

## Robin Blaser/POPPYCOCK &amp; DRUTHERS

*the sexual act in time is what the tiger is in space,*

[Bataille

a brightness purred or clawed in thought thought  
is otherness including the lover thought of bricks  
which not to turn is a criminal offense, settling for  
a loose one, as if your own were not, like as not, lyric  
weeps and giggles so be fruitage  
of the loom, claim working-class stature, even if mom or  
pop only had that dignity, and use only approachable  
language to appropriate peculiarly their quickness of  
mind, close to hummingbirds in order to gather aside  
a jumbling sentiment and ply a condescension in common  
with that structured, generalized condition of language  
described at a distance by science and philosophy,  
above yourself or around or below or about

across America, north and south, the culture is empty  
and smiling by repetition thank Goodness! for eh-toots  
that they're short enough to play complete on radio then,  
there's an adagio, a scherzo, or a bit of allegretto to jump  
to between news, sports, lots of urine, chemical undoing,  
and molestation repeat compose a line, something sharp  
and distinctive — 'you take my breath away' — and repeat  
with accompanying bump-de-boo-hoo's, selling poppycock,  
two words of great beauty in one, but break it down, play  
it Dutch with a touch of Greek *kaka*, and you get soft-shit  
and the status of words

and don't mention the academic, even if you make your living that way — *the treason of the intellectuals* now turns round on itself and becomes, one by one, treason to the intellect, unsecularized symbols of jellyfishes, hydroids and their allies, which are nevertheless acalephes of radiant life and nettles now, let me tell you about my backporch in a small town where I sang opera — all voices, especially soprano — wrapped in an Indian blanket — simulation of somebody's sense of Navaho, Cheyenne or Blackfoot — heard through the hedgerow of lilac: "If I had a son like that I'd kill him with an axe"

somewhere in the Rockies, calling you-o-ou and sweetpeas  
and my basement, a pack rat in the stovepipe, next to  
the pit full of turnips, over there, apple baskets, a gun down  
it BLAM! sweet thoughts repeat that's  
all there is to it gotcha!

here, I would scumble to approach that meanness of mind which  
dumped the work of our century in the name of slackness, totalities  
and regressions particularities  
are my own of others and gyres, forgoing a certainty of form,  
which corrupts there  
would be beauty, I said, entirely a problem of language—even in  
nature—turning the mortality of over and over

some things are not ideological death, for instance and  
religion whose subject is just that, until it corrodes cares  
in an ideology of ourselves and the only-speaker, thought to  
have said once and there upon our *glassy essence*

the abstract, how easy to become identical with that object 'the  
intellect becomes all things,' but what if  
there isn't any the wonder of it

*representations are in the mind*, Cartesian love, if there is  
one

what skepticism do you belong to? moral-style and relation  
or inner-outer representation?

*Locke's 'idea' has no Greek equivalent* repeat a couple of times [Rorty  
with low notes for portents which is a problem when reading  
Homer and, for that matter, Plato yet modern thought returns  
repeatedly to Homer for relation and the language of it Odyssean  
agreement between minds and things among things, high and low,  
where the body swings an arm or a leg, a sword, a desire of tigerish  
sexuality of a time alive in space in the otherness

oh, yes, and don't write about poetry—so boring—well it could make  
a hole in somebody—it's just ourselves talking—no outsiders—and  
we know all about that goodness the "universal classroom" in which  
the universal is absent, so use condoms, having taught you

I want to sell you for comfortability, TV-intelligence of images, and bluey birds, but the 'feels' are short on satisfaction as the song goes died there *myrioi, hoi polloi*, and summery voices, twittering like souls such gab

for Hugh of St. Victor (d.1141) "technology was a remedy"  
"within [Ilych  
a generation, the tools of it meant domination of nature" with that  
in mind, you might reread Pound, at the same time carefully  
accounting  
for his damn fascism made of modern totalities and ORDER, which  
according to twentieth-century experience imply racism totalities find  
outsiders even as our thought moves with Marx, Freud, and Einstein  
alongside Pound, waiting for our correction

you would be approachable I would be approachable, but don't sell  
me your repetitious self I would sell you for a moment's peace in  
the mainstream, screaming likewise not surely claiming the *dignitas*  
of mom and pop, which was theirs, incurably like hummingbirds  
repeat they did not conspire to gab even in the back 40

thought is otherness outsideness of outsiders there is a song, old  
as the hills and thoroughbreds and ponies

hell to be here in this time repeat hell to be out of it  
belovèd Dante belovèd Montaigne beloved friend now,  
David

so, put your corrupt images where they'll keep, even if they're  
roses

oh, care for fact-stories!

Montaigne's essays (1850), *eight years before Marlowe's Doctor*  
*Faustus*, [Mayer  
*ignore humanity as a whole, together with utopias, sun states, and visions*  
*of a New Atlantis. They have only the actual, singular human being in view:*  
*he is not encircled in pity; rather, an attempt is made to grasp him[her] as*  
*he[she] is not so approachable without the thought of otherness*

*it becomes more and more difficult . . . to distinguish at all any more between outsiders and majorities. Everything can be turned around, so that the historical process . . . must perhaps be understood as the path from the intentional to the existential outsider that then ends with a virtual outsiderdom for everyone, of whatever origin, skin color, language, or tradition*

*shattered Enlightenment and no new consciousness* yellow stars,  
pink triangles, lovely Gypsy intelligence, secluded women, maimed  
minds  
and bodies not one of them safe and sure  
spirits of *real constellations of*

could it be again, now that the necessary thought — poetic thinking  
from  
the start — drops into buckets of slop, that *from now on there would be the normal and the degenerate, worthwhile and worthless human life —*  
even on the word of god come back to haunt the human repetition  
of itself.

*Each and every outsider became a provocation. Was there anyone  
inconceivable as an outsider?*

even this, which isn't over, but incipient

thought is otherness repeat in the moral-style in love with  
the other the sexual foot and clapping hands of thought's ladder  
"a papery soul," he thought, where the books went "a keeper of  
metamorphosis," he read

*at least there was that about age:* [White  
*there were others in the conspiracy*

of otherness

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