

on transferring in full the procession of emptiness intact

Lary Timewell

"The thing is, for the time being we must lay out all the Nihongo. Involved with Nihongo. Involving Nihongo. Who is the remix Nihongo with smell and colour transposed? Who is the Nihongo who does not retaliate and will not allow retaliation? Who is the Nihongo discharging jolts of electricity? Who is the joy of Nihongo that invites people to misunderstand?"

— Yoshinori Henguchi, *Lizard Telepathy Fox Telepathy*

To invoke Article 9 of the Japanese Constitution, or allude to the nail that sticks up, might be a newspaper way to start. But the meta-social by common consent, & which each generation ever-fails to operate, is not translation of any absolute equivalency. We (yes, the mediated individual I's now-holding-now-moving-deliberately the camera) experience each *it* differently, the skein of frogs' eggs & the tail-swish of *koi*, when feet are straddled firmly across a wide tongue of pond.

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"Bad authors are those who write with reference to an inner context which the reader cannot know."

— Albert Camus

so, there i am within a fictive in-between a *field of significance*
oscillation between conveying & receiving like Jamie's last discovering
things that are beyond meaning intrinsically linked
dialectical relationship within the thinking that is translating
Sapir's linguistic relativism each language creates its own
world & worldview suddenly one word stands in for three
new vectors with newer phonetic grit & slither another stream
altogether "translation" relating through acts of transformation

you've heard it before: all texts are 'translations of translations of translations'
speaking through the *continua* 'to carry across' is a modality

of Shostakovich to jazz Nihongo gone punk-go
original *now* not open not *faux* not *founded upon*

"Self-expression is erroneous in art," said Rothko, slathering
more paint upon wandering errors out on their daily exile as

the ineffable waves that slap the
sides of our ever-departing boat.

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Mesmerizingly simple loops of Culley's beloved Theo Parrish, themselves on
rotation, are head-to-tail fragments that form new wholes upon which another
structure can be built, does build. Van Gogh's domicile in hexadecimal oil is
not *ukiyo-e* transposed, despite all entrenched academic historicity. Clouds in
Stieglitz & the real clouds in any sky are equivalencies, not to each other, but
amongst each other. Not a fine distinction but another world. J-pop can be
heard as up-tempo *enka*, and DOA can play protest folk reverbed nuggets, but
Lydian mode is not Phrygian mode is not Aeolian mode, after all. Not if you
are listening closely to what they are not playing. In other words, each & every
cetera is *et* & other.

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a viable commercial is means as meaning
blogged & quartered in the global square
buddha jones keeps on screaming at the sky
the days of our youth are clipped to the core
i remember when real talk of the impending
revolution was as common as dogs in space
now just word fugitives in equilibrium
corpus delicti in trademark dolby sound
i heart glorify
& i heart noise
i too was a teenage shoe-gazer imp-

acted by the always breaking apart
setting aside more time for thought-crime
juke-boxing mustard relics of an unstable
& witnessing the inevitable thug
lives of ubiquitous media christs
it's still a one-sided war
of old play it fast & loud
it's not rocket science as the sayings went
more sets of syncopated hairpin postcards
& side-stepping the mainstream
all the air in my lungs welcomes
it whatever
it is you are
living in the storage
lockers of the mind.

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Method A sacrifices measure for sense; Method Zip is half as long in song;
Method 13 says all translation is homo-linguistic creation & just goes to
town with red paint & wild joy in the blood; Method Q respects L'Academie
Française, but only on *le weekend*; Method M is broadcast over frequency
modulated channels to all the ships at sea; Method Erin compounds clarity
upon collaboration, harmony upon counterpoint, *richesse* upon profundity;
Method XYZ hammers out an approximate tune on a balophone on a luxury
watercraft named zygote. Method 0 works best for me, for all the mis-collected
we who never get the job or the job done.

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words jump from justified right page odd across the gutter to the indent
of facing page even eye pulls the mind to a parallel curve of meaning
tropes encrust themselves symbiotically on the whale travel far south
are thrust off in a leap-breach to find themselves again themselves in another
hemisphere another form of

translation as transubstantiation

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i'll write my way in

“...*cognitive map, situational journey*...” — Fredric Jameson

poems are all about embedded lack
cobwebs riding the roughed-up wind

uta wa subete umekomareta fusoku ni tsuitedesu.
詩はすべて 埋め込まれた不足についてです

arai kaze ni notteiru kumo no su.
粗い風に乗っているクモの巣

in plain terms what is the emancipatory making?
by that which by which anything is can be meant