

Sean Neville

The Broken Book

Assorted uplifts to the little beings of the brotherlies
in the fiefdom of spaces where holes aim at the body.
Their name is asserted by average optic charms through the book of the stranger
and as if to unconfirm original violence as what the child once was.
Your captured thinking practices stretch along your coast.
The eon of sponges brains me to roll unsteadily,
to roll in the gate therefore and dilate on the distant structure
of rocks shared by lives. I am one of them.
Dark-curved nerves wake upward to the loss
of the totality advertised by necessary rolling.
The things reject my identity tomorrow and signage
is offered to love the avenger. Love cookies grow in my gut.
A fill of words diminishing what they pertain to:
cold ministerings stretching from the foggy planet.
I saw the movie in which the dancer swallowed my name exactly.
Be: hookworm gesture taught in the school of saying.
Sufferers search in the book's airy spaces for relief from the hole,
the site of language and catastrophe. Laughters, roll with me down
through grains of space to a hand-held display of joy, maximized by streets.
Some are named. Some are a spout of that being we casually abuse
as if the supply of kittens were infinite. The truth
wants to become a lie that will feed the outward-flowing folk.
The old German thinkers called this type of life-action space music.
They stripped the world to establish a happiness factory,
to elongate the snappy soul scene as it rolled through frozen time
where frightened birds and fishes dwelled—yes, the home of being.

What I Think About When I'm Not Thinking About Anything

a.

In a basic move

notice how you have accepted my humanity.

Because all the little parts of the identity have to move

along with the other move that takes you into the unnecessary distance.

Because let's agree it's sad without knowing too much what we mean

to let go of all the objects that you refuse to define your statistics.

So we have two pertaining regions that condition distance: the pain space, which is

always there, asking us to be real

and the pleasure space, which is not less realistic for feeling to be rewritten

as the postulated lifeworld. (See precise books.)

Is it necessary to feel?

Or is the spectrum delayed, denied, or diminished?

I want to laugh because is this secretly another question concerning the observer.

b.

The observer stands before the event. Before the event he is always terrified.

But why is he before the event, and why does he have only two small eyes?

He is limited by the possibility of a house.

It is impossible to remember his name or form it on your tongue.

Through his observing the world is being managed.

The place occupied proposes a there though we know there is no there,

though the observer is a shape that disposes of place and however

assumes a place

called Willow or Hot Springs—something like that—where corners are filled

with something possible. I once thought I had visited such a place

in a dependable car.

This is called the human dimension, and at first it doesn't seem like a wave.

And thanks for accepting—even if you want nothing to do with accepting.

Today, Monday, the impossible day that brings the unbidden now,

we know there is no there to be had.

There and here, what did they mean? Because everything is very *caliente*

and very *suave*. Because we have decided not to be, or

rather decided to be what is not here or there.

You're asking silently is that a description of a myth. Sure.

But also of a syndrome that puts the unreal city to sleep.

Through my idea of you you stop being you. That's really disappointing.

And my road movie starts where everything worthless before it came to be is born.

It took a lot of history to get to this point.

The observer accepts the bus as infinite. The I-5 road—

also "Superslab"—plunks down on your obscene tongue.

It will be loved. And it will be abused in the great canyons of being.

c.

Have you had enough of not being me? True, the road is one way
of trying to take possession of the world. The couch
and the TV move at 65 MPH toward some center that may be indescribably social.

And you are still not there, casting glances at the edge of life,
trying to escape one of the great lies. Which is where here
and there step in, making you the observer in a system of pain referral.

That is why I am founding new predicates,
at the point where language says nothing but what it is.

(A rocket out of time is being believed.)

Epidemic facts speak of the day, destroying me with the thought they attract.

Those priceless memories have a certain faculty for death.

So I petition the great thing to consume me, to let me be into it.

Watch then how the bird falls then lifts the universal neighbor.

Hear it shriek through the holes in time.