

procedures in aesthetics

aphorisms, discords, dioramas

In reality, things will be as much as man has decided they are.

Jean-Paul Sartre, 'L'existentialisme est un humanisme'

I thought some of the metaphysical imagery was particularly effective.

Douglas Adams, *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*

(1) 'you are the thing that *makes NO sense*'
we whispered, positioning the jigsaw puzzle's LAST FRAGMENT:

a mirror

900,000,000

nanoparticles

dancing on a pin's head

◀◀exhibit A

ah Sunday, there you are: *terra nullius* of the mind

(2: pastoral)

rehearsals, RECITATIONS off-handed metronomic as a sonneteer's '*bellobowareyouwelltbankyouandyou?*'

amid cataclysms, howling (smiles breathe

this show must go on)

do not

sit

at candlelit dinners

unless

it is war

or some *other*

kind of grappling

you're after

(2.i)

(2.ii) kitchen shared with that beautiful-faced unhappiness,

nightly tooth-grinders

what ghosts are there, laughing once-flesh dust into our hearts?

(two sets of teeth; a skeleton; one skin
and some ideas. Out my forehead, a handle
for a hurdy-gurdy ... oh, you

mystérieux et brillant modèle)

exhibit B>>

empty cage + conveyor-belt floor (cue soundtrack bony echoes set to 4'33")

(3) *every* **MOMENT** *a holiday from eternity*

fellow workers, observe!

an boarding train flicks pages
of discarded newspaper faithfully to the 'Cars' section

(3.i)

idea for an opus,
chapter one: birth.
Clocks cuckooing.
Death whitters past

(4) paid no attention, how is it that this man has turned
gradually into a statue? Morning,
and the birds upon his marble back are full of questions
as my answering machine...

fellow workers, see here!
Today, a man on the train
reading a paper book



bring the old gods along: those
amnesiacs in the new colonies
will thank us, their prophets
so illumined we'll need
lampshades for the heads



robots, little processors
proceeding on algorithmic
paths, asking 'but yeah, but
how does it feel?'



nothing? Happening the way
not-nothing not-happens?
Hold on tight



zombies, one can never know
too many zombies: ask any
zombie



the screens are blinking,
elemental. In ether, our
shadows whirl amid shadow, a
swarm of little whippers: *'the
screens are blinking, elemental!'*



trotting one evening, a minor
celebrity? Flock to them.
Flock and feast, leave nothing
(a bloody stump at most, a
hock or half a foot)

exhibit C>> *graveyard for the gods modelled on the Panopticon*

(4:i)

prank call
antithesists
DO NOT
take no for an answer

exhibit D>> *typewriter with arms, not embracing but indifferent to the real; not drowning but waving*

(5) *then she said* 'of course shadows have *no mouths*
and their words taper off in the light'

(fellow workers! There are those who pay to sit aboard trains, those who do not, and sometimes *there are transit police*)

(5:ii)

man cupping hands over woman's
woman cupping hands over man's

eyes

palms etched with tiny diagrams
'these are the ways the world works'

portraits in the room gazing
across those vistas neither will see

(5:ii)

We were leaping up flights of stairs. We kept going.
We never stopped. We stopped never.
We kept going. We were leaping up flights of stairs.

⁽⁶⁾ yes: the hive of me
buzzing for her *pollen*
(6.i)

Utopia is a genre. Asleep for years, we fucked by rote

shopping for designerwear in the
Third World? Fabulous; now enlist the
finest cosmetic surgeons: *make me into
a dog*



fellow workers! Keep swaggering
through the exhaust fumes of your leaf
blowers. Now, behold: the *New World*
Order passing forlorn in police cars of
lapsed doctrine



the cannibals on death row, waiting,
pondering options for a last meal



(7: pastoral)

oh *first tepid gust* of Spring! Welcome as a paycheck, opened
as the door of a new day, you are

a housewarming for the homeless rolling their trolleys across the parks

(7.i)

over the lake, which contains a drowned forest, ARRIVES the
ELOQUENT NOISE of lost birds, circling *again*

(7.ii) their species could know only similarities, never the domain of the gods

(8: pastoral)

somewhere, and quite out of earshot,

on the *OTHER SIDE* of the moment

(perhaps)

some were bound to
why are the
statues pointing?
Toss each into
a *midnight's van.*
Amputate the arms.
No history
in some futures. Better
take the noses too

(8.i)

be having

a VERY, VERY SERIOUS *conversation*

Dan Disney