

JAKE KENNEDY / Futuromania

for NFP

“As soon as someone dies, (there is a) frenzied construction of the future
(shifting furniture, etc.): futuromania” —Roland Barthes

*“Where is the source of light?
It varies, as the gnomon.
It transports the object in the
form of a shadow. It is the
object; this is what we will
call the miracle” —Robin Blaser*

1.

all so's [conversational]

humbled by the suddenness of darkening:

a blown fuse—

as if a shadow-house replaced the current one

when hearing the name “Lorca” or “Wal-Mart”—

immersed in the great and inconsequential alike,

elegy *and* mashed potatoes

2.

for instance, [matter of fact] two bees trapped under a coffee cup—

a description of Vincent's left ear at Arles—

then a scene of miners whispering within the collapse—

to long for, now, what?—

an immediate redemption—

any mode of release—

or more of that/the same fear in order to escape the fear of soon having to escape a
newer fear—

3.

of Flaubert to Colet, [epistolary]

as in “Because I always sense the future,

the antithesis of everything

is before my eyes”—

this, then, as well:

the struck match that

cues a greater darkness, too

4.

gallows in the public square—[informational]

for those who would explore “doings”

the head (offered like a lantern)

ultimate survivor (our useless desire as trunk)

in its own nakedness and passivity:

a guillotine that longs to say “I’m not hungry anymore!”

and longs not to say

5.

that red apple is twisted [avuncular] in two by that farmer's hands

the split itself means appetite:

good or bad or *or?*...

only in this (the or) do I have everything to say /

and only in this am I saying it:

the split is the materialization of the *predicament*:

seek out that nothing!

6.

list alleyway microwaves, list the elegance of cigarette foil, list assholes pressed on
photocopier glass—[categorical]

what is 'I' doing (anything *better*?) when it types...

in time?

what is I doing when it types in time anything better?—

each second, wait!—

the poet's ethics:

to want to live but only in order to write a little better!

7.

as when chance trumps chance by sending the playing cards out of the shuffle and
into the air [playful]

a wind inside the curtains that looks fake while the fan's breeze appears real

next it's words leaving the bedroom window

heading on into other mouths in other bedrooms

and in *their* order

with the original lovers saying:

come back / to us / soon /

8.

neither accept nor denunciate a longing for wholeness—[didactical]

beyond rivalries, at least—

without its own stomach—

some (as yet) great, unhungry solitude

the yippee-ki-yay of the wordless—

let that wanting be for contraries

that there are right and true directions but only not | for | us