



MISSOURI IN TWO DIMENSIONS: an installation  
MIKE BARRETT

2b

The ball comes in, white and seamless, serious as boyhood. My cousins, two compadres on the block and I are on one team. The other team has two Italianos from across the park and the tough dirty kids who live in the yellow stick house. Maybe I'll have to fight one of them before the afternoon is over. Maybe I'll see Carmelo's sister who has such fine down on her shins. I will sweat dust into the creases of my neck. I will bang the earth hard enough to crack it or my teeth on it. I will headfirst crash into being. How striking is spacetime when you play it open. My body is ascent and it happens to be spring. This pathos is rearing up inside me. Memory, however faulty, is an outcome of the antecedent pitch. The ball is swift and afternoon light. I will swing into its bright future.

2a

A Program Named "RESOLUTION"

Franklin can't see it, doesn't know what he's looking for and is doubtful he would know how to fix what he doesn't know is wrong. Yet he returns to the enter key; perhaps it will run this time.

When it doesn't work, Franklin returns to guides references manuals. He turns the horizon of his room around and all he sees are books. Answers before the question is asked laid down cards on a table.

Franklin turns pages and falls into a vision. The answer is slipping out of the paper of language into spacetime. Franklin follows and becomes literate in that calculation, and still the blue moons of the cosmos can't get "Resolution" to run. He finally sees himself as he is, an old man bent over a machine.

aps

2c

It will be Ireland by virtue of not being here. It will be Metropolis by virtue of not being here. It will be mountain dimensional harmonious. It will be clean green gray and yellowbright. It will be dark essential and humble with stone everywhere random and beauty for that. It will be stimulant for stillness on grass straw or packed down dirt resistant to pests. It will not be sociological, benefitting the despicable called institution. The cells will take care of the gardens they grow in the body. Rural and aural, it will be virtue by not being here.

2d

a creature is at the window  
how am I going to look?  
a bucket of water a pile of hay

a social on the bedside  
strange enough to eat  
left foot right foot hand & eye

my face rests on a puddle of mud  
metamorphic bullfrog  
metamorphic bullfrog

death is in fact any path  
a locker of water a pie of hay

figure it out slowly  
left foot right foot hand & eye

I pull out a big breath  
metamorphic bullfrog  
metamorphic bullfrog

3b

Take off your selfcoat like Pietra did when she donned a white scarf; pressed crisp and dyed to let the sun brighten the right side of her face as she looks at her hand unfastening the latch on the stained glass window blue where the cue: you're taking up too much space light comes streaming through. The wall behind her is mottled with yellow white and a thin bluer hue. She reaches for a jug, belying the originary grip of profit. This scene is glowing with heat work and the space it radiates in. Pietra breathes the composition. Pietra is framed by determinisms she can choose from, causes from effects she is home to. Her room smells like a flood, noonlike light the exception to weather continually gray. Pietra intensifies the occasion by her prayerful pose at the window while gripping a winter jug. Of all the ways to open a window, she chooses serene detachment, sensible location pouring into the room through Pietra's hands.

3a

Measure the worth of throwing a rock; count the times you miscounted the upside down side epithets withheld and the energy cost in their withholding. Gunfire exchanges burnt troops of the flag. You have a hole in your spine through which work wiring is pulled. You are constantly evaluated by the tactician behind the technical who supervises past duration. The worth of your finance is a sack glued on your broken arm of plenty.

The worth of a walk decreases with poverty a step out of this black chair. You are desire for sweet over the fire you just kindled. The embers glow like a body writhing. You choose a path of greenery which affords you a role in social theory as stochastic.

Your thinking is counter. When you listen, the report isn't good. As the figure of a figure, you are made with a mortal error. Your value is verbatim and uncertain. You are held in the reckoning.

regard

3c

The pain in my upper midsection is similar to the pain I had in grad school and earlier freshman year when I was living away in somewhere Indiana, somewhere curled under my rack of ribs. Lying face down is the only cure but I'm standing in a field, hats and gloves are flying above a green grassy spring. Jacob is a spinning helicopter as the ball rolls between the practice swings then the ball grounding as little runners hustle around the bases coming home. The sun is behind the pond beyond the trees to my back. On my left-hand side is Bear Creek Trail and the boardwalk stretch that zags across a reedy swamp. In the summer, I bang those planks before I cross, two wacks and time enough for snakes to slip into shadow water. At the end of the boardwalk, the trail climbs alongside a toboggan hill. Climbing the hill is a move against vectors of gravity - certain work - abstract as the ball rolling at the feet of my son who can't keep his eye on the game. When he catches up, he sends the ball on its parabola which ends coming down on the green field. Gravity is the first rule of all games. It starts on the body.

3d

Jesus came upon a boy practicing martial arts. "Child," said Jesus. The boy stopped kicking.

Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is pulling on you like gravity. Why do

cue: lays down with the law

you stand on the floor but not the wall? Why can't you sleep peacefully on the ceiling? Who do you drag uphill and where are you going?" Jesus pointed to some stones at the side of the road. "Choose one and toss it."

The boy picked up a white stone that fit snugly in his palm and tossed it toward the horizon. Jesus traced its path in the air. "There is its gate," he said.

The boy looked at his palm, now chalky white. Jesus pressed the boy's hand between his own. "Now put your hand to building in the midst of it," he said.

1a

Lie down in a camera and remember. Ride the cl around dirt corners. Listen for the bell of noise, fracture of train metal motor speed, tarrey tracks of screech, all the voices at once even those not speaking like yourself. The noise speaks you.

The noise is interior and you realize the echo isn't noise coming or going to speak. The din is interior and most usually standing on your feet.

Commuters grip a brace full of metal, a shelter from shearing, tension in the bars riveted to the frame of the train, tension through the carriage, pressure of amps, volumes and volumes of volts in the third rail.

Your mind is firmly gripped; your interior is coming or going to speak.

You are out to be noise all day.

1b

X & Y divided by each other left no remainder.

"No case"  
"Case"  
"No case"

They moved up the basement and down the house.

"You said 'no' I heard it first."  
"Can you look at me? Honestly" she said.

Love is choice no choice.

Count shoddy decisions sure as the sun plenty to tally. They stood before the characters they had become.

"You do that with act" he said.

Reading was their biggest problem, so they read until they went blind, then the word between them broke. X & Y were free now to go.

1d

This dark beak sharp ended mottled black and white wing feathers each wing a handsworth lighter around the neck a jagged black line ink ringlet a yellow chest the bird had a crown of red and beak good for picking and pecking. Its body pulsed in the woodchips struggling as evening dropped down on April fourteenth, sad last spring of good timing.

From here on you'll have to wait for sudden to arrive; inarguably, it will. Seasons stare down on you until you're free of them, patient or sudden.

Soon it is night enough to take the color from everything and the struggling bird is gone.

nie

1c

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

The polity is the body turned inside out the thing we live in lives in us. When he nods, you nod, or get out of the way. You are fearless when angry even if you started at fear. You work for blood. Money brings. Money carries across. Spring out of winter is difficult as winter going in.

Yesterday the clock alarmed you when you said "No" again. The thought you've identified the cause. Don't look in your present condition. Let others have it while you watch fortune go to them. Turn a coin over enough times and you'll become the sign of chance. Sit in the seat closest to the floor and listen to proclamation. Hide and fortune may find you yet. You can hope for an effect; the cause is yours to absorb. You still may will yourself out of your chair to join the matter of the crowd and shape your voicing to the voicings of other attentions, fulfilling a syntax that is social and personal in its distortion.

It's negation without you leaden character. Your body is social or quiet like breathing -- dying going in, dead going out. Do not be concerned, organic or mechanic, there is a record of you. You are being played.

4a

Slip petal cap half white half blue step for a bug half white half blue swatches in the tilting floors of green pine herb wild onion wet leaf and old old logs smell green smell just rained about to rain with birds from a range of heights a range of notes in a breath call and response through heavy air singing.

The creek's clawed with branches. The trail's pockmarked, sandy soil beginning to give in to the creek just as that sycamore did upturned roots and dirt a bomb blast of timber across Little Bonne Femme Creek. Swirls and counterswirls ripple across its skin. Rain is accountable. Angular momentum has its say. Life is not neutral, but that doesn't make it all good, yet it is good enough to have a possible witness. Trees are stiff enough, deep enough to be rooted, but time will tell; certainly rain will have its say.

4b

The best wishes are not for you. Wishful thinking is anodyne and you don't know what the effect is until you've identified the cause. Don't look in your present condition. Let others have it while you watch fortune go to them. Turn a coin over enough times and you'll become the sign of chance. Sit in the seat closest to the floor and listen to proclamation. Hide and fortune may find you yet. You can hope for an effect; the cause is yours to absorb. You still may will yourself out of your chair to join the matter of the crowd and shape your voicing to the voicings of other attentions, fulfilling a syntax that is social and personal in its distortion.

4c

Take away time from where it's kept; you are removed in return. How small it seems though experience feels enormous, a season passing in the briefest of breeze expiration certitude meeting indeterminacy. Now you are free to say "See. I knew it would happen." cue: dead

You can widen the horizon in all directions until you reach the limits of the universe. There's no consolation in the runup. Memory is only as safe as its software. You are living through dangerous days, as colors have told you. But having a body is the most mortal danger and you've been carrying one since before you were born. The difference from there to here seems significant in time but inconsequential in duration. Take away restlessness, tides of matter, love and its futilities, energy and its work, and you'll find yourself laid down on Timersroad. Close your eyes -- soon you'll be rid of it forever.

4d

After the sun had gone west down 1-70 and all the chickens were folded in the wood of their roosts, the moon rose from St. Louis and the stars shone out of physics. Why should your condition be any different from springs? Springrot. Demographic growth. You are spring disposed in a body, deposited in a box. Night is no different than what you see across your hand where you look.

Phenomena lies down with noumena. Out of mind, out of grief.

The chorus of rotation eases and quiets in death's infinite ordinal self.

Absolute sleep has prepared you for this, as did the house on Dickinson. No book could be long enough to last. It will not matter, dark matter, antimatter. Death applies until it has no more examples and disappears. Eternity; then, is in the witnessing

before

win

