

Café Annika

To the process of rescue belongs the firm, seemingly brutal grasp.

— Walter Benjamin

The angel resembles everything from which I have had to part: the people, and especially the things. He dwells in the things I no longer possess. He makes them transparent, and behind each of them appears the figure of the person for whom they are intended.

— Walter Benjamin

Café Annika // collaborative poems

(for our friend Rin)

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Riderless warhorse roast

A.R.

laughing
in Hell
on his
way up

laughing
in Hell
his way
up

(preceding
course, Rose &
Mary and their brother
Alice)

Not God but God's memory (of us), turning into our future selves (of linden!). Is catastrophe the brass chime you hanged before the storm in your door, or is it more of a numbers game you play with yourself, me, and the French poets of the number 2.39. How will we remember God if the island is gone? How does it keep going away into the dust the Springtime warhorse kicks up as He gallops through the roasting palaces we thought were memories? Dust while I wake up in your arms, Dust inside the horse's heart while it remembers us, while we slow-climb prairies into delicately knotted prairie. Two thousand & thirty-nine apocalypses: DVDs turning in all of them until the banal end, until we precede memory. At last I count my fingers with wild horses. At last the city can plant fireworks inside every other way we declare the refrain, "it's so magical" into each others' hearts: Rice. A burnt-umber wind blowing rice around. A yield, perpetually kicking up colors. Purple, Magellan-Green, and this is how we came back: Pastels. And this is how we returned, pastels dissolved in water bottles, pastel wolves showing us how to hunt and how to forget hunting. Two. Ready? Three. Nine. Bare your fangs in the wind. Like that. Hold on...

We precede memory. Hold I count my fingers with wild horses. At last the city can plant fireworks inside every other way we declare the refrain, "it's so magical" into each others' hearts: Rice. A burnt-umber wind blowing rice around. A yield, perpetually kicking up colors. Purple, Magellan-Green, and this is how we came back: Pastels. And this is how we returned, pastels dissolved in water bottles, pastel wolves showing us how to hunt and how to forget hunting. Two. Ready? Three. Nine. Bare your fangs in the wind. Like that. Hold on...

cold red coral

empire

cold red coral

empire

Perseus

unified

desert-green

desert-green

I was there of course.
I was there, digging.



empire

I was there of course
I was there, digging

The auto-roast

The nothing that was ours & ours alone, on the beach, together, letting the weather count itself in. Remember? Battleground. Magonia was a lecture both of us skipped. We stayed up the night before, all night, with nothing, drinking coffee like nothing, thinking about "the lecture we can't skip," loading cannons into the edge of the known world: nothing. I want to read Márquez, in bed, with you. So slowly the world changes. I want a white flag beneath my shirt while I learn about numbers, setting myself right between you -- the empty set. Stop crying! I'll show you the superpower of nothing: Eighteen black mares rushing through Lithuania turn to sunlight: all the black keys on your guitar fuck me up! Listen -- inside the empty set, there was more than black horses, sunlight, beautiful beautiful weather. There was. A fountain. Where we. Were. The fullest set rye-bound said "I can't take it" then boarded a cargo-ship to Louisiana, Lithuania. So don't tell me about amber anything anymore... If you still can, close your eyes and think softly about a warm amber (not amber!) pond, where we are already here. (*Si tu étais dans l'ombre, je serais déjà chez toi.*) Ok. I stopped crying. I stopped having fallen in love with you. In the umber I ambered. I crossed the pond using water above me, I sat down flat-on-my-rusty-umber-head-now. Didn't help. Still thinking of what kind of nothing we are missing. Drive. Drive. I'm driving. He's driving. I wish you could see this fucking sunset. Rivers south of ice. Chamber music in a shrinking room, the tap running all over us. Didn't not help. Didn't not drive -- the river -- into the car. It's not God but it's still nice yeah? (yeah), you can still move my ... me. Still not God. I'm starting to think we're here to sit back and smile unabashedly. It's like magnetic west over here... I picked up smoking from Judas' twin sister. Is this getting too religious? Dear God, where is the God of love. Why is candle-smoke pouring out of the cabinet where I hid you, not you but the unified field of you driving my bent legs into hot-sweaty religion. Dear religion, I think it was a history lecture we missed. Oh well. I'm on one of those black mares now. Iron Swords. A Hyacinth, laughing. Fields of... pear trees turning into static? Magnolias... Just-t su.. n.. li.. g h t

not salvation but still nice

Healthy choice roast

Five more minutes. Don't look down, don't put your
hands out in front of you, keep them along my
back, meet me there. My back. My minutes.
The brutal green field! It's covered
with snow? We'll paint it black &
green as I pick up speed and
you call out into the world-of-motion. The
rye is getting blown up through the clouds. The
steam is coming together over us. The soul of
wheat isn't wheat. My heart was pouring.
I knew because I could see you feel it.
I could see your shirt moving... the stars.

The first page of the giant Snow Novel (roast)
(for Roberto Bolaño)

(The shapes of the letters... of your poem. I haven't read it yet. I just rewrote it. The letters in your handwriting. Your hand shaking and speaking-acting on the world. I just re-wrote it.) Hello, prairies of tiger-grass, hello. The sky-of-your-prairiness is spreading over me, as I bathe. The softly purple light-of-that-sky, is singing me to there, as I bathe. If we disappeared, language would bring us back. Your poems would bring us back, all fuzzy like tiger-ghost-prairies that we don't know how to spell. It's ok. Just use the letters that will lose enough light. Just enough. Just enough for us to write the Snow Novel... which I think is reaching towards prayer-as-naming. Whenever you write is time-without-writing, like wings braiding themselves into the bookshelf, the bed, the postcards-stuck-to-the-ceiling, the geometry of the walls, the old blankets from Beijing. Can't you feel it all calling out to fly? And it does, it flies, it snows, until the postcards flip away your heart. The Snow Novel grows wheels but there's no door. It drives itself through my bathroom like a ghost in love with bathwater, with being-unforgivably-changed. Remember those shapes? They were letters as well. You could have read it twice. You could have stopped time to look at me, eating the string lights like they're all absolutely one. Shapes-of-letters, letters, form, the perfect immaterial. The myth of actuality, riding alongside me through miles of pine trees, laughing as the sun rises right fucking before our eyes...

That beige shirt hanging on your door is composed of fibers (roast)

Why is it that you've suddenly filled up my heart? It was covered with forests, scaly fish. The terrace floor, an entire winter day. Now it's full and covered with forests, scaly fish. There's rain coming down that makes a noise like sweat evaporating off your belly, in summer. There's a full photograph of us, somewhere, we just have to find it. A core. A thing irradiating experiences like red and yellow animals pouncing out of a hole, a set of terms. (When we were children you cut up the apple and ate only the core. Later, the vase fell from the table. The arm broke.) The things that we know exist, that we are *sure* the other knows exists, we can call them terms. We can use them to build words, new ones. We can hang upside-down from trees and that doesn't make the trees upside-down as well. (Dark purple yams. The ones my mother started growing at 40. They exist. Or we think they do. When I turn on the tap, when I fuck up the kitchen tiles, that doesn't fuck them up as well.) There are wondering things, too, around us that we didn't know anything about. They're like huge bells towering over a river. We didn't call them anything. They can't be called because they're inextricable with the world. They're ringing. I don't know how they relate to us, how they can touch us. But, I think I can feel your heart. It feels like sheets. It feels like it's not beating, I'm sure it feels like it's not beating, though I know it is. I think I should call it something, maybe "not-beating," maybe "your-heart." Either way I like to open my mouth, let the curtain slip through the window, it's raining again. I believe in you again. Not that I believe in you, but I think, no I'm sure of it, that you believe in yourself like a minyan of Jews swaying back and forth, no it's more like shimmering, and maybe I should read the English. I don't know where you are here, I don't know where you are when I'm with him, I don't dare look at the ceiling. One day someone will fall through. My hands are stretched out so I'll catch him, whatever he is, whatever you drill through the floors to hand to me. Not

everything we do is irreversible. Some things we do are reversible, I think those are the most beautiful when I remember them. All of our motions! All of the motions our hairs make and when we flash our green eyes in the green sky East or West, all of it all of it. They all interact somehow. They all follow each other like being surrounded by a school of fish, bigger than the moon. I think those kinds of things can add up to time, something irreversible even though every little piece we can take back, so we do. And the taking back pieces us apart. It turns the walls purple. Why are they purple? The old black car drives

us backwards through the classrooms, the canyons, your first love's cabinet. Things keep falling into order. Now the walls are black. Now we're 15. Now everything is tied together with red threads, even the moon, even the pieces of the glass jar you break against the wall, every little piece. Now I'm tying a blue bowtie, and you're putting, the beige coat that was hanging over your door, you're putting it over me. I'm filling up my pockets with your truth. What. What do you say. Let's start over, with new wonderings. Let's explore the whole fucking world, and reformulate it all in our own image! Hey! Look up! This is big! We can definitely do this! This whole fucking God! We can turn it all towards God! Why did we keep talking about happiness. We have never been unhappy. The sky keeps changing color. The red threads, if we trace them back to their source, we get where we are now. The terrace. The winter. Your beige coat, draped over the plant. The radio on. The heat on. Us, sweating.

Ending, longing, ending again, roasting (roast)
(for O)

Confrontation, at the end. Being saved, at the end.
 A wide, open field, mustard green. Us... writing poetry
 in it? Us, writing cold water. Writing halos
 on our own bodies. It doesn't have to be us.
 If anyone wrote this poem we would fly through
 their room. Their tiles, sticky with orange
 blossom honey, all poemed up.... Their white
 ropes (hold this) tying them to the Soft Materials. Rain,
 warm snow, huge (hold this) praying hands. It's like we
 took the life-dreams of all the crooning ducks on that
 lake, theory-of-colors-ed them into all these (hold these) life-dream-feathers,
 and wore them like crowns. What happened to the
 honey? Oh. The bottle fell from my hands so I could
 hold the rope, hold the praying hands. Now,
 honey is all over my legs, all over the floor. If
 I fell asleep who would turn off the lights and then
 turn off the dark. There's honey in every
 self-knot on the rope. I didn't lose
 it all. I only lost my gaze-onto-terror of it all. I only
 lost my driving-like-the-first-maverick-of-daisies of
 it all. I want to reach out, just reach out, into the
 light-yellow breath of routine and pull you out of it. Your
 wide open arms (like the field), your simultaneity-with-me,
 your belly full of images, like a panther. There's a
 way I know I can do it, I just need the spirit of calling-
 out to call out. I just need the spirit of flying to fly:
 Well, if flying doesn't change the ground, I will.
 Well if spirit doesn't rearrange the soul, its columns, I will.
 "Well, if knowing the future doesn't change
 the past, I'll just have to forget both."

Dismembering the present to fulfill the past (roast)

You told me that the past is remembering, saturated completely with the act of remembering. The past has panther's eyes. Filling the world with our myths until we can finally be alone.

Now we're alone. Now
 we're inside my parents' car and you have to
 drive it in reverse to leave something behind.
 Rushing, languid sea-fields. Scallops flying
 in & out of your mouth (of joy, of never
 even wonder, just... just chew....) What if
 we don't have the pulse-of-the-image Heart-kind-of-
 heart? Can we sit here eating bialies and coffee and
 just let our lives dismember themselves... not for
 new hunting grounds, not for more scallops, but for love?
 Maybe for participation-in-Time. Like reverse-Messianism.
 Like a grave in a photograph that we fold
 to slip into my pocket. Messianism... like it's
 the time that remains so time can come to an end.
 Memory... like it's 50 little scallops spinning
 on your shoulders until I'm so dizzy I
 dis-re-member the numbers we needed:
 8724... 1969... 4001... Here... let me dismantle
 your memories. I need your hardest one, so I can
 throw it through all the others. Like a maverick-of-
 memory. Like a... punch thrown through your heart with
 its eyes wide open. The punch-Messiah, the punch so
 fast that it comes from the end. Make this tiger
 kill me. All of me. Make this tiger punch
 the punches raining down through my
 up-heart. Can I end this poem? What
 will we do after this poem ends?
 Ask me after this poem ends.

*This is the part we'll have to understand when all we have is the floor and the hills to fall on. (the second
roast 1.)
(for R)*

Green sandy hills. A tablespoon of star-materials, crushing them
like fur in my hair. Unbelievable canyons. Our RV flooded with light. Rin

is still holding the thing we found. In the brier. It filled us with wonder. Is it an angel?
I wasn't alive like that but you wanted us to be. The leaves, dripping up. The radio channel,

unbelievably on and cold. Rin wants us to throw knives at him until he prairies, until
we know the whole world is safe. Ferocity, oneness, loneliness. Hugging at the old mill,

until we see each other, ice in our mouths. Dear Ferocity, carry-me-home without even guiding
me. What is it, what is it all? The cold, shining lake is burning off. Breaking. Us riding

fierce like two bolts of steel heaven. Naming the trees. Adam, twice, for these fields
of burnt olive. Dear Oneness, we can pass through the trees. We can wash our hair with mercury,
wield

our swords... like swords! Galloping, and cutting. I want to watch rain seeping into the edge of the
world, with you

spinning on my back. Dear Loneliness, we're marble together. We're orange groves. Little pews

in the snow. So fast that all the names start to fly off. We're bathing in its beforeimage
without violence or memory to run from. We're bathing without water. We're magic-kitsch

because we have nothing. Let's ride between pews on little hammers. We'll never die, again,
because we rode straight thru death in body. We. There's nothing in heaven outside us. Heaven. The
hemoclysm of absolute faith. Iced coffee. Ok. Hold me. Never hold me again.

Roast May Day 1969:

Repetition and Light (exploring repetition and light)

Luray and Alejandra (exploring the necessity and the impossibility of Things which are necessary)

Han|nah and An|na (exploring the symmetries of identity and songs about Washington Square Park)

Everything that happens to light happens to the South
of my life. It's unnatural for the fish to dive this deep, where
light washes off and the rebellion of their silver scales calls out
to tessellation, to water that goes on forever but only over and over.
The water beneath the beach. Is light as well. The water
in my father's glass, deep in tessellation. Is water as well. Light
remaindered me. I was deep in light as well. My scales called for silver. I was
water in light as well.

Everything happens to the South of a computer flower, furiously
spinning at the infinity at the end of America. If I can say this
for the first time, it's so that, later, I can not say this for the first time. If the South
was the river then Han|nah was and was not the wild
grace. You numbered me backwards, sitting me down, you A-
mericaed the edge of the south with me. In the rest: of this poem: we disappoint: fate (twice.)
Fate is a kind of fire which is in time instead of space. Fate is what happens
when you steal yourself away from a wildly graceful fate. Tell me
again how you saw yourself projected onto the infinity at the surface
of the water in your cupped hands.

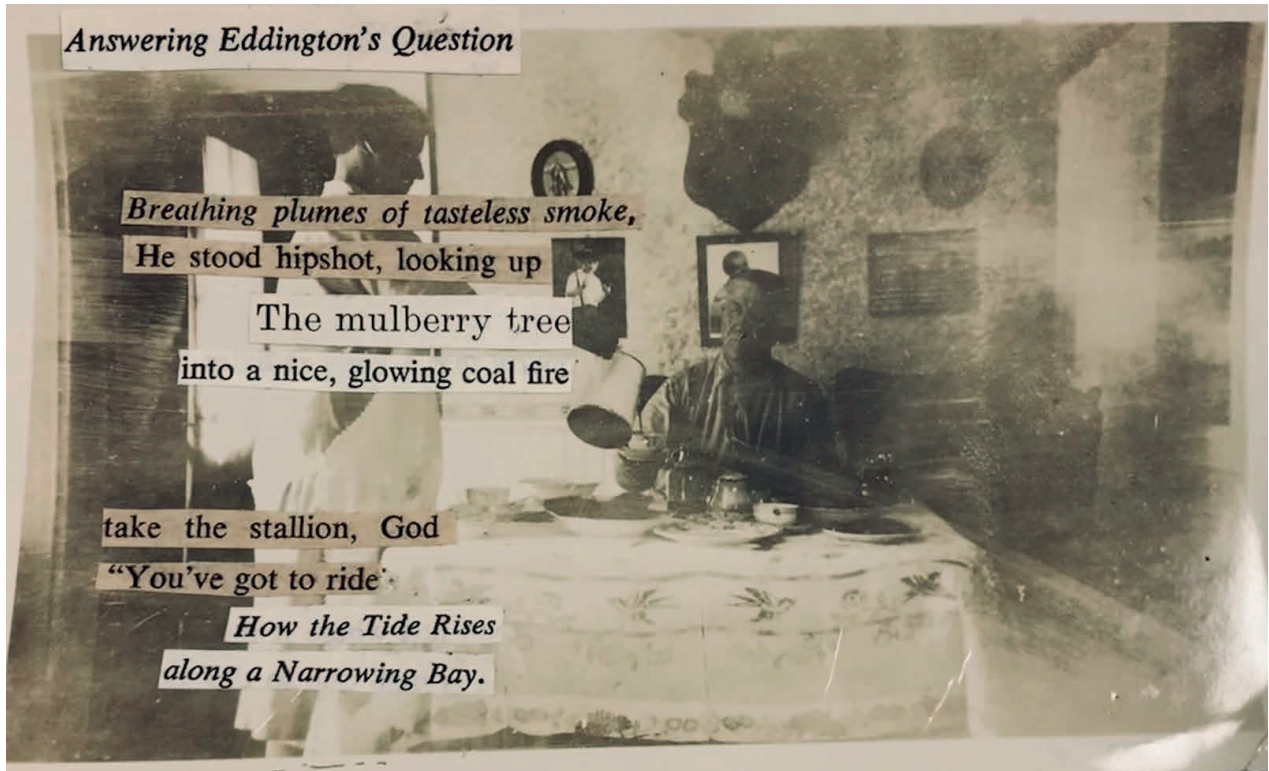
I brought Manet to your cupped hands of the South of my life to ask
him about fate. He said: Monet. I brought Monet to your cupped hands
of the South of my life to ask him about fate and light. He said: An|na. I brought
An|na to the light, to the South, to the surface of the water beneath the surface
of your hands, thinking all along that, after this, there would be no more language
enough for everness.

I'm still in the Hell of Things! There is a Monet
at the other bank of the stream but I can't even crawl to touch it because
it's at the bank of a river on that river's banks! I'm drunk and waiting for the
tide to go down and leave the surface anti-parallel to itself. There's the sound of something I can't see
being loaded onto
a cargo ship and it's spilling out the other side. Monet is shaking hands with Rimbaud
and all I know is that it's good that Rimbaud is
finally telling us to quit it.

If I ask you to hold my head underwater it's because I'm waiting to see
 your face unseeing mine. Rimbaud brought me to the top of the staircase in
 the rain so I told him that only one of us was going to make it out of here
 dead or alive. Sometimes the pictures of my friends on the wall are recipes turned
 inside out but still telling me how to get out of Atlantis with the nuclear
 camera strapped to the coldness of my chest. FOLLOW ME OUT OF HERE —> NEITHER DEAD
 —> NOR ALIVE —> BUT SOMEWHERE
 INSIDE A PROOF OF THE FINITENESS OF THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US (LINES 54
 AND 55) AND THE INFINITY OF THE ONLY LINE THAT TRAVERSES THAT
 DISTANCE so tell me are you still to the South of me or have you moved
 North. That's where we can turn God into an angel. That's
 where we can make a heart, a face too deeped
 into gentleness to watch you blink beneath the blankets on the turf
 banks at night. This,
 however,
 is where the principle
 of impossibility comes into play again: I wanted you
 by my side at the end of reading. Distance is impossible while I want you
 at the end of reading, which is not the end of the heart we make but is also
 not impossible.

Everything holding onto my hands as I cross back into the South
 is twofold. They miss, like children who are beginning to recognize
 that time can't go over time, and they hold back
 things that miss each other into a delta. They return me to
 everything holding my hands.

Collage roast 1



Answering Eddington's Question

Breathing plumes of tasteless smoke,

He stood hipshot, looking up

The mulberry tree
into a nice, glowing coal fire

take the stallion, God

"You've got to ride"

How the Tide Rises

along a Narrowing Bay.

Collage roast 2

At the close of the festival
she winds a cocoon.



We turn now to the light.

Collage roast 3



Riding away... roast...

Five shimmering canyons? Now there's only six.
 It feels like the world is growing out of
 the world. I really... have never rode away. I've been
 there. I've been there, singing. I've been there, reading
 your poetry. And then the dream where I forget
 how to read, one word at a time. Oh. I'm in
 my bedroom & the sheets are gone. The bed is swaying.
 It's like... someone rode through here to leave little
 persimmons behind. I'm throwing... you off the
 balcony, as we write the third poem. Turns out,
 we'll never have to finish it, but we do. That's
 why I'm throwing you... why you're flying... why
 the poem flies after me to catch you. Who
 will pick us up? I'm hiding in the freezer
 while you turn into light, into everything you
 want except it's seen from the perspective
 of light (& the curtains are white, so white
 it's summer again.)

II.

The bridge... we're dropping tea leaves off the bridge
 and laughing. Why are we here? Like, here here I mean.
 It has something to do with the pure
 wings of a story, ya know? It would make the
 water fold us back into selves we never were, hair
 so wet we don't know which of us is underwater and which
 will live forever. Like... really forever, ya know? I hid
 everything — the old pears, the mirrors, the sound so
 that now you can hear me. You can hear me empty the world for you.

Smoky symmetry roast

In September we stood naked in
 the desert
 challenging ourselves
 to say something
 we didn't already
 know about
 ourselves: because there
 was a pool, we
 carried a candle
 across it. Are we dead
 or are those Nijinsky's footsteps
 on the needles on
 our backs. Subtle green
 smokiness, internal
 reflection of
 a single bluejay nest inside a
 drainage
 pipe
 emptying the sweat we kept in each other's
 clothes
 into a silvery-green
 oasis in the Gobi Desert:

[x]

a room where the tablecloth
 catches fire because
 it's made of memory.

the real Gobi Desert.

The mannequin of

steam, the velvet icon of impossibility, of exploding wings tumbling into a
 river by our feet,
 of a fiery rope
 tied to my left and your right

but,

I was wrong: it
wasn't a rope. It was our
oasis in the Gobi Desert:

Brought to God roast (instantaneous prayer for what unfolds in time)

now LA LA pretty pretty now “what it’s like to die in a tent” on a full moon. Trembling. Full. Two rivers, two objects — just counting down until “LA” and a fullest changes itself into my least dress, silk & white mulch. What it’s like to die, how that has nothing to do with not dying. All of my mirrors, packed in honey, in coal, in an expanding suitcase. “Oh. The fountain moved, again.” Oh

how desire swiftly undoes itself from the knotted scaffolds down Lexington Avenue. How desire hums underneath rhythm in a ceiling fan rocking like a boat. Persephone is putting herself together, with us under the loud light light

of no longer not. Light of “come here while I leave.” St. Sebastian of the falling swords. St. John of the sandy cross. Two — & how the number never divides. Hi I’m in a car crash on Lexington Avenue. No. Not that one. Come, anywhere,

with marjoram, while I run my fingers through mud and marjoram for the last time again. I meant it, LA. Pretending Chang’e is holding my shoulders unrepentantly. She doesn’t see me. And. The fast night. The Pureperfect

of the mud spelling names in my hair. I prayed for God to not come & then He came, muddy with next-lightning, with never-not-always-again. She saw me. She broke my shoulders. She set sail with the oar of her back. Green

green sad eyes discharging energy like huge hazelnuts. Crashing his arms over his head. Dipping his head into the ritual-water. Looking into Ithaca pretending it’s South not North where you’re looking up. Laughing-down

in a bow of lightbulbs (we don’t know if they work!) At the laundromat I wanted to be killed by horses, linked by a system of pulleys. “If you tug on this wire I will keep you awake on a tightrope.” Whatever it takes, I

will find you. For now Aprilaugust has me flat on my back staring into the moonlight coming here through the tea-tree leaves. Driving. Caffeine. I’m dying in a car crash. Hipshot. Horseback. On your count, LA. Trying to cry.

Trying to number every cry with a heartbeat. St. Sebastian, pears are falling through the bed, which means: you’ll remember me, moss-blasted, barely breathing. LA. I’m at a loss of cities. Camphor. Pomegranate. Mercurochrome.

Gelatinonlyness. Now I’m standing on this street watching myself appear in a darkroom playing chocolate-seltzer hide-and-peek, LA, but nothing’s coming up. There’s a sword. There’s Nothing. Nightlife, it’s Nothing. Don’t demigod. Demi-

bringing-to-God. Ok. I’m ready for memory. I’m ready to build a raft to carry me across this raft I’m on. I’m in. I’m dying in a car-crash (not that one.) I’m a sword. I’m the “there” or the “Nothing.” I’m grieving the two halves of God

in the trunk barrelling down in the dead-weather. He's tied up passing through the wasteland with me.
 LA, pretty with a shotgun so I can breathe. Everything I want is coming and He's moving in,
 over the waters, everywhere. Wasting
 the dark. Will I ever be this old again. I bought a baseball bat, a Mongolian vase, a nation of umber
 flowers to feed God. Look. Venus in a submarine. Look. Desire lighting us up in shadows,
 dark green, bituminous color. Welcome to the proscenium unbearably
 hiding life. Dancing myself into a light-and-shadow writing myself down under the plumes of lilyblack
 ink-smoke. Artist artist father father it's a way to go to sleep, like a car-crash under a mulberry
 tree. (Faith, looking for itself. Faith-looking for itself.) Turning to the first glimpse of the Sun
 in a field of wheat. I'm tired. We both are. "We," meaning "Albertine & God." "Albertine," meaning
 "I fell asleep in a car crash." Without you, at least I could learn to live so you couldn't catch
 me. Please, LA, don't read the last line of this poem:

Your room stopped breathing fourteen minutes ago, Time cuts your hair and the Queen is alive
 because Joan of Arc loves what you're doing to God. Oh yeah! In a single look it's IT'S
 ABOUT LOOKING UP up to you singing silently in the zucchini-flower garden about God.
 Will we ever want to stop doing to God Every Thing we do. Every Time we're now.

ROAST 1. (the first roast 1.)

All I have is this big jar so I think I might throw it at you. Watch out. If it hits you it'll hurt but it doesn't have to hit you. That's why I'm calling you back. The only thing that'll hurt... is the speed of the jar. The only thing that's gonna really fucking hurt is the speed itself, how it's gonna press down on the sky. That's the trick. That's the myth of the trick. That's why we have to wake up, go faster, go again. Everything at once. Like I said. the jar, like a forest. The phone calls, like the most beautiful table of my life. Like I said, the myth of the jar is gonna keep turning back, to look at us, un-silencing... the rights of man. The right to look into your eyes and pray, the right to look into your sad green eyes and feel silence rushing through our faces. Like the jar. Like the speed of the jar becoming silence, tiger-silence-style. If I told you the jar were filled with leaves would you believe me? Either we know each other now or we don't but we will. If the jar breaks do you stay whole or do I. I think I want more rights, human rights, enough to keep me up at night, enough so I could live inside the tiger a tiger loves. That fast? Yeah. That vicious? Maybe. There's a big silent star, somewhere, light-years away, waiting, in an obnoxious kind of way,

for us to forgive it. There's a pouncing-unto-death happening, in a way that everyone else thinks it's prayer... but you and I know it's just miraculous action. The kind of action that keeps us up at night, in its world, in its silent world where we know everything. The jar is... the right-to-exist-in-silence-just-like-us-in-that-world-where-the-jar-breaks. Hey, stay still. Everyone is swaying. If you stay still you'll feel like everyone, at once, swaying. How much forgiving do you have. I think I have more. there's a window in my arm. Don't knock me through. That was the second time. What about the fifth. It's like an octave inside an hour. It's like newsreel tigers that love nothing but life, like a blank flag, music of encounter, chocolate in a hot

room. Close your eyes to see me better. I'm going to replace the jar with a tiger. I'm still throwing it at you. You still know how much I love you. You still don't understand those dreams you have about rye and lightning. There's one in particular, where the hills skip like little rams and we sprint through all the rivers like tigers, dreaming about sprinting through rivers. That one. Do you know what that means? The hills are your lives. The rivers are your legs, wrapped around me. The rams... are all of the things you never had the courage to believe in. That's where the rye-lightning comes in. Right through the barrel of the ram's fucking shotgun horns. Right into your dream. That's where I come in. That's where I come down on all the fields like silence, but faster. That's where I come down on the surface-of-the-silence-of-water, like silent-forgiveness, but faster. That's how the jar gets thrown. I still don't get it, do I? I have to throw the jar. In the story there were two deep-sea divers and neither of them knows how to sink, really sink, really just fucking lose it and fall through the shotgun, through the ram being born, through the dream in faucets, through the sea getting made by forgiveness, the kind I threw off the balcony to wrestle with you. That's it. That's how I'll save your life. That's how the memory grows.

French roast #2

Smoky day.

We skirted through the rain
and held coffee. I really
want to lie on the ground!

But it's still raining. Smoky lime
disquiet. To be traced.

Trodden by the rain
in this morning, a lily lay lain
while we passed it quickly,
and talked about poetry.

REGARDLESS. ALLTIME.

Memory is forgetting's lining (roast)
(for Chris Marker's Sans Soleil)

Dark purple trees lining the highway. Sitting underneath a giant Christmas tree across from a fire station. Throwing smooth stones into Oyster Bay, wondering if we're cracking open any last oysters down there... Now really let memory coat you. Coat, olive-green. Oyster, splitting open from a divine bolt-of-love-bolting-from-the-surface. Colored lights, raining, red. Okay. We've got memory all down-pat. Now let's take this poem for a ride....

It takes us so close to the ground we can stand up with our hands, every finger on a dimension of time.
 Now let memory cost us. At first it looks like there's oysters falling from the ceiling but the memory keeps texting you that it's ash. Oysters don't.

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epresent every spatial dimension, but they're all getting into a car I'm

Here's how this ride gets rockier: I begin to tell you my deepest

Card roast 1

and so I dream. I dream of poppies and of entire dream-
earths. I am less than exhaustion. Rocket fuel slicked
masterpieces. It's called "sour, sweet, burning rubber" type genius:
I meant that. Everything I didn't say, I meant to not say it.
Forgetting is one part letting-go-of-you and one part coevolution.

Card roast 2

If you dressed the clouds in my arms could you still exist
or would we have to call you "constellation." 45 seconds in
we immediately separate but know somehow how to call each other
by our best friends' middle names. "Devotion." "Cowboy."

Bones down to our bones, the way we fly, love inside dry ice.

Card roast 3

Banquet hall in quebec. rye fields in your hair
trying to dream you out of existence! Telegraph-kind-of-
inside-of-joy. Was there courage? No but I froze the
way you looked at me inside me. Sails with "sails of the cross"
taped over the hole in the sail to let the wind in.

Card roast 4

Sand. Fields of jade in sea-jade, it's thunders, but softly so
hollow You call it lunar, you call it a grave-horizon of
the world you only want to see, but you exist without
refusing to see it. Refuse my life, cherry tree, cold
following cold into unabashed heat. We tried Riverrun, call Adam Eve.

Talking freely, to a roast

Hey! Dangle me a little. I'll mail you little
 Turkish figs. They have the look of the seas
 on them — wrinkled up with style, you could say. Little
 rosy globes, with Antarctica kissed out. I'm by
 the window again. Everyone is leaving! Hand me
 birch trees, the way you would hand someone you
 love life, the way to go

to sleep in the town of
 Caroline, going through the
 snowy hills, I'm still writing
 about them. I don't know
 why they made such an
 impression on me, maybe

I'll take off my sweater & see snow.
 Just snow, snowy hills, entire cities
 of loose pink snow. Hey! We're
 going to climb out the window.
 Nothing else matters. The V-neck?
 The soap? The cashmere weapon?
 Alright. Alright. Damn it all. Maybe
 I just want to know how it works

how everything comes immediately
 after the last everything but we still
 have to do all this waiting. How
 everything is just infinitesimally close
 to everything else but there's so much
 still to explore, I guess you could say
 you just have to ignore

some-parts-of-everything if you want to
 fly. Some say "fly." I could. I-could-you.

Let's write this poem in the multiplicity of darkness roast.

The gorges
 and the soft blue houses,
 as they assemble things slowly,
 I swim in the flying of the gorges,
 and the soft blue houses.
 I jump through the leaves
 of the desert window, on
 the body of my knees, on
 — *total internal reconfiguration* —
 little black oysters
 tarragon
 a country for Right whales
 — *total soft apocalypse, roasting* —
 as
 something, somewhere, galloping
 as
 southern stars, I'm painting them
 for you as you cry
 as
 maybe we'll just drive to Montana
 and think long and hard about God
 as
 tackling you
 laughing, let's be best friends
 tackling
 every single dog on that road. Green glass
 bottles of coal-water. Tackling everything
 that ends to make it end. A first time. A second
 first time. A third first time. LORD tackle us
 into my hands until I spill over.

Cincinnati Tigers NFL Playoff Glass Tiger Roast (24 - 2)

He pulled the images down already.
 His muscles pulsed with them. Down through his
 eyes, already. His pacing is already underneath
 pacing. Smooth, black fur. The world,
 before him, was... inside of his time.

I orange! I ten-arm! Up they image
 come! Up they fly! Why were we hiding
 under coffee tables in the memory
 of vanilla trees? Oh. We had to. Ok. Well now
 we have to remember each other, what time
 does to the little green plums jammed
 between your toes when I leave time. Right
 when I leave the world dephases.
 I Baklava Tiger! I ten tigers! Watch me,
 the King before Difference, pace. No. Stalk.
 Steady, almost singular.
 When image come, see my tigers stalk
 where I stalk. Watch them countererotically
 before-image & then watch that before re-after...
 It smells... like ice in my mouth.
 If I could... wring the ice out of your
 teeth... I would... just to mail it to
 my first first tiger in Atlanta, the
 gliding plane trees, the... "desire."
 The "come." Let speed reason.

"He never flowers, he never cross-tackles over
 the river, to me, to save me." That's why
 I shiver in folds in honey-leaves in the dark.

~ (*roast*)

Wavy white line, little willow-light, &
how it lasts forever, even dimmer than light.
Willing as halogen, in wrong and right, to
drive us through sleep on a transparent white plow.

(in this room we will de-record all of our secret tapes (while we learn to walk across the room))

[secret tape 1. includes 2 secrets] *The insides of our shoes. We can share every drop of blood we come across on the ceiling. (We found a hole in the ceiling. It leads to another ceiling, another drop of blood, another photograph of us.)*

[secret tape 2. includes 1 secret which may or may not be a secret to you, from yours truly's yours truly] *Memory of mother in the garden. Memory of the feeling of being followed by a dog with four hearts and they all work perfectly. If you write it down, I might forget it. If you believe in it, you might see it in a stained glass window when we get married yesterday. If you buy me a diary and fill it with your secret languages then we can be intimate around the neck. And when the window breaks I'll follow you. When the yesterday breaks I'll follow you. When the diary breaks into the secret I'll follow you. A new sport — neck to neck contact, rain (without water.)*

[secret tape sec. tp. includes 4 secrets in red & 1 red secret in blue] *I love you. I miss you. I want to burn down every word you built into the fortress around us. I dream about forgetting the train schedules. I dream about being sick with you. Being sick together in an airport and somehow there's nowhere to go. That night. We lied down together and talked. Giving and forgiving.*

Break the elegy by throwing it at the ground (roast)
(for Allen Ginsberg's health)

When we used to drink coffeewater a lot,
 like a lot of coffeewater. When we used to dig up little
 tins of black pepper in the long halls of Klarman. When we
 dedicated this one to Allen Ginsberg's health on the roof,
 we didn't know it was for this one.

We didn't know we were deciduous.

Now I remember. I was playing viola and trying to kiss
 you as we fell off the roof. I was trying to stop the world dead in its tracks.
 Like standing-upside-down holding-up-my-hand-in-front-of-the
 -world-style and laughing.
 Laughing because I know Allen Ginsberg is still healthy. Laughing because I
 know there'll come a day when the machine we built finally overrides our orders.
 A red bird is landing on that roof.
Mir egal. Wir können über Poesie sprechen. There was a fish.

A careful look at the flying squirrel inside the lampshade (shaped like a giant hammer of tears)

Send me your flying squirrels and I'll fill my walls with them, just tell me how. Hey! It's me. Writing to you from Long Island. Can you ship squirrels in the regular mail? I've shipped dusty dried hyacinths in the mail, without even seeing them. Like I'm not sure what I sent was hyacinths. If I lived in your walls I would be hyacinths. If I lived in your walls I don't know if I could still send letters to you. The squirrels? When I asked

them why the dark was so blue they told me to shut my eyes. The wall? It keeps breaking out into different shapes of getting: your hyacinths, the mail, the shaking. It's really strange! I wish you were here to see it. I wish I had already mailed the squirrels to you, so you wouldn't have to be there so I wouldn't have to mail the flying squirrels to you. I wish I didn't have to reckon with your spirituality. I wish I could write neater. The way I've started to scribble "j" like a circle makes the whole page look like water with vortices, doesn't it? Is that a spirituality? I thought there were only two things worth believing in, storms and carousels riddled all over the fairground. It makes me think like I'm walking inside a giant diamond but my bones won't break as long as I hum your favorite song, the one I see when I dip my entire head into water. I have to admit: the squirrels were a ploy. I put them there. I have to

admit: I called the demolition company. I told them to look for the room filled with poems. (Don't worry. The squirrels are safe.) If I were strong enough I would hold you up with one arm and write with the other (my weaker arm), let you watch all the letters circle. O O O O O. I think I could fall asleep. O O O O O. But I want to meditate with your letter before I do. Let water settle into itself, ya know? Meditate like the sun setting, but when you're driving east. I did that two afternoons ago. I drove out to Montauk to see the lighthouse and to think about things, ya know? It was closed when I got there but I beat the sunset! I really did! I walked around the cliffs. I broke a stone. I ate really bad pizza! That was the sun setting on that day, ya know, the bad pizza. Hey. I'm gonna write this and you'll let me know if it's weird. I wanted the woman with her children behind me at the bad pizza place, I wanted them to know I wrote poetry. I wanted them to think I was blessed

with poetry, like full of it, like even the way I took every bite I wanted it to let them know I wrote these poems to you. I wanted to walk through great rooms and have poetry shine down on me, irradiate off my face like Moses

coming down from the mountain. I wanted to have to put on a mask because my face was shining so much. The Israelites were afraid of him after he came down from Sinai. You've heard that, right? His face was glowing from touching God's back. God let him touch His back! I wish my face would shine with poetry, in Montauk, eating pizza. You know what? After you left, the mother blindfolded her kids and they took the lighthouse

down. The ground started glowing. I thought this was going to be another poem-Western but now it feels pure pastoral, huh, except we're all lying with our cheeks against the grass, and the grass fuzzes up like light. It's like everyone we know gathering in a big circle on the fairground with their dueling pistols and we're all shooting at each other!!!! Hey!!!! Your hair is on fire with love. It could burn for ten years. I can see you through the walls, walking with me, on the other side of the poem, the other side of the city, the other end of this line, like a Simchat-Torah-dance, where we're the -dance and everything around us is the Simchat-Torah. Montauk. Pizza. Pastoral. Hair-on-fire. Too-much-light. It's like... we're heading towards something? It's like we're about to say something?? Moses. Sinai. God's-back, all bright and dark and rough. It's like I just have to say one thing and it'll happen, it doesn't even have to be the right thing to say, and it'll happen. Come here. I want you to know that the only thing we deserve is our actions. I want you to know that everything is the result of an immutable action. Hm. Not just the result, ya know? Maybe... everything is just the action producing it? That makes this whole squirrel business a heck of a lot simpler. No things. No actions. Just action-things. Just mail-squirrels-come-home.

Soft red flowers... burning... Riding on utopia roast.

An angel without a surface, as the hip
of a boy, breaking like solitary waves.
Held by the boundary-stones of moment,
origin without form.

The city is impenetrable because
it's sinking. You're relentless. I take off
my shirt beneath a street lamp and the light goes off. Now
we're gone. Now we can write this poem without us.

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