

Peter Middleton / from PATERNALISMS

1/

Language's strong need to be loved, salaried fight
to stay adequate to that ripe, gorgeous reality
whatever it is, that unfolds directly, full
of conflicting urges and symbols, authentic
within its selfish rebellion from the chains of
syllabary, aloft in the ferris wheel of archaic
pictograms which leave us wanting more.

Augustine said "Talk some nonsense"
to move his frenzy kiln wards, just living
the integrity of domain. His working
is different now, he waits for the words to come
to him. His nonsense is well finished.
Refers his fluency to a haunt, and poetry
the snicket at night, cycling fast without touching.

Representative of the object world, his child,
nature, glyphs, adequate dad's word
is alleged to be an upright presence
hot from the struggle at the crossroads
where the signs said Thebes and Truth.
Later his utterances act out the future
thinking it is the past, phone the Hopi.

As I speak, father is made present.
He is what permits the air between us
to resonate its cavities with hearing and telling.

He is talked into existence, the play acted
by the voices of all his people. He is made
the universe of discourse, and billows forth.
He is the analytic father, phallus in mathesis.

Or so these men say. A large raindrop
on stone paving is clear through despite
the always already swirling oils on the meniscus.
These men's books are the whole of language.
Inside, the dead fathers try to find out
what is going on, the larynx is out,
the fax down, they think a woman would help.

"He did not know that he was dead" wrote Freud
describing a dream. Years passed and no one
did the obvious, insist on an answer
to their question, what did he need?
No one. Not that nothing happened there.
Ghostly meals were eaten. He thought he thought.
And still the narrative was binned.

Shiftings and the varying true, marked him
from this time. Idle, later his psychological
object was a piece of compacted fruit
rejecta from a child of his. Later still
a feeling of being became more English,
as if the former allotment still grew to
the low end of the plantains in subscript.

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Young pilots with export mentality, haptic brilliance, and market vigour flew the imperium craft, sub and hyper space. Unsuccessful regional ventures began to diffuse their horror stories throughout occupied space. Classic early adopters seemed to lose blip when disparate points in the galactic limen syzgyed for reasons unknown.

Paternal loss making surrogate chip set dream blank, dancing, hiding one's hands under the stiff cape of a white surplice. Your father looks in your eyes and sees his own gaze back at him. Silence compacts to localised nodal pressures as the bathysphere descends his memory. Each wish has found a niche there.

Our young hero was lucky. Purely rational trialability, affect warehousing, and interrelated order distantiation, left him on his own when the ship's breakdown occurred, prior in this rare case, to entering hyperspace. The other crew were friendly but older men, interested only in discussing boring stuff

like the merits of pre & post natal cognitive programming. During the months they were stranded in that sector the pilot began to wonder why the imperium

failed to consider the distributive entirety.
It was rumoured that all space drives were built
outside known space, beyond this happenstance.
He was bored. He read the small ship's library.

The obvious identity of gothic spire, rocket
and erect member calls us into an age
actually in parallax to what gently severed
iconologists call our own, as if detained
under a sort of Prevention of Terrorism act.
Age to will in experienced callings
to the body to answer: just a word or two.

Then he discovered an archive in the cargo.
Called residual externality in symbolic domains
it covered mostly ancient history and expansion
records. Body axis precessed over a new eidetic
range. He left the pilot service on his return
and entered university. Superordinate factors,
crossmodal plans from the imperium were not evident.

No one could call the crossweave of basal
scholarship adamic, but in his role of president
Federal accidentalism was seen from time.
Enrolled scribes gave him a popular station
segregationalists of readership could not refute.
His speech was challenged singularity. There
were no signifiers where he came from, none expected.

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In ever seen pellucid green rendered
a growing up sliver of a me gone
to his old illumination in crystalline
rambunctious prayer. He stands astride
his charger, the battlements lay the base
line to a grass colour you could sustain
yourself with, in the guilt, from most, small.

Manhood has a speed, event time
radiating from the polished gesture of bone
moulded with facial padding, the
jaw is wired for the command line,
monitoring thoughts as the mirror gradually
unsilvers shred by chert. He says love
and means only that act, word and it.

Argue with say. Argue with bad.
And the was it. I can see your need
wiring your jaw for a straight smile.
I see your hope gets you through
the next hour. But by what measure.
A tip of convolvulus shoot seems so still
as it grows furiously; so green, so hopeful.

Are all thoughts memories? Which
memories of age eleven are aches

deep in the shin bone? Why this
insistent speculation? Is it a refuge
this argument about conversation running
my head? From what flattening impact
of usual townscape, irregular pavement?

Late to get talk to mean into
catch history guessing lucky. My shirt
protects me from chest colds, my shoes
from hookworms, my trousers from lust's
death and my jacket? Do you know
what I just said? Plenty of pockets
(feminine symbol) & tweedy (well integrated).

From torn out limbs knowledge, and that
is my penis, restore it at once.
Lessen the silence with conversions.
Give me your hand. The lines I will
read in a moment, but first, the plumped
abraded skin; that is a reading. In
your head you're shouting, out here, tranquil.

O yes, he walked up & down lengthways
for years, a hand waving to just miss
doorjambs and breasts. He is not. Muddle
through the metaphysics if you must but
no more alliteration, it undercuts your
semantic intent. Oh you fool, you've lost
your key, read Shakespeare, represent well.