

David Wyman

Violet Ideologies

"You can't be suspicious of a tree, or accuse a bird or a squirrel of subversion or challenge the ideology of a violet." Hal Borland

Let the poem as poems do talk about itself. Not what or how but that. Resist a category of invented words chronologically culled by the poet himself daubed in red ochre & rescued from syntax cradle and all.

Warts appear then disappear spontaneously. I said I'm 'partly Dave' too, a beast that wants discourse.

Anarchists! Question the flushing portrayal of people as skinny beautiful wicked sexy frequently with such dexterity! I dreamt this cruise was all-inclusive, that my dreams are all-inclusive, beyond the picturesque representation of 'the glorification of randomly common household objects.'

White leopard for avatar, active suitor. Later, cuttlefish for breakfast, peacock sightings in Cancun and the commercial being an image of the sun's magnetic field. (But I get the feeling I've copied this before.) Light, illuminate, enlighten

finagles its own trope. But every bad movie ends, Katarina. Blogging is a great way to soothe your mind. Tomorrow's sunlight gleams on white semantic fields. I try and break out of the funk I'm in but Frank says, 'it has become our imagination, it has *become* our power to envision...' By

the time they were both done running he gives the image and can see his feet burning and he said the color red, said save me the hectoring!

Hegemony Of English

'Money is speech' SCOTUS

What the hegemony of English sounds like, according to one COO, 'ad load will play a less significant factor driving revenue going forward.' That to stimulate meaning/value— as it could provide the color for how one sees the world (Whorf). Where in translation, risky as it is, the soft parts may be gutted out like with oysters. In a vision I keep seeing stars falling from the sky and people running— protests, unrest, stress in the population— the sign of infinity (not sure what it means) fires, more images of drought, no snow where there should be snow— a caterpillar dissolving into liquid as the unraveling of the old system. It's like, every day, you can't believe this is happening, where 'neo-liberal oligarchs get to keep raking in the cash with their ecocidal war-mongering exploitation.' Here it also means a spiritualized process, one we internalize that makes us who we are not just manufacturing things we can sell. But then we are more interested in the performance than in whether it's true, aren't we, it says as a printer's devil crosses the half-lit stage, muttering. It's never quite possible to hear what he's saying but he's the key. He knows something. But someone pulls his beard, flicks his face— OK so where does this go? He knows something. Shit yeah, he knows we're doomed. So

what are we going to save on next?
It's true we share a common
corporate language
which is, after all, what we have
to close a deal. But our words still
slide along edges and disappear
like notes, scooped up in that vacancy
of air, its eddies moving
almost at right angles to us. Pinker
cites 'an ingenuous study on
the mental life of infants,' suggests
a comparison to monkeys but
for the moment, we're stuck
in a whirling phonological loop, our
prisonhouse, the austere
limits of an austere world. And in that
shadowed against a burning sky
a flea. Tremble at the voice
heralding us in our
international language, fluent
and deterministic,
a cacophony—all of that species
'grinning and snatching...' its sound
like coins crashing—Blake's Hell
is a verbal possibility too, an unstable
isotope, elusive as an unmarked grave.

Euphoria Script

How to sum it up then, their candid jabber,
the glass changing every time you look at it,
those objects we dreamt of

made of ivory, marble and rare woods accessible
only to the rich. The play of ideas - otherwise known
as inspiration - is one of the amazing things

about working with others, rising
in colorful creation for a new dance of awakening... So—
Take a million selfies. Look relatable. Is it because I *am*

a public person, a conceit, a bit of left-hand English?
Fleeting yet held onto as a fiction, I said I am this weather.
Scripted lives caught on tape making a zigzag for the exit—

dark backward, blend and clash, fallin' down like hail,
yet I have crossed safely over
via platitudes or prophecies exerting my hands and feet.

Ignoring trolls is always the best way to go, unless
you're going to pull a Steve Nash. We always encourage that.
Find strength within you and be kind to yourself.

We are here to serve a population from real
to imagined that can seem ungrateful.
—Tired of owning junk? Insert trendy electronica here.

O, I might harp on trivial issues but nowadays
I try to stay as positive as possible,
I want the haters to know my life is fantastic.

(Still why do I dream *this*, that I'm not welcome in the house?)
Yeah, I understand some of its meaning even
if I know there can be many meanings in this prophecy,

'a paradigmatic figuration, as in the force
of the composition is paradigmatic of strategies
of inter-disciplinary reading,' generally, like

the temporary value a poem provides, the ability to just
walk around (outside) and let the breeze kind of rush over,
a buoyancy in old age, like a kind of design.

Talking To Myself On My Birthday

Who is speaking in this way? R Barthes

In the end it makes you spectral, diffident and cool.
However the ruling astrological planet for this particular day
is Mercury.

Blank pages indicate a return to mindfulness.
The imaginary mark (or marks) acting as a guide.
Its exteriority lit only here and there by Christmas lights.
Next a diminishing figurine ambling along a shoreline not
focused on anything. Gulls coming into view and
the blue of the planet as seen from space...

The great turning begins in earnest.
We are working toward providing enough
connectivity next week to satisfy
taking away the occasion for speaking,
the voice. The effect is real but
the photo only captures water, ionized air.

The blue of the planet as seen from space fading, days
the color of factory brick
but no windows no doors. It's useless to look
for an exit, beyond filtered perceptions or the sense
of having seen it on TV, to a place somehow
miraculously freed from commercial development,

its bright horizon extending infinitely like the soul—
its big-screen adaptation 'glossy, well cast and a consistent hoot.'
Toast sesame seeds in coconut oil over medium heat.
Check less interest in things you used to enjoy.

Landscape is temporary too. They said, it seemed hip
in the sixties, a state of pure exchange—mill to
mall and gun for fun. Into which you fall continually
disappearing, at last becoming spectral. Like de Vere.

A Guest Of The Internationales

In a dream called *A Guest of the Internationales*
my ideal house appears
on a green hillside
on an island. It's white
eco-friendly brimming
with natural light—
but when I go out in the world
everything
presents itself at once, everything
is displayed
as if it were all on sale. Turns out

materialism restores
dignity

and

intellectual
integrity with

easy-to-perform (sublime)
mysteries

though

it can take the form
of a spiritual
consumerism
tailored
to one's own unhealthy
individualism

in a false autonomy. So
if we really are out to monetize
the revolution, to move away
from familiar safe texts
toward innovative
writing, a critical and exploratory
poetics driven
by
the innovation that marks private
enterprise, then—what? Partially

dissolved, exhausted—but
doesn't all text feel
manipulated? In a lucid dream we
could redirect
the action; today we're moved along
along wide interstellar
intervals, proper
nouns.

Invisible like the silent *b*
in debt, it begins sleep or trance...
as a time comes to sweep away

the dust, the individual
granules of crushed stone
that make up the moments

of our attention. Till it strays
off target again, like
nineteenth century prose.