

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,
Repossessed

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 hysterical 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
whereupon, 3

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
whereupon, 4

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