time being

(some incidents)

Charles Alexander
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An incident here and there,
and rails gone (for guns)
from your (and my) old town square;

— H.D., The Walls Do Not Fall

But where are the bounds of the incidental?

What is your aim in philosophy? — To shew the fly the way out of the fly-bottle.

How could this seem ludicrous? It is, as it were, a dream of our language.

My aim is: to teach you to pass from a piece of disguised nonsense to something that is patent nonsense.

((A multitude of paths lead off from these words in every direction.))

((Meaning is a physiognomy.))

— Ludwig Wittgenstein,
Philosophical Investigations
(translated by G.E. Anscombe)
Precipitation Meditation

precipitation meditation
  thunderous
  exclamation

the denial of
dimension is
  another
  dimension

forgetting the frog
forgetting the pond
wet
wet

thundering herds
effervescent thirds
Beethoven
  and Bach
    on a picnic
Mingus sing us
a fauvian burst
of the lowest chord
a roasted gourd
eliminating thirst
or again in spring bring us

agora and agony
antigone revives
the sun

what’s new my cat?
what mews is this
on thunder sits?
hawk cries in the rain

hedgerows hardly hedgerows
harrows hardly fair, and air
cuts through the trees toward
the hedgerows
hardly
random is not a
random word
or a possible chance
on chance
a justice inscribed

find the bird was a game
mind the word is a game
a mindless world seems
possibly not a game

what rushes in
what rushes out
a math problem

shall we shake
up some atoms today

not explosion only
breathing
in the air she twists she
defies everything
but the imaginary
and in the mind
twists and may
be defied

intention of attention

oh blarney
nine javelina are
just outside the window

neoliberalism may be
a dead horse but
its foal are manifest
mean and
meandering

the top of the pot has blown off
to release a searing steam
uncaring unfettered
love is perhaps like
hair follicles
    in short supply when
any filter between the
ever-hotter sun and the
collective dome of our head
would be welcome
the brain boils in
absence of that quality

fox in its hole
cat in its box
priest in his closet
we in our zoombox
god in his heaven
all's right with the world (hang it all)

Plutarch
is an oligarch
on Noah's ark
now in Central Park

Horace
doesn't bore us
and Ovid
can't catch covid
Browning may be frowning
while So-shu is drowning
Inanna comes crowning

We read at random the world
as our disease
because it is
and our dis-ease
because we are
On *Time Being*:

Charles Alexander’s *Time Being* looks into the ordinary moment to find a site of revealing beyond time. Subtle rhythm divides its alert listening somewhere between Coltrane and walking; it listens in on the ways of space through the active body’s own prosody: “don’t count, don’t/use measure in that way/step step and turn in/the only dance that might/turn again.” It gives a sense of *instant poem* that instructs in its own sensory time *being*—toward the unpredictable point of verbal satori.

Series like “Th’expense of spirit,” with its torsional syntax, enact a process of *thinking onward* with particular ontological force, like seeing the mind changing as it speaks, then feeding on the energy stirred up. It works in a compositional process that *knows out loud*, by way of a self-guiding syntax of further being. Its song tunes in to where excitable mind finds soul in the telling. Along the way it replays certain Elizabethan musics living on now where we can hear them—still telling tales we didn’t know we need to hear.

— George Quasha
Artist, poet, and musician working across mediums to explore principles in common within language, sculpture, drawing, video, sound, installation, and performance.