

DAVID BUUCK / from **We Do the Polis in Different Voices**

How to make
nothing happen

until there's
something

there in that
negation

where we want
to have begun

Of space-time
compressing

momentum
without target

running not
yet amok

inside the tent-
ative present.

Of duration
scansion'd into

communiqués
disguised as poems

in whatever
time this is

here on the
trampled grass

In the epic
gap that splits

actors from
their lines

the play-
ing field

opens ops
for now-time

A field
of intensities

pulse through
a set

of others
coaligned

in throng
songs

Were verbing
swerved

and swayed
into sieves

maneuvering
toward

fissures
in the line

The improbable
trembles

in each arched
body

what are
the forms

we'd like
to live in

From I to
we is an other

zoned outside
coterie comforts

the forms
drop away

and new ones
rise up

—OAKLAND, 2012