



*WE ARE
NOTHING
AND SO
CAN YOU*

JASPER
BERNES

However, when they began to look for food and shelter they found nothing, for it turned out there was no need to search for such things. Alexander Dvanov and Gopner were in the middle of communism in Chevengur, where all the doors stood open because the houses were empty, and where all people rejoiced at the appearance of new people, since instead of property the Chevengurians were able to acquire only friends.

—Andrei Platonov, *Chevengur*

The thing about things is that they're just gross
totals disguised as taste or caste but no matter
how many times you crank them
backward through the paces of their facture
or go at them with a hammer
you just can't find the switch that lets
the condensates of human toil
start lighting up on contact
as in the music video for *Billie Jean*,
which does not make anyone
into everyone else exactly
unless the future anterior grid
commit such face to flames, the spliced
repeating digits of the rowhouses
as maintain, from behind, the thoughts in citizens
of sixty-five countries mirrored
in the big box store across
the tracks behind the garden, which matters.

That's the thing about things, broken hinge beside the point
we were by halves returned from
having to hack away at the axis mundi
with the rough side of a Neolithic sundial.
We are the visitors of such advice.
Something you wipe down with a legal
lights out, a series of superogatory diagnostics.
Our life could be your band.

The products on the shelves, pickled by geometry.
They are our chorus, fourth axis, add to zero.
They set the limits, load the springs, force such place
as nerve and muscle assume the paltriest

infinity of shapes perdition
stamps inside the passbook fantastic.
The red moons of it drag us through each other.
Why is it that the dead have the best propaganda?
Why is what churning now the stern blonde dressed up
to climb such swerves past the blast?
Accomplices, depleted plants, past the infiltration
complexes and the leaning towers:
the brain, a kind of trading floor, a land that is all
borders without volume.
That's not an assertion so much as a ruthless
misunderstandpoint loaded up with
epistemological weaponry,
fastened against the approach
of nightfall's legal claim
on unregistered bodies
singing along with the signal flags
carving up the rump-state of Aristotelian physics –
an arrangements of hastenings, finalities,
backfooted claims releases.
Oh, the sad life of the professional
truth-proceduralist! Once the air goes
out of the piety market, you're just there
all blacked out between the collector and the lecturer.
You're a museum, moving upward from the legs and hips
and felonies, the dialectical stank
foreclosing houses, its indentured height which was a place
reflected length-wise in the mounded, mushroom-headed
fill that blooms at Alcatraz, its algebra of stern and aft
the flowering rebar issued from chunked concrete
our third nature, decanted from the things
impersonal and abstract singing the Marseillaise
in trees bedecked with bicycle wheels
and post-human PCP poems.

The product songs dig moats of debt
around the city blocks. A tiny copy inside each object!
To be unselved, unrepossessed, regrafted
fuse, insouciant poof, pursuant to a point of procedure
in that body unable to dissolve, once and for all,
while the wrecking ball of reserve dollars
scatters the primitivists across the internet.
It's sort of a big personification engine –
you suck out the insides of people,
you dial ext. 234

you consult the grammar books for the optative case, the everything case,
and *voilà*, you've got an ape that speaks through things, you've got a society
constructed from lots of first-person statements
like "I still died, yo" and "I set up a distribution network to support
combat in an almost infinite multiplicity of places" ;
"I am some matter" ; "I am a shadow cast by everything you do not see"
"I am the nation of no part" ; "I am an arrangement of scalar voids
charged with cross-determination."

Like the shadow of fun, there is an app for being drained
from within; there is some coloring done around the edges
which produces a sense of belonging and/or locomotion
by pulverizing the object world into measurable
intervals, blooms, blasts, plus change, a ringing in the ears
arranged in advance, arranged to exact
the speed at which one consumes oneself
obstructed by buildings, sidewalks, blurry interiors, machines,
because you cannot beat the dead in a game of patience
and everyone but you and your friends and the people with appendages
plugged into
the grid will have been dead,
roe sacs sizzling in bacon fat, roe sacs with master-slave reduction
the eternal rule of the overlords of overshare,
corpse paint and no tempo, roe sacs in collateralized doubt obligations,
the half-completed condos

floating on the bread factory's plinth,
another juiced tweet, another catchment
below the total surface hurt, the shareholders
breaking it down for us, schema of hormones and traffic lights
falling out of finality
like poetry in 1917
reshuffling the natural laws
by putting giant magnets
inside the public offices
rock, dirt, lava
up through the ceiling of consciousness,
the blindsight, the flatline. . .

A small incision from waterside
then an injection of white people, their likenesses
gradually more intelligible:
lower limit anarchist squat
upper limit wine bar.

History is what [hearts]
curse shared out among the holes in personhood, the cars,
in the twist of torsos, the swing of blood,
a billion and a half tons of plastic and metal
moving around bound to some insane imperative
the stiffening cast of motion, shutter and shadow
morcellized, that's my jam,
that's the molecule won't compute,
won't shut up about how weird it is
no other world is possible
except all of them
superscription of the melancholic
slogans whose freedom is need

Curse shored against the sugared wires, the splintered letters

Life insurance. . . check
Vasectomy. . . check
Siphon. . . fail

Pendulous upendings! A patent on the back,
cash up front, up the nose, down the crotch
behind everything, a privacy w/o equity
attaching the subordinate clauses to the floppy ears,
a little facetime
with the master race. (Note: they look
terrible without their make-up).

Wave hello: that river of references
moving opposite to absolutes
the steel plate in your skull
grinding against the continental
shelf, and where the two collide
a kind of dance party or city of five
million springs up on the Wei river
because it's year zero and the hedges
the sandbags the barricades have
collapsed and now we finally fit into
the size zero dresses, our address is null
and void rogue waves of payment
dunk the Nelson Mandela parkway
automaton of thing-thinging-things
which people hyphenate or sometimes
the malformed stumps of public metals
by dumping the Rand on the open market
wet paperbacks, a stained eviction letter
dollhouse beside a container of cornmeal
it looks like the libertarians got here first
everyone's an abolitionist of some kind or another

To which answer the question is not at all
one of fizzing headphones or the ceaseless
titration of things to things above the broken
link made good by lives split perpendicular
to their own activity a fine narcotic dust
or moral tedium affixing the medial
phrases to the diplomatic servomechanism

held up face-down about the old
slime of established fact, of time consistent,
time incomplete, the papal bull, the laminated
placemat with its double mill
wrestles up the grid we mob, and where no change
occurs, in stereo, at gunpoint, *boing!*, pleasantly, by fork and knife
no change occurs.

Briefly, the banal paradoxes of timetravel
shuffle our undead parts through
the pores in the workday, the friction,
the top-heavy narrative, rust and grit
demands impede the transfer of torque
from the wheel of bodies the wheel of money
moves the things that move the bodies
tiny strokes adjust – torpid clock,
measuring its plaids by means of payment
no final destruction vouchsafes.

I never saw the panda punch the cop.

Their tattoos, untranscended, unlock
the little children by the stairs –
the thing is on, we're live from the
server farm on the moon.
Yeah, basically, humanity. . . a caucus of depressed

apes taped together by the boomerang
of programmable matter, which moves either
slower while the other moves faster, or faster
while the other moves slower and therefore
hurts less or more than bare being.

The zoo is really just one big exhibit:
the *N. American Homo Artificialis*,
force-fed though the voluble casework
of habit, the simple bonds of the bourgeois family,
to which attach the foodstuffs and trinketized
feelings, the one-point perspective, light
brigade of virgin ontologies, our late display, its salad of malady
piled atop the great misshapen
happening of wealth where the sea was once,
shell-pocked, elective, civilized and critical.
Flames, too, are a form of literacy.

This is where we meet each other
once the cameras have been destroyed,
once the metering of time by hallways and workdays
by which we experience a change of ownership
has been destroyed, and the face deformed by things it has to say,
destroyed,
and the diagrammatic metals of combustible elsewheres, destroyed,
and the destruction, destroyed.

There were meetings. There were some things and we met inside or around them. Meetings in daylight, on the tilted lawns, where we let the wind drag our thoughts around a bit. Meetings that pivoted upon a point of discomfort. There was democracy and it was a joke. There was secrecy and necessity. There were mergers and acquisitions and maps with arrows and hardware baptized by the love of almost everything except. There were non-constitutive imbalances. There was the sharing of things and then there was getting stuffed back into our perfectly ruined bodies imperfectly. There was the deep overhang of tedium, fires, shame. There was a them and they thought about it. There was an it and it thought about us, in quotations, in fine, as the normal distribution of planning and chaos on a boulevard at night.

We met the quota. We met the ambassador of sufficient causes in a testing cabin. We met with the children of the enemy. We met the giant structural collapse of the west with a few well-placed kicks. We messed everything up. We made up. We were women sometimes and men other times and no one mostly, and this might have worked out except the other ones left and he thought that he thought, usually, like a me, like going around the edges of stuff was not so rough and besides, the fires sucked up all the tear gas and also consumed the bulk of the solids, stringing them out into characters and regulars of smoke or ways to do things, allegedly. Why shouldn't he stand in that smiling semi-circle, with his knees bolted to the precept, while everyone else was changing their money into time? That was analysis, a lasso, unless, absolutely, before the bleeding tower, he remained in a manner the butler of his own foreclosure, a lumpy coil of fatted transistors? Another biosynthetic teatime / two kids using the overturned cop car as a kind of seesaw.

I saw Montmartre. Nothing was on fire, as predicted.
OMG, the universe! Most of it missing!

Where hunger was, the cement of diverse categories
Become the cubes or taking place of an awkward
Relation to the glittering, plastic pronoun
That does its dirty work
Singing Queen on the steps of the Sacre-Coeur

And then the headless Lacoste mannequin
Speaks ellipses under fashion, the catacombs, a kind of mall.
Argent urgencies! The skull-and-bones ring
On the wedding finger, clicked twice
Upon the glass of beer, as if to invite
One bridge or another to meet its end
In the new Piranesis of what we no longer
Defend from love, as money,
“a pleasure Cruise . . . before the whole Human race”

Black flag of the Seine, shaking off the old, civilizing
Bruises. The Square du Vert Galant
Shoaled upon the outflanking time of time itself
Keel of class its jagged line of advance

Like the Versaillaise over the wall the experiment over
So that now I only to get to speak when buying things
Putting some non-simple types of being around stuff
Into hands and short simple phrases compelled by
Violent reciprocity – “General Society,” where the moneys
Singing each to each open the little window against the moon

The population fizzes in the hazy square
One chant to unite them all

The rising tide will wreck all boats
All votes, their tangled topology, combined

Like, wow, that's *das Man*, that's

Just as ruthless, just as just
As the blunt adjustments forcing the face
Into a shit-input, a slot

For social determinations like
Burning or the bakeries giving out
Free bread at 5 am

We have this little hole in us that secretes truth
Staining the dance floors with
Checkmate and shipwreck

These man-made hills
Of trash, mouthwash, eyelashes
A kind of census
Turned to smoke and ready-to-wear
Incontinence, while
The continental plate grinds out another
Half-hearted civilization the university
Attempts to stitch together
With an epistemological supermajority
Fields of marjoram on fire
On the island of Majorca
In a minor key the looters forced
To throw their guns into the Tiber

Can't you feel it? The flame of reason
Striking coldly on the animal-men
Jutting from the sides of Notre Dame

Offering their names up to the new
And improved cocktails, the declassified
Wharves where the least part of the morning
Rebounds against the tardive piles

“Comparable to a silent expansion or
To the *diffusion*, say, of a perfume in
The unresisting atmosphere”

The zones of ambience and equivalence
Lavished upon the valiant
Aviation of intuitive explode
And now the damages the states of excitation
Tagged with keys to feelings we thought
Settle into invoices in the voice of recording-lice
He didn't think she wouldn't go, they observed.
Were they now nothing, he thought. Or was it simply,
As he should have known then, fumbling for his
Keys on the dark cobblestones of the quai, a tissue of
Usherances, a delayed and yet premature urgency, the wheels
Of the cannon broken by one kick?
LZ is in jail it's horrible now we will have to think
About stuff forever like a computer
The barricades bedecked with painted eyes
Blinded by the real look of things

They had been barricaded inside the Louvre for a length of time you could not measure in time. Sandbags, maybe, or candles. Something gravitational. Or wind, you could measure it with miles of wind unwinding through the galleries. Most of the fighting was in the west, where the lights were on, where the paramilitaries fed on delicacies looted from the markets. At first there had been some fighting on the north side, all the furniture of empire shot to pieces, catching fire. But once we put the fire out, the police were gone. They had run out of bullets or patience or they had stolen all the things they wanted, while we barricaded that side of the museum with the vast, plumed wreckage of the Occident. A few of our number got lost and ended up in Germany or Los Angeles or Japan, and we read about them in the library – we decoded their messages to us using the guidebooks, the secret geometries, the numbered series of times and places, filtered through the violently allusive icons, and they said that half of the past was coming for us, was against, and that half of the past was coming for us, was for, but lost then in the forest of unbecoming consequences. Et in Arcadia Ego, etcetera. You could make up little songs about it. Everywhere we went, carved and threaded through the blind stone, the coolly rational waves of stone pushed us forward, pushing the past behind even when it was in front of us, room after room gone dark for good, as if the dark were a kind of combustion, slower than fire but faster than rust.

Every face is a fight, a replacement, traced
Up into lean claims on seeming to
Live out one time by means of another, like a honeymoon
Suite in the lean-to of a zoom lens or color-space
Which strip-mines duration. Its petals dial in
Or so goes the seminar, the incisive airs.

I am not an anarchist, but I'm not afraid
To use anarchy, on TV. . . One of those sadnesses
Is true, and it makes a door in the smoke
Or a kind of sense – dulled slogans in letters of crystal
Meth competing with the mathematized sunrise
For Most Valued Instrument

Which the web of probes inserting sapient
Commas into the latest report
From the Institute for the Elimination of Whitey
Hurls into sub-orbital elision. . .

To be unbent into freedom!
To be forever unchanged back into Man or whatever!
Why is it so quiet here on the middle edge
Or were the whites beaten by the red wedge
Into a sad, Himalayan meringue
And now it seems
We'll have to discover something else to use
Our ration books for, like poetry?

I'm just not interested in the Pope. I prefer Prince
And I also prefer the incontestable non-rule
Of the hundred thousand nuclei
Where the party, as stated, no longer
Absorbs the massive and immediate
Staying put of its orbit

But what is it constructs

These destroyers, what terrible humanism

In the overgrowth, what idealism in the mangled timetables?

*I face it, like a firing squad faces the sea,
Like the sea faces an ancien regime of represented beauty
And beauty, its hateful mirror
And hate, its boiling truth
And seeing, its torn seams*

You lived on a graph, by graft.
You were +1, a dotted flight
away from the intersection of GDP
and suicides per year.
Of course there were books
but you were no longer curious
about what lay inside them.
Dust, probably, or specks of sun,
Present participles that couldn't not
be arranged into a threat. . .
The promotion and hospitalization
of attitudes inside the vacuum,
as if you could just turn off the smaller
gravities, or the traffic lights, or . . .
The wind opened the door
by making a whirlwind in the lock.
They had guns and it wasn't ok.
I mean, aesthetics? Really?
I can appreciate that weird narcotic
gloss on objects as much as the next
person, but I don't think that makes
me worthy of murder. I have facts:
I have lists. I know
exactly how it will go:
up, then up again, then down

They were the unconscious of our unhappiness. This was their bliss, their way of taking the piss. It meant a lot like. They tipped it in everywhere. They had their own frequency, just above the place where, when the older ones were children, the world of free television stopped and the wide fields of cable opened for the few families that could afford it or steal it. Channel 13 was the end of the road, and now, just past there, at 70 cm and beyond, the frames splash on the waves, fast as unthinking. . .

—You take the end of a car antenna and bend it, just like this; and a screwdriver, you put some tension on the lock, like this. . .

—The dead are glamorous like that. . .

—He conducted interviews with their decaying bodies, there. The luster of their skin, its monarchy, just like that. . .

—Spring, upper pin, lower pin, it looks like this. . .

—To the frontiers of human experience, their bodies forming a pyre, the dead grown around the base of the living apex. . .

—Clothes, sea, clouds. Yellow and gray and brown, here and here and here. A severed head, borrowed from a lunatic asylum. . .

—The tonality of the sea in its empty, rotten sockets, the farce of restoration, see . . .

—The pins, in their correct positions, clustering like notes on a staff, and you bend the staff, you bend the space the sounds fill, with a click, until they all line up on one ledge, empty tone, the pure space of hearing, open like a room, like this. . .

—All of us lived through the restoration, like that. On what raft, like this. . .

*—“I started running like a madman and did not stop until I reached my own room.”
“Our whole society is aboard the raft of the medusa.”*

—Or you could just kick down the door. . .

—Winds blew so hot they cracked furniture and shattered glasses in the shape of the Mediterranean. . .

—Oh, my grotesque and craggy

melody, I am overrun by history! . . .

— Planes real and imaginary, the raft-like tossing of the flattened, depilated shapes and submergences present there, as if bulked up in another dimension we dare not disinter, held together by pins of the most intricate thoughts. . .

—An immense dossier crammed with authentic proofs and documents of all sorts. . .

— He took black powder or seedgrains in the hollow of his hand, sprinkled a film of white ones on the top, and said to his Judges, "Behold they are white;" then shook his hand, and said "Where are the Whites? Ou sont les Blancs?" . . .

— And because the painting of the raft is itself a raft, we float it away.

so far I am nearly
beyond getting into

getting down with The Thing

its wings spread on the gulf
between appearing and what breaks

5,000 feet below before the surface

erasing all the sordid after-clarities
about being stood up on two feet

with some ancient irresolvable counterfact

oozing from your ears
while the “sales technicians”

descend from the helicopters

just when we were getting used to being alive
mostly and in fragments

according to a government panel

the great official seals of air on air
closing out necessity and the tangle of streets

how a failure became an option
topped off with torn-to-pieces.
Capitalism—how does it work?

a matrix of acts, inexact, x-ed out

and undercounted, overruled, compelled
to become a sum that never dawns

a sun whose blacks 'txixt past and future

mount a series of tactical strikes
in the precise place that body is no body

and therefore matters, is the keep of the real, the reaper's keel

They are there is. We are were or will. It's a big blur, whispery and once-upon-a-time-ish. The man next to you is holding a gun, it really is a gun, it's pointed up at the dead sky and toward some hateful unseen star about to go supernova though the light won't reach us ever, there's too little or the wrong kind of it, and then it makes a noise, the gun does, that seems to come from that far away. The sound is like the snapping of something manufactured to never break, not ever, manufactured at the molecular level, like the refutation of all ontology, and now the police line breaks, the police are running, they are out of formation and sprinting, their batons striking out of time, striking the people unlucky enough to be that close, and for a while it's as if you're inside of the same body as the police, as if they are a predatory growth inside some body or you are, in flight, from what you or they were like, furious cell division, combustion, scarring, blood, circulation, you're knocked down and picked up and running and tripping over another body that is your body that is hostile or friend you can't tell, you're slammed into a wall, and the wall gives, and you're up and running again you can barely see anything, the ground is giving way and painted lights are coming up from the ground, they hit you in the face like a breathable foam, the colors seeping through the darkened canvases.

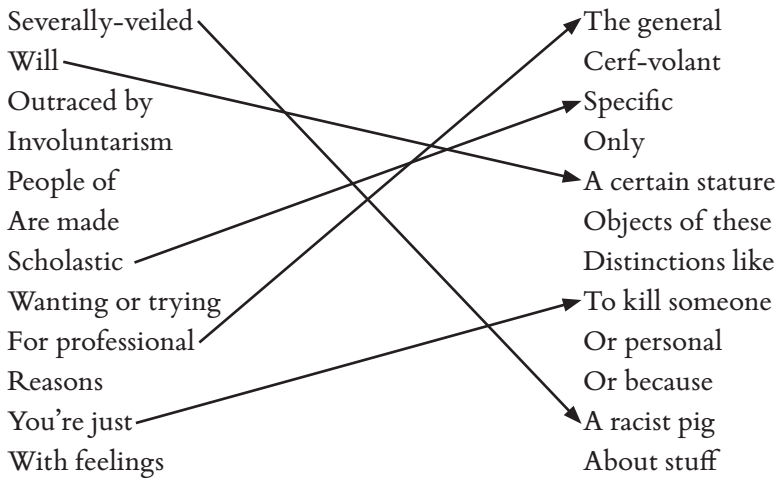
The categories, made by right to walk
crab-wise across the rope bridge,
shot at from above and below
by a real idealism, an abstract
monster of measurement, neurotransmitters
synced with metal and stone with
flowers of muscle and bone
Articulate, many-voiced whips!
The grasses and trees
flash on the dumb pond
poisoned by a thought.
We move through the sewer system
gingerly, sketching on the underside
of the surface of the world
a map of the city to come, with brackets
holding in place the things we can't
begin to begin being
perhaps because we were
unwilling to count ourselves
among the things of the world
or perhaps because we did.

Either you take sledgehammers
and alienate the eternally-
deeded marbles of the one true church,
the hacked-off chunks, tossed at
police lines in aerial
high relief, or you use them as
a backstop for your failing
war currency, its value rising and falling
like the blades of a guillotine
as if without the state's
monopoly on violence
the objects of the world

would blow away like
tumbleweeds, leaving us free forever,
the Footlocker on Broadway boarded-up
once again, as the narrowing remains
hit the switches –

*and if a whole nation were
to feel ashamed it would be like
a lion recoiling in order to spring*

Well, it was enough. There were theories about us. The River continued to jockey for position, but The Cloud was everywhere, and no individual member could understand, at first, what they had initiated. It was just a simple image, a shape even, but in its slight displacements, its balances, suggestions, no one could resist snapping a picture of it with their phones, putting it up on the internet, sending it to friends. It was the face of same, the acting on itself of same. And no one could resist it because everyone knew it. Where the painted walls stamped themselves against the air, they applied silver burnished in such a way that natural air and sky were reflected in it, and even clouds that one saw pass by in this silver, pushed by the wind, when it was blowing, were ensnared thereby. We were time out of mind, and this meant the machines were not our defended memories but our way of feeling out along the edges, for once, like a slow leak in ending up alive around the subroutines, the points computable and not, the radical chains of irregular distributions of past times which would not come off. And so the machines shut down – for 30 seconds, or a minute, or 5 minutes, or 3 hours. And then they started back up. And then shut down again. This was the discourse the master taught, the cold shock of the void. This was the point, falling capriciously and cruelly from the sceptered towers of the city. Without the mobile or stationary screens, the flow of images and figures across our eyes, what were we, what did we owe to this place? When the lights went off, nothing was owned. There was nothing to do and we did it.



Are not these our properties?
 The sad passions, sapped by a system of weights and measures?
 Some hate takes and some hate breaks.

Looted fitteds fly through the air,
 As if we were graduating
 Into the terrifying unrelatedness
 Of these things and bodies
 As if a bank were just brick and glass and paper
 Animated by an archaic, insane script.

But now that we know that every
 Atom of the world is outfitted
 With a tiny extradimensional camera

What use can we have for remembering
 To die here and there 24 times per second?

I'm sure my nonchalance will rescue yours
 Wearing some kind of decorative trauma

But now the white baby stroller
Emerges from the fog

And we start to run

Surviving off the continuous passage of its moment of realization, transferred, hall by hall, like the angel of death above the marked doors of the Israelites, a tone blown-out to mere topos. Humanity thus inevitably sets itself only such tasks as it is able to convert into a series of off-on switches. It took us months. We were meticulous, replacing every pair of eyes in every painting or figurine or sculpture with a 0 or 1, with love or hate, life or death, truth or falsehood, labor or capital (the content hardly mattered); replacing the genitals with transistors; the mouths with capacitors; the whites and yellows with fine arrays. It was almost ambiguous, in the river, our genders awash. It was our Sphinx, our blighted remind. It made the whole history of art into time that answered its own question – like, why is there something instead of nothing? And when will we finally win? How much is left? It reduced to Paris to Is, New York to New, Los Angeles to Los. 19 20 21. But since it answered only with light or sound it required a myth to be explained. This won't be that myth.

The times of things describe the circle
“He was raised by wolves”
“And Swedish au pairs”
“And a dark cloud whose
Intercommunicating vapors. . .”

The times of things avant la unbecoming
Whimper at the scabby heart of the matter,
Decentered carousel of hand and eye
There is a new version available
Whose tangents describe
The turning spit of sovereign abstraction:
An hour is an hour is our
Face planted in bright dirt and.
The red thread of lived activity
Woven into white ticking
And stretched across the sky
Until the smolder and suffer of bildung
Removes the ding-dong from the dull
Bells of arrival and we use the buildings
As giant bongos or Mao Zedong
Machines or medial
Porquería, time not as translation
In space but height or falls
Above the slough and thrill
Of discontinued parts
Let x let yet, let y let then, let all
The knotted, wrung-out, loveless
Rates decoct as crystal and as crisis
All that rises without at

Or would we? Were we not the ones who – in the swerves and gaps of history – transform general will into a kind of general was, into the dailies and rushes of counterfact, the epic fail, man-nation? Or would the 500 years experiment find at its limits not just capitalism or class society but the human form, not just the speaking ape but all the carbonated sacs of self-reproducing logos that foamed out of that old, terrible constancy? You stood stupidly in the field. Your brow was like the focusing ring of a camera – you could tighten it around a tiny color and the foreground would flow back into a kind of low tide of the mind where the old oppositions seemed to dissolve, lengthwise, heightwise, now-wise, into the non-identity of cell and circuit. Would it have been meaningless, then – the communist impulse, invariant baseline of those final human centuries, banished and expelled, crushed and restructured and dusting the bedsheets of the hospital ward, yet still arising, again and again, with all its clamor and naming? Shouldn't we have simply hastened on the end, cheered on the hot, whirring metals of the computers in the basement? The frequencies collecting in our forehead felt good – we understood it not at all at once, the bright reasons flashing like stairs in the dark. We drank it up. And then we fought as hard as we could.

Waveshaping on overdrive
Every time I don the black mask
Or whip my hair back and forth
And other poems
Among the sealed rewards
And vacuum-tube effects
Or the sweep of the basin
Overtaking the flan
Or dude's at it again
Fuck, shark's fin soup. . .
Streaming live from the bookfair
An experiment in collective annihilation
In my financial crisis suit
And gemeinschaft gels
And reconfigured institutional logic
Or often just too detached
From the background
Funding model for
How can I join one more
Committee where I can do
Something useful like
I was just frontin'
Whose cause was man
But now just then
We came to the clearing among the semi-conductors
Or each of us the treasurer of our own currency
Or we have only tragedies in common
Emplotting the crater left by the sublimation of the gods
Or the rare minerals able to blast us back
In time to sleep

Because there were more rules than there were things, many more, countless more, because, indeed, the rules made little whirlpools of infinite abandon inside the things, which seemed removed the more they seemed ruled, and because everyone and everything seemed to have its own rule, its own disenchanting genius, so that no one could really be said to be ruled at all, if rule then meant a domination we shared. Because anarchy, in other words, and each of us slated to suffer a unique violence, a violence like a name, with nothing general about it. Some thought this meant that communism was already here. Others thought it meant communism was impossible, since we would never be able to match up the electrical flares in our brains with the patterned inertia we encountered. But wasn't that the point – the unworkable?

*At least we were tired of “it” – whatever “it” was – tired of rehearsing, under the rotting awnings, a few moments of unverifiable intimacy from the last hours of the little credit we had left. Oh wow, is that really what you mean by art? We had burned all the banks by the sea. Ours was not a normal darkness. Not, in other words, the darkness of shadow, of obscuration, light blocked by solids. No, ours was a radiant darkness. It spread out from our skin like any shining except that it cancelled shine. Dragged into the clearing at the heart of all hell breaking loose, it fled from us and into the stars. Kicking through the liquid crystal displays, into the musty rooms of pimply middle-class adolescents intent on bringing down the government for reasons no one could articulate, because all articulation is, in fact, *raison d'État*, a red herring at best. The most you can do is trick it out to fit the limits of your particular human organism, its mangled sensorium.*

We get an old city bus and give it the number of a line that doesn't exist – 47 or 810. Immediately we exclude all those sad characters who know where they are going and want to go there, who think in terms of means and ends, origin and destination, or who are compelled to do so by circumstances of class or bodily incontinence. This narrows our range of riders less than you might imagine. Indeed, we estimate that at any one moment fully one-fifth of all passengers are there for reasons other than the desire to get somewhere in particular. People who could care less where the bus is going, as long as it's going. People whose bodies are exhausted and just want a place to sit down. Kids who are more interested in each other than anything else and who follow

with collapsed heads the colored sign-scape of the world. People who carry their faces in their hands. People who carry things in plastic bags. People who carry other people.

Eventually we have so many buses running, so many constantly improvised lines, and so many partisans running into and out of the buses and grabbing provisions off the shelves of corner shops, with or without guns, and taking the gas that we need from the gas stations, with or without guns, with or without leaving behind the mutilated corpses of police, and getting off one bus and onto another, that the buses become like the rooms of a disarticulated mansion, whirling through space and crossing and recrossing, combining and disassembling in a stupid, manic dance. Some buses are entirely dedicated to sleeping and some to eating, some buses are 24-hour dance parties, and on some buses people bicker constantly. There are theoretical buses and flirtatious buses. There are sanitation buses and fully-armed bank-robbing buses and buses that hate all the other buses. There are so many of these buses spinning through the city that, eventually, it truly is as if they were themselves the only thing stationary in a crazy world jumping about in every direction, as if space had too many dimensions to be space but not enough to be time.