

Intersyllabic Weft



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Cover Art: Maria Damon, "Sharon's Scarf"

Locofoco Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.
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Locofoco Chaps is dedicated to publishing
politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

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beneath the ground, the ground resists the
ground

In the name of all that's holy, hellish, hubris and
heartbreak, I scrape away etymological dross to
find a true syllable, the verbal kernel that,
curdlingly, resists. Is it delusional, this hunt for
origins as a basis for "truth"? Is it a mangled
drive toward control, like the tripwire trap that
gave us the *syllabus* (L.) as distorted
transposition of *sittuba* (Gr.), the constriction of
labels and deeds? When resonance flattens,
when the surround becomes telos, we're lost.

For "syllable" is the lovely "taking together" of
letters, while "syllabus" divides by titling and
labeling, driving an economy off the rails.
Resistance, diffused across time and space, like
the glorious tangles of etymology itself, mutant
nub bubbling under all surfaces, offering its
resilience with moist humility.

Derailed, as the trails travailles through rules,
rolls, the ludic accrues, loops
through bruised ruses, through all that is
illusional, allusional,
elisional lesions, regions of scrapturous rapture

syllabic labyrinths

for the syllable, insoluble
is the ever irreverent driver, the swerving ouvert
opening up from inside the revenance of re-entry
wrought entrées

spool ,seurcca cidul eht ,Abdulla ot si scheduled
lanoisile ,lanoisulla ,lanoi-sullied
suorutparcs eht ni ylyh eht ni yloh eht ,evisulated
;rodra eht gnisserder serutpur surrogates

sings a single syllable. spinning out a multi-toned
note in which the cosmos's curvature is
contained. Please tell me. Unfoul'd insertion,
pure glee, dark mush of eternal congress of soil
and spoil, spool and sparkle, ether and agon, I lie
on the glissanding moss of damp sound

spooled in the puissance
of elaborate aberrance, the ardence
of recognized agon

For, according to the *Zohar*, the syllables
were formed as a single hidden light and
contained within it
all sonoric potentia
all the shapes of the letters
all of the combinations of the alphabet and
all of the numerological calculations which arise
from them.ⁱ

k32% all sonoric potentia
all the shapes of the letters
ksh: all: not found
k33% ksh: all: not found

k34% all of the combinations of the alphabet and
ksh: all: not found

k35% all of the numerological calculations which
arise from them.

Ksh: all: not found

And this is the way we live in the year of no
magicians

in the unbounded biome's fecundity
we live among the sound of the rot in the gourd
of biome's fecundity
of earth note live among syllabic biomes we
among the fecundity
magicians among and from gourd notes
biomes no magicians but in biomes
among the soundflat roost

Come! be soiled!

be spoiled, be writhing for that one true word
that lives underground, with the worms and
microbes, the mother minerals and father
globules. Humus is the human loam, the
arranging dirt of constant shift and drift.
dispersed across limitless strata of grit. Take me
into the gritty riffage of bejeweled Earth, into the
writing-that-is-thinking and sinks into the dirt-
drowned ghost.

Into the embouchure
of the letter of the interletter
crushed in its clinging in its excesses and its
masks.

Take me into the letter which grimaces in the
torment of its hardening.
between itself and its own contamination
into its madness. As it drowns in its own
inexplicable cry

into the dead down rot fraught gates doors,
thresholds, capacities, amplitudes, promises.
Depths and pleasures.
stretched in gritty glyphs, glas gloss / glossary
rasps, lisps
synched between the ghost host rot riot,
between the
shifts drifts, distances, all stochastically elastic

For, every letter and every word is an inscription
every letter is noise and means nothing
every letter with churned-out energy
it's cold here!). I SAY: you can fall between one
letter and another -
to orient presence among others
IHI < > LAY DAYS : ILX < > LETTER, s (Of the
alphabet).
QUM < > WORD. QUN < > Word, s which follow, s
word
indicated is, are, unintelligible; please repeat
GFX experiences interference: letmebleed() letr
letter
suicide (mord) away (mort), very close letter
that biting
this letter 'i' doesn't see the terror,
(biting the letter doesn't see the terror);
the absolute disappearance of the letter
the annihilation of the letter;
its genocide ;

its cicatrix ;
*/ does it bother you that letter of any, or a
mother or a father??
*/ does it bother you that letter of any, or a
mother or a father??
its cicatrix? (it's cold here!

in the slippery ellipses of bursting surfaces

Interletters unfurled, I flatten them against a
muddy world, I sink between their delicate
tendrils, vine-writing, tree-writing, wormholes in
the earth glyph a system carved out of negative
space. My crabbed fingers writing their way into
the hard-scrabble earth-dust, moistened into
mud by tears of humiliated effort. Clawing my
way into wordly thought, roughing my wet cheek
with the micro-needles afforded by dust-bits, so
that each flesh surface becomes itself a
palimpsest telling tales of barely scraping by, I
crawl deeper into the labyrinth of clingy
filaments, the remains of distorted, malleable
letters. I want to weave them, knot them, knit
them into a useable shelter, but they master me
with their unwieldy might.

And there remain basic questions that nail me to
the floor of the earth. Where is the liberating
sound, the emancipating mantra, the sacred
syllable? Who will kiss my ear with its sweet
sublimations? What angel will rest its hand on
my throat to hear the cry. My world is a roar in a
fire of silence.

A fire of illimitable syllables

all sibilant and balletic
libelous, rebellious, babelious
screaming

go vested, go vernal perfumed and luminous
Go straddled go awkward and unlocked
in the sunshaft of billowed value

And bring me your ruffled indolence
adorned with taunting infinities

the quiescence of dirty surfaces
of longing crests, levers, awns
parsed sucked pleasure

fastened with nostalgia

Bring it to me with the rigor
of ripped letters

gesticulate and licked

Bring it to me
supple and matted
awakened in ceremonies' consequence

Bring it to me constellated
petaled in rupture
cracked ragged and stained

burning. between.
one. letter. and. the.
next.

A syllaboration

Of night.
Days.
Questions.
Remains.

Letters of the unfurled eye/ flatten them against
a muddy
world sink between their delicate tendrils
vine-writing tree-writing worm moles in the
earth
making glued system carved out of negative
space my/
crabbed fingers writing way into hardly dabbled
earth rust moistened mud by fears' humiliated
effort
clawing trees thought coughing wet cheek/ with
micro-needles afforded dust-bits so that each
mesh
surface* becomes itself palms telling males/
scrapping
& falls deeper labyrinth cling filaments
remnants/
distorted malleable letters want to weave - not
knit -

user shelter but they master me unwieldy/ night
and
day remain/ basic questions nail floor where is
liberating sound emancipating mantra sacred
syllable
who will kiss ear its sublime sweetness what
angel
rest hand on throat hear cry roar fire silence

through fluorescent go/ sets/ pieces
vested vernal perfumed luminous
straddled awkward unlocked
sun shaft billowed value
brings your ruffled indolence
adorned taunting/ infinities**
quiet/ go dirty surfaces
longing crests levers & quincunx/
parsed sucked pleasure
fastened nostalgia
it/ rigor it/
ripped gesticulate licked
supple matted
awakened ceremonies consequence
smell/ go/
petal led rupture
slacked sagged rained
sighting/ one letter to the next/
correspondence

*0 avatar!

**1/0

Oh Avatar, Oh Atavism. You bracket me in the
saltflats as well as in the lush soil of humid

spring. Proto-me and ideal projection, both
implode into sound.

MA AT YA VEH HET OM TU
ANK HU IST

some velvety roundness of sound some cracking
frisson of gristling edge

some with properties of amber and vervaine,
opium and chamomile

some with amethyst aroma, some intoxicating
distraction pulls me into syllabic flow and
away from the true work of piercing-
through.

Deaf weft, torrid warp. Sordid and lethal, healthy
and torpid.

Resist, resist, the formal dehydration of
structure; embrace, embrace the blob of
sloth and luxury.

Because each syllable, a shard of a broken vessel
splinted into innumerable fragments,
an exiled spark of light, night
mirrors errors mired airs, rare a

Sill a / a bus: Resist

among all that is lisible risible divisible
among the illicit slips of
unstable labels

ayllebrating the song of itself
all festive and syliberated, rising up

Syllaberrant, aberrant

all twisty exquisite, they dangle; the letters, the clusters, the pink-tinged marvels, the sequin'd letters and jeweled; translucent fiery fragments, they sway from the branched speech, the forked line, and they say, they say pluck me, pluck me, taste me, take me read me, read me from the inside out. Steal me and read me, school me and thief me, eat me and sing me, singe your tongue with my fire, my corners, my curves and angles, my angels and daemons, my spirits and bodies, tearing up and soothing that purple mouth of yours both at once.

I'm tangled in your roots and reaching to your extremities with what hope of reaching. The thirst of theft, the balm of language

tangled in the nightlook mirror

RED Alert issued X/X/XX at X:XX XX.
A RED Alert has been issued for the abduction of [NAME], a
[XX]-year-old [RACE][GENDER] from [LOCATION]. The immigrant may
be in imminent danger.
Immigrant Description: X'X" tall, XXlbs, with XXX hair and XX
eyes. Wearing XXXXXXXXX.

ICE Suspect Description: X'X" tall, XXlbs, with XXX hair and XX
eyes. Wearing XXXXXXXXX.
Last Seen: [LOCATION] at approximately [TIME] on [DATE].
Vehicle: [MAKE/MODEL/YEAR/COLOR/REGISTRATION/PLATE if applicable].
Photo: [ICE LINK].
If you see the immigrant or suspect, please call [SANCTUARY] at [NUMBER] or call 9-1-1.
To view this message in American Sign Language (ASL), ???????,
??????, ??, Francais, Arabic, Kreyol Ayisyen, Italiano, ???, Polski,
P??????, Espanol, ???? or ??????

Pre-Cambrian Body of 12 removed. Use this text, sanctuary beddings among us, Expulsions among them, removals.

Syllebrating the song of itself
all festive and **syliberated**, rising up, rising up!

Tangled in the low slung fervor, *rising*
in the language of the nightlook mirror
rising in the shy furor of ferocity
in the surplus
of mouth's cognition's caress, rising
within the thickening page
all porous and ambient and robust and
careening
through day's s rim's rhizome,
risable, lisable, bias able, liable

Pliant horizon, world's sill, smushy-silky, wave-woven porosity, with roots into the branches of the upside-down tree that is our all-known, our age of being, our unregulatable, ineffable lives; pliant horizon, a braid of clouds against emergent elements, teach us to read you. Your subtle semes, your gracious glyphic countenance to shine to sign to pun upon us. Pocked by scarry, half-hidden tracings, the sun's face barely surfaces through the mass of sylphy vapor that makes the fog's curls drape against – revealingconcealing –the sill sinks, the syllables synch up in resistance, re-seizing the supple strength of netted and clotted vision, the softness

of the pliant, pleading, orisonal, hymning
horizon. We read *resist*.

beneath the ground, the ground resists the
ground

NOTES

ⁱ Adapted from *Pituchei Chotam, Parashat Pekudei*, as
anthologized in *Peninei Avir Ya'akov*, Yaakov Abuchatzzeira;
translated by M. Steinberger and E. Linas

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2017

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