

This is the description of critical darkness that includes

a
tarot
deck,
golden
visas,
plastic
referendums,
defaulting
democracies,
all on
the same
floor,
hollow
above
below
solid.

as if the 21st century is a durational performance
all that is slipping out of our mouths and then retracting
archival materials, payment histories, exuberance
almost €100 billion and dark imaginings

Unfavourable terms are diffused across the palate. That's why
the echo in the neo/colonies is an elegy. Is "elegy" a new word
for something that happens? Are elegies part of the rulers' inde-
structible verbal machine? Do they reflect the rulers' historical
present, their bowls full of delectable cranberries, blanched al-
monds, and nuts, their gold and silver-tone stone chokers, £645
each? No. I never had a money line on my palm.

These are some of the collectable coins that I use for the monthly
installments of my credit card. They are so shiny that the clerks
keep asking me where did I find them, and I say they are medie-
val, my only inheritance.

Is that true? So true is it that the bankers keep tracking me. Is
that true? So true is it that I turned my real name into a pseud-
onym. Is that true? So true is it that my pseudonym became my
signature. Is that true? So true is it that my signature represents
nothing more than Gothic darkness, a fantasy.

"Durational," as in the phrases "durational transition," "durational
projection," "durational set-up."

And the terms feel like imitations verités, or labyrinthine game descriptions. And pseudonyms are worshipped for their supposed magical powers. So elegies are about coins that are counterfeit-ed on the way to the market, or about absorbance. And the black market is surrounded by continuously rolling cameras so elegies stop themselves. And the performance is about sensors, shelters, and the frantic movement of cardholders. And their fantasies feel like bandaging techniques.

My clothes are made of intricately sewn elegies and elegies can be fireworks, exclamations, a return of the same, ordinary events, and virtual realms.

I take the bus that runs along the Avenue of the Banker, the spec-
ulator of rise and fall, nowadays a name without bank. The name
of my stop is Tax // Phoros //

phoreas

// the

agent,

bearer,

or producer

of a

specified

thing

// le néant

// an obscene

term

// a bidder

and a bird

They say that those who learn their own language can only negotiate. My terms are a magic trick from the Old French taxer, from the Latin taxare “to censure, charge, compute”, perhaps from Greek tassein, to “fix” what it is and what its limits are, what it is like, the opposite of who I am.

tax tax tax me

tax me at the Golden gate to Europe

while I link up to a whole, the whole model

taxation as indefinite time in one’s life

the vulgar tax

hot flashes four hours south

Am I not a hard-line supplicant? Don’t debtors supplicate to be made archivists?

tax tax tax me my senses are transfixed by the coppered claws of a hawk

tax the receptors tax the mechanics tax me

Am I going to make the symbol freeze? Will they tarnish? Am I going to transform the acute pain, collective traumas, false conclusions, straining desires, and a number of boundaries into a historical distance? Will that be a history of no having? Is “history” the wrong word for something that is experienced as “if”?

tax me while I store suspicious phone numbers under the names of
*Le Capitalisme 1, Le Capitalisme 2, Le Capitalisme 3, Le
Capitalisme 4,*
Encore le Capitalisme, or Est-ce bien le Capitalisme?

tax me in a way that is different each time, retrospectively

as if my mobile phone is a contemporary re-creation
as if a list of capitalistic pseudo-contacts doesn't imply a set of
rules
as if the names in French exoticize the provenance and the
attempts

as if my economic body is not standard thus exploitable

is the tax not like this levied on pasturage slaughtering,
the use of basic materials, coherence, or the raising of pigs

tax post-privacy postures tax my irrational digits

as if an unanswered call is part of a process-oriented work
as if refusal always has to be restructured
as if I can use *l'annuaire du capitalisme* to collect behavioral
data
as if the work becomes gargantuan and disruptive

Tax Tax Tax me

Remember language in the times of expansion, the way glimmers merged with oracles, the arteries of mythology, bodies crawling across the stock markets, countless projections.

As if in economic miracles meaning imitates magic. As if only a miracle could save the stock market. As if national elections can result in miracles, and voters can come out ahead of the system because miracles happen.

I used to eat credit card food, the milk of agreements. Give me some. Give me more than that. We can all become masters of distraction.

Is that a verbal or post-verbal offer? Are we saving History for later because today we are being constantly rewarded? Are we talking smoothly? Are we going to have endless conversations about cutlery, the porcelain ambition, rococo swallowing, wearable *objets d'art*, the right attitude, order over intuition? Are we going to focus on textures in order to make meaning?

Meaning, the furry. Meaning, brimming with receipts, and disproportional gifts. Meaning, by the pool in the woods. Meaning, as one of the laws for the protection of property. Meaning, the bubbly.

Give me consolation organic, the highest available light reduction,
hyper-fast, hyper-optic fibres, the caring lavender, foundation
transcendent, more time, myths of the right now, affection vinyl.

As they slowly press the debts to our wrists, we are not
allowed withdrawal.

Is that the incoming present tense, the central present tense, the centralistic present tense OR we don't know why we tell that present tense but we tell it regardless? Is that the present tense's greatest asset?

Is that the most spreading, the most inexhaustible present tense OR the most frequent from anywhere else present tense?

Is that the present tense that is screaming in my face, the present tense that is aggressively pushing me into a smaller and smaller area OR the non present tense?

Is that the present tense that moves back and forth between impasses, the dramatically weakened present tense OR the present tense that knew details once but now forgets?

Is that the present tense of the identical ones OR are they being reduced in that present tense? Is that the annihilating OR the annihilated present tense?

Is that the present tense in the first person, the present tense that does not recognise any other present tense OR the subsequent present tense?

Is that the present tense of savers OR the present tense of
fools, the present tense of wombs, the present tense that is re-
born as a hashtag poem that includes the hashtags *chimaera* and
emptythreat?