

The hope for a better society and the despair of solitude, both of which are founded on experiences that claim to be self-evident, seem to be in an insurmountable antagonism.

– Emmanuel Levinas

If I'm not me, who is me? And when I'm myself, what am I? And if this isn't presence, when is it?

– Mishna Avos

*O I shall go as arguing redemption, as the unconsumed are ashamed
In the company of nothing, a prisoner of the balances,
The husks of the field, (confoundation of envy.)
While the forehead of sorrow soulders bladed confusion
With wisdom of people spawning in failure,*

– Merle Hoyleman

I Want Something Other Than Time

The aim of this writing
is to show that
I does not disappear.
Even when I disappear I
does not disappear.
If I should achieve this
will I feel more or less isolated
in the continuing progression
of a paralysis I can only pathologize?
It's not a mask &
the time over which it closes, that's not it,
not some chopped-up tension b/w
solitude & collectivity, not that.
I disappears into my own voice below
the confrontation with anonymity we
might've imagined here.
Better delirium than drift in
my representations.
Better anticipate
a congealed posture or
else be effaced as
the object
of knowledge.

I Want Something Other Than Time

My way of proceeding
in which I no longer hear
the voice aside from its echo
might've become banal
even to me.

Like my incommunicable remains
form a barricade against unity
but this time it's not news to me anymore.
My tie bares a picture of death for the whole
office to see but it can't even be called
death b/c its significance has been abolished
(it's a tie).

It's a window that, having withdrawn entirely
from the outside it had asserted itself for
centuries to separate, now conceives of any
situation as an enlargement of "every place
is in another place."

My foundation has become my modesty
offended by my living mouth.

There's nothing clear to the dare
I feel in Nietzsche's words,
"I am dead b/c I am stupid."

Horrible.

But now at least
the page
feels full.

I Want Something Other Than Time

Some thing that is
no longer hears
all that is told.

Instead, a last convulsion is
at work joining
beginningless fragments at
evanescent extremes.

Either it's something which arrives from itself
or it's an inversion of that new spacing where
we receive nothing from the past.

The past, R I P, an obligation which will
never take place, to restore a self-constitution,
to restore the not-to-be, its revealed traits,
to uselessness.

There is a leak in my consciousness
so that the function of the present,
to preside like some mantra over self-relation,
only budes in the new spacing.

Signs no longer
experiencing the surface.

I Want Something Other Than Time

There is this
meaningless elation,
moment of total joy, to
arrive in the bad times when
preference no longer feels actionable.
We doused our hair in listerine &
sang our new song as though coaxed by
the formal structure of jubilation.
There was no room for distance, there was
only the contrary, only the contrary contrary.
This sentence you see is veiled in decency.
It is, as though by limiting itself
to a kid's game, as though it were interchangeable.
But it's really a game as fixed as
the rich slumming it to feel how their power
exists everywhere.
Each time we are accosted by paralysis
we close again our approach to the
future while the future
in its privilege
remains open.

I Want Something Other Than Time

I wish us to be
in some exceptional
place, but my heart is
so full of it, so all contact
is mystery & we must
begin so often in struggle it's
fused to an end.

All dimensions become impossible.

All communications accomplish
only self-construction.

All selves fixed in a withdrawn being borne,
the space b/w us free w/o reason.

I want a contact that's more than
some notion of not-knowing,
an initiation that's more
than what some child-god of myself
feels obliged to admit.

I Want Something Other Than Time

I remember
writing this thirteen
years ago leaning
against the wall &
it was willing then to say “there
is nothing most private in me” so
why can't it now?
The nothing of a secrecy proffered &
abdicated at so little cost we have
no idea but in perhaps I don't or do exist.
Tempted to commit ourselves against
anticipation to resuscitate the sentence but
somehow move towards no longer transmitting it.
If the content is incommunicable, I said,
then pronounce nothing.
“Shut Fuck,” you said,
you were already foundational here,
“already existing
isn't something to wait for.”

I Want Something Other Than Time

When the fabric ignores,
you know the fabric
I'm dramatizing here,
that possibility is irremissibly
the bridge of itself,
leaving us full
of a domestic reasoning, an
enchainment, a mittance riveted
to the world we live,
in a paralyzed mirror of
contingency regarding itself.
It's not like I've studied it.
It's like I'm like my stupid double,
but more abandoned,
& next to me is a silver
tomb I'm riveted to
some nascent kernel of
wishful joy
in the muddying
shine of
its reflection.

I Want Something Other Than Time

This doesn't
express our need for
deliverance with either
the light or grace I'm
waiting for.

It simply exposes itself as though
the need to have written were the
new truth in a trance.

As though desire for something other
than time could ever be the absence,
read that again ...

could ever be eleven eleven (the number
inside the figure eight).

But hasn't less time passed in this
manifest than we pretended to think?

Aren't we more & less forgetful,
more & less alone than we are?

Take it away,
& encumbered by the
heave the band
plays the passage
again.