

MHEETHON2EPRE25009



WAKKEBELLE OETHOMBOOK WAK

*Berkeley Island*

to Gregg Biglieri

*An island  
Has a public quality.*  
—George Oppen

This island called nations  
Abounds

In holes  
The ecstatic whole  
Of home-

lands when the trees  
Tunnel  
The walls would just kill

Star persists  
However it  
Might tussle

When dissolves to wind

Against the all  
The *beyond in*  
These islands are

Perverse in being  
Watched and  
Having been

A Western will  
In an Eastern  
Wind

Captivities capsize O our  
Unwitting linoleum

The windows  
Of darkened dwellings  
Delimit the comic intrusion

The despair of nations  
Singing out to be real

To be not merely  
For what we are  
Tunneling

And what we mark  
These islands only  
Not will be saved

Not in this *time of the nations*

You have built  
A house not limited  
By earth

Nor by any sky  
But a sleep  
Of our making

History a tree  
Makes snap a shape

Of things  
To dwell or not  
To dwell in

Not all  
Interiors being  
Interiorizing

Not all houses  
A home for effigy.

“As you are no more than this... a tone.”

“Trembling veil, my limit.”

“Enlarged seizure.”

“Speak to the tongue it tells.”

If we dig a hole far enough  
Or number shudders  
Or a single pane survives

The body what camera  
Can't be *in camera*  
For your sublime?

An ontological can't  
A kind of prick  
A not is not a whole

To put the present in  
A burden to present  
Disburdening this old

Extension extending  
A new lens (a  
Shoot if you will)

Points and chutes  
Like lines live forever  
More importantly more

Descendents arise  
Transcending defense  
Abeyant Phoenix

Who dovetails nicks  
Not in this  
*Time of the nations.*

To not to have left  
Is to interrupt  
Becoming for whose sake  
The primitive transgression  
The genital speech  
Topples sand castles in  
A father's private sense

The missing scenes  
Contraptions watch  
Virtual spots  
Tunneling to not  
To have been heaven yet  
A theme develops  
Across these plots  
Scolded daughters write  
Their allegories  
In abandoned sand

An allergy of borders  
Patrol the primitive marks  
Make of subjects  
Identities for centuries regress  
Like a child's  
Eyes to have opened  
History history then  
Grows sleepy  
One's ears for others  
Look into their own

Other drowning men  
In other words survivors  
Interrupt us to be a singular  
Footprint is to shudder  
It is not only to see out  
To those other islands  
But to touch their in-  
habitants a kind of contact  
Lens the shattered rays  
Alighting in our wildness  
Cracked like a monad  
Like a window I mean

A theme develops  
Across these waves wrecks  
Disasters of we  
Ventures of you  
With an I for borders  
To convey another route  
Out of the cave others  
Dig a hole inside me  
Travel such distances  
To be at home  
In a parole of eyes  
Seeking the holier  
Hostage of witness.

*Surveillance Says*

after Harun Farocki

If a tree falls and the only witness is the image of the tree

If the image is itself rootless

Disaster mark the lips of mouths unseen  
Shed not light but shed light ideally  
From idols the trains of doing and the trains of fate  
The trains of not doing that the little blade  
Is there and there in the big wake  
Of time that is us we are its question  
What the mouth discovers and the eyes cover  
What veils evidence this distance our blade knife  
Blade night what occasional claims in idols

Occident and gas shed not light but shed  
Visions a glass to stimulate flight simulator  
Of proven movements war exercises are  
Object lessons perspective doesn't complain  
Of camouflage and the false Red Cross  
Illusions of truer trees houses men like gods  
Oversee these projects measuring man to man

If a tree falls or night falls on eyes shades  
Dark shades a wake falls awake  
If a tree falls like the solipsist's body a common  
Sense that each picture pictures  
If we sing ourselves we must sing of others  
This too must be a picture  
What light breaking into song too late

For the eyes too are products of light  
Made of beams if you will and human beings  
A kind of research into the sound of waves  
The wood pushing a lapping furthermore and whereof  
One image arrives without explanation  
And another its shadow and sanest words  
The shadowless discovering of veils  
A cropped mouth identifying the police instead of us

This too the world's invention  
This inversion this Roman pact  
This peace without *pax*  
Images outnumbering the soldiers  
Bodies outnumbering measure  
Photographs of the dead  
Outnumbering the dead

Burnt as eyes withdraw from eyes  
Sense grace withdrawing eyes from eyes graves burnt  
As eyes withdraw from eyes sense grace withdrawing  
Eyes from eyes graves.

*Children of Men*

Our guns | we drop to | our knees

Our guns the infant | holding us and mute | the start

The stutter | startled we | drop our guns

We are not crying yet | in this event | we are only

Shedding ourselves | subtracting from

This event | what it will have been

It matters this tear like a beam in the eyes confused  
With sunshine or another light of any substance

His argosies before this sudden test like knights  
Become benighted invincible and grasped

Sky sheds sky shells rise and touch their aftermath  
Before they become undead

In the place we will not be when the walls fall  
*Charitas* will only be cell

Will be cell and soon and never soon enough

Journalists of ought can hardly save this night

The will is a zipper at the edge of every plan

Civilization is stone cold called away to global loaves

Incommensurable like all truth what won't be spared

Must remain like a call on the other line of others

Lives or like tears frozen in time so-called

Note: there will be no revolution such as we plan it

It's not as they say just that the revolution will not be televised (i.e. mediated)

It will be realized only through that number which cannot be named

The bullet holes and the shrapnel like a music missing us a kind of coda

We are humiliated but then we are also heard

Red is a flavor and blue a waste  
That smothers sunlight converting us

White like heat is not sighted  
Or cited to a blanker gaze

An everything as were the words we're stuck with  
They compose an index here

And not in the sky a system of numbers  
As arbitrary as anywhere else

We care to call this scattering  
So stacks will call us back

I want to grasp that flower too that is not her  
Then ungrasp it

Like it were me and not her who can see  
Everything and hear

The deer just beyond this line the sure  
Beams their eyes  
Are shined with

Just before they die in the hunt  
But don't really  
Because as soon as we're grasped we're not

For yes and not on high  
For here and not sweet hereafter  
For missed targets and not the  
Deadly recalcitrance of belief.

*Unsalvageable in Auburn*

for Beth and Terry Cuddy

Visions come to everyone a voice made "soft white blue"

In the mineral light over water the place your body shone

A finger lake certain ways of place in our talk if we would

Keep speaking what would we do if there is a God it comes

Down here for a little while hit over the head where force

Wasn't before it speaks to the body not experiencing this

A non-site above our head yours the place where you led  
Yourself the families to freedom history now this talking head  
Floating in the CNN ether made distant by effects we can see  
The outlines but not the letters more radiant for themselves  
More than anything we can make them say a weariness about  
Every monument a wreck of eyes as far as history can see

On the road for you and us this

Water gap crossing our shared

Name a country between voices

Honing place a pit stop forever

Yours when we were slower

Modes you started to tell a story

Our lips were a nipple around a

Similar sound I'll write though this

Instead you'll talk to a stutter

What words won't come between us

This highway today America I feel

We feel so far away

What was refused the news of it

Wasn't even fit to print

There being nothing to report

But to only feel it happening

This country framed falsely

By what appears

What does that water sparkling and

Green say about the water elsewhere?

Like sound the bees disappeared

Two thirds of them the real hum

Of their honey we want the body

To point to the body to parse us out

But we can't even find the corpses

Their stench so should the real suffice?

Nostalgia is not a groundwork

For this video no face will be

Healed by lines color hovers

For her eyes like a grief of names

Never given so unsalvagable

Did they open to these distances.

*The Spirit of the Beehive*

At this mirror stage  
Blowing on bees  
The terrifying *l'enfant*  
*terrible* of more tender  
Moments bleeding  
A cat to be born or live freely  
For resistance relies  
On a belief structure

And ideology and conviction  
Whether or not we see ourselves  
Through the imaginary eyes  
Of a Hollywood monster  
James Whale's transfixed in a pool  
The eyes reflect a politics  
Prepared by trauma  
Images of sticks catch flame

O what travesties of bees  
Their fables what the image  
Proves us to be for we does not  
Know what it wishes for  
In the name of country  
Like an image before images  
Had names or spirits their place  
In abandoned dreams

The screen of being and  
Family and soil  
Throws up its light through the fog  
The honeycombed lattice  
Ripples in a child's eyes  
Where stones were ever thrown  
A nation dethroned itself  
We was ripped to shreds

Sovereignty divorced connatus  
From the general good  
Of multitude drones leave  
The hive abuzz with voices  
Not able to communicate or critique  
Whatever they'll become  
Seized by an involuntary society  
Caught in this projection.

## *Notes*

Berkeley Island was written after Guy Ben-Ner's 1999 video by the same name. It includes quotations from Jen Benka's spring 2006 reading at St. Mark's Poetry Project, and makes conversation with Louis Zukofsky's poetry and Emmanuel Levinas' ethical philosophy.

Children of Men was written after viewing Alfonso Cuarón's 2006 film by the same title. Using the film Children of Men as a starting point, it considers Alain Badiou's concept of "Event."

Unsalvageable in Auburn was written after a trip upstate where I visited my friends Beth and Terry Cuddy and presented work at Cayuga Community College near Auburn, NY. Memorable on the trip were news reports of bees dying in large numbers, as well as Terry's video work about the abolitionist Harriet Tubman, who is buried in the town.

The Sprit of the Beehive was written after Victor Erice's 1973 film by the same title.