

Pierre Joris / FOR ROBIN BLASER

one of the secret sharers in-
scribed now into this net,
which is not the world
but our imaging of it
with a stag's head, on a dragon
as all is

écart à l'équilibre, hormis le rien. C'est-

à-dire l'identité,

which, of course, changes
while another sailor song
— HERO it says on his cap —
goes up as/to smoke & yet is a life buoy. maybe
“the bull among the stars”
— it is all about
“the way writing, folded, spreads”
into this, our
fin-de-siècle identikit