



[title missing] – a quality
of motion.

[title missing] — a quality of motion.

Freke Riihä

Moria Books

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of which some parts have been published in *Moria — a poetry journal*, *Meat confetti*, *Lex-ICON*, and *ex-ex-lit*.

Trigger warning [auto-graphic note]. Freke Rähä was born, with heritage from the North and of Suomi in the East, in the capital but lives in the South — in the rural countryside commuting 3h to the nearest major city. Freke enjoys walking alone, the colour black, code changing and not shaving. Freke has a BA in publishing studies and a MFA-equivalent from Lund University in Creative Writing. Freke also runs a press (FRF) and has written about a dozen books — including *Standard form for language resentment* (Corrupt press, 2012) and is widely published in obscure and established magazines — mostly as an essayist and critic but also with artistic research, translations and poetry. Freke's poethics include lists, text, theft and always — a political, radical left-wing 3:rd gen. feminist, agenda. This is his first English language original — all former publications have been translated from its origin. This book is not a polyphone, all these voices are contained within the author as societal constructs and society hates us all.

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[title missing]

[this part is unreadable]

[this part is untranslatable]

[this part is unreadable]

[this part is unread]

[this part is unreadable]

[this line has been broken of by the tip]

[this line will self-destruct]

[this line is a bearing wall]

[this line is a fountain, located in the Bell tower complex]

[this line is a braid of hair, dancing in the moonlight]

[this line is a dead weight]

[this line is losing its religion]

[this line ends all communications]

electrophoresis-virulent-virtue-periphrasis-phrases; peripheral-
instigate-one; repeat-regarding; awake-the-trinity-numbers-
tetragrammaton; bone-organ-marrow-church-skies; leaf-leaflet-
lateral-lunge-tongue-hallow: hollow-grinder-finger-trial-angle;
meta/tropic-innards-stone/stone-optic; logic-illusion-pattern-
bending-follow; re-act/animate-user-bridging-between;
puncture-tincture-text is amassing masses; code-(s)-cubicle-
paradox-ridden-sand; oppose-lips-touch-re/male-make-incube;
re-verse/verse-reader-inter-scope-fume; smoke-clearing-halved-
apricot-yellowing-skin; rain-brow-chlorine-left-hand-left-
print-fuse; tower-time-bell-epoch-handing-text-stop; stopper-
stopped-string-skin-theory-naked; errand-eradicated-like a
meta/phoric-dash; meta-tropic-dash-sign-signed-sign; silence-
code silence-legal-ality-ality-ality; signature-deluded-flesh-
deluded/rich-in-repetition; puncture-paradox-unwrite-read-re-
like creation; circlet-circle-cirrus-citric-head-wake-flood-wake;
rate-one-one-one-is-once-is-once-one; subject-matter-object-
matter-letter; instant/architectural-insolvement; architextual-
repeat-one-one-ought; social-geography-mind-manifest; form
as installment-of-forms; symbolism-symballein-of-of of; dis-
assembly-re-construct-re; icture-icture-pre-relevance-mani; re-
answer: this-read-this (only); line-structure-labyrinth-manifest;
connect-dis/re/connect-drainage; raised-voice of reason-form as;
re-symbolize the manifests; repeat; manifest the structure-the
lines; terra-terror-terroir///fertile-ground;

[this line is not a copy of the last]

Infinitus.

There is no difference.

[this line is unattachable]

[this line is unreadable]

It partakes in the sorrow of birth, the immediate translation
of the closest development-zone.

[this line is a copy of the last]

[this line does not stand a chance]

This is heteroclitic;

[this line is a phobia]

[this line is a dead weight]

[this line is a]

Everyone:

objection is object/
subject is a dreary topic.

[this line is untraceable]

It is the solar, the obsolete, the cannister of redirections,
eight visions: it is the weakness of man.

[this line is a waste of time]

[this line is a trap]

Hangman.

[this line is a jugular drain,
a watch watching, a non-specific code in the hands of man]

counter-any-revolution-revolution/-lution; bush of no-bush: land
of no-land; nowhere-it-is-at: at-at-at; surface-surfaced-charge;
change. place-placed: to be in place-placed; formless-mind-
blanked-sleep;

[this line is a minding of business]

[this line is losing its business]

[this line is a fake] A trope.

[this line is a drop dead gorgeous:
a picture of you standing naked in my bedroom]

Nudity is the window of the soul.

[this line is a pick-up line]

[this line is a handout line]

[this line is a draught of text, inapplicable for its contents]

[this line is a just is fear]

We will not fail.

[this line is a girdle]

[this line is a girdle for us to ride each other]

[this line is a whip]

[this line is censored]

Any given day.

The metric has twelve hours left.

wall-closed walls-never ending-ending; l-i-t-e-r-a-l- only the
alphabet/I/zation of; we have no choice but the alphabet; the
structure of the alphabet, re-petition; invoke-mute-ceremony-
shining; sound-of-noise: of control; degree-degrade///
retinal-vaginal; the-non-stopping-rite-of-living; passing;
passive; mensuration-dealing; mis/carriage-cartridge-typo-
wholly; type-typing; never-the-less-lessing; as/of/now/now;
o-n-e; as hyper-glyphic; differ-the social-alphabet/social-ode;
construct-the-construction-inter/section; this-is-not-a-meta/
whore; a repetition; dead-as-once-one-one-is-once; perpetual-
trauma-deliverance-of-of-of; fat and ashes///ashes and fat-
onto; prepossession-re-position-read-like-bleach-like-naught;
integrity like-water-like-zero/one-once; stone-marble-efficiency/
dead-dead-sinking; flesh-typed-like-zero-water-once-wake;
hollowed-text-naked-ness-itric-of-by-on; wholly-string-holy-
psychic-re-remembrance; touch-of-of-by-blanket-blanked-
filled; crown-of-leaves-paper-thorn-torn-letter; valiance-circle-
vacuum-ever-more-viral-radio; spell-spelling/re-sistance-w/
dancing-re-dancing; distance-forward-crossing-the reference-
structure;

[this line is a deadbolt]

It is doomsday-morning.

[this line is a peninsula of broken dishes]

[this line is poetry, at least]

[this line is prose] Prose is the non-spoken word of speech.

[this line is a wringer in the corner of your face]

[this line is a treadmill in motion, running for the bus]

[this]

[...]

Haul.

[this line is an underline]

[this line is on/offline]

[this line is a whimper]

[this line is the abuse of humanity, of consciousness]

[this part is non-specific]

[this part is falling apart by the means of]

[this fragment of the overall text is a]

[this fragment is fragment]

[this fragment is underlining the
“is the foundation, the greater whole”]

[this fragment is a spring]

[this fragment is [...] over your face]

[this fragment is a commune]
a fetish

[this line is a singular entity]

this line ponders the fiction of reality;

[this line is alone, hurting]

[this line is a great white vote]

the fiction of reality

[this line is a .44 cartridge]

The story, reprehensible / therefore predictable / in its dramatic / in its dynamic / its curve / the I say: boring / its interacting nature of construction / stanzas / complete / spineless / retelling / it is said to have / it is said to emerge with more / it is a closed conversation / a unit / a single / between two poles, restoring / a single complete sentence / the title is the superior letter / the rod that it leans up against / limps / the rod is the symbol of power / it limps / freak / pithy like a raisin / the uppercase / the upper-word is the versifying / verb / followed by ingredients / nouns / bending / simple in its humanity / period / every side / it ends with a period / the number of stops are 16 428.1... ppm¹ / scattered like dust-grains / it is like a tick in the record / above the languages lustre / its dull surface / beauty / in the end it will create holes through the paper / divided into endless chapters / the love of language-love / cut / butchered / the I say boring / it is a trilogy / it is a series of three trilogies / it is the last story / the last story are two stories / split in two / it will be a trilogy / the trilogy ends with a trilogy / the one and only sentence spans eleven books / each book has between 700 and 1100 pages, it evolves in to 188 250 full stops / it never ends / the last story is split in two and after the first appropriation: / the I hunts the I / the whole story consists of a very complex subordinate clause / all figures are very approximate / the points form a trilogy / every side / the I say boring / the man is said to feel very sad / the tree is said to feel very sad / pressed / printed / folded between covers / is said to be the cradle of industrialism / the ending.

Comparison from the Bergman novel *En döds memoarer*, Aldus 1964.

[this line is a] the struggle for power

[this line is a damnation]

[this line is any nation]

the pale, white, pink structure

Structures

this line is a fence

[this line is a towering lens towards the skies]

Offence

[this line is transparent]

Elusive;

[this line is mirroring your ego]

The light reflection.

[this line is a downcast]

[this line is an anatheme]

There will be no pause.

[this line is the intersectionalist view of oppression,
where the pieces of the mosaic fits like the pataphor
suits up — using fancy, shine and pearl of mother]

[this line is a lost cause]

At \$0.99

[this line is the the drain of stress]

As \$0.99

[this line is also too tired to go to work today]

Taking the round.

[this line is an injury, a gaping whole]

[this line is a thread closing the wounded heart]

[this line is corrupt]

[*applause*]

[this line is never ending]

[*applause*]

Nothing.

[*applause*]

[this line is a small piece of the pataphoric puzzle]

[this line is a cannister]

as projection bias.

[this line is just an empty bowl]

[this line is a closed rhyme²]

We will overcome.

Redirect.

The pataphor is also here, pataphorically of course.

[this line is a dreadlock waiting to happen]

Sleeping.

[this line is charging up with too much fat]

Swallowing.

[this line is not grease]

Petroleum-fires.

[this line is not the mother of ship]

No.

*We must disavow any unpleasant feelings and
attribute them to others.*

Applause.

[this line is a this is a this line is a]

[this line is all together and painstakingly perfect]

[this line is the invisible hand of the destructive, liberalist notion of rare capitalist freedom, practised only by the beholders of true capitalist merchandising]

Applause.

[this line is a bad attempt]

Applause.

[this line is read by you]

[this line is Spinozas way of telling you that we are all]

[this line is god forsaken]

[this line is the never-ending rhythm of man]

[this line is insha'Allah]

[this line is at war with itself]

[this line is a] Tragedy.

[this line is a]:

Cinder [this poem] will be

Construction of performance.

Written by the hands of [...]

To make a noise resembling the cry of a wild beast.

Conjured from the depth of [...]

Sprung from the need of [...]

Re-enacting the need for a grotto,
the non-interpretable historicity.

The act of construction.

[...] fields drenched; fluids filled, the passage of surface sunk.

there is no possible way to tell them, [...] take them apart;

colours unite, the fractal birch,

this line will be an ongoing re-contextualization.

The complete nothingness willingly.

[this line] is the allegorical conflict.

[that line was] the celanic meridian between the.

The I is right here.

[this thisic] as the sudden closure
as the ongoing, part-taking, apparatus of *the choice of a new
generation.*

Puncture.

[the celanic meridian] the passage between inter- and outer
greens; the green is another word, formed from a heading. A
forge ahead;

Listening to the man-made sounds, deliberately.

god is another brick in the ego: the surface;

[this line is cocaine; a letter from the government]

[...] top of the morning. Just another [...]

[this line a quote]

...*damn liar.*

layering dust, like nylon across ridges, marker over markers.

[the line/solution is fat;]

sex, solution of:

the reflection of metaphor,

the blunt judgement,

the bridges across man,

the outlines of then.

during the corner of the eye,

[...]

Therefore.

the crossroad of origo; the aghast chaos of breathing

And in:

of us watching

all possible directions

and at once.

[...]

Nothing.

[*Applause*]

This is a conduit of conduits;

This meaning is blocked [...]

with the category of representation.

This line is an [twice the] end-summit;

*This phrase is outspoken by its narrative:
the narrative is uselessness defined.*

The alternative is authoritative, [...]

and promises no other consistency than you.

This line is a [guideline]

phobia

[This line is the dependency of

dull the senses as

it is the dominant term,

all systems are circlets are systems all systems are circlets are all

systems are all systems are all systems are all systems are all

its apparent subserviam counterpart.]

counter-action; the formation of systems.

Only this morning I slept too long
too long I slept; to sleep I went too long.

Monday-sunshine;

Bleeding on the plantation.

This is alone-day, moon-day.
After sunnudagur: Luna. Latherday.

And old, wise prophet of Väinämöinen sings through the ever-
ending.

The kids are off,

the I labour this in invisibility, my hands are dirty.

[*aloneliness*]

I work for a living.

I work for a living.

I work for a living.

The ends meet.

Leaving the sum of zero.

Still.

It is oh, so quiet:

This line is [the indecision of infrastructure]

[The indecision of infrastructure is]

the topic confronts [...]

the I keep dialing, following the pattern, the outlines of

Not linear, but all-comprising, compromising:

The circle is ending, non-dimensional.

untamed

There is no sin but restriction.

This is the invariance the I conjure from.

Altogether the sun is shining a.k.a: sunnablotir: blasphemous of the state in which we are born in to this; the I contemplate the structures of god, the I drink too much coffee, the I smoke too strong cigarettes, god is willing; the sun is shining.

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Applause.



What is art without a name —
is it possible to conclude a
work's intention
without a title?
Is not having a set of symbols
also name enough
when motion is
and will be process?
Is poetry a collective noun?
Is language possible without
poetry?

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