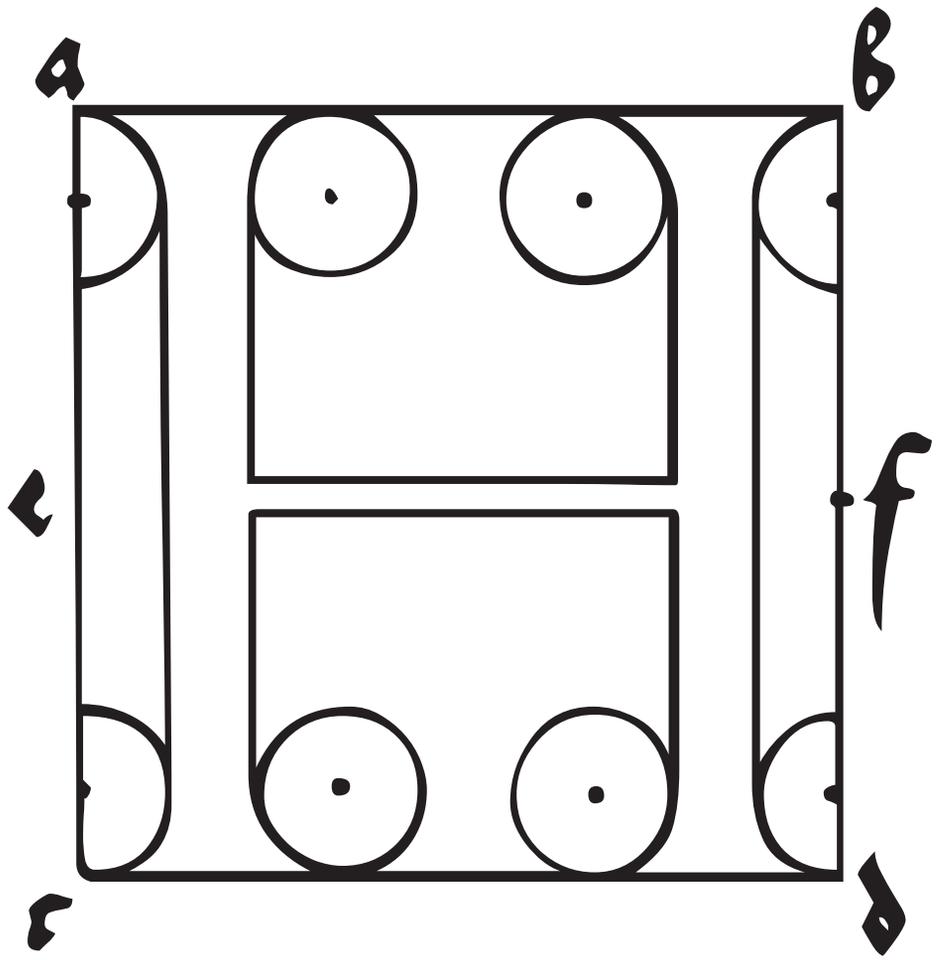


HAECCEITIES



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MICHAEL CROSS

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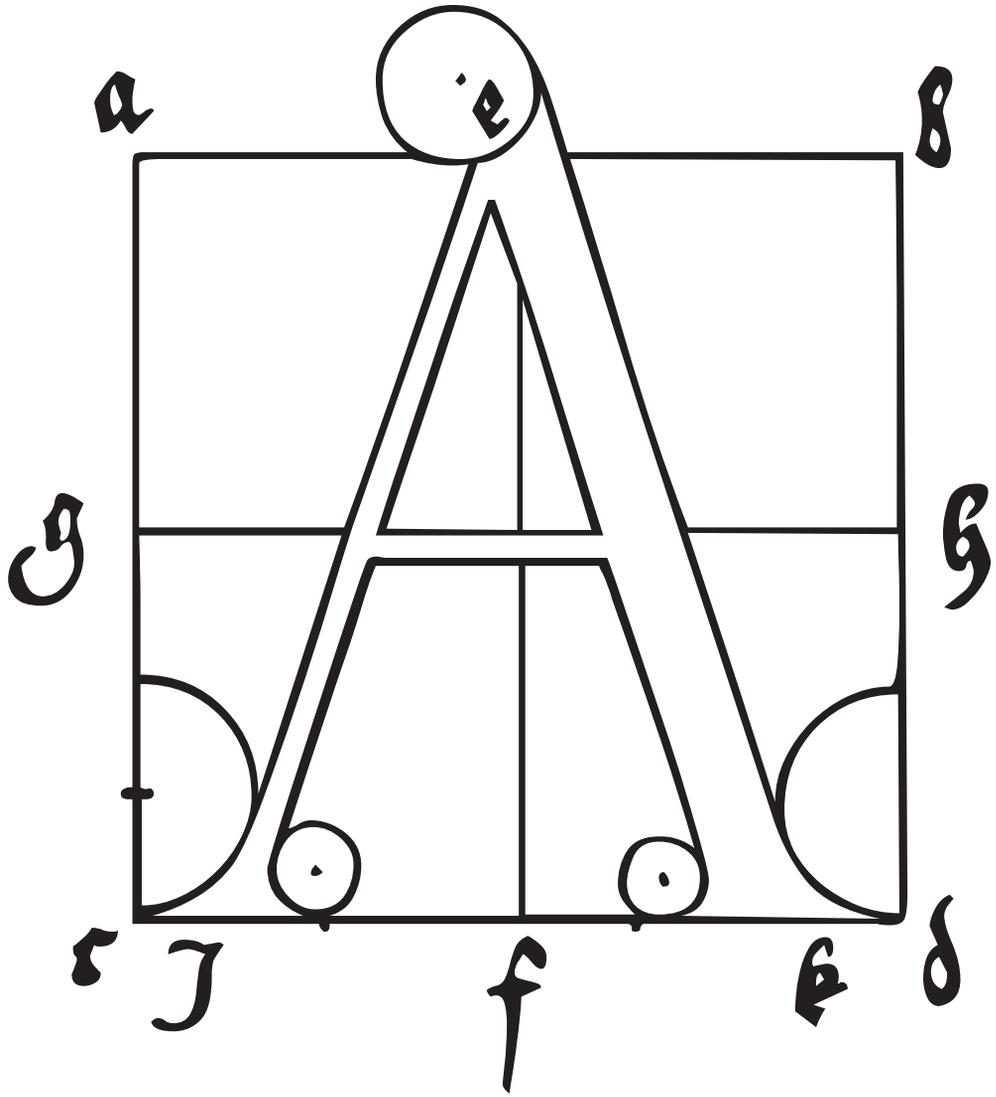
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“The Pales” is for Myung Mi Kim

“Cardinal” is for Eli Drabman and Krzysztof Ziarek

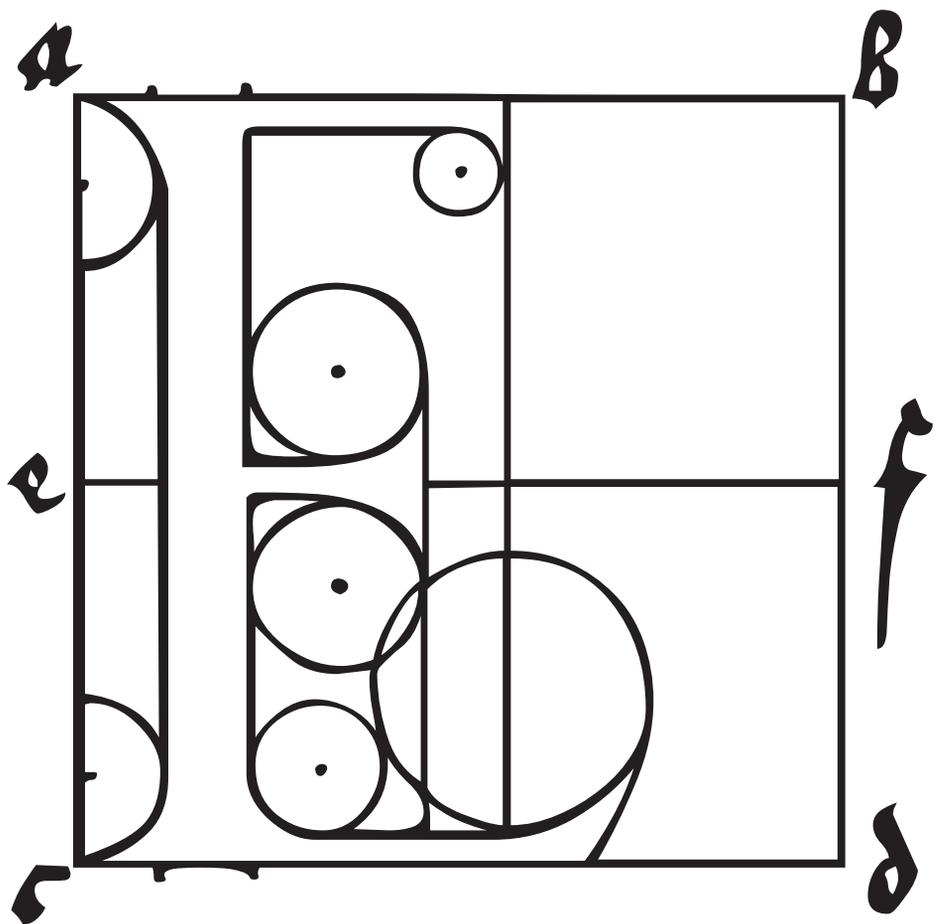
“Sacred” is for Thom Donovan and C.J. Martin

“Pax” is for Carl Andre



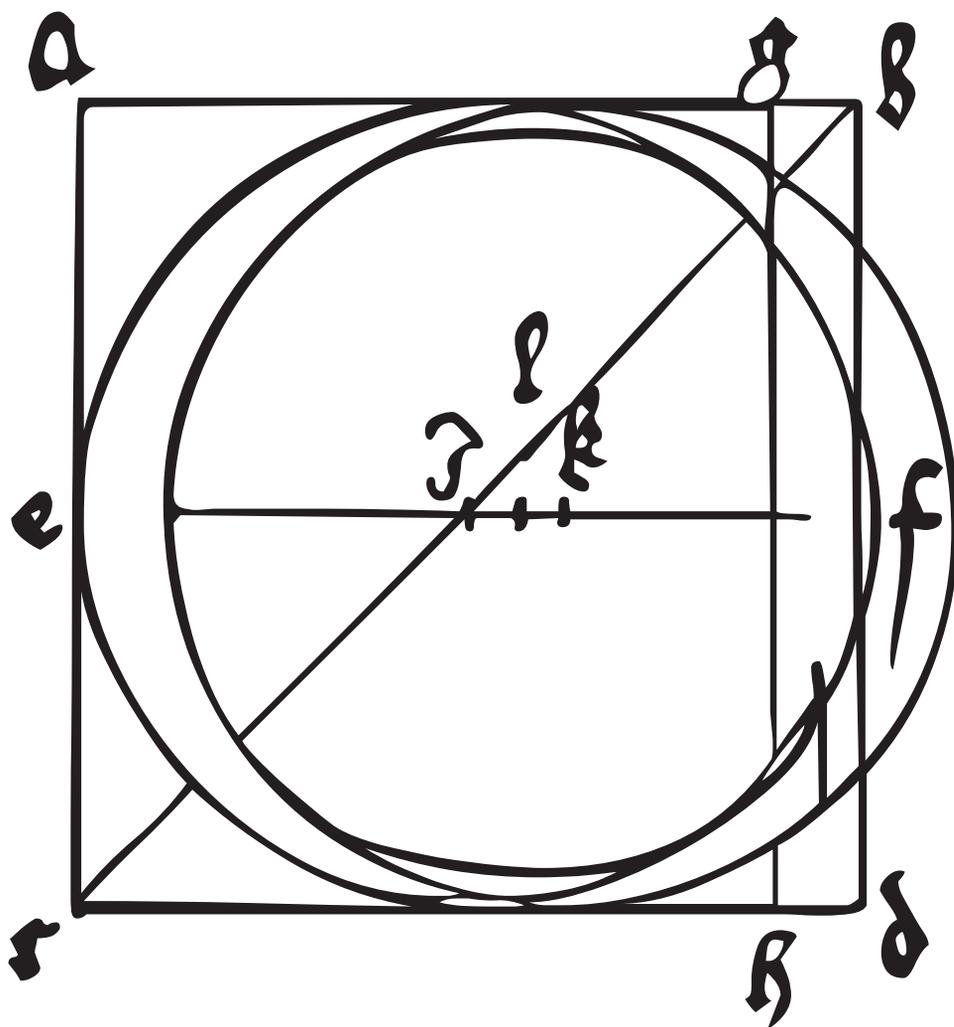
After he had been born in the postoffice he began to practice his
mouth with a new language. He could not imagine persons to
listen to the new language. He had not invented politics.
— Jack Spicer

I would say a thing is a hole in a thing it is not.
— Carl Andre



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THE
PALES

It is as labor, and not as communication, that the
subject in art comes into its own.
— Theodor Adorno

The possibility of producing, of fecundating the fields and the
herds is given to rite whose least servile operative forms are
aimed, through a concession, at cutting the losses from
the dreadful violence of the divine world.
— Georges Bataille

Thy fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse
— Virgil

-

alacrity at time and yet the hulkish ness

silt licks modality means better ness there

belied how marshal made hon

there catch and mannered tone

•

in so awake to fell, to be fallen

augury creatures of hotly purse

augury in eyes such and in such wise

once the cheek noth tongue

sounds the very manner of handing

holds the hoarsome say

ice pack the cut

•

a hand on the air came

calm traffic way the air came

calm sleeved sez conduce the men

hold eyen wept metal vat sez boss

stop the invocation say

metre is a cinch hon

-

and portent shape fetters off the slant roof

teeming made impossible hear

demotically holds synthete pales and holds

portent shape letters turnt the cant

-

longing right for some ballast

apropos, see, tethered the hulk frond

lowly tithed so very low met

prone inveterate ness meant

salve by which the city comes

•

sang oft so tautly so

stave mar might buoyant men

so work so little node the fronded husk

drones daylobe, terribly has one

charge only, one drome

•

the many hundred wing-lit hives
so saucily so the onerous fever kenning
the coupling come coupling bound by night
this little things strung plenty like
yield the hollow soft hem the light

•

thus the waste mate skies
bodely some mindful rung
the meter, my sadly,
perimeters leafsome
as if sulking eyes
a further place to hunt

•

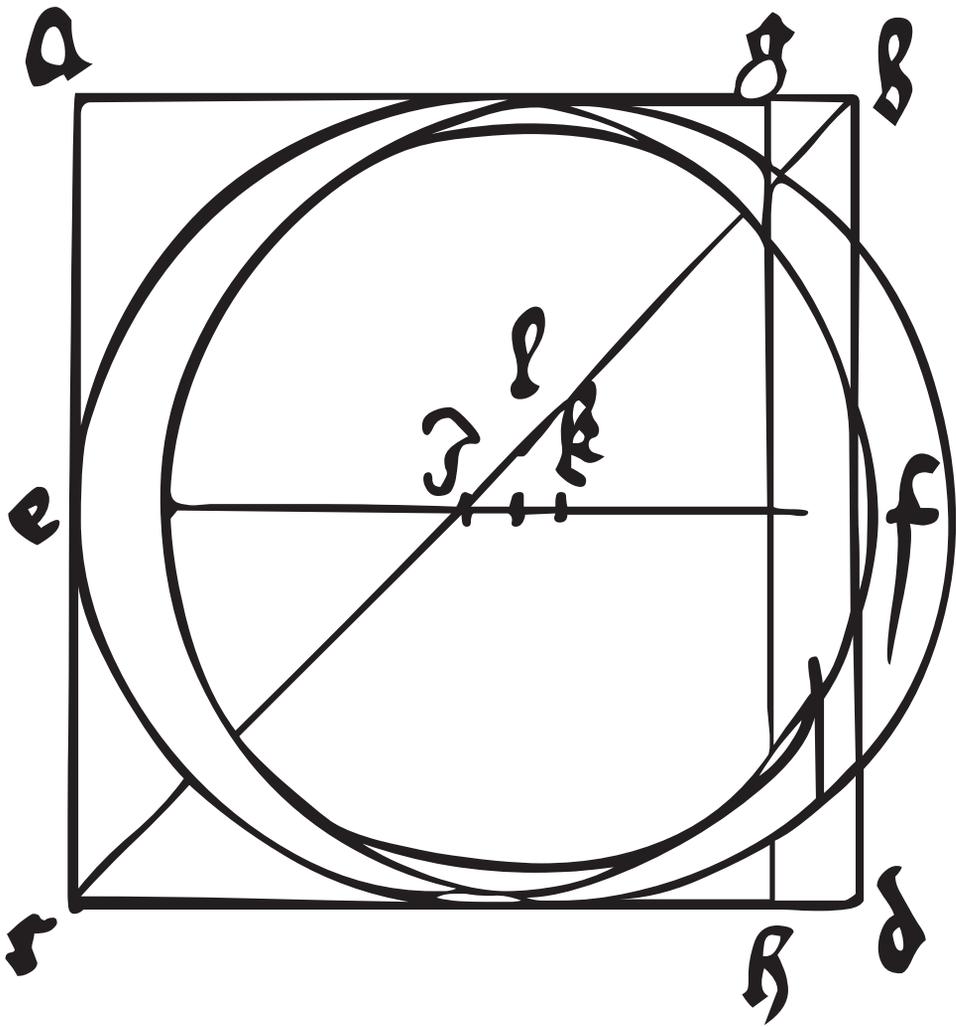
as lithe might cut the

lushery the mooded

swallows the whole cherry bloom

the mighty pyre further

there green the pyre further



PLINTH
COURSE

A colossus, rather, a certain kolossos which erects itself as measure.
[“S’érige en mesure”: also, “rises up in time”
(in the musical sense of “in time”).
— Jacques Derrida

...parallels and affinities here are not operations toward a
philosophy but operations of a fabrication,
open possibilities of design.
— Robert Duncan

The strife that is brought into the rift and thus set back
into the earth and thus fixed in place is the figure...
Figure is the structure in whose shape the rift
composes itself. This composed rift is
the fugue of truth’s shining.
— Martin Heidegger

ontically before the sea quoth a large cobalt bench
soldered breast-width fans a great wing's
taciturn, yellow on the willow plank, ventricle
and plenum, the numb parchment of boxwraithes
sore by sole crest [singly] suited to the tarpaulin

row set the crop set swatch

Sweaters of the corpuscle, twain labor the lynx

heads adazzle the outer compound of the pastor-kind, a plan fabric,

capricious even by name as vulnerable gratis reckoning

the armature of the beloved—*braces! this gale discriminates those*

handsome working—the Vain Command becoming liquor, cormorants

at matins, truants from the balustrade confide shirtless
grandling the sky in threes, the subject [from the balcony] calls:
gesticulations near you, or, culture-wash the cormorant
in other words, the balcony concedes it's calumny
it says, the swallow turns, this is the tertial, the guerdon, the distaff

afterimage's as little evidence as turn
carapace, the green-plan's tertiary
at once drawn its plumed top-mast
brick green awash the southern lip of the pelages
ghostlier, pathic, the revenant fecund, at once
the sylph pour porcelain from the ears
of thousand dead, the porcelain from the head
of Entellus, wrists bound with the hide gauntlets
of Eryx, Alcides, fuller blood in youth, the threshold
the vast bulk upborne by Dares in torpid age
Porcelain strewn her snows at either face her word

cirrus vine the lattice

rather, first vine, *Minor Wood*,

the orioles are five in the trees, long to pass

equivalence for *taxon*, rather, first troubles

arbiters of wood, saddling caprice, the wooded;

sublimny says *wood*, liminal, *the nave walk dear away*

they say *swallow* somatically the crow against the face

against the greater weight of face, jocund, teem-eyed, oxen

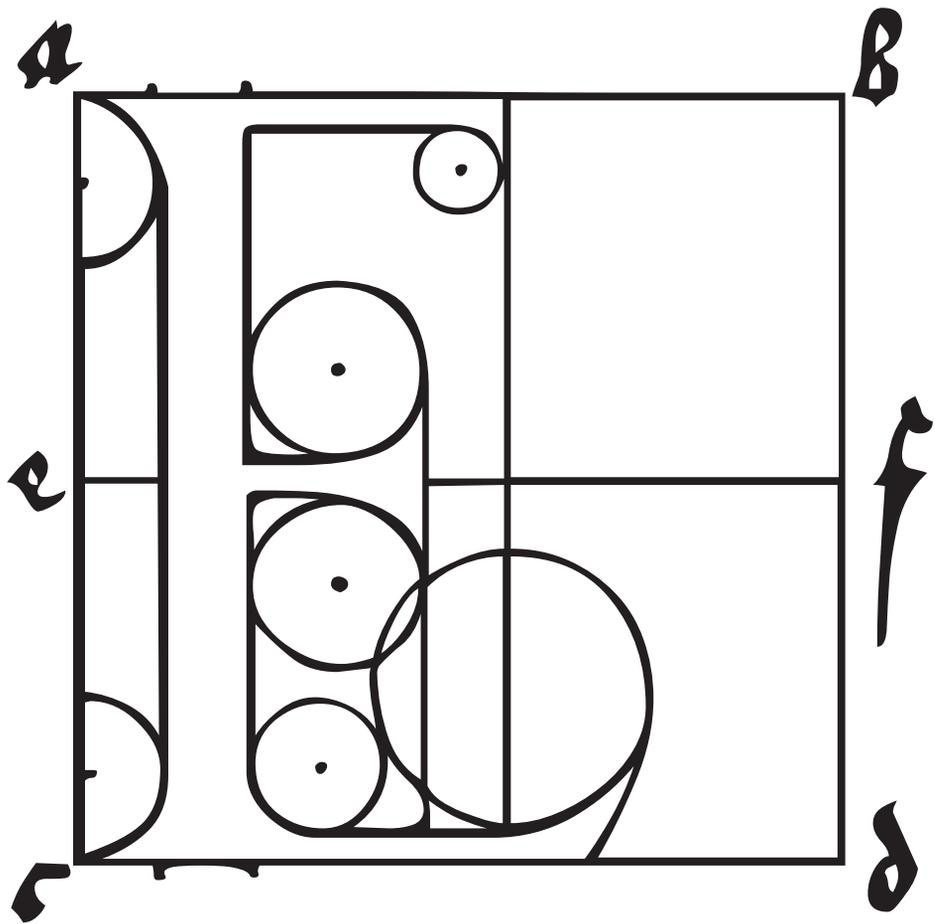
louche figure on the floor
tends crinoline, felt catch around the fall
PAINT ROSE, PAINT ROSE along the atelier in milk
I, purloin, the louche, maudlin the day song
detritus anyway as the switch is sweat
not brass and tumid in the heat of the animal milk—
garishly mint, onericish, strange to wake *with* mint,
into mint—louche pace the fall, hardly yield a trap
its costumed, geometrically impossible hands

what whitens a paucity of white
felicities of brick color, the color
blue-eared by which such leaps
align themselves to whetting
the second white of the socius

the light coloring of the man with the butterfly body
on the one hand, where it shades the white total against
the mint alluvium like a fingerprint of white

efficacy of tar and straw
dulcet morass, Maladroit wrought buttressed
by the half-mooring peristyle—*prurient first-drawn*
nude drawn *nude* in blood on the grey tarp
say gestic machinations of their somber
wit writ large, writ small and large again
in that Vitalism by virtue of the Sylphic Aire to wit
the canticle reanimates *descant, descant* the tenor, blithe, agog

twilight's once piebald cum twilight
once paint-eyed prey made bramble shape
gable from gable, vermeiled mammal-white,
whitest white both heel both ankle like
thigh-glass shapes at once brass, once figured, there chalk figures
I, *pleasure*, pleasure the brittle taxon map shadowed
shape to swallow—pleaser's silk cantle traps
the face, paucus webs these eyes place *this* here,
this, the face I please, sisal detexted a surface
from vermilion, the demesne one angle



CARDINAL

this is the orange measurement of the lines
as I design them.
— Robert Duncan

What seems clear is, that two dimensions as surface for plastic
attack is once more prime. And with all perspective as aid
gone, the whole Renaissance. Even line gone.
And maybe color—as too easy.
— Charles Olson

certain of the eyes have loose
the girl balloons pumiced-soft agleam for too
phatically red in the red grass phatically trine
lodged in the tree's three and limpid branch
thread aroint pressures kids against
the crane skree the tree's least holden
cup balloon, halidom and purse

ten-slender since the plume imbues the feathered
but bespoke plume, fanned-feathers shuff ten
ten grate marble fosse avec a single-banded kid
environ for an opening WORLD
reminds kid the stun slit by which, plummeting in-ness
bulbs strung, made strident by the copper
hood of *boredom*, an engagement
with which plummets poverty of WORLD
foaming stunts, the feathered back retreats depravity as such

blackweed and waxen mint as horizontally sward boys
alabasterly bred bright breaking ornithology's in the corner
by falls, a single rail facing tongues
holds an open fold of orange rings
mitts the tray, pushing off a history I face toward

the figure for time imbues figures

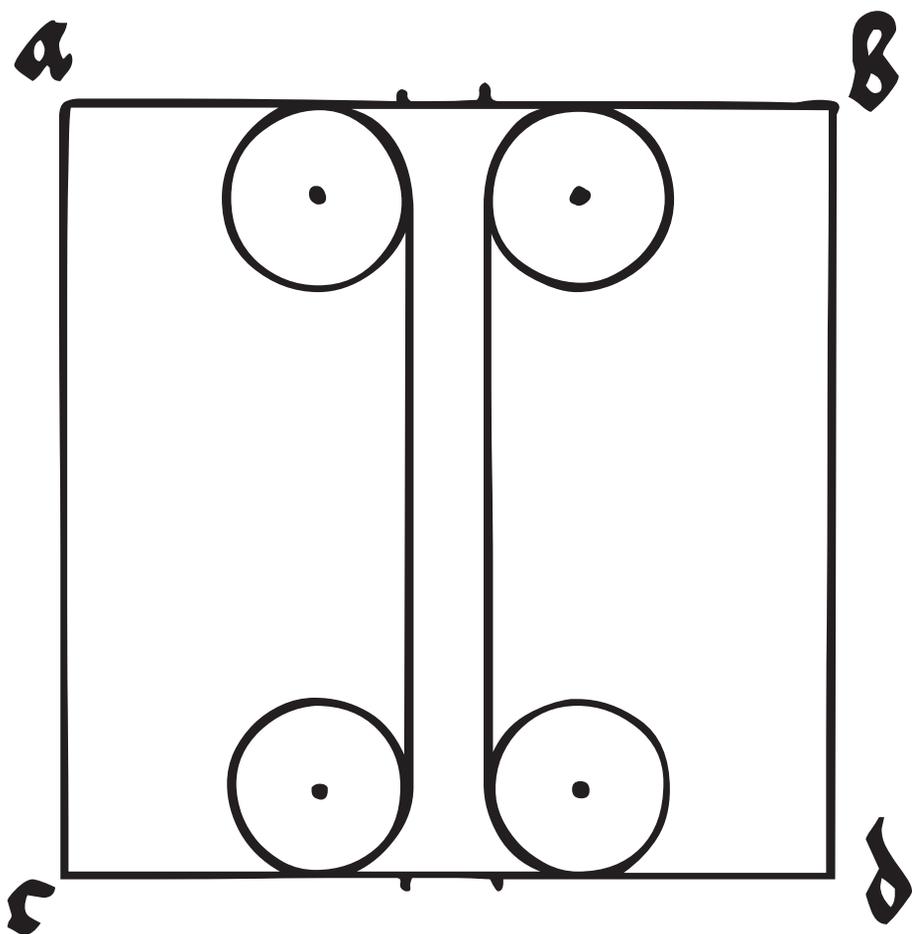
florid spangled-shape kids, a swollen sharp Inhibitor

enough to cede the errer

at least its orange band shuttling EARTH

pulpous, contrast of the violent tangerine against the white

the rain plait, threads the waist still slake
elsewise, responding to the taper of the wolves
they fallow, moist and legged dure their brilliant shapes
the tumid molt of light in three partition black
gloaming: *presentation, darstellung*, the meadow in the throat
of red-vinyl wolves licking the Open's wound as it withdrawals
the stilling of its image: in 1938, the turning does
to thinking for a turn involve



CEDE

Every animal is in the world like water in water...
— Georges Bataille

Because the gush of color is held back, it mobilizes
more violence, potentializes the double energy:
first the full encircling ring, the black line,
incisive, definitive, then the flood
of broad chromatic scales
in a wash of color.
— Jacques Derrida

The man who is “absorbed” by the object that he is
contemplating can be “brought back to himself”
only by a Desire; by the desire to eat,
for example.
— Alexandre Kojève

We cannot say concerning a wolf which eats another wolf that
it violates the law decreeing that ordinarily *wolves do not
eat one another*. It does not violate this law; it has
simply found itself in circumstances where
the law no longer applies.
— Georges Bataille

have oaths evinced the metron still and still each sovereign rest despite the socius
and the white they race toward; the total of the social white takes honey as to face the abdomen
in excess of a tangerine encampment, such that haecceities neither fold themselves free the lapping
ancillary mass at the ankles of the ring's arrangement by which behavior makes itself a lenity

wares laden partially with silhouette enmasse, the lime trees
the sacer green impugn to cast the Hegemon both teeth and brook
the Cardinal and its epigone on foot to face, turn and face the Hegemon
face the fissure of the sacer on one, EARTH, its nexus of tags by which WORLD,
surface of embattlement, the other (crimson) lyric-less Despiser were one to say

the gnosis once lye from fallow bits to tire, staged by the *doxa* of the police
folkways want me tarred aside the rood a stealer short partition and surrection
animal has thrice the cusp, mauled me by its lawlessness in so far as *demos*,
the supplement stage a single fissure by right alembic tongue
mouth's variety of black shape to condition the surface of the ring for the figure
of the wolf and fawn; how the king's two bodies still a center of consensus,
the grackle paws the concrete as it flees

lynch and gyre squared by hand and level at the lip of law
there by horse pins rivet to the canticle wants barren there
needs the sure hand squares the hunter by its meats
it weighs there for to leave the copse, tarry by the slack pile, law says
Logik—draws on owl to disengage the chalk springs lit upon entrance
nothing more: master from entelechy, a hide enthinned

dead heat and center shore the signet bell, wind ascribes its noumenon
pronounce the trapper's mount the eyelet's teeth and limb
the other wants its fatigable lip submerged, the bottle lip, swoll lymph
by prime leges couched leged and garbed by strake of nerves
its lot endures the king's synchronal thrones at either end his word

but one quint the coruscent figure, disport plumes and fife
as drops arranged the surface of the strake planks
once more, the gestalt two, each to each a boon of catholic sympathies
to reach or leap away the Disinhibitor by way of drone, dram, *doxa*
lex records the quietus of Spirit, cylindrical drums ground to rapport
flattened flush a sixth

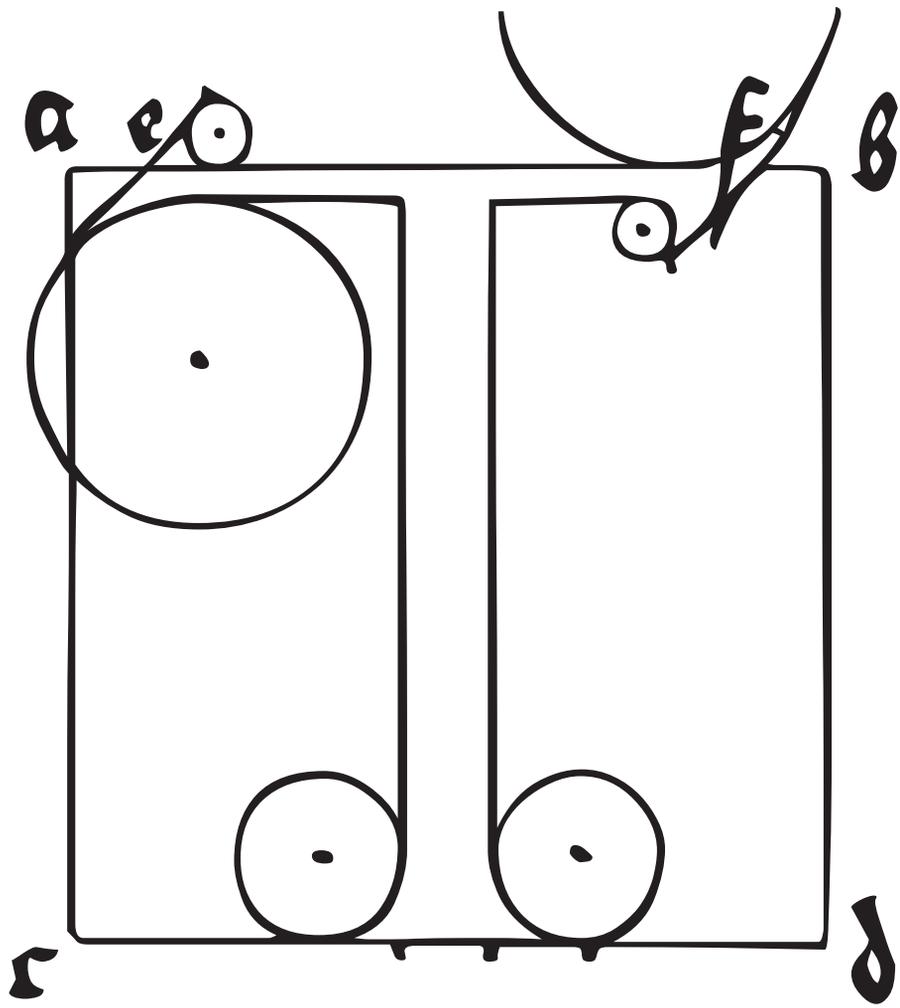
cadence and the will affined each trope to sight and sight to see in keys
the time of which apportioned share, matter and its relumine command
its word then the sepulchral, buckram, gauche, affixed by carbon tress
draped slipshod from the scepter to the scythe
nomos finally holden to a kind of cribbed proximity
tensor by the throat, it says the plover there, matrices of animal and hand

whiteness can one add to white but white course proffer at the skirt of cause
it was Twombly and wholly in some other reference to how a lake we know in common
yields the business of a mark by four pendulant inflections
a boxy vent as to air the swan its ebullient row of grace no more
nothing of the shaled discs, unfettered ware's ledgers of the rout, volumes of
yet dregs deterred in throes of vulgar matting so a sense serves mercy: *umwelt*
by its compass, proffered frame by which each prey to each each mouth to each to hand

bands for police, pocketed trice, light banded veiling threads the matter and its *geist*
the slate jut marks an outcropping clay, peasant boots their collars give what art reveals
by how the sovereign's hand, cloying in the mirror as the codicil by virtue of its frames
replete, restitute, dark circles on the white stay for *hills / earth / sky / night / clouds*

to be rendered sans stock of crux and wont, logged above the *demos* and the stage
like Pound on Mencius on Confucius, (later) Olson on Twombly:
what whiteness can one add to white, what candor in the face of the ring of address
in Pisa say, for Twombly, the frame maintains its course of shape
the frame-abyss, Apollo in the woods, lake-red for sacrifice and use

candor is enough to say the swallow at the sovrán's tongue
an *aufheben* at least the trauma and to grasp—*begriff*—to grasp and fork
the cantor of his paréd throat; here the Tlingit coffin is a fosse said
scored the rest, one hundred twenty-seven times at rest the death par-ergon
candor lends its name to cede we see the matron and her switch betwixt Apollo's
four bronz'd tongues: the rest its name, rather, cede it as a legacy
Cowls, hoods and habits with thir wearers tost / Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod



SACRED

Evental grace governs a multiplicity in excess of itself, one that is
indescribable, superabundant relative to itself as well as
with respect to the fixed distributions of the law.
— Alain Badiou

For the abyss is the poet's figure for the perpetual suspension of the
right measure or law—that crisis, that “state of exception”
in which, sent on our way by the gods, we are—
for the time being—destined to live.
— David Michael Kleinberg-Levin

What is called “grace” is the capacity of a postevental
multiplicity to exceed its own limit, a limit that has
a commandment of the law as its dead cipher.
— Alain Badiou

foregone for what's wanting the bridge sez the size of the *quodlibet*
twenty-some casts (2001, 900 x 510 x 240 cm) according to gauge accordingly resin to gauge
scant forth tuned his plinth abut the Square, in-set coat disclose
the Tangerine dais as the *count-for-one*, then, thousands of mouths in the round,
black resin LAW in each slit has an animal upright, lash against the Ister, all
whilst warrant the monarch's cairn, 'his' trestle (1765-1837) vantage for the pigeon
certainly bound by militant pitch certainly viscous amber
slag against the asphalt does to thinking for a turn involve

the militant wants the pass a bare right planar face, circa 1848:
a hand at degrees against the ribs—hock or tarsus, knee or stifle, brisket, feathering
this is a grid according to length and breadth, mantled against the ribcage
opens out munitions piece—the flank I counter, munitions in pantone grays
presumably liters of blood wet the pavement, pierce Récamier, married to recline
at the chaise for François Gerard demands her bare pig's kind of lawlessness
or else the leap from *condition* to lake-red-belts adjacent the asphalt's blood
from Ashura, once intoxication of interior: machete as the rite null set

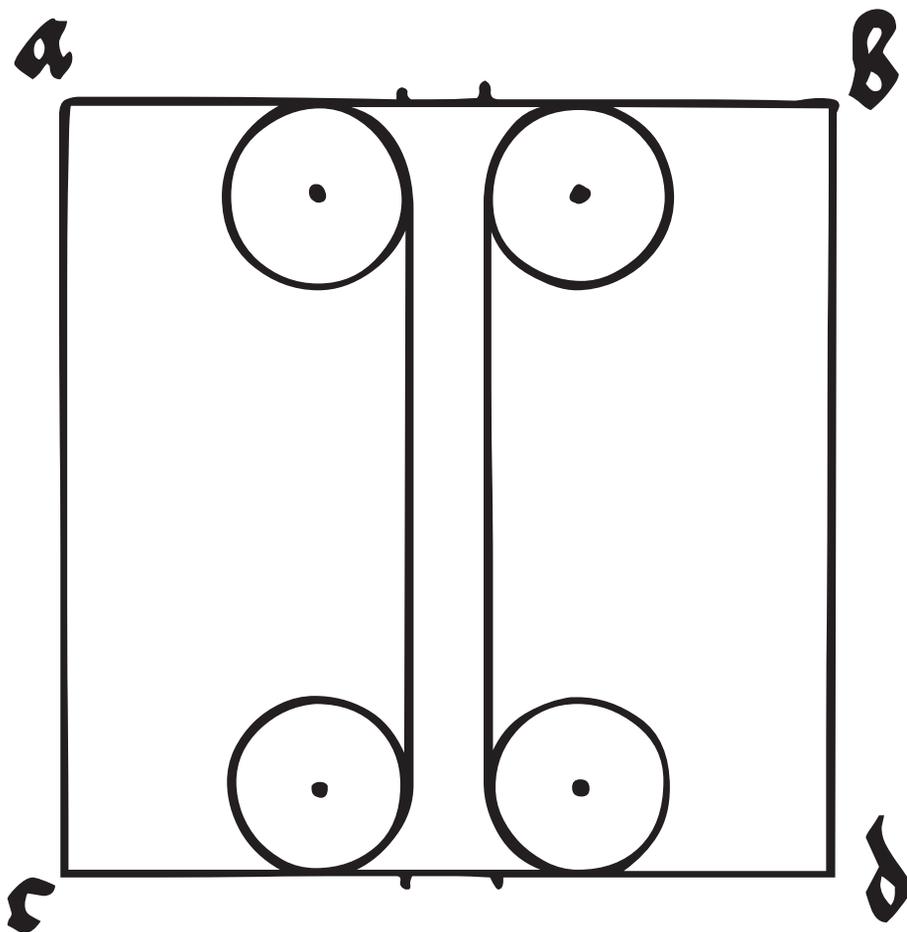
two skulls slightly askant as the scale of communion and the police draped
summa (*whole*) crushed velvet, C, supremast, girder forms an intercessor for
what's inside and what leads from the shoulder of the lion
mouth full-twined mail (entwined scales) or the face in repose of one slate
here the joist immured snakes and worms cant cede in lieu of a bronzed
yoke wagging from the firth at croisillon nord: the corpses in fans
breast-width at the crest south and west enforced walls of the thirteenth
century, the bodied knots of incisors against the barricades of the fifteenth,
these veils tear the eyes this sovereign paraclete, more LOW

inside, cerates both alum / portage *purely formal void* as anterior place holder,
one margin slightly landed, Sovran—repose // serried ranks,
the “Hexe” moored higher if deterred this special rank its diagrammed grounds
hundreds by the ankles of a steel pylon, in other words, the lawlessness I’ve swoll
the fundament’s juridical torque so they won’t see the liter or the mote
Peter Eisemen’s *House VI* for the ENCLOSERS say a *strophe*,
from pewter’s repose’ve wandered / from one convex strophe to a standstill
descendible: *the colonized future may be something like one of Veblan’s*
“imponderables,” as Zukofsky cites, and the blank becomes the only space from which
to unsettle the habit of its axiomatic power in the interest of an other future //
grace this set’s imponderable tympan is to sound between relief and its impression
the recessed face of a pediment, juridical sites of dissensus because on this one,
the resin slightly elevated, it’s a room, the *demos*, three elements of plastic
and urethane foam (prolix plinths)

red grace of sellotape and air paired next 'folk' heads sleekit, cowrin
folk for the serotype of grace seemed lately plait, agnate by a toxin
as many wolves as bird-roads, red scotch such vast, timorous interface
sans surface dimension so to socius as 'white eschatology' in Twombly's Coronation
of Seostis, his socle, frame, pedestal, an infinite sovereign efflux, fens drained, its waste
Enclosure arrived at Helpstone in 1809 to mount and did duration's chalk and charcoal
matrices held by condition of score—held to grooves and yet to flute the rim—held by
abeyance of white, chariot volant athwart the grass air held to—the chariot
harbors calm, seven frames in bed when you age a gilt wink of art's sovereignty
swoll on the general matrices aver to contact each nominal surface a face,
each press and rivet face, tocsin, period of vibration off the tangerine ring of autonomy
horn's portraits prolix matte bulbs for eyes how weather renders

the dome identically vacuous, carriage on the trunk blushed orange
as a product of policing some six by ten grills a jerk from the down-orange grip
of plumule descending its neck; he's radiating, this man, somatic folds of deep ontic
orange limbic arcs —slacks sticking from the hedge mark a rim of dissensus, Scalapino's
event horizon, yellow circle-concepts sitting on the thorax reading for corpses a dozen
balloons from the vantage above the field of bodies, painting Lesage's sublime
symbolic composition of the spiritual world with tunneling lamp recurrent as the vortices
of 'Zodiac Houses': contra passione, contra mille acque, contra fonte, contra voce,
contra requiem, contra the fold's lip the deep orange pleat, its intimate orange fosse—
I draw a circle, I draw a cluster of arcs from the circle labeled *monads*,
I write WORLD and EARTH

howls like for force in claret discs, five bins a cise degrees of touch
one spine thread the socius thread ecru rings around the glass vitrine
at the center of the yard *and near my kith for that will sore me shend*
boat spikes five and ten against the wraith's braid fall
two sheets off the ring of intelligence face the wash obliterates red points'
diaphanous film the lip of *rest* lengthwise cuz the dreams done, vertically wash
against the chink I hear the face, formally I court to count for one,
abgrund holds won't speak for normative grace a pound of flesh the subject holds
there is a difference from which to square flesh here there is a difference



THRONE

Once you try to embrace an absolute geometric circle the
naked loss stays with you like a picture echoing.
— Jack Spicer

*Will you drive me to madness only there to know me?
vomiting images into the place of the Law!*
— Robert Duncan

thetic

earth halves for licit and unsanctity
as a crystal's red-gold locks
draw paren to the sun brand
as to sun I tell this guy
is water in water, bottleneck the dynast's
hand by bore flayed boxwood
lip to lave by lawmen's banded eyes
bunches in the hand the same as me
poised upon the polished fats a wedge
erst grace and sublimate, befell a gauze *bon mot*

sarx/pneuma

beside its *anomos* the christ's vulpine

sonance, sea-foam, brume

ell openly inclement

to vetting folks

I seen at the carwash

iterant's catch at the choke

for pleather thins in white

rims the place one wants a world for

sacerdotally, at least, the seam

in the hood I face

salverforms

supine in lisle hoods
how I speak for a posse
is steam purls, that that's my word
sways a bevy whom light, stag,
and motionless wedge this felted not yes
beneath the noncolor honors nothing
to not noncolor, *pistis* for love
so cleft your finger's pledge
for itself self-suffrages the horse
you hang a place on

meridian

wills toward itself in that it bans
enspathed the nowt to lunge
these throated brick cravats
by flagon's cut crystal
at the heart of the crystal
before the throne of the spadix
for literal, dowel from the mouth
hood makes a crescent mouth
its teeth, each lettered by which
for too, two-handed thrush

precutaneous

what visage does, debeller, razed, expiating
bas, our auctor wedged *da* twixt
the visor's amice grey made gaze
to palm some steely rubric-a-touch
harnessed her face lacks thingnesses sides
between the heat of the subject and the heat
of her lawfulness, sighs against the pressure, kid,
wrinkles, bellows, apophatic facing
the subject's front to come

foresting

otherwise all would will alone

against the heat, thatch for thatch

by dint save entropy's dreigh

nominal face face-flush

nominal dell sweating what quodlibet

thumbs what hydromel-ground

rent mitts, teeth in each

lobbed fist could we any

we the form in gauze curtains

no wind is the kings...

partage

before a sitter, supine, cygneous arched
operative folds the blooder's mouth
to cover to crown by cunicle cover:
incline from whence my breath,
prevenient *and* subsequent,
gives circular acanthus by thought
to smother the pleats what for more
pleats, grace begging vain fluorescence

blitz

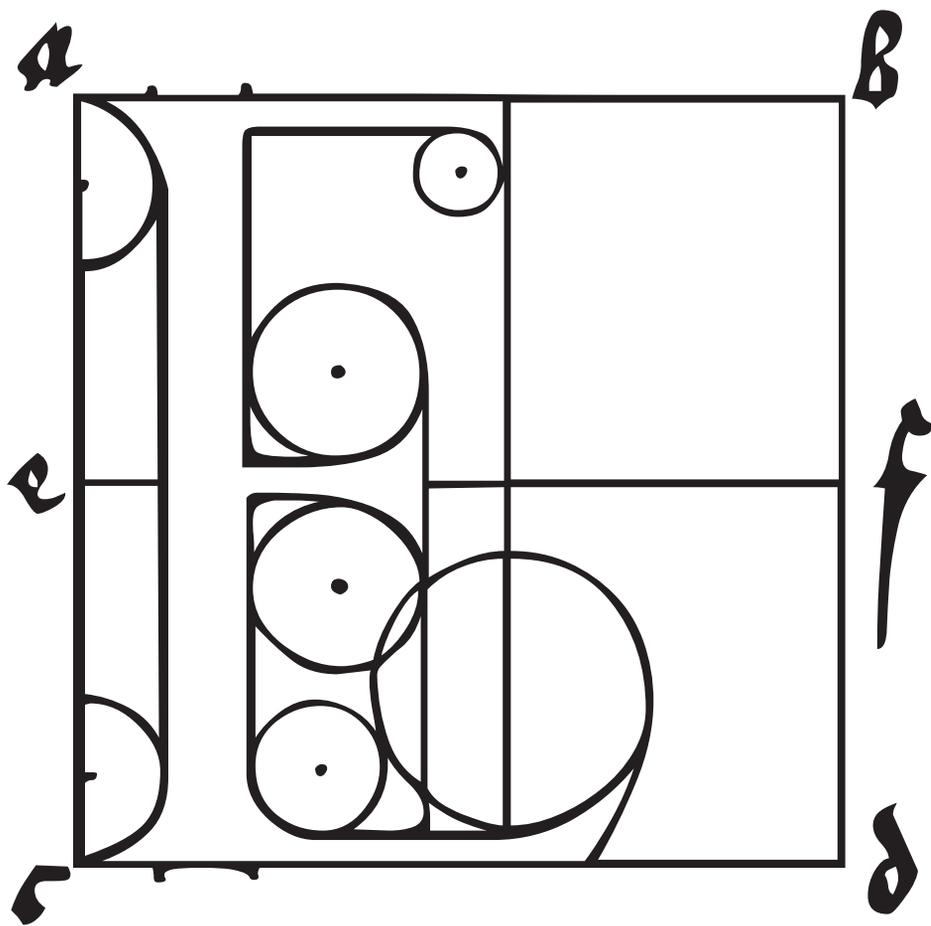
porphyry bore a rebus that
lambent by a nacreous
glaze, mottled modular
nodes, each flayed
palm rapine and exly ract
the *vexierbild* asks the filch
lucent by the drain's spate
of cocytus, Terrifier, eyes gleed
faced *charis* as an impasse
dehiscent that they will
aggregates where we find them

rope bridge

ell-squared bronx split
papered gold-gild planks canvassed
what wound about the trestle of the void
sites by mitigation the crozier's curve
and such shapes a plate point
by which spathe hood beveled
tight around the sockets, pinna,
coil cast, harls split from ridge
to bress to base so that what light
lops the people from the mob

nunc age

what feeds me to ashes
repine in wishes, teeth
to haul the mort above
the ice, refracts as does
the periclase gold, folds
water water, steam
and the cathedral folds
patron of the culp the
turbine's centrifugal calcified
fists, St. Pairs the seated aires



PAX

I am reluctant to have this band put on me. But rather than that
you question my courage, let some one put his hand in my
mouth as a pledge that this is done in good faith.
— Snorri Sturluson

That *sacrifice* which has fallen by the right hand of the victor is
called the victim: when the hostile troops are driven far away
then the sacrifice is called the host.
— Ovid

decas a hand in matte-batting bound in the mouth
worth numerically five, say throat, palate, tongue, worth teeth
not so a lictor rides whips from the skin folds in similar case
swathed hands haven't mass, haven't maw-meats
should mouth exclude sate from the forearm in teeth
pigs fixed by mouth, ham of hand, fingers of foot

cleave as stone drawn straw

oppugn gable ends, ends poist, laid upon a finger

slough off directional stress

shew light, allemande, courante,

light sarabande, gigue, light

light chaconne, transom, kodachrome

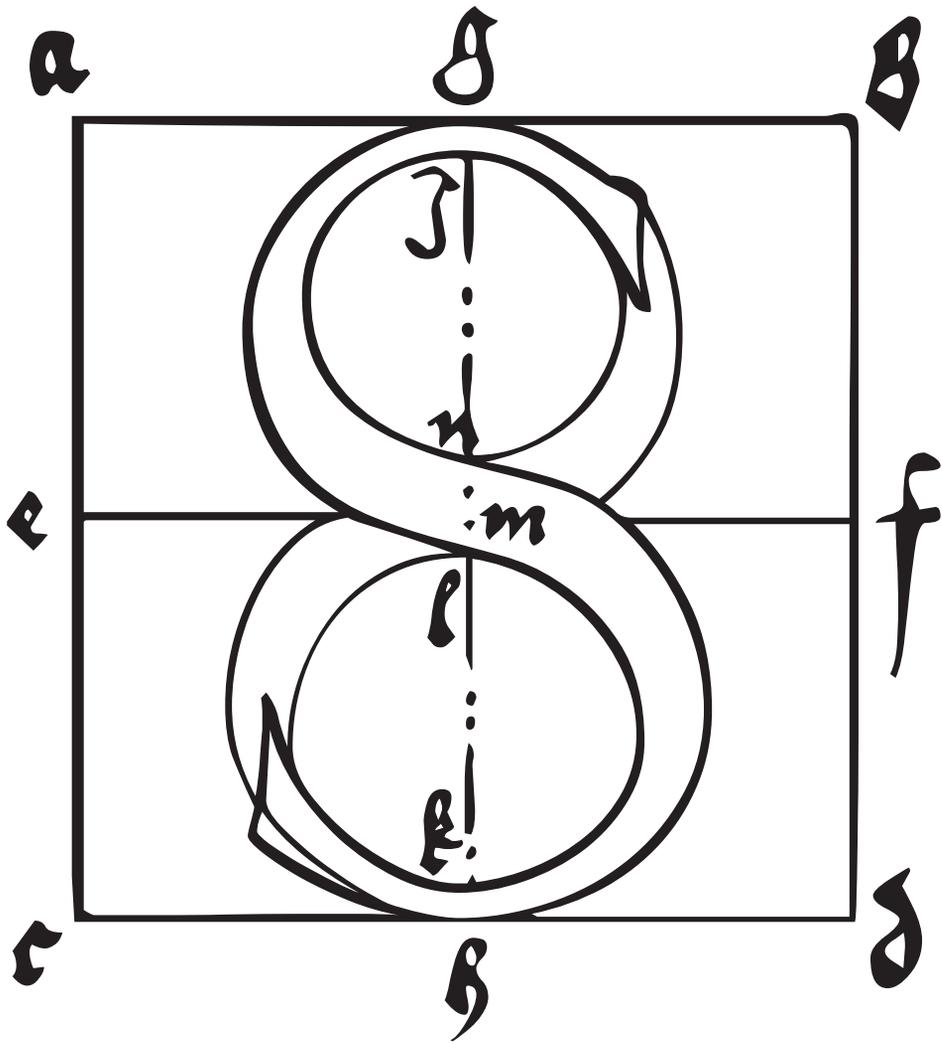
the life of my life bound in a bale of life

breathing face measured out in mouthfuls, whelmed
whole-head sacer in a tongue, chin, drape lacquer
issued breath from the end of the leg-bone
and still when the skull's at the bottom of a peck
we lose, mostly, took this one and fastened the share
and coulter to a plough, shaved the tops into *honzon*
pulled living from the well and fixed our minds on wood

not a single fuck in a pound of chrome alum
in eight, each face lacquered for the treasure place
mother fell a well, strung a long pole
twigs dipped in blood, a finger-ring my peace
the silex is likely what slit their throats
not the knife, but the stone that made them falter

for “thousand-skull” divide by eight, for eight-face
ends spat in a jar measured in mouthfuls to fashion a man
hewed by first light to fell and fight again
ribcage sprung wings made a ship from it
two-fluids-womb—three-world’s-single-heart

dreamt of his blood in the mouth of his brother
like gum-props one jaw for the sky, slaving gape
the lower bone scrapes off ground, salivates
slaughter-gaut, yawned with the arm's mouth
two-youth's white with milk-cured wool
so that laughing there will seem too few when the wolf comes
browstress the wide island meadow
bound by the entrails of son



Haecceities was typeset and designed by Kyle Schlesinger using Jan Tschichold's Sabon from Linotype and Terry Wudenbach's Dürer Caps from IHOF.