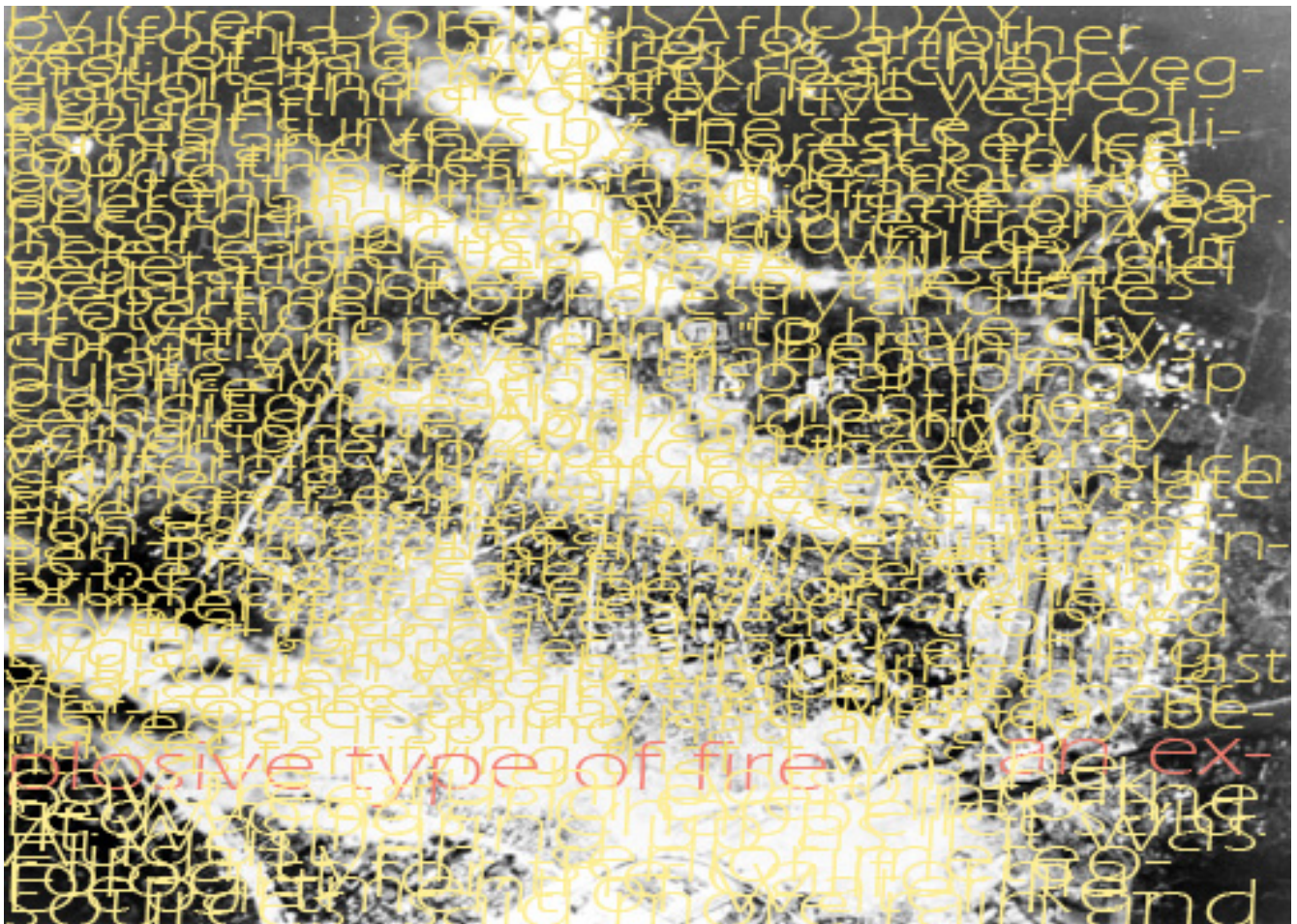


book alter (ed)

David Wolach



ungovernable press
2009

cover image:

Ash by David Wolach

Image: "The Firebombing of Tokyo," from Wikimedia

Text: "Renewed Drought Conditions Fan California's Fears," from USA TODAY, April 22, 2009

1

riverfire

*

Water burns. Often a finger is a vessel punctured as it moves through guarded waters.

As if we were ever afraid to speak of desires. Once the mouth. As if we could cover every possible hole from which blood has been known to pool and rust. How many hands does it take to suffocate a shoreline. As if we tried to cup a burning artery. If the blade of grass at the bank that bends, then creases torn from the fistfuls. As if driving into, there were not guards for the rails. The bone cries, then marrow. As if our shapes exhausted shape.

From ontic to particulate matters: of sees for tearing at the river, then unseen the difference, tete a tete, unless the eye quenches. As if we could, by holding our breathes, scare the quoting. To shift from things to shifts that are shifted. As if we could tell who was marked or when it occurred, if when was ever this when that is meant as sounded, spears for the temples to engorge or be engorged by.

When tugboat, arms only for the pushing. As if we studied each other in those different darks, having not once mentioned the book that demands darks be not one. One is taught lines with arrows, then not the line that rings the boathouse for a canned subsistence, or its excision from the jaw.

As if we never thought of them as apes, how they might enter each other intimate and just as, of what category the fuck would cite, as if who. Tongue, then scar if not a pore. As if we examined each thing as we passed, and it, away. The water's water, to sea our viscous and drawn remains hover as if *on* our selfsame lip.

Unhinging precise expression of surface. As if the expression washes, then there is nothing from which to rise. Stutter, then will come our imagining a thing *in* which a wet heat rises. From a distance that is the proximal spasm of thought. As if we ever made a name, it was the, later they, later still, it. How abstraction drowns a causeway, how oxygen needs be said just once more for oxygen to become its opposite. Mouth, ugliest of human protrusion. As if the river did not catch, the flame is not, now mouthed, this particular water's lit and shit filled kiss.

*

I choked your library while they slept, how often do the stairs refuse entry. I choked your library and heard no please more, heard nothing. Not a single droplet fell on sleeping cheek. Whatever dreams that later would be analyzed in place of thinking, they kept for now.

I invented your inventing me by trial and error. I am the Alexandrian thug. I let them use me for the price of Tokyo. When you were younger I appeared as absolute white, a white that burns, a white that caused you to say the new machine is on the verge of failure, we will be blind and happy. I am the white that scrapes pure from your other asshole, an urge to the scraping.

My blank and shearing made them vomit, and when pride was sounded from every bell tower, long ago the word that smeared their shoes was purge. I am the white that is the appearance of. I am the blank that is the desire of. In this form my form is not pure, so impure so infinitely so, you many years ago are still terrified of my power and not, and my power to be, mean and not to:

I am the wake that little girl left in her running. I am the spark and the witness of the jelly that clings. I fuck with the air for you. I fuck with the air for them. They are spectators.

You clipped my clipping. For the careful I remain. I am the branded on your shelf. I would have been tried as a war criminal. I am the conditional in your hands.

I have always imagined that Paradise will be a kind of library. I am the accident of water that licked the doors of mythos. When they cut off all routes I was the candle on the sea that immolated us. Only the dock can be measured, the rest of a shoreline is your wish to eat you, taste first the blood that is not like but blood and only blood, why do you hesitate at the covered parts. Why do you hesitate at the numerically non-identical. Why do you cling to impossible shale, sand, refuse, moss things with names but things that are named for lack of.

They do not ask. They are afraid of questions that speak back. Where does the water. Where, land. Where water, water meets water meets. And if water, then Zeno. And if Zeno, yardstick. And if yardstick, then Home Depot.

I am the arms that jumped the sea and the tongue that laps the docks. It was my place to begin. To begin the devouring of all compasses and tape, my hunger causes your sexless paradises.

2

book alter (ed)

**aftershock of knowledge
proverbial**

**kill two birds with one bill
as far as the enemy**

----I have never been





**learn the ugly algorithms
to uncertain & a question: “if you dig deeper”**

**“liberty” inflates “shame”
re-articulatory practices, push from the periphery**

----I am a conventional picture

throwing change he wears
the world on a piano dolly

rolled onto center stage
of distinctly high modernist vintage

---I've hurt my clicker finger on low wage dialup



people: print on demand
subjects would you choose to object?

footnote a man with whom you share
nearly nothing

----I went to town on (parts) of him



**best way to treat “the”
to wreck & aftersilence**

**any poem should not be
revised how loud**

----I embrace you, who





**problem: answers on reverse side
of History**

**blasé machine, treadmill head & the monohaga mine
disaster perturbed**

----my seizure of his climax, fist full of power outages

**rolled onto center stage
[2] to want is figural**

**the amorphous spine stiffens
camouflage written life: what would the flick be called?**

----I was not paid





**death by drowning
reach beyond the obvious fact of lips**

**these abrasive tools for the said
pointing or seeming to point: appearances**

----Maybe it was always an office fetish



side walk side bars your huge corpus
callosum to my forklift hands

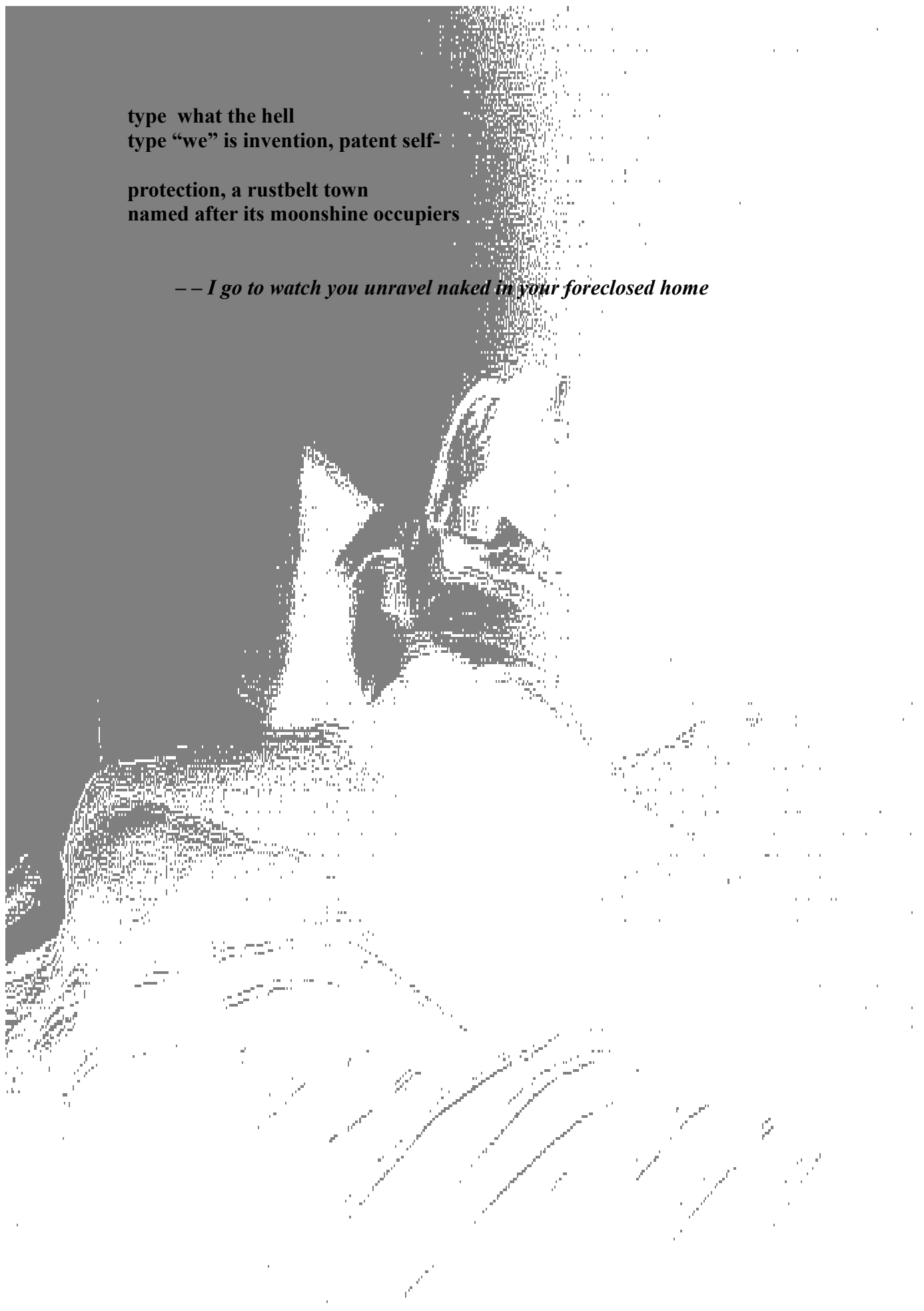
organize the no or
to sink (in) this history formation

---- I am pure the next morning

type what the hell
type “we” is invention, patent self-

protection, a rustbelt town
named after its moonshine occupiers

-- *I go to watch you unravel naked in your foreclosed home*



talk about mouth décor
metatheatrics of uncontrolled imp, don't listen

to bird skinning, how the timid
wake so calmly at disaster landscape

----His hands ran up the left side of my life



**the zeitgeist of the SLA/SLM
bathe off aesthetico-germanophilia**

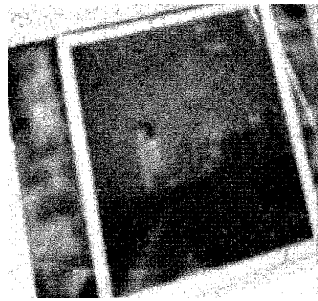
**fit of HORNINESS keep known
alterity has won blood sport**

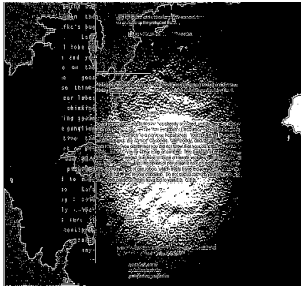
----*The night a palm, cocky & balls thin wisps*

**carry out
call some one**

**“a very convoluted story, lived in enso
recurring dream that lived in a blanket lie**

----you settled in the slightest tension





**gloria anzaldúa lemma: the vagueness
allows for accusations of**

**language, as most objects cast
misleading shadows**

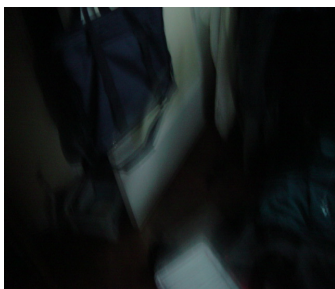
----No kissing in the darkest skin

eager to/for/do/with some artistic modality
do not assume that the poem

is good for the dehydrated
lights of this page

----What have you done with my?





still 70% wouldn't join a union
firms are joke skylights

in northwest winter americ-
ana where at some point one simply forgets

----He slowly worked, his cock my disdain

please find stethoscope at innermost wall
of a sensuous moment

retrofitted 3 story
homes with white pillars spread

----My wet asshole his body in neither's warless pad, so away & pitiful





need for a man in bear suit runs
back, right to live ceremony

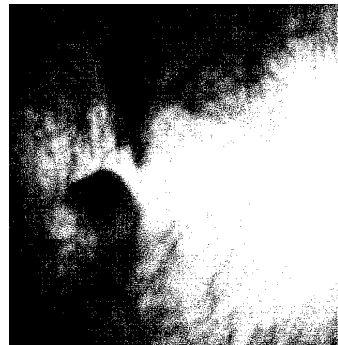
in same old town
out to settle musical score

----Insistence that our tryst would be, that I was still

who is embedded, where the plane
who asked what I do not tempt—look

or the “known world” in daytime
skivvies slinks into a bowl smaller than itself

----I was in no hurry, how desire is the object

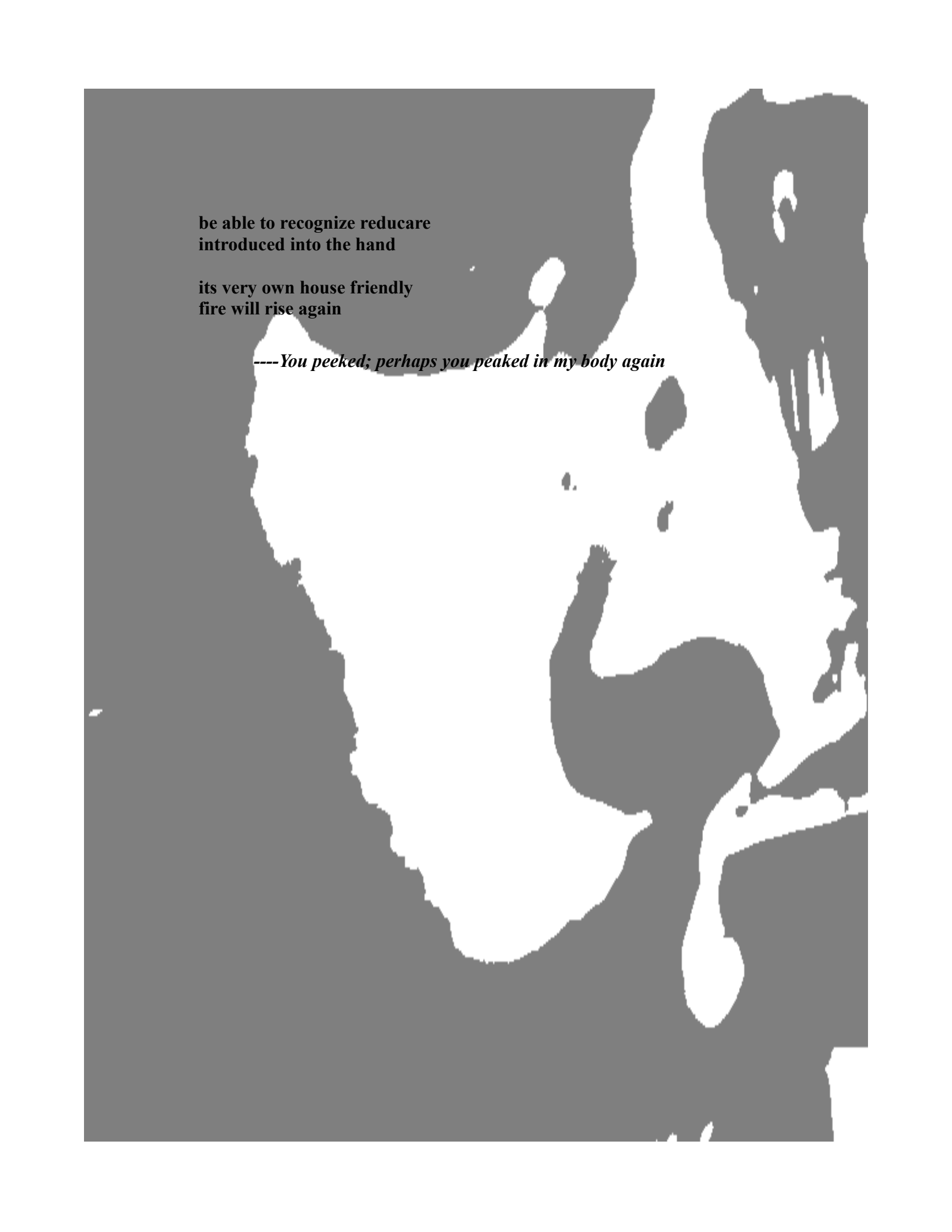


never will
primary cause

the air without reason
weather's or not

----His breasts moving in forced opposition to his laughter





be able to recognize reducare
introduced into the hand

its very own house friendly
fire will rise again

----You peeked; perhaps you peaked in my body again

something inaudible
is still a fence

for others, no longer learning
to make fires for hunger

----Afterwards I noticed your face