it’s not the new, it is what is yet not known,  
thought, seen, touched but really what is not.  
and that is.

Eva Hesse  
(Exhibition statement: Contingent)

...She fall prone.  
Only wind whistled.  
And forty-seven years went by like Einstein.

John Berryman  
(Dream Song 47: April Fool’s Day,  
or, St. Mary of Egypt)
Too much light or not enough?

The sky's translucent whiteness

Or layered, colored planes backlit

Or puns undone

But no! Moholy Mo' holy M.o. holy

This is harlot

Right next to blemish point

Pressure, blessure

Polypunctual: rubs all over

Times

Translating down or to flow
Down like her: descender

There was once a certain girl assertion

Moira

Uncertain Moira lived the lines Lifted hermit

No

Listen, Johnny Mensch
I feel so naked now, will you clothe me?

Your black jacket with the blue,
Yellow, pink, ochre and white
Threads, trims, markings
Your midnight blue cloth or
Ultramarine dark

Your cloak of dreaming

S'ain't Johnny Mensch (first 'man)

And can you bring my hole communion
Next time you come

Paperback
Arid blotter
Lucid wafer

Like Jean Deblanc with his Whiteness

There was once uncertain color
Of this, my Book of Hours
Errors
Errings
Ors
Whorings
Les heures

Not László's higher

Oh, why not?
There is no Reason

Does unreason you must eat less

While insatiable
Division of a

Marked

Ochre

Punct or

Wait

Way, weigh

She: errant

At the edge

Edge

Of

Of

Colored plane

Colored
Piece cut off

To do or be?

To differ, wandered

From what died

To beg is no

Is not to

So did not

Still taste his whiteness

Black: point or comma

Sa blancheur

Waiting, wending

Craving shape
Was to rubbed

They chose age twelve

She ran, she squandered

“of insatia—

She able

Irre press

Able

To refuse

Insist

Refuse

Inst

Tongues Jean

Des heures

De sire

Ran away:

To deflower the girl of Egypt

Sexually favored of man (Alexandria)

Supple, meant

You spin me 'round

Spinning fucks

Un wordling swervish
Fast in words

With all the boys to men

And rubbed out seventeen to twenty-nine when

(Booked sucked passage)

(her B series?)

To the feasting Holy City

Sight of

Ex alt—

A sham?

A pill? (To cure her shame less?)

Ill, grin with mortal flash

Or some recursive Friction's

Epistemic nymph that names this

Tart or tang And angled toward more pilgrims

Honey, sweet
Spinning flux flaxen Hair
Worlding girlish silver vixen

Crazy like a minx, clever like an Else

Once they pricked her Fingers balled hands fists
But then cindered real of ashen strumpet

Once when death was playing fluffer
Famished, breastless

Starved from company, to keep this

Moira left with three loaves staves to living

Took three leaves of
With me, johns:
Jean, Johnny, John

Aloft on Daives and Berrymans and Baptizers Not to run out
Of leavings
Of nevers
Of fever's arrows

My clothes are sh reds, Moira Jones observes
So I shelter in my hair, repulse all
Unruled Rapunzel, godly Rätsel

How a line's a curve
I was twelve and in geometry

Where is the shape now?

How the desert is a maze and
Time can be a tangle

Or this wild hair
So cannot read things

Hangs in the eyes
But clairvoyant

Still touch and smell
Inhale the pages—

No, I can still read:

“au comme ce ment
f qua re fois

is nter m on sex
pour viv red n cristal”

Is what that Jean’s légende laid on my
Tongue so it dissolving

Four times or faiths went cold

Or (not ice) crystals: (sand of desert)

Yellow crystals
Ochre crystals
Grain in eye
Speck on tongue
No ocean’s salt

There was one time a certain Moira: divinely struck, destroyed, left
Unconstructed, hearing voices, voix, if vague, or of the void, a null
Les cris tal
L’écrit tell

But was commanded to turn clear

Where is the all?