

Nicholas J.A.

From *(In)directives*

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What follows is not what must follow.

What follows is *a posteriori*: involving the deduction of theories from facts*, or developed on a basis of languages which already exist**.

“They struggle now on even terms, each having spent his spear.”

You took the plate of food I threw and threw it back, to the backseat and I cleaned it.

“Death snatched the palm of victory from both claimants.”

But we are now just far away, living impartially, if not infrequently.

Symmetry is the sincerest form of flattery.

Effacement of distinctions: our fingers match.

I took your name to convey identity, experience, attention, possibility.

* Logic.

** Linguistics (of a constructed language).

~

You chuckled at his botched soliloquy.

If it barely leaves, it barely comes back.

The letters I sent* to Livingston.

Will you ask the impossible of me?

The author of reality. The author of days.

A bottle of rosé for the drive.

Remained unread.

“His speech (his lean, unlovely English) is always turned elsewhere, backward.”

How to view this life’s work** before it is finished.

You held me the day I left you.

**epistello*: “I send”, but also, “I mandate, order, arrest”.

** “I ‘worked’ this morning, but you know what I mean by that: mourning—for me, for us in me.” Jacques Derrida, *The Post Card*.

~

Tell me that this love story ends with an accordion.

Tell me that that wasn't blood* on the towel.

Tell me there is ice.

Tell me that it is frankincense.

Tell me that you will pay me for the work** I've done.

Tell me that I'm not missing something.

Tell me that you will tell me if there is any more I can do.

Tell me that I'm still here.

Tell me that the saints will go marching.

Tell me you love me.

* "Whatsoever soul it be that eateth any manner of blood, even that soul shall be cut off from his people.
Leviticus 7:27

** "The work bears with it that referential totality within which the equipment is encountered." Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*.

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Do you ever think about having a child?

Do you ever think about breaking down little bits of animal in your stomach?

Do you ever think about the eschatological situation of your vessel?

Do you ever think about the question as a rubric?

Do you ever think about the question as a positing?

Do you ever think about the question as its own dimension and thus its own death?

Do you ever think about the question as its own interrogation?

Do you ever think about the always-already?

Do you ever think about how mortality is a kind of identity?

~

An island is birthed from the residue of a fallen continent.

Relative to the shape of a face, your letter is eared inopportunately.

A sunken something draws the cortex inward.

An unsightly garden contradicts itself.

How many times will I shove your letters into the ground before they are hyacinths*?

The garden is an island.

Accidental over-stimulation is problematic.

Bad weather.

* Death by projectile.