The hope for a better society and the despair of solitude, both of which are founded on experiences that claim to be self-evident, seem to be in an insurmountable antagonism.

– Emmanuel Levinas

If I'm not me, who is me? And when I'm myself, what am I? And if this isn’t presence, when is it?

– Mishna Avos

O I shall go as arguing redemption, as the unconsumed are ashamed
In the company of nothing, a prisoner of the balances,
The husks of the field, (confoundation of envy.)
While the forehead of sorrow soilders bladed confusion
With wisdom of people spawning in failure,

– Merle Hoyleman
I Want Something Other Than Time

The aim of this writing is to show that I does not disappear. Even when I disappear I does not disappear. If I should achieve this will I feel more or less isolated in the continuing progression of a paralysis I can only pathologize? It’s not a mask & the time over which it closes, that’s not it, not some chopped-up tension b/w solitude & collectivity, not that. I disappears into my own voice below the confrontation with anonymity we might’ve imagined here. Better delirium than drift in my representations. Better anticipate a congealed posture or else be effaced as the object of knowledge.
I Want Something Other Than Time

My way of proceeding in which I no longer hear the voice aside from its echo might’ve become banal even to me.
Like my incommunicable remains form a barricade against unity but this time it’s not news to me anymore.
My tie bares a picture of death for the whole office to see but it can’t even be called death b/c its significance has been abolished (it’s a tie).
It’s a window that, having withdrawn entirely from the outside it had asserted itself for centuries to separate, now conceives of any situation as an enlargement of “every place is in another place.”
My foundation has become my modesty offended by my living mouth.
There’s nothing clear to the dare I feel in Nietzsche’s words, “I am dead b/c I am stupid.” Horrible.
But now at least the page feels full.
I Want Something Other Than Time

Some thing that is
no longer hears
all that is told.
Instead, a last convulsion is
at work joining
beginningless fragments at
evanescent extremes.
Either it’s something which arrives from itself
or it’s an inversion of that new spacing where
we receive nothing from the past.
The past, R I P, an obligation which will
never take place, to restore a self-constitution,
to restore the not-to-be, its revealed traits,
to uselessness.
There is a leak in my consciousness
so that the function of the present,
to preside like some mantra over self-relation,
only budges in the new spacing.
Signs no longer
experiencing the surface.
I Want Something Other Than Time

There is this meaningless elation,
moment of total joy, to arrive in the bad times when preference no longer feels actionable.
We doused our hair in listerine & sang our new song as though coaxed by the formal structure of jubilation.
There was no room for distance, there was only the contrary, only the contrary contrary.
This sentence you see is veiled in decency.
It is, as though by limiting itself to a kid’s game, as though it were interchangeable.
But it’s really a game as fixed as the rich slumming it to feel how their power exists everywhere.
Each time we are accosted by paralysis we close again our approach to the future while the future in its privilege remains open.
I Want Something Other Than Time

I wish us to be
in some exceptional
place, but my heart is
so full of it, so all contact
is mystery & we must
begin so often in struggle it’s
fused to an end.
All dimensions become impossible.
All communications accomplish
only self-construction.
All selves fixed in a withdrawn being borne,
the space b/w us free w/o reason.
I want a contact that’s more than
some notion of not-knowing,
an initiation that’s more
than what some child-god of myself
feels obliged to admit.
I Want Something Other Than Time

I remember
writing this thirteen
years ago leaning
against the wall &
it was willing then to say “there
is nothing most private in me” so
why can’t it now?
The nothing of a secrecy proffered &
abdicated at so little cost we have
no idea but in perhaps I don’t or do exist.
Tempted to commit ourselves against
anticipation to resuscitate the sentence but
somehow move towards no longer transmitting it.
If the content is incommunicable, I said,
then pronounce nothing.
“Shut Fuck,” you said,
you were already foundational here,
“already existing
isn’t something to wait for.”
I Want Something Other Than Time

When the fabric ignores,
you know the fabric
I'm dramatizing here,
that possibility is irremissibly
the bridge of itself,
leaving us full
of a domestic reasoning, an
enchainment, a mittance riveted
to the world we live,
in a paralyzed mirror of
contingency regarding itself.
It's not like I've studied it.
It's like I'm like my stupid double,
but more abandoned,
& next to me is a silver
tomb I'm riveted to
some nascent kernel of
wishful joy
in the muddying
shine of
its reflection.
I Want Something Other Than Time

This doesn’t express our need for deliverance with either the light or grace I’m waiting for. It simply exposes itself as though the need to have written were the new truth in a trance. As though desire for something other than time could ever be the absence, read that again … could ever be eleven eleven (the number inside the figure eight). But hasn’t less time passed in this manifest than we pretended to think? Aren’t we more & less forgetful, more & less alone than we are? Take it away, & encumbered by the heave the band plays the passage again.