

# Utopia Pipe Dream Memory I

Interludes, In Three Parts

“Community is not only intimate communication between its members, but also its organic communion with its own essence.”

— Jean-Luc Nancy, *The Inoperative Community*

I wanted to be a writer detecting changes

narrative barraging what is and is not available to us

directly on tape you see I am doing this consciously

I present precious immobile dimensions

being sometimes called sex

finally I get to write my own

full of sloppy knots

being indebted I pierce the no name courtship in the wake of the no  
name spirit's death

I have something to sell

there was never anything to sell

even when I thought it wouldn't be meaningful

hear a vibration pattern

I put it all in

indebted to the concept of the walk I go for a walk, what else would  
you have me do?

I couldn't bear to put it in, all of it

I see a hand pointing towards a door

I see as if these images were a story

this is a reply

I would like to speak to you now of the sacred contested walk

I was just trying to do this impossible thing

bypass all the others

experience performance and rest at the same time

being indebted to the umbilicus, I saw this is how you flourish, bait and catch, this is how the dirty aesthetic calls on you. there we were acting out the eclipse, performing the moon, and discussing how the divine would always and forever be contested

basically I couldn't cure myself of writing in space and time close up

and if the pen would just run out already

in other words this is an excerpt pulsating

enlightened reach I delight in idiocy in my own stupidity for I am truly  
and gloriously indebted

I am working on naked listening masked

also there were these people who used to be in cages

whatever the human limit is a carnival is laced with

I found myself using that phrase 'the human limit' and pictured brackets around my experience, but more of that later, history as a cage

because being indebted I saw our own vessels were not lost enough

what am I doing here? I had to write what my intentions were

perform this process of an ordinary phrase

but then I didn't



I gave up in despair because when you study you generate all ways of thinking

the idea of being indebted to the no name free falls down my shoulders.  
no name is caressing me.

what would you think about someone who is in a cage? you see, I had claimed the individual was a thing that exists

the first to conceive of the bond and separation in the unwork of work

you have to try to remember your frustration

impossible intimacies hovering

borrowing from joy I could say with certainty I had my private research

what should we do next with desire? I want to read this poem

and by doing so I could ignore the abstraction of endings

seeing you free fall I could say there was gratitude