

## MATT LAPORTE / The Cultural Goat Mega City Continued To Thrive

for Liz Howard

..... concave hole, speculative distribution machine heads,  
dressed down in minor variance at the life lab. When government  
and big business invade the home. The ghost of a narrative.  
Jobseeker said, a pessimist of the city and an optimist of the abyss.  
Amazing things happen, in places that aren't here. The retired  
guest star from down the hall. A repetition of some prevailing  
form. Digging the digital database, for real this time. Relinquishing  
control in order to edify future-classrooms of one. "You know  
what I mean." Fricatives sighing. The name spoken with exile's  
longing. Time enough to enjoy a stranger's laugh. Chrome asphalt  
sunset. The true war is a celebration of markets. Subalterns  
encrypted blindfolded subjects. Explosive devices for when your  
hands are full. Here in the zone, our ancestors reassert themselves.  
With no reference to anything else. The being of the being of the  
market. Zoned at 60 km/hr. Remember to breathe is key. The  
'you' is a cheat. Some debilitating curve hums in the soundtrack.  
A tome. "Begin to live." The outer edge of a much more violent  
word. We, for one, are just not ready for. The punk rock hysterical  
sublime. Collective groan. Coterie originally meant, to get together  
as a means to resist enclosure, though I don't think there's a word  
for that now. October, no lights on in the foot spa. It's not like  
you can eat or live in legal tender. Real, apparent, or both. You  
could say my job right now is emailing you. To be enjoyed and  
protected. Slurp! From my new book-length manuscript. Broke  
forever at the foot of a monument. Part of our heritage. Supplies  
crossed along the subway's length. Jobseeker perused the columns,  
latent with messages; inert, she wondered what they could have

meant, those plaintive hieroglyphs. The artificiality of the entire machine became apparent. Busy creating its own superior market, one that targeted the deep resentment people felt, and there it was: resentment-based economies. This constant moving away, of being reproduced in a forest of symbols. Forced to figure it out, in the hopes of blitzing the other's mind. In the uneven distribution of swag. Dreaming of food, oblivion, other histories. Pain's half-assed seal, working out its changes, its little dialectic, until it ends. Scaled to another Earth. The true message never came. A genius of meta-solutions, Kontrakt Killr knocked over the chessboard, shot the referee and shouted, today's deliverables aren't words, but the halos of meaning around words. A subject called Jobseeker replaced every bone in her body with a sanctioned whip-smart opinion. All experiences stopped taking a specific amount of time. Instead, they all just piled in without a reference to anything else. While the leaves corrupted the rentability of the proprietary sky. Both the easiest and the most difficult of things to do. Decline and fall worked silently on the landscape, as the cultural goat mega city continued to thrive. Incrementally weighed down by each misstep, by the compound interest incurred, by certainty and fear, and irritated by time itself. Lost among objects of observation homelessness, some vast experience, or both. No one knows and yet, here we stand. One long industrial rug intersects at a T with two smaller rugs. Outside, a major market index, pollution, the reinforcement of our shock, and all the paraphernalia of risk involved. Ready to retire, second week of November in the distribution night. Like a harmless accentuated menu for prospective interventions, she cried, rolling a boulder down the steps of City Hall. Smells of the locally faked, trucked-

in, sham combinations. Someone said, we're literally here, right now. Still the life of the evil party. Surprise friends got a poke in the eye with a wet cigarette, or whatever techno-goth equivalent they're peddling in the incumbent's soul patch. The cultural goat mega city continued to take place. This struck her as both an abstract thing to have happen and a flight from abstraction. Regardless, it all sunk into a kind of weird ambient grid. Turbulencies in the ether, uncertainties in the winds of karma. Workers need poetry more than bread. They need that their life . . .