

Deborah Meadows

from **Crowd-prone**

Nude interior, a sort of cyber-question, not where we bleed. Rise of Caesar given the context, given these analytics. Goes hand-in-hand with behaviorist reduction. Gramsci on government. From libidinal ties to tyrants are these instructions on how one *must* comply. Distressed warlords, expert strength. Not cognate of another's eye. Not underworld vice nor nicknames. Freudian totem plants vertical wood, sacred cows. "Rule us now." Groups that group tightly. Hypnosis made him do it.

Driven into centers of diurnal time. Distortions produced by ideas of industry. Everything happens again and again in Oe's *Silent Cry* until brother emerges from underground. Hairy. We still have much to learn about the sun. Did you assume eroticism retinal or auditory? History, they say, steps onto the stage. A star witness. An act of imagination. A star burns after humans die. The way genetic roots form a weak knowledge. Life, living under falsification. Frame the sublime and keep it short! Levered into memory tissues, digit, planar variation.

I have to start over. Time, all along, its loose stack of twigs consumes us. When others help, we can lift heavy things, invent purpose. Light doesn't lie. No motives, only motors. How did experimental publishers put up with us? Pressed button and out popped camera bulb too hot to the touch. Planet stops out light: means of discovery. Lost notebook. Revise, refer next to nearby branch at window. Disruptor: bird there, not there. World sheds another incident until it runs out. Runs down the throat. So long, we say. So long.

When an artist treats trees in silhouette, do they draw on language of botany or 19<sup>th</sup> century philosophy? Mind your models, call in cameos for quick release from parrot, minaret, Mars, Echo. In your imaginary grid, is interrogation released with completion, or has blue lost its way? Premeditated height, and we look up, still surprised by Kantian destination. Could be another form of star-gazing: find an anchor spot and work out from there.