

ROGER VAN VOORHEES

*DO I THEN PERSIST AS THE
MEMORY FOR WHAT HASN'T*

S*I*G

1. an exit
2. city chic condominium
3. dispersed intelligence agencies
4. panic and psyche
5. the friendship

AN EXIT

After many nights the raining embassy was open in reply
to the first injection, as it began to glide up and fade into a shining armpit
of sky, clearings for the future swept free by the entry ramp's ascent
with an evacuation preceding each of its statements, emblazoned in slush of
triumphing phlox, the new vacuum shining inseminated,
your name slid like a Polaroid up the smoking marble façade.
And issuing report of nectar: water lecturing under speech
--- the blind man illuminating the sunlit room ---
where the sun painted the gold watch out of the picture.
This was his offer: the question repealed, served
with a chilled glass of milk and the demolishing flag.

You named it "September." All over again
the laughing swivel took up its song, mounting blank
expression onto a flattened surge of grass, as the shaped
pear came flying to hand, a sort of criminal magnet
drawing up fresh description of its opposite.
Now only yesterday enlisted you to its arriving flood,
launched into surface, amassing histories of air
and dust, as the carnation face poisoned you on sight of it: a red smirk
turning to greet you at the other end.

So in display of the one desert cube up ahead, with no sides
shifting along the horizontal, you began to echo
each finishing stranger you passed on these cream-colored boulevards;
advertising its particles: an upright starting sea.

And duping you into an unveiled performance of
the arising emptiness, his sandals go whistling along an extended arc,
a sponge sharpening its rescinded advance, as you are slung
showering forever into fresh news of the nothing that lifts you
into this charged contradiction, glimpsing your escape through a flash of
exit in the incinerating honey, the question pulverized

to the returning smile

And the future exploding from your heels

CITY CHIC CONDOMINIUM

Making due preparations to be atomized, and then for my rescheduling: the assembly - as with that of a solar system, say - is engaged with timing as much as with placement. A physiology of both - timing carried off as arrangement in space, sourced by these fundings of the memory, to anchor the dynamic with the approaching program - one that can maintain enough strength of identity to relate to events other than itself, and not crumble. And when, every so often, shedding its name, the body is reduced to stark existence by the perennially requisite market crisis (I.N.R.I.), intimations of a chance escaping all dramas of knowing, or not knowing or having known, flicker up, and I experience all of myself as an accident that intends itself as the accident - as if this accident of me myself were a will to life, and I its medium (“...take me to pieces and put me together again, o Beloved...”). Soon enough I’m back on my feet, and back in production - a game again fabricating me as a citizen with freshly minted parts, reprogrammed, minus the will to collapse, which had facilitated anterior disasters of awakening. However the memory of that peristalsis - death trance inciting a wish for self-expenditure and zeroing ecstasy - can never be fully erased from the cells - any more than one who has been alive can ever come to forget it: having been or being alive, whether one is alive or dead - though, after a time, the cells are for the most part trained to behave in deference to a fiction of the “greater good,” and I with them. Learning to enjoy this correction, only insofar as it feeds the possibility (fantasy of the probable) for a making of myself, augmented and disguised, a new danger... to nothing if not my assumptions - followed up with further plans for a schedule.

And so today, I spent the afternoon painting my bed white. My place takes on a quality that removes itself from the character of my day to day life, due to the security barrier I’ve constructed around my desk and library. It looks O.K.. It too I painted white. It stands there like a firewall in real time and space, a sectioned-off corner behind which my thoughts can remain secluded, my books safe - guarded away from the curious, greedy fingertips of the strangers who will pay to enjoy the privacy I’ve always detested and - knowing no other way to live - always needed. All I really want, in fact, is to feel this vulnerability of my touch becoming authorized, even as it is betrayed by its own forms of public speech. I expect my apartment to be ready for service next week. By then I’ll be gone. I’ve collected all the maps and brochures for the cities I’d like to

visit - those cities which only exist in a time that will have departed already with the harbor and its ships, even before I've set upon my way. To be done once and for all with this lifestyles reportage and its display of options - to put both myself and my tourism at the mercy of change - these durations of time that mutate with it as living images of life - I will have to cover myself with forgetting again: play the part, socialize, automate manners and speech around the phase-less protocols of dinner. But when we wake up, oh my friend whom I have never known - who has always been there by my side, o my sovereign! - Recording Angel who does not flinch, and does not waver - mirror that watches everything it thinks, my first technology: The Fantastic - when we wake up, you will address me as "Captain," or else not call

DISPERSED INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES

This is a dismissal of the lock and key the academy plants at the forefront, where your brain hates itself most. You waylay the aspiration, along with a deluded sense of purpose - since their program is a debt, designed to infiltrate your vital organs - disguising itself with emotions and a self-imagery, so that classes drive idea of progress expressed as upgrade, held by an impression that they are acting out their own drama of individualism or self-interest - those who would dissuade you from the adventure, which atomizes such constructs. This is only a manipulation, put upon the species and its future happiness, playing the ambition of select clans against themselves who are raised up as examples, and so waste their time seeking followers.

And this is how a crowd accepts dispiritment and forced compromise, plus so many other insults to life - since all terms of survival have been truncated from the incentivized intelligence, such that resentment more often than not becomes the organizing principle for affiliated groups - plus the envy spawned by distancing codifications of desire, causing love itself to become universalized, and so flattened as a moot point - and also the will to live. One can only attempt a redirecting of such malignancy, to intermit by any and all means the crowning decision, for as the hunter redistributes the coronating power, the days fixed by the subject's sovereignty are numbered, overturned as pages making way for new manner of these centered states to adopt the waywardness, within a mist of attracted fragments.

PANIC AND PSYCHE

By the light's races which took me to you
I began with the shadow
and closed my speech –
obscuring the eyes, as if one were to read
what remains unseen: a shade
holding the stars that rush away from the outer limits
of the city –
rose galaxy lost,
whose conductions motion me
accorded by all that goes missing
now I am operated as an idea,
and at last this moment is fitted
and loses its place,
whose in-distinction designs
a new lack of personality,
and so refreshes us forever.
For the fitting must articulate the moment we resurrect –
New suit and tie –
Crisis and psyche entwined –
I remain
with you wherever you depart –
as love reinvents
classes are described by the new usages.
Articulating my expulsion
clapped free of
the epoch and its landing flash,
I recover the shadow –
the hospitals blossom only for you, to water
the life, whose affection
embraces this clairvoyance
as it encases the light with a coating of silver,
such that the flame rises within a mist
of the consciousness that is its containment,
the scenes of its existence going up
in a cloud of perfume commercials.

Glints of mortality interrupt the reverie, the ascent
reaching after an extreme, until its escalation
breaks upon an always deepening inflection of fact –
this whole new world of facts
which has just begun
to experience us for the very first time.

Soon enough another rose will lose its authority
as a velvet warrior of wallpaper entombs the sea
for which I speak,
back-lit by this rain that will only walk
because it never thinks
while standing forth its behemoth of décor,
the era is already bled
to death at the hands of all spaces.
Kiss on my hand
waved forth by the new life, whenever the life
waves onwards like a woman
changing her mind –
to weigh us down with magnetism
lifted by this exit that compels you –
and fall again into life
and so acquit of all purpose our characters –
as when one's hope has no use, and freedom
proceeds from suspended emergency.
Quivering alongside your disquiet is this stalk
of spearmint, glittering
alone as it bristles with heightened sensitivity,
and amplifies itself
at the Arctic Circle's heart.

The corduroy lamp stains us
with many lights
listing as I write, misplaced
and out of joint
for you what belongs nowhere
and to nobody: many variations of plant-life

who love to be sung to and touched
often, and the faculty office tether into focus:
a butterfly net – whose swishing
bypasses this network
and squadrons of the policing parrots – a total
broken off the repetition of idea
into randomized particles of speech.
Moods as catches: a holiday
butterfly – and once it is set off – realizing
many events – insurgency budget
invest of its celebration –
a spark surpassing all sequence, as you resign
the purpose and result, to cure
of the straight jacket ordaining want, and tie
of magic separations this noose
going to flower.

Every thinking miracle –
alienate and smear the page
with clarity; for the task is to dis-include, and so find
distinction you'd have never known was there.

It is a flesh renewal each omission purifies,
as friendship encircle
a hollowing spot
you learn the repulsion
is a secret to invert, and so invite
what welcome turns
the exclusivity you design
so as to stimulate something special –
and rotate and give away
smile of the friend defusing function,
nerves “going for it,”
a dissimilarity recovered
by shown spasms of attitude –
for the hilarity breaks
aquarium hysteria –
and health resurgence, as the agencies are detached

that if the desert's every corner fold
and return their favor –
to unladen its meaning
such that a three sides weekend consciousness can spell
the infinitude with a next story: spirits
who insinuate the existence gaining by every leap
and crack unaccounted for –
who are the grass signatories that inform my lamp
and by whose lights I am an attracted
mist of fragment - for the generator is an enmity –
see its kissing repellents charge
with outgoing charm the welcome light-years gathered as lakes,
whose innings twitter and split
as the phrase and life communicator.

Souvenirs treated of
storied sound
place beside me my timing –
reading schedule –
white heat of paper and sweat
at night –
anniversary flowers
and fruit of seasons' machinery put aside
as a reminder –
my interval
of renewed exhaustion –
lights filtered into that function
sprung as powers off the bottom –
and lamping further returns,
a canary skirt
moonlighting as a skylight illuminates the page.
And floods
as I am the page now if cut
identity of flowers,
to be twisting my way up
canary skirt,
you can see us by their thief

and the more fun to be had –
I have another look
and dandelion identity
– a millionth tear
scything its way open, and crystal emancipation
for catches of the rose and throat
dissolved, another crime wave has swept the city
it is the wine in my feet –
to chirp and have fun,
who are stealing the way out

THE FRIENDSHIP

You distinguish me with the chaos you have created,
by whose ambiguity a skin amplifies the distinctions -
perplexity
finding singularity of event by these chances of light,
its definition to end
as the search perimeter taking interest with a caress.
If an ancestry purports finality as designation of one
moment person alive,
as chaos would make of itself a body with what energies invite
its ache -
opposing a constituency randomness,
processing bodies of static -
whose resistance is the plasticity to define a person
by their nights,
owls woven of the sunshine that conceals them
when the daylight hours are fled with a darkening figure of the plasticity.
For an entrance makes memory
and the emerald key for a new friend,
whose unthinking to kick away
upon reaching the summit the mountain then vanishes
and the ladder - as now I am a page drifter
divagating papers by form of the monologue's interior,
whose decor
designs the air that soaks the microphone, lens, keyboard and communications hub
when interpretation rubs of the wind lighting
as if to furnish its closure upon another time
of day, when the reflecting system instruments -
and being ravished
by the enemy, for the enemy will awaken you with another system of
stories.

ALSO IN THIS SERIES

STEFANIE SEIBOLD
Ladies of the Night

Roger van Voorhees
6 Poems
© 2010/2012/2018

ESSAY 8

Editor: M.Sullivan
Design in collaboration with
S. De Bondt

Printed in Berlin, Germany

ISSN: 2474-6983

sig-verlag.net

S*I*G