

# Bed from Government



Gabriel Gudding

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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## BED FROM GOVERNMENT

“It is certain that the will to power appears in an infinitely more exact manner in a baby than in a man of war.”

Deleuze, “To Have Done with Judgment,” 1975

“There is no such thing as a baby, there is a baby and someone.”

D. W. Winnicott, *The Child and the Outside World*, 1957

“Don’t worry about that baby. I love babies. I hear that baby crying. I like it. Actually, I was only kidding. You can get the baby out of here.”

D. Trump, Ashburn, Virginia, 2016

“You Men / are the first models from which others are copied.”

Michelle Robinson, “Leaven of Malice,” 2005

### Part 1: ON BABIES

We're all amputees of the maternal.  
What do the moms do really, deep  
in life, itinerant, indigenous  
to the apocalypse. once-pussied advocates somehow  
of the green, delicate, the febrile? Abundant  
everywhere the lady senators, of so many species,  
manufacturers, of our teeth they, a foundation in, prime  
numbers template, symmetry ground, work in candles,  
soothing practice base, of agate mater, mother, matrix,  
nutrex  
with fruits though:  
No one has yet found the truly maternal tits.

You are not citizen but ma, maladaptive,  
intractable, own-deceiving, ligated to an  
itching, compelled both to spasm  
in the presence of others and to pay dentists.

And still the smut of your life is blown repeatedly  
in the shape of babies out of your vulvas.

## Part 2: POLICE

Of course "the police do not realize they are part of this catastrophe of indignity." It's their very hypocrisy allows them to generate force. Is in part why they love the intemperance of your babies and the dishevelment of their small personages, their inability to wipe or dab, those essential skills of the clean, and that helplessness, which our police despise, legitimates their authority, police are the angels who tend the misuse of objects, and even your tools, the meta-objects we all temper to be harder than the sub-world of other objects, succumb to the softening cosmos, yield to the loosening, breakage and collapse that the mothers endeavor to launch their babies into, ushered by our very very tremendous incredible police departments.

## Part 1: ON BABIES

We  
in government wonder  
as to where  
are your labia, and the labia  
of your  
daughters, the un-haired premons. We're  
looking for them among the courts.

We see labia between the lawyers, the layers of the law, sparkling even in the aisles of commerce.

They are pinned in the very bodies that carry the tits.

And repeatedly near clocks you stand entirely unclothed before the coitus partner, your pendulating skins sacs, their various slits and color bumps

and knobs apportioned at the body's tips and hills, like the failed gelatinous molds of embarrassing, useless machines. So

universally ignominious is your activity of coitus  
that even the almost incomprehensibly ugly among you  
can participate  
in life's gift of copulation.

And the embarrassments of all this spasming  
are undertaken while your children  
outside practice mock neighborhood revolution and  
studiously enact pantomimes of discord  
and other toy-filled approximations  
of mayhem. Your towns are collections of slapping.  
Yet still, remarkably, you feel  
your world is something  
worth copulating in.

## Part 2: POLICE

The dismal court proceedings you undertake  
with our state officials are special to our police, as all  
such things that end in argument are. All arguments  
being anchored in the bed, the resources of the state at  
once ignore and concentrate on your lax fumbings  
there. Because the baby is a principle claimant on the  
resources of your bed, and as the glues of your bed  
which hold you to it even in the morning are what cause  
you there to suck on one other, we therefore find these,  
and even your lavatories, relevant to our attention. The  
bed, the bath, a twin collection of flushing and stink,  
noises, the two vaults of well-known abasements, the  
metallic clank and clothly sound of belts, the loose  
releasings of button, the necessities that precede and  
succeed the spewings and heaps and spatters that mark  
the trafficking of smeary matter at the edges of the body  
in these rooms, these are relevant to us. Sparkling eyes  
and the murky mouth of the bedroom are no more  
superfluous to us in government than the melancholy  
dealings in your gloomy washrooms. And what a little  
festival of freedom is defecation. How lucky you are to  
have it. Not even the cozy evening pleasures collected  
from all the twilight carnivals at the outskirts of each

minor megalopolis, not even the relishments in the watching of children-teamed games in afternoon park events, not all these pleasures netted, grossed, accounted in the most comprehensive tabularies, will compare to the exquisite pressure of one brief, ignominious, and modest job of defecation. You should feel rich.

## Part 1: ON BABIES

We thought you would like a poem. When we look at your coitus partner, her round behind  
before us in the air, the place of birth we stand of fence, to stop others, the house of earth, a flag of contaminant, the dense and first, the canister, the standard and cluster, of generation. Who can model what this does. Imagine matter beautifully spread, how it would crack and fragment to lumps and muss, the lucid nature of the stars, the opaque ankles, the shell of her head and shining eyes, how popular are these fragments held above beds, moved and shoved. There was no theory until now, simple reason brought these grams here. They are limpid and sit too on the range of stars, and the pressure and charge of light and number. We expect there are closets and atoms we can open too. What determines this mass, what mass from this is missing, this burning taffrail and the fuel strangling there, the building years, the activity flared here, the pink hot impacts now passed and before us this origin of future worlds. One needs a little more than jeans, balance, bits, dominating, the expending exponential factors, how old are the colleagues who know this, who stand here with us with the wrong answer, you too stand predicting the action of the gas, the raw, the heavy elemental seeds, each damage, pressure of debris, all this

pictorial bright dust that forms  
structure, this stuff  
is crucial and it moves our numbers and they are  
brought into her world  
as hydrogens, thus her pulsing amniotes, her calories striking  
out from the nipples, the traces made by her  
farms of iron, notice  
the ratio of copulation to fossils. This woman will  
never be primitive and old, and her metal-poor vulva we see  
brightly here and it's gone.

## Part 2: POLICE

What is the thing in you that wants approval of our police? We see you stand away from the catastrophe when you can, notice you sometimes present yourselves at the disaster, as if for warrant, while enjoying your innocent detachment. We see you seek catastrophe outside, while inside every proximal event some collection of tumult comes to climax and collapses: strewn and blown galaxies of bright gold ore are unwinding far over your hair; flowers in some abortive tornado are shoved shining through a nearby town; glandular crows recent from the tender autumnal wheat peck like derricks at the streetsmashed just down the block. Inside our hospitals, your wounded try to open to the pain. Others work to close the wound, as if it were a window to the old forces. Outside, clinics and charcoals hang in the world, out on remote rocky coasts, in cold bright weather the canneries are destroying under aurora after aurora countless rays and pollocks. The catastrophe is everywhere, stop seeking it, and abide. Calamity and accidents don't humanize our police. Catastrophe is a doorway around which industries cluster. Each disaster calls to, and hones, the perfections of the police.

## Part 1: ON BABIES

Mothers are miraculous and saintly  
but let's not overdo. All our holes spend hours  
in the world, not just mom's. Our holes

too are found on lawns and hills, and nutritive  
mixtures  
continually are pulled  
to our holes too. We all, not just

you, continue  
with the maintenance of appendages and engage  
in the encapsulation of materials with our mouths, the  
extrusion of waste mixtures altered through the aboral.

We too  
know what mouths are.

"How did the mouths get here?"

: a rack of testicles was rolled onto a field  
and met with a splatter of vulvas. And so  
your baby moves away  
from its tissue custodians, reserving for its own safety  
and growth  
a darling lifeself, smaller  
than many dogs, athetoid at first

with the slow voltage of infancy, it is a fruit  
of planetariums and harbors, drunk tourist of chair  
bottom, stunted, camper, thinker of pigs, diminutive  
exemplar of obstinance, collector of difficulty and  
heavy toy, discoverer of flaps.

Of course your baby not infrequently disagrees  
with the way its tissue custodians  
parcel out the day's forces and fuels. What  
patience you have for it. So, be  
commended, but  
measured, as a rejoicing

mom's an offense to beauty. What is there to rejoice?  
What triumph does the mom witness, or create? She

attends a lozenge of tissue on which fever  
experiments. It

oscillates between her tits. Balancing  
between those two storms, the empty

and the full, the one  
the refuge

of the uhh. The baby  
is the first fossil. Soft as a loosened pussy. Look at  
you so  
nicely in the bed out there with it  
making do.

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the refuge

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