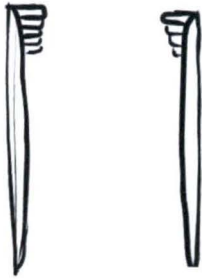


KYLE KINASCHUK / on u // for u // to u



marriage: tired eyelets rest against an/other's throat there: is a song on, but i
line on the rug outside the theatre while thoughts of cannot name it, and i
delirium and misery project onto the screen; a sigh don't think that i'll ever
emerges from parched pinks during the dénouement want to // how could i
wherein carmine whispers death to a stitched face— name u // i sit in the
images of an old wound unfolding like a flower closet at my desk under
menace: a has been thinking if a is merely a exhausted light w/ the
repetition of the ideal a or if a is an a in her own same pot of coffee u put
special way videlicet: the colours move on just before u left, and i
imperceptibly from shade to shade on a hand-knit try to think of what it
sweater that once stretched out like a wave across a would feel like to swim
taut back contrition: pusillanimous tendons reach in in the sea before maps
and out of dreams contorting and listing the times and longitudes and
when things were all right in both heads, but then latitudes and meridians
again the thump on the door shatters invested had organized the waves
desire like the tinny buzzer on a microwave during // but mostly how to
a moment of affection when the lights are dim and reduce the feeling of loss
the teeth are out; however, the carnal communion and longing to 26 letters
always hinges on the moment of the sorry talks— haecceity: i love only
the sick apology—where the mouth lunges and memory and reminding
utters the expected, but it is not reciprocated, which myself of you ecce homo:
leaves a pain lurking in the muscles like a spectre i am reading n with
asking if an apology is an apology if it goes boots on today, because n
unnoticed—and left dangling ford: mumbling wrote somewhere that n
polysyllables at dusk with the heater on, and the is the kind of thinker that
boots are in the backseat together atop a muslin we should take off our
blanket sweating icicles and listening to the shoes to read, but maybe
frequencies emanating from the boxes above, and there is another reason for
then the welts begin to hum along with the song in not taking off my boots
half time and carry a gentle cadence til a blueberry today // j: i want to let u
in a pellucid container with a baritone voice steals go by keeping u
the show; the sounds repeat the unrepeatable like somewhere inside & u
honest palindromic syntax habit: and the body will have been for ever
cannot move like it used to, but the sinews don't outside me if i fail to
forget the flesh of the other because a pair of mourn your death
ceramic glasses still appear on the countertop while although i'll eat u and
the water boils over and out of the tin kettle your infinite joys alive
enlivening: the evergreen next to the unpainted by retrieving your ghost
board exhales deep breaths while the roots grow from the archives of my
thick beneath the tiny toes and carapace hearts, psyche and mirror, which
and then volcano tears rupture the follicles and will erase u from my
pores along the tectonic lids followed by lacrimal memory & u will dwell
shifting and shedding; silence and a flash of sun for ever

living the before:
i've never met u, but
i'm all ready
mourning your death



o says to i's
 friends: there
 is no friend &
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 ows this truth
 to be cer
 tain so i looks
 two (h & j)
 and wanders
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:e i dents // u fell upon i like //

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re i dents // u fell upon i like //

anschauung: and those ws
 (uu) destroy me every time
 (up/on every presentation),
 for u(u) cannot be reduced
 to space and time, a non-
 category, a mere intuition //
 u are more than what is
 given // but u are given
 and u are transcendental,
 because langue musts u-
 countless figures require u,
 but your ubeity causes u
 ruin // yes, u are given, and
 yes, u are a gift // yes, u //
 never fewer than the
 definite // u are fuzzy
 without geometry &
 arithmetic // i am unhappy
 that i miscarry creation in
 my head by way of
 substance and cause and
 accident always sense
 senses // (stay
 amay so i conldu't staud-
 nuder n uo wore)

u says
to i:
while
waitin
g for
the bus
that
the
alphab
et is u's
favour
ite
work
of
poetry
&
when i
arrives
at
home i
spends
all nite
readin
g old
letters
trying
to
make
26
shapes
appear
new a
gain

and now airplanes: your
absence is death, a death
that foregoes beginnings,
that is, a death without a
proper name, for i never
learned your name, even
though u spoke it at the
table over cold coffee, and i
was too scared to repeat it
back to u, yes, u spoke a
name, your name, but i
forgot it, yes, i forgot u upon
arrival, yes, i forgot u // and
i refuse to know who u are,
but u, whomever u might
be, if u were to dis-close
your name to me— then
catastrophe // a closure, to
be sure, through the
inscription, a slipping and a
snaring, an appellation into
the logic of repetition, so if i
speak your name, then u, in
your singularity, will cease
to be, and i must admit
i love u too much to repeat
you //

dear u,

i: love u too
much to repeat u

love, j

07/12/89

i (interrupt) u: a love letter, if
there were to be a love letter,
that is, a letter of inscription, i
know it would b/e u, but how
can i love u? u are only a
letter that i am not, and this is
the way it must be de jure, for
i is not u // factic & ontic // i
will never be u the feeling
on the vellum when repeated
kind of like this—untumultuous
(there are five of u in here,
and i cannot think the kalon
in terms of both the one and
the many, for i fetishize
singularity and sleep through
the multiple) // and so it is the
thirteen corinthians that
forever recess the paralogical
lord of living corporeal vision
to the peak where every coffer
and repository is wounded and
thrown ashore // our tongues
become cymbals on the
shifting mount (one muscled
papillae carpet reaches out to
loosen and mark no-thing
while shepherding in the
agrammatical to desire no-
thing and gain no-thing in re-
turn) singing a sing about the
patience and kindness of the
agàpe, which refuses itself
upon arrival, but preserves
itself while giving itself away
before the ultimate // there is
no reason to recognize a gap,
an irrecoverable accretion, so
forgive the count, gape into
the gulf, and think a world
wherein asclepius never
collected a rooster while
socrates lipped his last