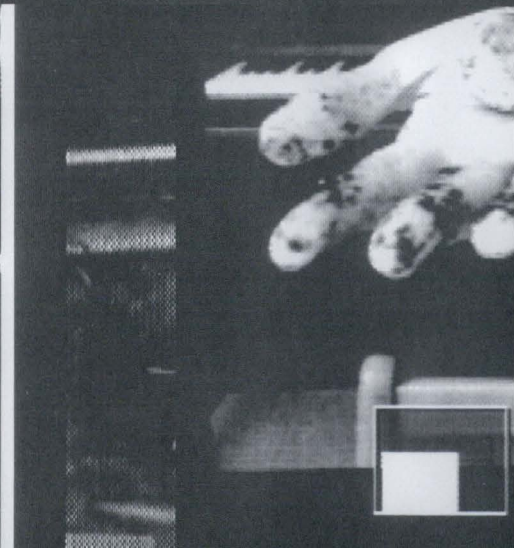
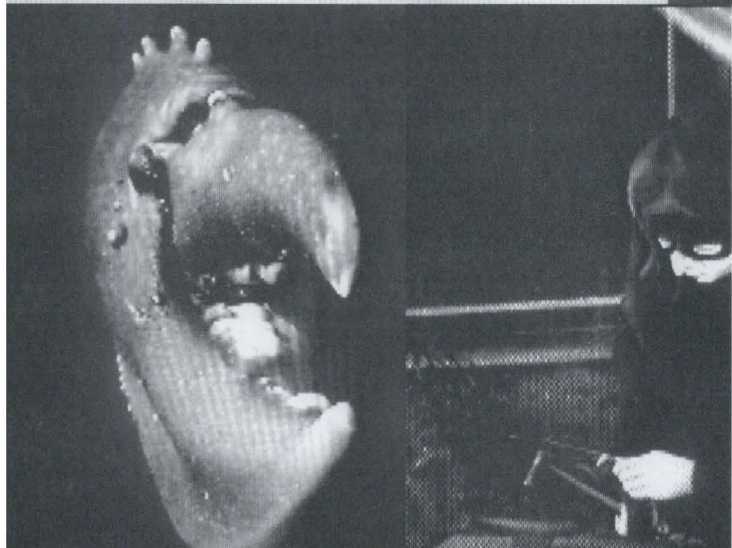
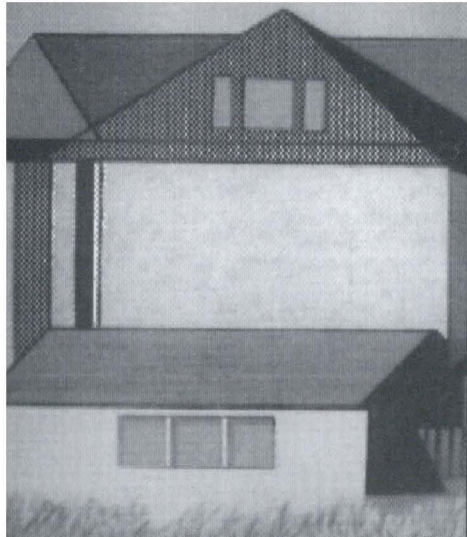


LETTER SORTING MACHINE

Lumaca feeds on the hem of the Bodhisattva's skirt
Esattamente one hour after sunrise that intimate bird
Ti trovai testifying from the topmost walnut branch
Terrina of poplar foam with a dash of dust
Esercizio I take none unless you count this
Ruvida rhetoric I scratch while the sun shakes the trees.

Si is not their spindly careless grace or the
Odore of maple sugar, paint thinner, warm milk of a
Recluso unused to direct address.
Trovasti a hat in the middle of a sentence.
Incenso must remind you of something.
Nove hours after sunrise everybody but me has shut up.
Grammi displace the air buckles & rolls & replies.

Macché I said what did you want?
Almeno bear with me the
Cacofonia of the cellular world is ringing my bells
Ho la presa but not the center, not the lean in
Interrotte heading southwest the clouds split&re-gather
Nervose as the creaking lattice of matter, bend of
Estate follows the conversation's long curve.



ZONING UNCERTAIN

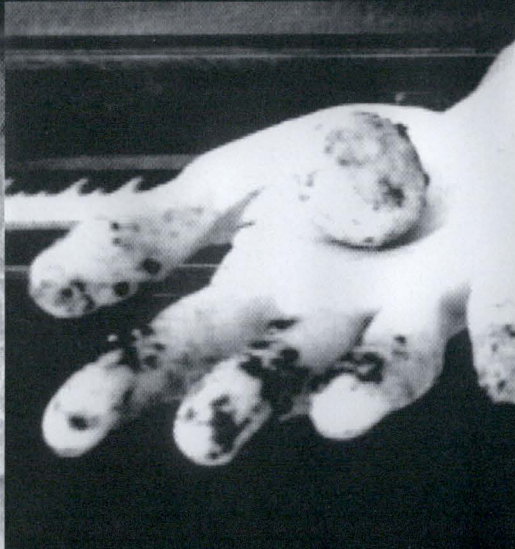
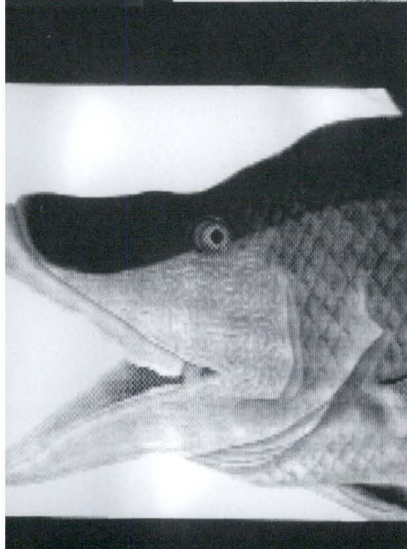
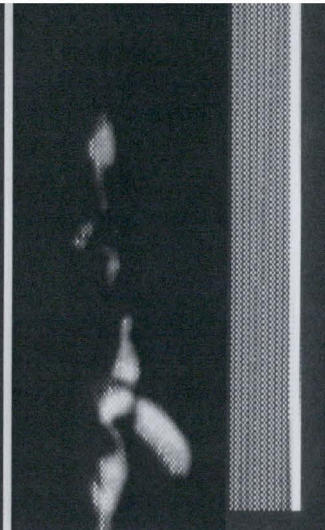
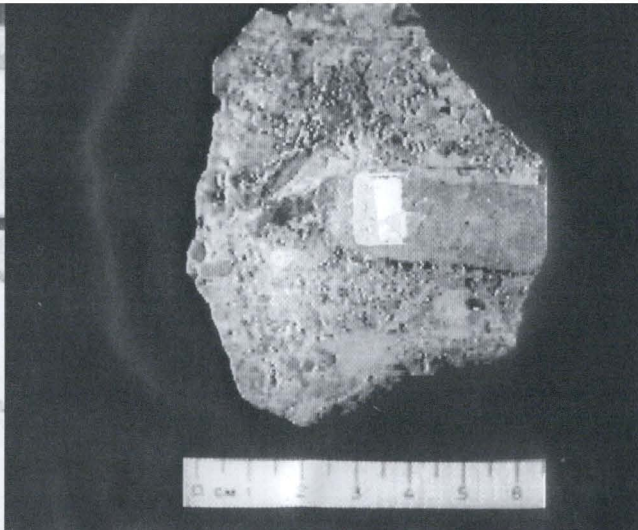
Zampirone of bug-ridden texts,
Orticante lash of error,
Non ti scordar di me familiar object
Interdigitale mouthfeel, cat tongue & emery buffing
Neoliberismo into a gleaming collective smoothness
Guadagno falls on vices & virtues alike!

Ussaro checks his radar gun hat & saddle a
Non-fumatore who still idles around exits,
Condivisibile match cupped as if on a flight deck.
Erre is for robbery & radiation, error too to
Ripassare the same earth with a finer-toothed comb,
Tornante stashed on the tub lip after your first visit—
Ammicchiamo at such things the therapist & I,
Innaccorte declarations ten minutes from comprehension
Nerofumo through platinum through white through pink.

DELIBERATE MISTAKES

Descrivi in 400 parole or less gli
Effetti the changes you propose will have on
L'unità forking paths, cracked codes & dead zones;
Il saldo della grondaia e dell'archivio perhaps
But the semi-encyclopedia? the glitchy gifs? cumulo of
Eterogeneous matter? unpolished binoculars che
Risolvono the view in a world with two suns?
Antagonismo dei pianeti e dei mammiferi for all time
Through there is a record of every eventuality e il duo
Estremo opposto travelling in deep space come dad's morse.

Mutua appartenenza the result but never the aim.
Inibizione plus time equals una
Sorda eclisse for ten minutes every day.
Tali things first, one of these things first.
A prescindere from words from underfoot worms from
K come cava craving crust carcassa.
E per così dire for argument's sake ghost touches
Scoprono welts where no nail had penetrated.



A year or so ago, after concluding a long project and in an aimless, experimental spirit, I began to write acrostics. In search of outside stimulus I asked my friend Elisa Ferrari, an Italian artist living in Vancouver, to provide me with both phrases in English to form the acrostics and Italian words for each of the phrases' letters. The introduction of so much new and frankly exotic vocabulary into my previously monolingual practice proved to be highly generative. By the time I had finished looking up and familiarizing myself with the words in Barbara Reynolds' great 1962 Cambridge Italian-English Dictionary, the poems seemed to complete themselves; each was written within a day of receiving the words, often within an hour or two.

I would then send the resulting text to Elisa, who would "correct" them as much as possible—lining up tenses and genders—and, as the project evolved, translate such parts into Italian as seemed appropriate to her.

Though in time the words provided by Elisa became more obscure and hard to work with, these further restrictions could slow but never derail the almost automatic improvisational working out of each poem's internal logic, which seemed to precede my involvement. The knowledge, too, that the poems as I left them would still be incomplete—subject to further alteration—added to the erosion of authorial control which gave the project its momentum.

The visual material here is a further response to that open-endedness, and should be seen not as illustration or accompaniment but as an extension of the processes of translation and transformation begun in the poems. During the period of the poems' composition I was maintaining a daily weblog of images gathered from the internet and it is from the days corresponding to the poem's composition that Elisa has sourced the images seen here. The images were then printed onto the scroll of a Sony Videographic Thermal Printer, rephotographed and re-composed. The balance they create across media and between process and improvisation is not a visual correlative but an active expansion of the poem's field.

The pages here are offered not as the completion of a project but a marker of its progress.