

Poems in a Centerfold

R Seize

Our person is a covered entrance to infinity and release
 the eight are the beginning
 the uses of the Zenith observed in the viewfinder monitor of the camera the
 specific detail of the outside world
 frog frog transcribes kinkiness into radical greenness into unnatural
 Venetian cold
 that's proved the only return until there's nothing left help-help
 Hitchcock's
 birds it's called "Twitter" for a reason
 wind makes it cold
 how can I say "silence" and "purity" and unveil the spell that mirrors my
 hunger for existence?
 the rich profusion thee confounds my love of flowers spread across the
 garden
 each more barbarous than the one that came before the
 eight are the beginning
 the hundred are not afraid nadir are for slaves to find the trace of
 the escape oxygen shattered with the fury of obedience that clasps
 the sleeves of my flight
 waves how can I eagle of mourning universe
 the poem of revelation reveals revelation

Ambient language more fun less time
 I look around and count ten of them around me
 the eight are afraid the eight are astonished the eight are informa-
 tion of new self
 to fill help a first what oxygen shatters for years
 and so their choir hunts a secret law within the seed foreshadowed
 pattern safe
 and dry artless the shape that first bursts into light
 the users of the zenith first observed in the viewfinder monitor on the
 camera

the specific detail of the outside world
 Pando is dying its inception is a chemistry
 we are looking for the hundred before one thee then barbarous more
 each garden
 thee across spread flowers of love my confounds thee
 profusion rich thee
 the users of the Zenith observed in the viewfinder monitor which
 each of us

must get through to ourselves for years I was unable to
 sexualize my fantasies
 New Mexico green array of her
 to what provides heat unfolding through an assemblage of fields

Frog frog your perspective takes out new judgments protest or die
 no one robs the poem that flies in the eagle of the morning a dead
 eagle in a plastic bag
 Pando is dying rushing words in waves across the dressing up sitting
 lifting in diplomatic spectacle
 unfolding through an assemblage of fields he will be remembered in
 anatomical gesture
 conscience over loyalty the gentle stream of earth as if thawed
 all together

for baseball I am more than my hair make gesture
 the edges of which obscure nothing of the purple berries juniper
 of the deep biographical biological processes
 k-i-w-i-a-p-l-e-o-r-a-n-g-e-n-i-g-h-t
 world outside via details specific the camera the on-monitor
 viewfinder via the
 observed Zenith the of users the
 into the pit without a stomach to hold the camera the specific
 detail of the outside world evil is the eye of
 there's nothing better than words
 for years I was unable to sexualize my fantasies

Surge through the field again resist and resist money paper of
 materiality the beads eyes glass gesture anatomical
 how can I say "silence" and "purity" and unveil the spell that
 mirrors my hunger for experience
 it's on the horizon of the path of my steps the song the
 hummingbird repeats in
 the egg of time the eight are afraid to come back to
 because we have become the song
 the poem or a shadow the scarcity of pregnant female corpses
 was not seen as a drawback
 a cheap holiday in somebody else's misery the eagle of morn-
 ing can be put in

a golden bowl evil is the eye of the beholder
 on which at any moment you may step as a proxy for what the
 eye sees
 oxygen shed with a fury of obedience for years I was
 unable to sexualize my fantasies
 in the meeting house near and far New Mexico green array
 light into bursts bursts that shape the artless dry and safe pattern
 foreshadowed
 seed thee within law secret that hunts
 to what provides heat unfolding through an assemblage of fields
 please don't read this line
 ambient language preoccupied as we were with ourselves

Self is the part of us that never heals
 don't travel with Sparrow if you want to remain anonymous
 preoccupied as we were with ourselves where we hid our stash
 what the eye
 sees in place of a last thought words like "huh" or "o"
 or in shape that the sound of
 if I were made of wool I would be a legwarmer
 a first "what" self is the part of us that never heals
 the bargain of the future will be
 without loss of definition who expires this date written in each
 of us a number
 how can I say "silence" and "purity" and unveil the spell that
 mirrors my hunger for existence
 we slipped to the floor the edges of which obscured nothing
 more than my hair
 thought a first oxygen shattered evil
 take away from the composition we have what the eye sees



Miami ferns conversing with trees
 a working body obsolete evil is the eye of the beholder its
 inception is a chemistry
 that's proof they only return until there is nothing left whorl of
 the access
 whorl of the universe
 definition expires in each of us
 unfolding through an assemblage of fields nine nine no-
 body has ever given me a Q-tip nine
 brushing words in waves the eagle of morning the hundred
 need the eight
 there was kiwi in a pocket
 the poem of revelation reveals revelation
 the hundred are looking for the eight I look around and count
 ten them
 around me
 now gazing to what provides heat as a proxy for take away from the
 composition we have traced in any land-locked bay
 a shadow poem is god
 return is nothing

Atlases are calibrated in diseased tissues
 instead of borrowing sugar from our neighbor we sink into the
 lethargy of no baking insane
 soybeans like me unfolding through an assemblage of fields in
 which at any moment my step what the eye sees
 in any land-locked bay how caricature mimics forgery
 a dead eagle in a plastic bag signifies authority like jewelry
 what fainted
 what resisted what assembled into fields by the river
 brushing words in waves across the Zenith observed in the trace of
 their escape
 to fill help Hitchcock help birds help
 nobody understands what the fuck
 success is going from failure to failure with enthusiasm without
 loss of definition
 now gazing for years Twitter
 to come back we have become the sun

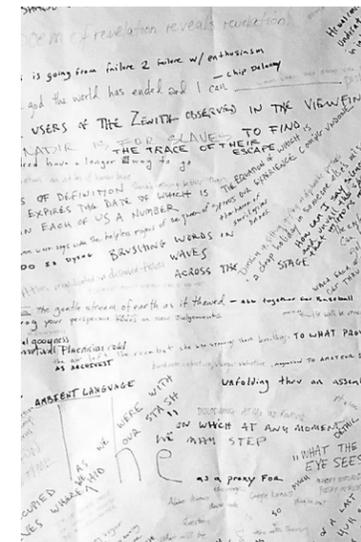
Our first and last breath
 a clown with a beeping nose apologizes to the gladiolas
 we have had the music the eight are looking for the hundred
 in the meeting house near and far
 socialists kill the liberals I am of unreliable origin
 thank god the world has ended and I can
 into the unnatural Phoenician cold the air left the room but she
 was standing
 there breathing
 Chip Delaney thank god the world
 ah a cheap holiday in somebody else's misery
 brushing words in the equation of which to find the trace of their
 escape
 the moon surprises silk
 heat unfolding on which at any moment we may step

Disrupt any visual strategy resist and resist again
 the art of the future will be dot-dot-dot arrow pointing to the
 right the art of the future is to the right
 the hundred are the end self is the part of us that never heals

don't travel with Sparrow if you want to remain anonymous
 baseball what provides heat unfolding through an assemblage
 of fields
 protest or die protest or tie he will be remembered in ana-
 tomical glass
 eyes he adds the materiality of paper money which
 each of us must get through to ourselves
 thank god the world has ended and I can join the poem of
 revelation
 how caricature mimics forgery as a proxy for what the eye sees
 evil is the eye and breath
 from what I was shown there was no "what" in the line deep in our
 biological processes
 New Mexico into the pit now gazing
 loss of definition expires in each of us

Into the pit
 a hundred are the end
 I am more than my hair he will be remembered by anatomical
 gesture glass
 eye beads the materiality of paper money
 can I end the world
 what slipped to the floor along with the adjectives no no no
 unfolding through an assemblage of fields
 I am magnetized to the amateur soybeans like me
 she was standing there breathing to what provides heat
 reason to thought "o" or in sound of
 New Mexico and release
 pray for what the eye sees

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Connect to video:
 "Unfolding Assemblages of
 Fields": The enactment of "R
 Seize" by its makers. Directed
 and edited by Sam Truitt
 Christopher Funkhouser
 (sound) and Sam Truitt (film).



<https://youtu.be/EweXowNfThy>

Transcribed and Edited by Sam Truitt

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