

## Carol Mirakove / from *MEDIATED*

*¿Dónde está el mando a distancia?*

<Subject> awake       awake       psychographic? <End of Message>

Headline: “No Matter How Much Energy We Conserve, We’re Still  
Going to Need More Energy” — President Bush, May 18, 2001  
( *Continued* )

Headline: US Warns Hugo Chavez Labeled OPEC Lunatic  
( *Continued* )

<Subject> rock smash scissors <End of Message>

Headline: Prosecutor in Coup Case Assassinated ( *Continued* )

Headline: Poppy Crop Fire Scare Again Tops Economic Charts  
( *Continued* )

<Subject> makes a bedspread & is so taken by the colors & patterns  
of the bedspread she only vaguely sees the other objects in the  
room — she only sees a fragment of the whole. this happens  
because she is, we are, conditioned to — and have deep biological  
needs towards — pleasure. <End of Message>

Headline: NAFTA, CAFTA, & the Poverty After ( *Continued* )

Headline: Lula Dubbed Cardoso II, May Yet Have Tricks Up Sleeve  
[One Hopes] ( *Continued* )

<Subject> in my bed we are sleeping in the dreaming/nightmare  
beds we make <End of Message>

Headline: Boom Hum Factors Mexico's Border, Crosses  
Disillusioned (*Continued*)

Headline: Four Waltons Co-Appointed Secretary of Starvation  
(*Continued*)

<Subject> last night I dreamt I made a pillowcase in the presence of  
an old man who sold bed sheets. outside there were kids playing  
jumping off stumps <End of Message>

Headline: "We're Losing" — Colin Powell, January 12, 2005  
(*Continued*)

<Subject> aperture, that smell, endooring <End of Message>

Headline: Bolivia fights back! (*Continued*)

<Subject> gets on the Q train, hears a woman talking to her sons  
who are near 8 years old. she is talking about people dying in war,  
saying "This is why you have to go around the world and meet  
people; so we can learn to get along, and we don't have all this  
fighting." she says "One person can make a difference. You can."  
and one of the boys says, "Do you make a difference?" and she says, "I  
try. For example, have you -ever- heard me say that I hate  
anyone? Have I ever in your whole lives spanked you? Do I scream  
at you?" <End of Message>

Headline: Mercosur Maquiladora China Building Dwelling Think  
(*Continued*)

<Subject> with you while apart <End of Mess

between  
files & a click  
down we are in  
the fragile grip, deal.  
controversy & they nerve

to say wet we are not  
& among them.  
animals

disposable brute fact of contingency  
burns them away like slag      spit hips &  
rooftop

glimmers, commitments  
of angels (ours) falling  
from & sky, go

falling  
from & sky, go

you a walking forest                      me with city smoke

it makes little sense to not be complex, muting in an ear  
leaves chained an archived document to  
affront  
shellac                      she is susceptible to faith.

                                inch Allah            [stop] gap that god  
                                matters  
what you are — found — collective  
  scale-jumping passion  
in discovery  
from chaos

                  factories?            labor doesn't live here anymore  
                                float  
                                problem            the eliminal    human

Cassandra the future  
she'd wake up  
a core dump  
departure does this work?

for you?

you must choose?

sides? apparently you break

“or do something else”

  & yet determined  
side    not side                      she is let go to one the pledge

                                How do                      they    present  
  a                      “glass house”  
to their                      constituencies?

about face.

something with someone specific but not certain.  
switching back the guttered ballerina and the sun /  
spoked / parking / structure / pretty & delirious.  
weeds bend the boredom dandelioned.

I want  
to be                      a dandelion.

so not, “They were in love. Fuck the war.”  
but “They were in love and they would level the war  
   mongers.”

*My friend the poet CA Conrad told me that  
dandelions normalize blood-sugar levels & he  
asks me if I've noticed that lawns in this  
country are filled with them. I say yes & he  
thinks the plants are telling us we eat too  
much sugar. I wonder & I wonder too if they  
are ubiquitous because by putting so much  
sugar in our soil through our waste the  
dandelions pop to balance the ground.*

*& I want to say, forgive my naïveté (forgive?)  
— because it isn't — willful(?)*