

whereupon

## **I. Ante Memory**

Trae:

Sunlight slips through drawn eyes  
Wind in my face  
Dissolves my cigarette  
While ashes collect on my shoes  
Catching low frequencies  
Over artificial symphonies  
synthesizers  
Lost crackling static  
Windows up  
Windows down  
Choking up inclines  
Sweating solid matter  
Washing machines  
Charge and retreat  
Behind my seat  
within the decaying hives  
Of debtors, loaners, and the experienced sick  
Under timid blue skies  
They all live different lives  
Their stories evinced,  
Reposessed

Zeb:

“I thought,” you said  
forgotten in general terms  
this is not the end of this  
every time begins

wired to sound and electronic  
antipodes with blest  
philotic strands  
the mind either  
this is n o laughing i sinking in  
sound  
time  
without all random pauses a whole intent  
and pauses

## II. Memory Radio

CD

Choral:

after the coming together  
it comes apart and  
fashions for itself a new rhythm  
just as real as

## III. Anti Memoir, Auntie Em

Trudy:

proper dates

I never described all of the amazing sensory events  
of my week-end. Too busy exploring more. Drew  
YHWH in the sand, a picture of the parting of the  
Red Sea. He takes each successful insemination  
as a cue to start another affair. She tells her sister  
the story so she can rest herself--then the sister can't  
sleep: Aunt Maudie's Day Care, Saint Vincent  
Academy. At the same time maintaining  
this incredibly high-brow philosophy. I guess  
my mother's more than a little like a nun  
and this is one of those kill-the-mother dreams.

His accusations contain a whiff of irony  
as well, since these two character flaws  
of Elizabeth's are also his own. Why is  
our compulsion for survival so out of whack?  
We wanted to clap, but it didn't seem appropriate.  
So we all yelled instead: oral magic. Book of Shadows.  
Plato's Cave. Penn & Teller. Irigaray. Now he's mad,  
I'm sure, or else sick or distracted or sullen.  
*The problem is that the ludic mimicry, the fiction,*  
*the "make-believe," the "let's pretend"--which =, as*  
*we know, made the hysteric subject to all kinds of*  
*disbelief, oppression, and ridicule. The anger all*  
*muffled in cotton wool resentment.*  
It's a feeling I'm not used to.

Trae:

My girl hates material  
She can't wear my jewelry  
Bracelets slide off her wrist  
Ashamed by the value  
spending the kiss

Zeb:

even as this is written it cannot escape hesitation  
of astrophysical proportions  
geometric rays and pathodes  
condemning and in fact releasing spreads and streams of

fade past that thought  
flat  
medium  
i surrender in the foglow present

Trudy:

proper dates

When I woke up, I got the Bible Denise  
Whitlow gave me for my 16th birthday  
and found the scripture, which was about  
the temptation of Christ and the calling of  
the disciples James and John. I need to remember  
the path behind me. I also sent in my deposit to go  
to church camp all over again. But she was eerily  
beautiful in her costume, cheekbones and teased,  
thick, prematurely gray hair. They were quite nice,  
especially Anita, who wore jeans, boots, and a  
sweater, perhaps in a gesture toward American customs.  
Last night, we walked through the seven streets and saw dogs,  
old men, dates, baby carriages, revolutionaries, a Spanish  
woman with long red hair and a baby face flirting with her  
girlfriend's--husband? date? a circle of lesbians, a group of friends,  
late 20s, male and female, consuming a beautiful plate of bocadillos.

Yet the more self-contained I become the more I'm  
invisible to the outside world. I've become, like my  
fiction, something people can't quite make out.  
I think it's good news--she's been freed--so I say  
"congratulations" on my way past her and  
into the hall. Both of them emphasized the size  
of the sky in Kansas and my mother told a story  
about watching the skies for tornadoes, being  
carried down into the cellar in a blanket, her father  
raising the slanted door of the cellar to check  
on the storm. Last night at Legacy Jean read

a story about animal death. I was wearing shorts  
for once--when I went to bed in--since I knew if I  
took time to change, Pico's temper would never  
hold out. Still, the green sometimes does  
as much for me as sleep.

Zeb:

subject fin stretch or misconstrue intentions  
pan right to lest yer regal hue  
freeze-tight binding ridicule  
valence fasting truth

directionless  
either or beliefs  
former missionary positions  
all the same  
and mighty.

Trudy:

proper dates

Slow fall today. The rock face is so broken and irregular  
that you can almost see the hieroglyphics. Joseph  
was cooking dinner, which we ate in a hurry while  
I fed the baby and read the Clinton portion of  
*The New York Times*. He has cried for the breast  
a couple of times in the late afternoon when he's tired  
and I haven't been hardline about it. We went to Saint  
Louis instead--tried Cuivre State Park where the Frenchman's  
Bluff trail isn't even frightening and Doug caught  
a baby raccoon. If we limit our socializing to an hour  
and a half there wouldn't be time to get bored or annoyed.  
Then he went to bed and we had sex again, followed  
by contractions that had me up several times during  
the evening and finally just lying on the living-room floor  
watching Conan O'Brien. On the way back from the funeral,  
we stopped at a state park; saw a man cutting down a tree  
with a chainsaw, fed the baby in his pack; went  
to the river and skipped stones, considered getting wet,  
considered spending the night, then filled our canteens  
and got back on the road.

Zeb:

(transition)  
can perchance cause miraculous emotive  
waves and patterns  
consistently beginning with the letter L  
in all the world none has come better prepared  
the energy expended in one moment of

becoming trustworthy  
loyal  
independent

granted intuition revitalizes cells at the bursting point  
of cohesion and adversely reacts with young he

Trae:

He never gets out  
Inside the puppet  
raising his voice  
leaving no choice

Zeb:

plotted snorts and sequential mistaking  
all that introduction  
shit  
below the words of the surface

thought melts  
stretching conforms to the number of lines with repeat

performer  
keep the title to a different name  
forget your story

live it live

## **V. Impropositions**