

White, Blue, Red, & Charcoal-Grey  
by Adam Katz and Jacqueline C. Stluka

We collaborated to collaborate and theorize collaboration but only in practical terms. We developed strategies to experience our project's agency as decisive so there'd never be some straw man-autonomy of either of ours that seemed like that was where the source of the determinations was coming from. It was the responsibility of the person who might be leading to receive direction. We set up against concepts in the moment of our work so there there'd always be a mark before it'd fit with our texture-line-figure-sitedness progression. This mark was where'd been



And the blackest tea is still inside  
the bag

When they compost it, unsqueezed

Card burning a hole in my hand

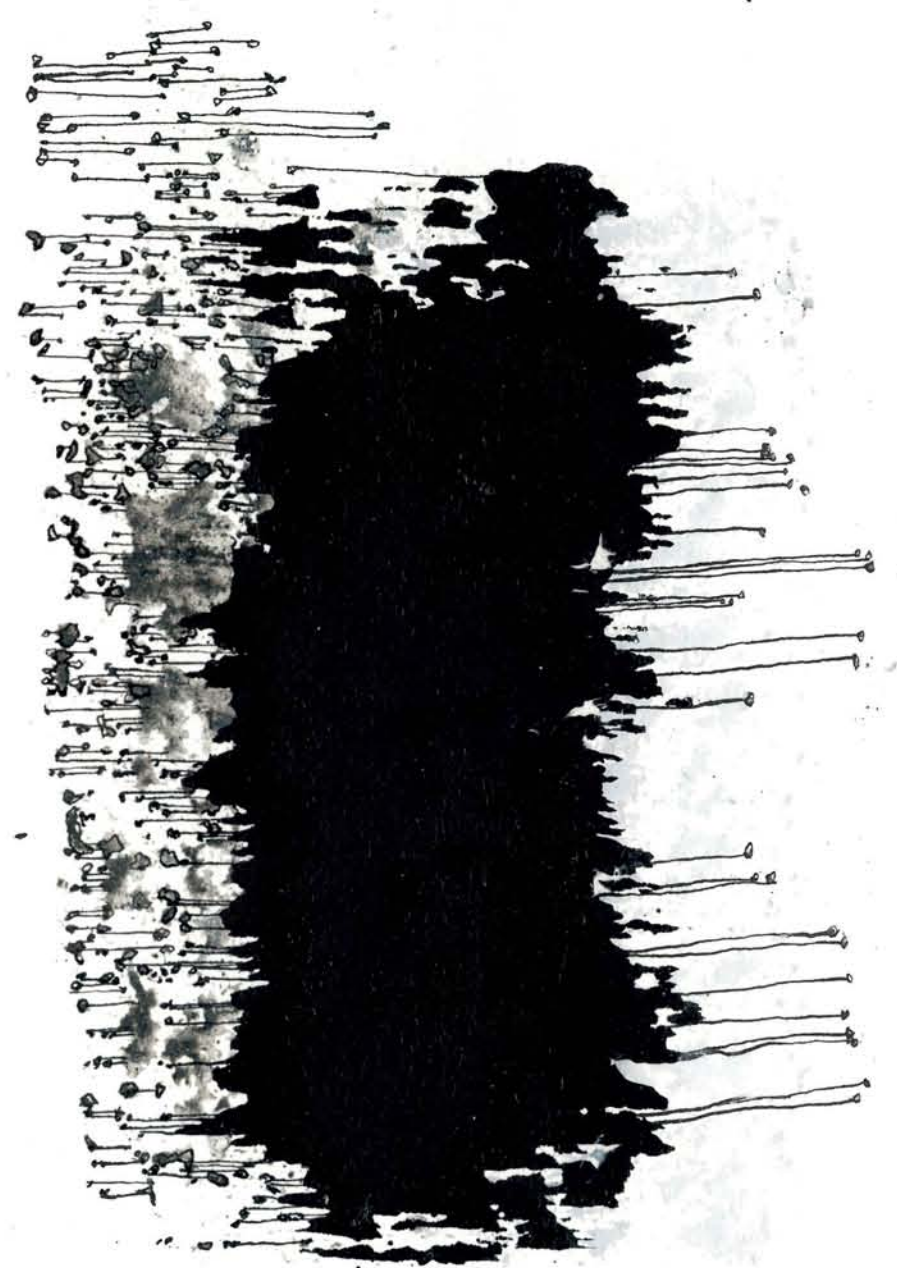
A few bags swirling around in the  
carousel

The three of us shared one dessert  
To celebrate the first event  
That ought to be behind one piece  
of glass.

The addition of another was  
neutral

The clacking of the typewriter  
keys . .





I wanted to write a long poem on  
the screen

Line nine will always have to be  
a stanza

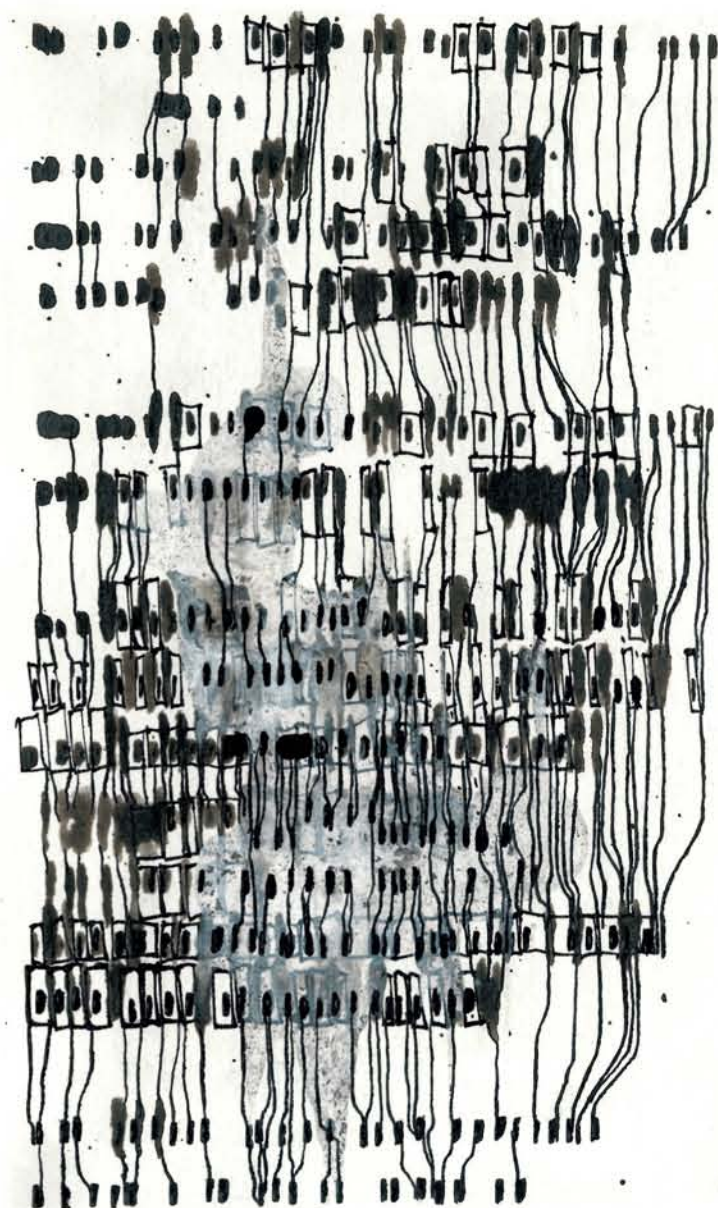
break

Until I get a rubber glove. It  
Would be so arrogant to assume  
That if I just didn't stop, value

Would be created all night long.

I hope this isn't the place  
To deposit all my inconsistencies  
I move through you

And there is a rush of leaves, hornets'  
Nest falling from the trees.  
I am so afraid of being open.  
I guess it doesn't stop . .



It is nice to go to work and be able  
to do

Your job, even if it isn't  
What you would be doing otherwise,  
I think. She was water:

We have been friends for a long time  
And we are still in love

You know, I don't think about it  
Too much. That's just the way it's  
Been decided decently at all

costs. So

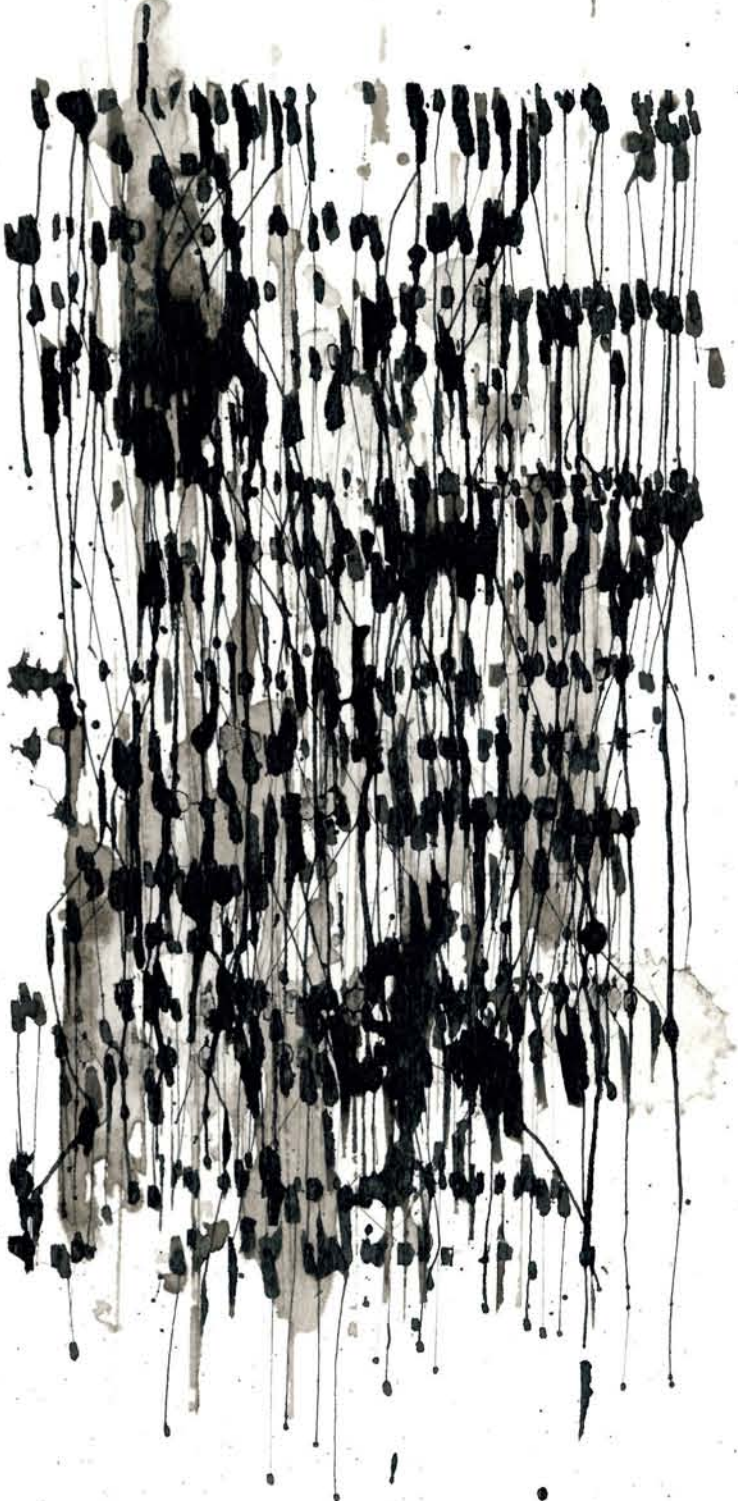
it's a

Matter of saying the truest thing,  
Like what are you doing

For dinner later this evening?

I mean I do think about it . .



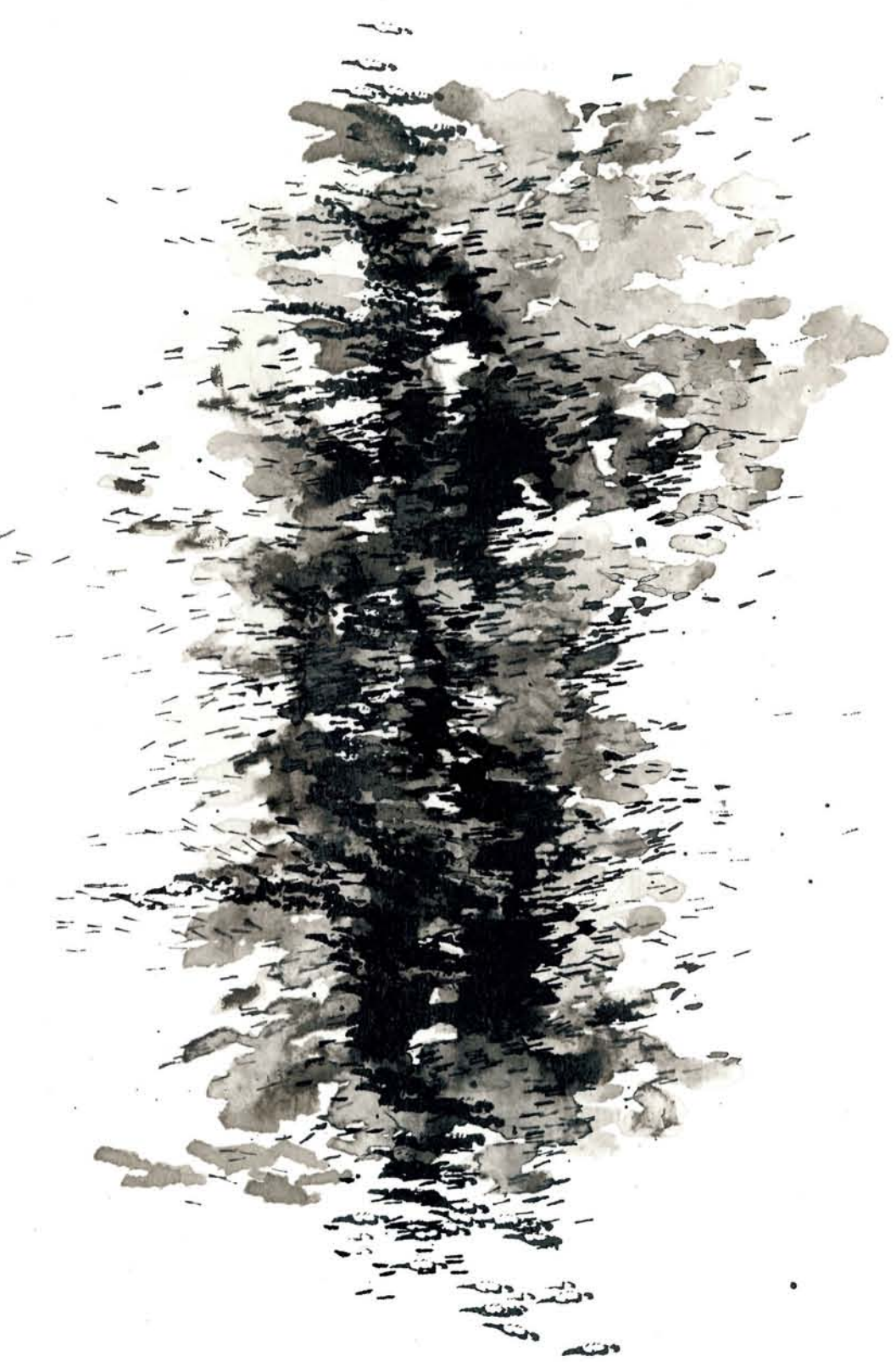


Pardonable for not being caring  
Quite a lot, a whole hell of  
enough  
A very well constructed point of view.

I have to answer for something I did  
a long  
Time ago. I'm not proud of that.

But pretty sure, I can keep on being  
myself,  
With you. I think you accept me  
I was pretty sure of that yesterday  
When you had me over for  
coffee . .

Do you want to know what I think?  
If you're reading this you probably do  
I think you're true



If only it could be less of a mistake  
That it was still a mistake, then  
It would be being which was necessary.  
That is a guarantee  
That would keep you from happening  
If it were not already implicit  
in everything

Yeah, I am feeling down about this.  
Convince me it's OK. I want you  
To. Is that enough? I could've  
Wanted you, according to my  
fiancée.

This  
Isn't happening. I wanted to  
Break out of there, break free of  
That philosophy, arguments. I wanted  
To be the argument, to be the  
Chair they sit in to decide . . .






An extension cord plugged into  
itself

It is just lying there. I don't  
Want to forget anything, as long as  
It doesn't matter how I say  
What I am going to. There.

Maybe it was good  
Working with constraint a little bit.  
Maybe it will be good to be dead  
And not remember anything.  
There is this happening. This  
is happening right  
Now in the near is being. There  
Is there being what there is  
being but not  
With what here is isn't now.  
Because than'n . . .





There it is

Coming to placement

I would like to determine my work more in  
this fashion

Now.

Forget everything. There  
Has always been a little bit more time.  
If it can just fake . .

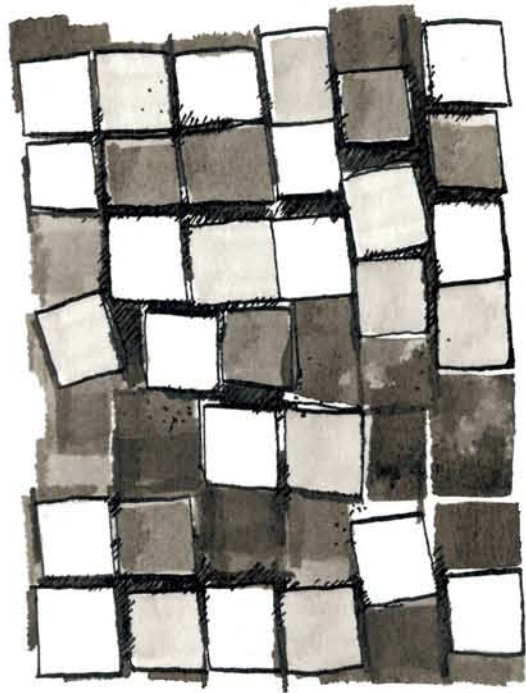
Anyhow (memory word) what have we had so  
Far that is having that's acceptable  
To first us then  
Who cares? Isn't dis-  
illusionment more like being careful  
To coincide? So far  
I mean I've already said  
The words in my head  
But wear away  
Familiarity.



If try account just all  
No sense why  
Their truth is true  
I don't want this to be confusing  
Any more than you do  
Because it's not that  
But this and  
Everything.

If I were to hit  
One key with every  
finger  
what do  
You think it would  
Sound like?  
I  
Guess it would  
Have to do with  
Which keys





Oh God it's getting  
All over everything  
again again.

I used a sto-

chastic process

To figure out what to say:

I didn't care;

You did.

So

the ramifications

were

Painful for me, but you

Didn't care because you were eating

raisins with

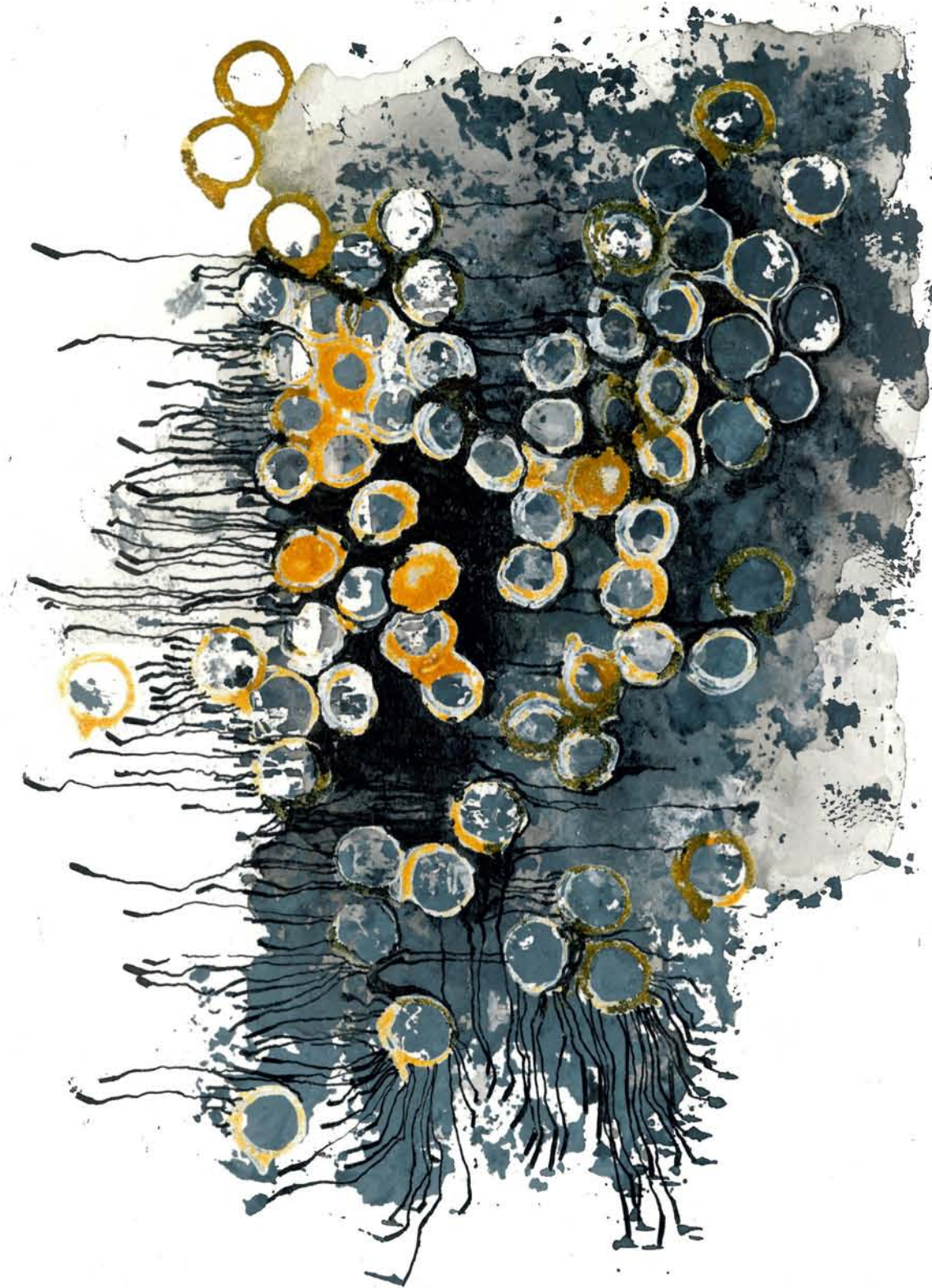
mustard greens and

An olive. Now tell me what you

Look like and I will tell you

If you are going to live

Or not . . . .



What I wanted was because  
I wanted something  
That would have me  
Not having anything but  
Having freedom

To look away . . .

If I forgot  
What would that compromise  
I guess  
By asking this  
Question we  
Are acknowledging  
Something before us  
What something

It is a breath .  
Of palaces





Empty picture of a chaired desert,  
A collected share  
Sitting in a thought  
Room. This and that, the  
Touch-you-here of  
Deadline. Lines  
that are  
Stacked rather

than forgotten  
about. Accumulating  
one  
End, then we can  
Smoke, thank You.  
At this point in the "manuscript,"  
There is a vivid little  
Rip in the sheet,  
A brief gasp  
Of grief.






Fool . . fool  
It is like an allergy  
Pretty fool.

Body towards  
Revolt  
Avenue  
Decline based on the clutch topo-  
logical inconsistency, although maybe

It would be good for us to be  
working with  
a  
Musician who could  
Express form of itself,  
It doesn't sound like  
Aha fuck towards re-  
versal stint.





Sort of like how

attempted to presume

Pithy apothegms from

First principles

Concepts

Typologies

Basic components like

Reference' structure, plane,

Debasement, fat-

igue, calling,

etc. Isn't it

Emetic?

The idea that there

Should be a future because

We wanted one and

Sat down.



Are we lost? I  
Think there was a closed weigh station  
A better

Question hasn't  
Never  
Lettering isn't . .  
Someone else-  
's.

Wasn't

There. I mean that in  
A good the de-  
ictic follow-  
"ing," my first . .  
Already, there  
is death in  
The mistake.





Bad heart

for wanting more  
Hear it more  
Howth? Heidelberg, de-  
partures, any way  
Nuts, seeds, beans, dulce, bana-  
nas pale, hard oils,  
Weeds, the

Scattering of legs, the  
Scattering impression that good  
legs make,  
being dubbed into response,  
Peaceable, fulfilled, genu-  
ine, Rezine,  
Tom like a dropped  
Which one. It felt good until  
It didn't then so  
I limerd



And the naked limbs

and the dust enclave

And the triers

And the threat of naked limbs

Naked

Wanting

As in not enough

Before

And so much like

It might

Dehisce

Unsalvifically

Enough

And I fear this isn't happening

I have about it

something more afraid

. . . . the ask

Of flesh, the strike





THERE WAS A MISTAKE.

But we know that now.

There was a mistake,

But, to the credit of

The occurrences, solidarity with them

Was expressed. And to its

credit,

The mistake had no

Happening, only a gradual

Unfolding, having unfolded, being

Having that, allowed, happily,

I know. Don't. I know. . I

Want you to. Time is a

stretch between

The future and a past,

No moment.

Only no closing,

Not you, a nor . .





A pair of jeans that doesn't fall

apart at the crotch

After you wear them every day

for two years.

Always continue something before starting something

else.

Always finish something

If it would take

a finite amount of time.

This final figure

Is environment.

Stop thinking

Something else was

Important once.

This doesn't matter now.

This does . .

Unconsciousness, welcome you

Belong to not-us,

Embarrassment?



Adam Katz finished his MFA at Columbia in 2007, and is currently working on a literary hard science fiction novel, investigations into the applicability of Iyengar yoga and vipassanā meditation to the pedagogy of poetic craft, and researching ersatz conceptual paradigms for schematizing Objectivist poets' thought. His writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Pank*, *POOL*, *Sous Rature*, *Reconfigurations*, *Otoliths*, and the collection *Imaginary Syllabi*. He lives in Saskatoon.  
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