

Ein musikalischer Spaß: Divertimento for Voices—“Dicta by Dictation”

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Bleeding Chunks: Robin Blaser, Michael Carlson, Alain Deneault, Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Theodore Enslin, Lindsey M. Freer, Charles Olson, Sina Queyras, Jack Spicer, Sir Donald Tovey, Jerry Zaslove, and Jan Zwicky

My lifelong long poem (thus far) approaches personal biotext in terms of compositional method, transmuting (or transmutating) quotidian aspects of life into refractions of poetic form in which the continuous lyric is subject to disjunctive fragmentation, for example, in more than one case into operatic fragments. I think it is fair to agree with what has been said, that my poetry has a “tendency toward

The long poem was crossed because to speak across the gutter is necessary
The long poem because one page is too small a movement

River poem

how punctuation functions in it

What I have noticed in the poetry and poetics of the most important poets is that they are arguing, weaving, and composing a cosmology and an epistemology. There is no epistemological cut-off in our deepest natures, nor in our engagement with life. Nor is the ambition of what is known short on its desire for cosmos

Like, for serial:

The long poem insisted that I build its narrative, then break its narrative
The long poem forms an architecture and we listen to its corners, edges, valleys, boundaries
cornices, stairwells

I seek a pose amid the aperture of a field. An attempt at measurement, or a
press against the catastrophe of the word. To at once live within the singularity
and continuity of space. To depart from margins, to feel lived-in, arranged

In seriality, the meaning is (meanings are) built by the ordering or sequencing of the parts (syntax may contribute to the possible procedures), by the nature and *coupure* of the parts (image, phrase, line, fragmented word), by the blaze between the parts, and by the varied intellectual and emotional relations of suture and leap among these parts.

space / page – largeness

The long poem thrusts typography into topography

internal white space

So, too, the leading note – the seventh in the eight-note scale. It gets its name because, more than any other, it tends to be followed by the tonic. But it leads not only by proximity, it leads because its emotional gaze, more than that of any other note, is directed home: the seventh is the interval most coloured by desire, the point at which the key is stretched to its limit, at which the demand for return is most intense

Writing in the same ink, Olson recorded the following: “dreams of Frances Friday, Saturday January 15th/16th— & with Jane on my right & Bet behind me and to my left”. Below this description he included a drawing: 2 lines crossed at an angle, with three important women of his life marked out in different spaces along these axes, as per his dream. He himself was placed where the two lines meet. The chart drawn on this side of the paper shows Olson in simultaneous remembrance and pursuit

The long poem is graphically alert

For the obsessive the serial poem allows the poet to continually dip and soak in the material of their fixation. What reason is there to write if not because of a deep-rooted fascination with a particular concept, a certain animal, vegetable or pop star. There is a fever that can only be cured by writing more poems. The poems build like a collage of Tiger Beat photos on a wall. There is something relentless in the pursuit

because money is merely a passport of respectability for overdeveloped selfishness, heightened fantasy and unspeakably cruel deeds. The money society is itself a smoke-screen society. "If transparency has sought to place money above suspicion, it is not so that those who question the power of money question money itself,

The long poem has its own notion of time and motions through differently each time

The long poem presents the past into the future of now

corporeality, feelings of body (organic)

rhythme du monde

This paper may be a form of fiction
because I have imagined that my relationship
to the book *The Holy Forest* and its tree-
poems constitutes an orientation point
for the labyrinthine relationship that subtly
indoctrinates us with the idea that between
aesthetics and ethics in this poetry there is
the possibility that indoctrination into the
public world is not as bad an idea as we
have been taught to think

A practice of working in the open is an
alchemical one. Space encourages the distillation and
displacement of the Logos, at once bound and

disconnected

The long poem was/is my conviction that I will remain unconvinced

through vowels – poem creates a habitation (in language?)

discrete & complex

The long poem represents interconnected dreams. It's impossible
to piece together and you could spend an eternity
attempting to understand it. That's the reason it's so compelling
and revolting at the same time. It represents the impossible. It
is to be submerged into poetry. It is, as Sina Queyras might say,
to drown in poetry

Defects of form are not a justifiable
ground for criticism from listeners
who profess to enjoy the bleeding
chunks of butcher's meat chopped
from Wagner's operas and served up
on Wagner nights as *Waldweben* and
Walkürenritt

There is something satisfying in imposing poetic

structure on these heart-swelling or head-swelling
ideas. Like self-help guide books or the pamphlets
found in a high school guidance counselor's office
or a clinic waiting room, these serial poems are
composed of complicated business broken

down
into, hopefully,
digestible
segments

spatial prepositions as lines of flight

attempt to capture the unsayable of the world

The long poem sings, blurts, screams, demands, pleads, cries, bites its lip, sticks out its
tongue, swallows, grits its teeth

Grief, too, has to do with homesickness; and in the
closing measures of *Trauermusik* we are told a little of what this
is. A cadence in which the leading note is not included – but
in which our ear must detect its absence – says that
mourning requires an acknowledgement that death is the
absence of desire, that death moves with the indifference of
the sunlight in these sunlit blocks of chords

The long poem leaps to another long poem lapping on the shore of another long poem longing
to lick the pointy interruptions of another long poem

(botanical) branch, coral

tangent, contour, murmur, labyrinth

the long/sequential work is most viable when it either
relates a sufficient narrative that requires the wide-breaths of
the form or, as with my latest work, *The River Sequence*,
features a locus that compels recurring entrances into the site,
interwoven with the day's memories/perceptions. The long
poem becomes a lingual ritual. Allowing a spinning out of
sound, imagery, the unknown. A range of ways to "in-site"
space & time

The field, then, may seek to reconcile intimate and exposed space; openings become
mediators and, at the heart of the word transformed, reify. Poet Ronald Johnson, working in the
open by means of the practice of erasure, claims that "nature has no nothing." The emptiness, then,
is relevant. Open form poetry allows for the gathering of cosmic debris, and the resulting cosmology
is a

sequence of corridors, shifting, ever-widening

migre au marge

space of poem as rhizomic constantly instability

The long poem can't help asking itself "when am I long enough to be a long poem?"

cartographie de la fugue

perhaps this is the only way
to tell the pie you've made is
homemade and not store
bought, ie. tidy, angular, and
geometric, pretentious or
inedible. Real food is thrown
together

assemblage ordinaire

The long poem because the serial, the series, the sequence, the sequential join and, in joining,
unlock, accumulate, spill over

It is this structuring, large and deep in the nature of things,
that still thrills us in Hesiod's struggle for the sense of
it...Repeatedly in the history of poetry we find ourselves
returning to epic structures....I suggest that great poetry is
always after the world—it is a spiritual chase—and that it has
never been, in the old, outworn sense, simply subjective or
personal

but for money to appear clean to the point that those who have it are clean by extension.
'Transparency has only had one effect: to launder money. Put another way transparency is a mafia-
like operation.' The reign of money has become so strong that we speak of nothing but, and we
assume it is clean until it is proven dirty

site of multiple utopias

stones: cosmological meaning

The poem opened is not surface entire but an integral component of a whole,
the resulting discovery initiating a lithe correspondence between the hybridity
of phrase and, after Milton, someplace between essence and "perpetual
inroads"

—as if a word could become an object by mere addition
of consequences. Others pick up words from the street, from their bars, from their
offices and display them proudly in their poems as if they were shouting "See what I

have collected from the American language. Look at my butterflies, my stamps, my old shoes!" What does one do with all this crap?

One after another
they can explore or explain, like a series of ways of looking
at a problem, like a series of symptoms listed in order from
least worrisome to lethal, like a series of love letters to a
person depicted in a fold out poster, tacked to the ceiling.
The only difficult part is knowing when to
stop

The long poem became a book of long poems since the long poem is untamed, brutish, feral.
The long poem is in charge and knows it

Indeed, one of the strangest effects is that a poem
(or smaller section) that would, by itself alone, be an intact,
elegant work of epigrammic force has that point or bite
dissolved, not heightened, its finish fragmented or
roughened by being placed in a serial organization. Self-
correcting, self-modifying

The long poem was its own charge.
The long poem agitates the sentence, possibly misspells it, leads it astray

In Arendt's world the relationship of private to public is worked out in the
medusan relationship of aesthetics to ethics. In the "connect the dots" map that
emerges from *The Holy Forest* I also have imagined that these avant-gardist
poems have been written in an age of earthly dismemberment of the social. They
can teach us to survive the millennial thinking emerging in the rush to make the
nation-state into a global prison

Once inside the space of the poem, an
imperative is set: to traverse the corridors of discourse
between inside and out, between an intimate and
public I. Poetry of open form allows the surrounding
space to support, distract and invite the Logos in; the
poem opens and exposes its soft center, its intimate
portico

The long poem disobeys the rule of the unilanguage and tries to speak in tongues.

It was not my anger or my frustration
that got in the way of my poetry but the
fact that I viewed each anger and each
frustration as unique—something to be
converted into poetry as one would
exchange foreign money. I learned this

from the English Department (and from
the English Department of the spirit—

that great quagmire that lurks at the bottom of all of us) and it ruined ten years of my poetry

The long poem is a creature and, like all creatures, somewhat vain,
meaning the long poem is a survivalist

He once said the greatest compliment he could
receive was to be called "a composer who used
words". He told Corman that Olson would never
have needed to write Projective Verse if he had
studied Haydn. "Analyse a Haydn symphony," he
said. "It is all right there. The whole idea that the
form is dictated by content, the whole thing. This
changes with every example."

The long poem won't back down until it grows into the long poem, though it brakes down,
dawdles, dithers, almost drowns

We proclaim a silent revolution. The poems
above our heads, without tongues, are tired of talking to each other over the gabble of
our beliefs, our literary personalities, our attempts to project their silent conversation
to an audience. When we give tongue we amplify

The sequencing tactics of seriality will
certainly alter the individual units in the series, making each bigger in implication, but less
complete, changing their heft and nature

Cereal!

The long poem aspires to be a revolutionary, yet knows this is unlikely. The long
poem is promiscuous

The process, then, is an act of entering into the duration of a field, of being drawn toward infinity itself
and the physiology of ourselves. Writing in the open, resisting the notion of form as rest, can in turn
invite a continual crossing of thresholds. Physical openness ends. But the physicality of openness
extends

Accretive *pensées*. Skeptical. An argument made of intuitive leaps of association.
Investigative. Essayic. The interest in making a serial poem is in establishing what kinds
of links can be presented between any two units, and among all the units. How each is
modified in relation to the existence of others

relational referents in Olson's dream record are not singular entities or
sites of sexual fantasy, but multiple real people—whom Olson

interacted with and remembers in all their complexities—and relationships which developed and changed over time. A postmodern return to the epic form is an opportunity to counteract the politics of the present moment via an aesthetic dependent upon multiplicity—

"this thickness, right here, very close"

called the question "unparliamentary" and "regrettable," and refused to answer it, using the classic gesture of the tyrant Creon who also knew how to stifle through deemed "unparliamentary" (*dusboulia*)

Or it's like a cage match between reader and poetry, in which the poem always wins

a long poem is the good use of slowness

The long poem is faithful only to the long poem, which is not to say that the long poem is narcissistic

poète qui dérange

The long poem was into nature or is not natural. The long poem is shifty, unsettled, inherently nomadic. In the end, the long poem lengthens longing, end to end, to no end, unending

star-making – where the white space is dispersing ink

I suppose Gustave Mahler's heart is giving out somewhere in the poem, and so is my Anglo-Jewish grandmother's in the hospital. By assuming these fragmentary associations, this jumble of repetitive images may live on, in dare I say, the real world

And, it tells us, in the relinquishing that is the end of mourning, we must pass through – as through a ghost –
that absence in ourselves