and seme to labor. At this stage in the Originary’s dissemblance, the barren machines are all connected to one another, but the walls have not yet been erected. This is still a skeletal accumulation of capital, which is to say that the streams of wealth are still flowing, albeit in calciferous patterns. Video feeds stream the activity of the Originary. He spekes that one machine is a yawning mouth.
a woke
to shuffling
pyramidal distance

unrupture unplug
hewn in
static

is surfys
able and breach
for to purvey difference

flow and burn textes
hyrdolic urge
pnematic

In the engine bay—gesticulations notated into the sides of massive iren. Herodotus writhes at these sides, hondes vibrating against the iren. He thinks of the refrain, which is the resounding ping, the sound and echo of the inschreib into iren, the same and again regardless of the figure. Between cargo hold and engine bay, Herodotus collects his speches. Each ping is again the echo of the former. To first perform and then to publish; to first writhe and then to vibrate. As it is said, writing is overwhelmed speach. This one which Herodotus now a writhes at is of the saytelite singer, a body of dirt crafted far before Herodotus began to linger.

The singer is a small floating orb, the size of a hond. With wyres extending from all sides, the orb collects sounds so as to archive, to recombine, to join all this into the universal ping. The epic tradition operates on the possibility of repetition—a figure of departure or arrival. Herodotus follows the singer, attempting to hum in harmony the tone of the ping. The singer traverses the fosse, the point at which Herodotus can no longer follow. When the singer idels, Herodotus gathers up strands of the yellow grime—to latch these onto the orb. Pings overwhelm the server.

anachoresis
kneeling onto surfys
onto barrier of possession

fray metals mediums
desert reader
residue

wyre
join pleynly
knell onto emission

textes emit as howel
bemarked visage
congrue
Herodotus returns the next day to central command. Days almost pass as algorithms. One screen
hings vertically along the length of the command system. The array of leight—an externalization
of sphares. The command system coordinates one ship's arrival and another departure. Herodotus
returns. In the cargo hold, he flounders and speaks, as though a vessel filled, although some of
the words pass strangely through him. “Eisenstein’s long awaited film version of Das Kapital
might still be produced, although Godard’s La Chinoise already demonstrates the failed attempt
of such a project. Herodotus speaks a history, set down in the meter of the filmic foot. Herodotus
foams and speaks, framing each image as between matrices.

“Film, as a medium, necessarily filters any attempt to translate Marx’s structural analysis
through a representational narrativity. The student, in an attempt to explain the
system/environment distinction, tries on a variety of sunglasses. Any attempt to represent the
structure—especially when the goal of such an analysis is to expose the structure’s
contingency—fails because it hinges on the filter. Herodotus turns to write, but the larynx will
secrete no further. I am speaking now through microphones in much the same way—to scalp the
filter with my speech. The voys is a current that is produced by its filter, even as it broaches it.

“The filmic foot is not a transduction of the montage technique from film into poetry. The origin
of montage is already a transduction of the concept of the poetic line from poetry into film. Das
Kapital, given the circumstances, is the only epic poem that could have been written. Godard has
thoroughly studied its meter—expounds even now on its tendency towards penetration—but he
loses every insight into this ancient text as soon as he blinks. No, the filmic foot must enact
practices of looking. Godard clamps his eyes open and the text flasches before him on the screen.
This is not so much to direct our sight, but to make the eye into a speaking machine. The eye
would then be reconstituted as the center of all copulation: the generative principle; the universal
equivalent.

“Eisenstein delays the project until a camera lens made of gold could be procured. Eisenstein sits
down to write, but cannot grasp the pen with his eyelid. Everything that he writes thereafter is
first proclaimed in the public square. Writing in the excess of saliva, Eisenstein’s scribe collects
whatever excrement could be found and mixed this with the ink. He regularly crushed up flies
and rose petals into a paste.

“As it is said of de Sade, a rose for him is still a rose, but even such a rose can be stripped of its
poetic use-value. The rose petal’s value is what of it that escapes the pronouncement of value.
This reminds me of a line or two from Lerner’s Mean Free Path, which I’m paraphrasing now:
rose petals, crushed / between the pages of Das Kapital.”

to extend voys—labor
shouts along currents
but void

cage document
this buch
of hours
This to attend imports not across the street in a flounce
Heron's spot the banks and fly.

As a march of coves, the rows between
The hills. The camphor light is mixed with holly,
Currency is slossed. There is a range
Where lights are fired. The herons spy the court.

Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Not glittering, may of solid good contain.
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself wounds no effect.
But in the fruitful East its bountiful effect,
His beams, unactive in the East, receive'd
Yet not to Earth, but to Earth's offspring, Darts of death,
Officious, but for the still in sight.
And for the still,乃至 Adam's doubt propos.

There is a procession in the waves, the ease
Of a coronation in the cell. A body in motion
will remain extended in space. The lines are for
in construction. The doorway is obstructed,
Terrace withdrawn from the genuflecting light.
There is a flounce in the ice, a gland flash
bright. The hill that blasts might wake a
rows. A camphor light in the interna.
Herodotus conducts his lingering studies in the pursuit of voyces, sphares and processions. The central commond system directs him ever toward metals, waves passing through the yellow grime. Strapped inside his suit, along the side of his legge, he keeps a riwle—a collection of scraps and marked pages found on the surfys and bound in a journal of plant fibre. Persistently collapsing in and out of hologram, the visor dirties. As if, a breathing mare, Herodotus lingers in increasingly prescribed patterns, always along veins of zirconium, but always opposite the head of the vein, and so—a sustained opposition.

Herodotus vibrates against the pages of the riwle, in the cargo hold, in the position of hondes spread and trembling against the paper. As it is said, devotion is an act of composition. He arranges the scraps and writes opposite them, in the margins or on the reverse side of the paper, and each time produces of a matrix of intertwinements from word to scrap. The array—faces and peripheries.

leight curves
maps at circules
of cheeks

Herodotus reads from the riwle in the engine bay. The voyes expounding texte remains too firmly rooted in...in a tone of arborescence. As he stands in the public square, proclaiming: “every saytelite is a sphere with a distinct signification in the broad matrix of known saytelites. The activity of exploration is to carve circuits into this surfys.”

There remains zirconium to be extracted. Herodotus spakes at the plowing machines following behind him. The activity of lingering is the exercise of the potential resource, the feet marking in advance the lines of plowes.

we mine
rals we
devices

Attempting to recite a passage of the riwle from memory in a speche to the plowes, Herodotus chokes—the vibrating halted. The arborescent catches in his throat. He falls to the ground. The plowing machines trembel at the ground. There may still be zirconium growing in these fields of dried grass. With visor in the dirt, there is a relic before his eyes. A wyre looped spharical.

Herodotus rolls in one of these fields of dried grass. Across the surfys of the saytelite, there are fields dispersed, as though scattered from the decks of the ship floating far above. There sounds a drum machine in the distance. Only the central commond system, as Herodotus stood opposite, has ever made such hissing sounds followed by such clacking sounds. And these were the noises he made as he vibrated over the riwle. He has found algorithms in some of the pages, but only as they are able to echo in the mechanical pings of the system.
Berkeley proclaims as he sits before the central commond system: “The metaphysics of the wall...it requires curvature...no wall can be straight, but the measuring for straightness is what establishes that the wall is necessarily curved. Oh...every wall’s plenitude...” His speech trails off as he observes the surfys of the commond board. He ranges his fingers over the keyes and now sets to remarking on the texture of each. Only and ever, linoleum and granite. Horses now exist only above and below certain latitudes of the satelite. The noys of other animals now echo—a growling and a flapping. Berkeley notes this in his journal as he purveys the logs: “all of our drawings of this terrestrial surfys are marked by traces of curvature, nearly effaced.” In his journals, Berkeley writes of his experiments with trance techniques. He ranges his hondes over the keyes until they begin to vibrate with the hum of the system.

Houses exist only above and below certain latitudes. Berkeley constructs his personal journals from the waste pages of the log books, bound between plates of plant fibre. “Where each of these monologues might be performed as they are already being spoken, through continuous voys that operate as particles. The voys is a material plane in a constant shaking.” From the seat behind the commond system, Berkeley observes the surfys. “Disappearance is no less a political crisis than it is a crisis of mobility. A philosophy of perception will always be caught up on what to do about windmills.” He sees the birds moving above the Originary; its walls remain barron to encourage its spectacle, its machines acting. His voys is one more wave moving through a decreasingly opaque substance. He recognizes his own prosthetic arm in those churning wings.
As is Herodotus’ tendency, he shifts from many gesticulations to one voice. He reports of the markings strewn across the surfys. His hondes are only vibrating now, a voice issuing from them. The lake of which he speaks was dug by a variety of hondes. The labyrinth rests next to the lake, beneath the ground—a cave system, a vessel. As he speaks of this, Herodotus’ gestures become ever more…In his vision, the datum forms a swooping lark. As if he speaks from a behind a screen, he says, “You are but one carefully selected element in a vast array.” As it is said, the organization of hondes conditions the transition between the feudal and the fully industrialized—hondes organize to vibrate against the appropriate markings strewn across the surfys. In the engine bay, he lays papers out before himself, forming a plane from heap. Writhing out a pattern, Herodotus shifts to one frequency, “Echo of her voice in the dome setting up a shifting forest of smaller, partial sounds, and behind them, very faint…Voices.” All of these voices occur, arrayed on top of the growling—a noise that has gathered somewhere in the ship. Herodotus tumbles on the dusty ground of the cargo hold. His eyes have stopped moving. His hondes continue through the labyrinthine motions.

partial mouths
from which forest
it walks war/ ped
"the gravity transferred from yonder
gravity is medial
being something through which things pass
being a giver of affects
being a director of streaming liquids
being itself a liquid of nonexistent density
my sight is failing it is pulled from itself
no longer with traction
no longer the agent of pulling
my eyen bound to the soft-hooved messengers
each on chaar with flickering tension pulling at my
dragging orb dragging orb behind orb behind
cheyn me to this surifice even as my eyen are fleet
fleche a sphare stretched at one end becomes fleche
saytelites in elliptical essence they hold patterns
which are formed
with the slightest of pulling at the traceries
osmotic trajectories I am made to run along
as a bound entity
as the ship passes in orbit my glass orb
fills with silt…"
THE POSSIBILITY OF A CHARTED COURSE IS THE POSSIBILITY OF REPETITION AND RETURN
ports of call
3 pronged port
we plug voyses in and begin to sing

Aeneas exits the long commercial strip with the scent of his ancestors on his berd. There is always some sign in front of the sun. Aeneas sets to the breakers, sets keel into the opening of the bay, wind jamming the tillers. We feel the motion, but only in the sense of the circuit. The ship prepares to leave dock, to float from the surfys of the saytelite. The berd operating here as an epithet, the name that purchases. Down between the ships, a collection of labor amasses, alongside shreds, of hair, paper. Aeneas assembels. Shoes, spearheads, packaging, cereal. This is amid crafts or between lands which meant the same thing, the whistles already blowing.

thistles the horned
  pencil
shards circuit
  rises on all
roses Aeneas
from fireside
  aship
abundance
foam of days
paths are langes
  gathered
and sculpted
  array
  arrow
dot and line

This map of iterations is no more a marked surfys, but rather the luscent screan hung before each port. The arrivals are no more marked in ink, but rather arrayed in leight. Aeneas sits with spools of Briseis’ hair, herelooms gathered and transported from the detritus of the Trojan saytelite. Aeneas, still below deck, entertains the holograph, the shreds that amass epithets—Luxemborg, the Cibyl. She arrives to tell him of the danger of gravitational boundaries, which exist and pull—obstacles for capital to overcome. Where our vision is always obstructed, vision is obvious. A circuit must be charted to be felt as circuitous. Given our blurred vision, it does not matter whether latency or potency is the term of departure. Aeneas still weeps. In any event, a circuit always returns to its origin; it is in circulation where we perform a scattering, where Briseis’ hair, taken up by the vacuum, does not return to constitute a new head, but settles down in all manner of fields and patches. The surfys recedes and the trophee is lost. Aeneas orders the screan of this port to be shorn, but now from its array, there is a projection—a lynx manifest.
processions enter
only so to
recurr

processions enter
only by
foot

We land upon a nearby satellite, which is yet another hostile surfys, but one sparsely populated. In the search after minerals and plant fibre, we scatter, Luxemborg, the Cibyl, ever goading us. “If by recurring instances, you intend, ‘I have lost a life...I have started from the last checkpoint.’ Beware that there remain horses in the nearby fields. It is for war that horses are caparisoned.” We have come upon this world and it is shaped as a ring. Birds flock about the moored ships. We must sneeze in the act of exploration, by which I mean that exploration extends our bodily fluids into an emergent order. Of all that we describe, there are always so many vistas. That is, hollow. We send a small probe ahead of our wanderings to begin a processing of the surroundings: the waves lap against a shore that are to this probe only so many flashing numbers.

grazing screens
chant at the
parallel

plural
arrived at by
disjunctive circulation

Aeneas departs our company for the three days we remain upon this surfys. There are so many plateaux. We pass the time in games and telling tales—of this ring shaped world, which flashed in our sky every third month, and upon which we now temporarily scatter, and of Aeneas’ occupations on its surfys. As it is said, there are cyborgs on this surfys. We tell of Scella, who reaches out at sailors with pulsating strands and, once attached, these sailors form a grid through which messages pass. We tell of Atna, who is a perpetually dissolving body in shallow currents. Aeneas returns and we journey back to the ship, the _Kaerlud_, tragen the heaps collected from our acts of primitive accumulation, the horses still indifferently grazing. The probe sputters, “All...alll,” gazing at the multiplications of waves, lipsing. Aeneas does not yet speke, but carries behind him a frothing orb, something encased in glass and enshrined in burlap, and from which leaks wyres.

route
many gliosis
riggings of felucca

spurr
to protrusion
tracings in ground
Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia

“I am surrounded by soft-hooved
messengers that reflect on the granular
surfyses there are rubeys
all over the surfys of this saytelite
the rubeys craft a matrix of shimmer against
the rubeys broach the ocular plane
lineated matrix I call out to lineated matrices
and I am thus surrounded
the soft-hooved messengers are
bodies of leight
being the pings of a golden throte elongated
being the clay schaeffen into chord
being the chord pulsating
being strung across my eyen
the voys of a boy places hondes on me
heat across my face as the voys
cordons with it my perspiration
I have written in the fire by piercing it
with my voys of schreibal tools
strung of orbs leaving me
being garlands that trail from my head
forced into form by the gravity perimeter
of the cargo hold generated by the ship’s
resistance of the vacuum the void
transference of the gravity of the satellite that shimmers
rubey surfys
force of radiate
engine pull that pull engine craft spherical force
a slab floats carried by soft-hooved messengers
I float and globules garlanded around me float
glass trajectories cross and enfold…”
singed Orfeo on
butte on
craters

Every song of ascent begins and ends with a coming to terms of the contingent possibility of vision. The freighter departs from yet another surfys, a host of minerals clinging to the underbelly, shimmering to those hostile eyen still on the saytelite as a many faced rubey. Our flight is impelled by ruinnation, but undergirded by the logic of circuits.

Beyond the blast shield, lie great saytelites for settlement and mineral extraction, and we can only but wander towards them. Each saytelite in this system—covered with the same such caparisoned horses and hostile eyen. We prepare for divination and a hibernating cycle. Aeneas kneels at the navigation module, throwing three sticks at a toss, recording their falling patterns, and repeating until sufficient coordinates have been generated.

mizzenmast
serrates
void

vibrate
basilic
at each wend

mendicity path
holt
and waver

sabaton
decorated
tailing

He inserts the recording tablet into the module and in the moment of computation both bodies illuminate in harmonious tones, Aeneas giving off luscent tears and the module weeping orbic sparks. As the ship shuttles, we settle into our hibernation pods, each a glass encasement, a nowd in circuitry riveting the cavernous chamber, this slumber labyrinth within our ship. For this time, we are enfleshed with a new and different medium, a floating amniosis.

We wake up with ankles bound to the legs. Immediately, our encasements are leaking and we are surrounded by breath. Rising up from this cavern belowship, we peer. Rubey fills each porthole and display screan. Our hondes press against these surfyses to feel the texture of this saytelite. Aeneas announces that we will soon descend.

a cupola
risen dom
Orfeo singes on
So Aeneas spakes to us through grating...Those of us that exited the freighter linger in erratic paths. This, our first time on the surfys of the saytelite, and we rapidly tear the ferns from the ground so as to weave a fibre on which to inschreib. We spread out in array, plucking, and lose each other to sight, though remaining in pattern. We pluck until we reach the side of the fosse, an acanthus cavern. There are a variety of billboards scattered along this edge, each emitting both a leight and tone—as if spaking and looking.

When we retreat, the scattering of billboards forms a circule—at the center, the crumbling wall of the Originary. The Originary is a space of ritual significance; having been built for an organized exertion of measured activity, it is left to crumble at the close of the ritual cycle. We had already forgotten what brought us to this surfys.

Every billboard that hums at us...we write on plant fibre, “We name as billboards the small rooms that we enter into as we pass along the roadway, to and from the fosse, on the surfys of this saytelite. These are always memories of a dislodged orifice, a separation now forgotten, rearranged into territories. The leight cast through this fuzzy grating...”

What else we write into our journals: the location of each billboard-room, a transcription of the tune emitting therewith, the names left plastered on the hull of the freighter, each a destination or an avoidance, the potential motions and significances of the activities held within the crumbling Originary, how we spend our days, erraticisms, and replicas of formations of the craters. Aeneas, the elect wanderer, returns now from the other side of the fosse, bearing a wyre.

ruins advance
this is skin that is
ruinous
Around the moored ship, Aeneas plans a garden. In this given plot, we isolate the extended artifice—the prow rising from turf, a cable parabolic—as the centerpiece, and so we mark out the base of the fountain. That which gestures at intention needs only to be composed of stones. Aeneas descends into the ship and returns. The cable, we extend—interrupt this crumbling interface; the copper fades into strands imperceptible. The process of construction is ever a process of excavation. In this given plot, we find a chair, a picture of a chair, and a description of a chair, all arranged in a circule. As it is said, the fountain would be an act of utterance.

The lynx vibrates now from its haunches when it paces in the gally of screanes. The lynx dictates the layout of shrubs, paths, and terraces into folie. That is, what intersects is incommensurate. Aeneas has his ere nibbled by the lynx, his own mouth then resounding with the vibrations.

where they prick
pattern
pattern
To combine the appropriate minerals, to arrange them in serration—Luxemborg, the Cibyl, arrives on flickering chaar, her horses shining with inlaid circuitry. Aeneas has led us to this sayetelite to procure such minerals as to sustain the Cibyl, the network and the map. Her holograph fades now and today she appears only as a running code, born by chaar, but without form. As it is said, “Le mort saisit le vif!” She instructs us to prepare anew each night the appropriate mix for a libation: a honeyed syrup that the freighter gives off, the hairs which we are to shave each day, and clippings from the surround brush. We burn this each night and array around in chorale pattern to join song to the leight. The billboards rise in volume.

We hope to soon expand the roadway, which now reaches from the fosse to the garden, into the desert, in pursuit of the Cibyl’s speche, which tells of a gaping into the ground and bursting forests. At the fountain, the springing mane of the Cibyl’s horse flares in barometry. With these, we speke not of opposites, but of dialectics—each is the pattern of droplets breaching surfys, a mirror not of one another, but of the shapes of sublunary caves. What precedes these, but the process of unweeping? unprayer? Aeneas considers the mane he grips in his hond. The horse advances. As it is said, weeping gave time its arrow, and we wished to hold the arrow in place, not in the bow, but in the state of being made into an arrow.
After we complete this song, the residue of libations lightly glowing across the surfsys, Aeneas tells of how he once captured the lynx, the animal in the ship’s gally. “I come across the lynx in a heavily wooded area, between seas, the furred tail upon vacuum. I first enter into the area hearing lynx-purr and smelling the beast’s effusions interlaced with tar smell. Those grey stone-posts...from which hangs the tires melted into effigy...This all takes place in the ruins of the longpast incursion against the Ephesians, who have the ritual of crafting monuments in tar, always melting and so always in need of restoking and so always in a state of vibration and difference. I look for the greatest of alters, those the Cibyl speaks of—that the Ephesians have on their saytelite a source of ever flowing datum, contained in one body and this marked by the great alter. Passing through the smell of tar, I come upon the lynx. And the lynx is mostly a man, but with devices strapped to him. I cannot fully assess their fixity. I compel myself to set down this moment in a burst of song, calling the land around my speche, ‘The Territory of the Lynx.’ The lynx is present as the breath and fades fast, the breath into breathlessness, the lynx to its expansive forests. I pursue him by calling out, making of my extended breath a net...”
Next we come upon the river Garonne, lying thick like a touch-screan, and yes it is a river of images, a string of code. We chart the land surrounding the garden in hexagonal quadrants in anticipation of construction. At the sight of the river, a shipman among us dives in among the strands of code, returning to the surfys ful of datum, so that he bloats—with strands of yellow grime streaming from his orifices. He spakes now of an exegetical crossing, of another river and into another territory. “We crossed over into Delphi. We were on our way to consult the oracle Pythia.

“Now, as often as anything untoward was about to happen to our people or our neighbors, the priestess of Athena would grow a great beard. So it happened and so we knew we were to receive a prophecy—or, a reading of the present, parsed with binaries, which is the flipping of the coyn onto a plant fibre textile, marked by design and shape, the flipings of which, both the upward facing mark of the coyn, an alloyed mettle with visage opposing headdress, as well as the position in which the coyn rests on textile, are described by the oracle as she sings. The song is a song of Athena’s disintegration, the crumbling of all that constitutes this city, which were all those of an ‘assembly of chaar and wagon’, those of ‘more than formal liturgies or laws’. Delphi was a city and a glowing conglomeration of box shaped buildings, each with a sign—the space of each sign, a city unto itself.

“As it is said of Delphi, three message systems exist: the oracular, Pythia who speaks in matter, or the flipping of coyns; the locational, the urns found on each corner, the ceremonial vessels bearing resonance of words long ago spoken, upon which an ear is placed and continues to transport the resonance; the physiognomic, the messages of the face of each building, wide boxes that have the same dimensions, but speak in different tones.

“We anchored the ship on the banks of the river and sent one of our numbers into the city of Delphi, that which is guarded by furs. From the ship we sent Luke, the son of the shepherd Michael, seeking refuge across the sea, discharged from the pastoral text and so immediately beset by voys. He left in the afternoon and returned the following morning. We spent the evening in contest: each set to modeling the most convincing hologram of the moon; then we threw our spears from one side of the river to the other.”

tizón screan  
per chase  
of yonder

where fragile  
of whom programmed at  
the right time

urns breach  
voys gasping  
of yonder

With this tale complete, we pull the shipman from the datum stream. He sputters and has only since chanted without ceasing. We call this infection, and the word he spurs: “werrthe”.
We pave the streets of each hexagonal quadrant surrounding the garden. In each quadrant, one street runs from each nowd to every nowd. Streets of border and streets of barrier; streets of intersection and streets of transaction. But rarely streets of parallel. In each quadrant, one street runs from the nowd farthest the garden into the center of the garden, turning from asphalt into path at the garden’s threshold, ending at the fountain. The nowds swell and spin, gaining in velocity the more they increase in ligature. We lay these streets down in patterns dictated, by Aeneas, by lynx. The streets laid down, but the roadway still sputters into desert—vacant and incomplete. We are not the movers, but only the moved. Our eyes scan the patterns and remain ever lewed.

bound
ringing circules
hond

shrub
altar or notion
rubbed

quiver
molding joints
lever

trug
hold holow ping
struck

caesura
opening orb
placenta

speche
leavened echo
smirch

Luxemborg, the Cibyl, proceeds and appears daily in disparate quadrants—on flickering chaar. She spakes now of our working days. “You will have tied yourselves onto the masts so as to hear the shrill of the minerals wrought to braunz. To be bound—the only position in which you may hear this sound. The working day does not conclude with this sound, but continues with the collection of all sounds. Continue to walk nightly to the billboards and hum with them until you have collected these vibrations within your chambers. Sight…only look at these billboards; which is to say, do not see them when you also hum in harmony. Vision is an excess of sight or sight is an economization of vision. It will be yesterday, when such a voys brought stasis. Your labors, delivered into forms, the shrilling now only as ping emitting from your own chests.”
mind speche
turns outward curving
drawn as though by leche

We lay the mad shipman in a hut at the outskirts of the garden—a temporary lodging for the pathological, as the city still stands in bare studs, which is to say prenatal. The shipman preyes without ceasing, usually an incoherent repeating of “werrthe” and its derivatives. With each day of preyer, the throte grows longer. He breaks into song and with a schreib beside him, writing in the manner taught by the schole of sphares. “Every song starts with the lynx on its tongue—a licking that proceeds from the array of ships to the furred back, the head. And so each set to cleaning himself, with charcoal in one hond, inschreising on a skin. We had already acknowledged that we were ‘dry casques of departed locusts’ and so we had expected to find our shell of speche broken and scattered into a series of urns. We made a game searching through the urns, the outcome already predicted. The urns would shatter and this would be utterance. After the tradition of Delphi, the city that was guarded by furs, we left the urns to shatter themselves, every utterance an auto-affectation.

“To find a place where we might better recline, to enter the city as it stood ‘atween the pillars of the sylvan roof’, we softly take our humanity off. Pythia had delivered unto us our prophecy, which was for Athens to follow in the manner of the market, with no other body to beseech, and this marked the beginning of the ritual, our response to her language, which was to grow furs, after the tradition of Delphi. To follow the market, one must purr, one must crane the neck, one must bowe lowe. This was the course for Athens, after the tradition of Delphi. So much for our voy ses, we ‘bend to the tawdry table’ and lift the spoons to our throats in the city of Delphi. We had been invited to this table. The only thing left to speke of is the sayelit e network or the candor of the nightingale. Could any other tones be found? Sayelite! the very word is like a bell.

“Our tongues sayted with fur, we could find no answer to the prophecy; our rebuke was another bite, which is to say that with the boats drawn on the sand, the red-orange sails were in our mouth. With such song, billowing, we might hope to condition our exchange: metal for furs or hours. We can only frame the market in this one way: as the song is born by circuits. In this way, we left the city, guarded by furs. That is, as song and as a vector, as an array, as a path. Our task was now to map these patterns, to first provide the shattering urns with a grammar, to then admire the bird flight, to speculate, which always must be understood economically.”
As we proceed from quadrant to quadrant, from desert to garden, we confuse the act of walking with the act of accumulation. In walking, we move, but never progress. All we excavate as we construct, all we erase as we walk...chairs arranged in circule, mounds of textes left just covered by the dirt of the settlement, tools of unalloy, saphrical protuberances, rings cheyned to the realm below-surfys: these things we incorporate into the structures and streets, or else we preserve them under our gaze, or else we erect them as towers at the barriers of each hexagon. As it is said, exchange begins where communes have their boundaries. Accumulation does not progress, but circules to form perimeters around the settlement—to permit passage and entry. This is an osmotic orb and so even as we excrete and bolster, so even as we dissemble and build, we are only ever rearranging. Among our numbers, there are few that can walk to the end of the road into the desert, even fewer that can walk beyond this roadway into sight of the cave, without crumbling parched—outside of the orb’s maintenance.

Aeneas walks to and from the desert roadway daily, although he is silent as pertains the cave. Nightly, we gather at the chairs formed circular in the garden, that preserved reliq, and he spakes further of his capture of the lynx. “I followed the lynx into a long hall, beset on all sides by images of crashing waves. As it is said, walk through a hall of video feeds so as to observe your own objecthood. The live video feed continued as ships made their way through the crashing waves. Telecommunications are nothing but ‘dry forms in the æther.’ I paused to examine the feed so as to make out what forces could be approaching, but the camera fixed on a single rudder before the feed blacked out, cut off. Fascinated by the possibility video has to escape contextualization, I looked at the rudder without thinking about the ship. I walked from feed to feed. The lynx had long passed through the hall and into the room at the other end. The voys of the door demanded that I insert credits to open it and I was without currency.”

```
gguullss
he signs
from the sea out there

fflliiigghhtt
projections
the embossed and the tapering

he sings
when circuits
lasping lapsing

insertion to ground
shapely at
sslliiivveerr

where object there
prospect
ggoolldd
```
Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia

“of the exhaust from our previous passages
oxidant gasses swelling into rings
of metallurgic shavings lifting from the surfys
I surround the ship surrounds
trace of the excavation without ceasing
surfys ever more processed into floating silt from flat
to cloud to fog from texture to array
to surifice again surfys I read from as it floats
before me the silt of my encasing my divination
from arrayal to text I speke these sondes aloud
I am surrounded by soft-hooved messengers
the waste of the scraping of the rubey surfys
I divine from this text in the floating
surfeit of sondes
I divine what must return to fire of the fire
I have written
I divine that I must return to the rubey surfys of Brundisia
of the milling arms pulling at minerals
the flowing from the ground into protuberance
into tower into monument into crumbling
of which I have written
of the streams bearing datum thinning into
vibrating wyre
of the half-orbs emitting propulsive grime
of the three pronged towers reverberating with echo
of the howel vessels opening at the ground the cave
yet have I only written the Originary as monument
the silt chastices
I divine that my body should be filled with liquid
to better hum the song of the rubey surfys…”
Following the reverberations through a series of cavities and protuberances, Aeneas auscultates the corpse of the mad shipman, who is without breath though still giving off sound. He opens the layers of the body through an emission of vibrations, each of which radiates at a different pitch and intensity of sound. The body crumbles in this process—a thick residue left on the ground. Semi-circule of ruined pillars. He takes one of these stones and puts it in his mouth.

singel roamer beasts relief
sounds
parry then swords

parry and address
a ccut eye
intimate debts now
Aeneas now speaks only with the stone of the shipman’s corpse in his mouth. His tale of the lynx vibrates as though from a throte elongating. The tale becomes a stuttering prayer. Pings burst through the speche—tones dominating the space of the room, so that words never reach beyond Aeneas tongue, except as muttering. “I throw the coin into the slot of the door—since this money, once it is thrown, becomes sacred. Cambyses…between two tethers, strapped, and unburdens his eyes before lenses…The ship opens itself onto the gray combers. I have considered the prow, and so—things occur. I dictate now as, into my arms: series of wyres…what Cambyses speaks…‘This man comes to me, one Amasis. Put a helmet on his head. Screanes absorb these, kneelings.’ That’s how it was; people amassed, looking at this helmeted-head. I wrote as the wyres made circuits through my…”

bodied in fire
figures and turn
ships toward silt

shuld all account
sedimented or stratumm
electricity is particular

classic and granular
arrayes ever smulder
number and protocol
A new and yellow grime has covered all of the unsettled terrain. We walk at this edge where the grime meets the stone and cannot pass through and cannot receive anything from the outside—strands of datum hang in the air. A mess of wyres…Aeneas returns from an expedition and he is coated in it. Each word from him has become a slippery thing, when he has chosen to compose his tales by stomping through the yellow grime. Aeneas assembles all of the inhabitants at this periphery, just beyond the threshold so that the yellow grime ebbs about our toes. As we walk, there is no progress. Aeneas is about to speke and I ready my feet. “Cutting through waves blown dark by a chill wind…” As the grime rains down from the sky, the horse does not advance. As if, domes were its legs, globules now on the mane. And aqueducts become a latticework in the city, the water fixed between pillars, flowing in loops. We do not move as we trace the passage of fluid, but fluctuate. The horse is bowled and can only arch its right front leg.

When stag
nant
gnaw

prey
hair
when moves

When Aeneas returns next, we will bathe him. With each passage through the yellow grime come new distortions. A man we hear of…once, he had taken on hooves; twice, he could only move by floating and did so only in the paths of geometrical figures. This water does not move. We will bathe him and discover distortions. A voys of a girl recurs…Aeneas as yet appears unchanged. We walk through the settlement and we observe the water, stagnant in the aqueducts. There is grime in the water.
effulgence into wilds
call great names at
this proximity

irradiated poles spread
equidistant as barrier
perpetuity

shield spread luscently
shimmer refraction
surfys harm

organism dictates from
the frothed fulcrum
shed of arms

“When does the tone of a pinging vessel extend beyond its barrier?” Aeneas asks of himself before the billboard most removed from the settlement, the billboard closest to the edge of the fosse, the room most illuminated and with the most piercing of tones. This thought has been recurring, a motion through circuits. Luxemborg, the Cibyl, emerges from such recurrence, her chaar, a flickering from such patterns in circuitry. Amidst the overwhelming ping, Aeneas leans against the billboard. The technique of the close-up removes all notion of humanity from the skin, imposing upon it—landscape of pores. Luxemborg bleeps, which is a stuttering prayer of instruction gurgling beneath a dominating tone. Aeneas places his ear within her flickering. “The time is come to visit the cave, to enter into the realm beneath, the realm intended only for holograms, yet containing those relics no hologram can grasp. The minerals of my own sustenance, yes…but these are only in the first of the many rooms in this labyrinthine understructure. There are other holograms to whom you must speak. There is a console. There are other artifices…for the preservation of this settlement’s orb…”

suspend
minerals as silt
medium channel bearer

unbend
fleche to circular
until a splayed woven

nightshade
gathered to voys
spread into textural

staid
between
arrival or departure