

PRONE BLOOMS

William Fuller

I want to intend a person here, so my thought becomes a tongue. Along the south bank, at frozen Wells Street, the river's daily accretions... the event (writing) "intelligizes" (shift foot, turn page)... the event (reading) conducts, having earned the right. But something resists, within —the prosed beauty, the rock pond. Moving at the edge of my motion, tapping my fingers. How these terms crash, brother L! Let me answer from the haze where I write best.

The elevator drops out sensation all my life. And the day before yesterday, thinking, at exactly 7:50 with these people in mind and how the words will finally form themselves elsewhere and apart: placed beyond your reach, how I could speak to you, invoking your (my) capacity to stage an effect. But "the prefaces are weeping, too theorized to see."

The way it makes me posit you inside me... whose words issue into thought here? The lines stage you reading the enigma they've made me. Now I understand the work's dishevelment and why it won't allude to us.

The phone rings in a zone reserved for a certain type of expression (is that what you mean?). The symbol occurs exactly where I fall apart, although in your work I am not organized that way. In other words, there the move into the inexpressible is only a side-effect...

That may be your face **your** writing is staring at: I read you forward as I move. I have to work not to imagine the river below, the sound in the tracks inside the page. Days pass and words perform my brain.

The world is the device. The mistake spirals into my breath, shadow without body.

This silent meeting comes to an end. When I thought of your writing the desire to write met the desire to be read; and when both desires could be read by living, how I would hope to live and how I actually live, my own understanding defamiliarized, **that** I began to believe.

Beneath the false-floor of the presiding vocabulary, the act of imposing an all-

coordinating prose flattens one reading by denying the reader the pleasure of cherished responses.

But the loss of an object need not be permanent, may not be obvious.

The interplay between the lines —flamboyant breaks that advertise the heterogeneity of the contexts the work struggles to include, even while risking its own intentions as an utterance— activates the reader’s desire for cues. But **that** is what is being cued.

...words thriving on each other’s materiality, the signified standing apart, sometimes extending itself to the encounter... the first draft of literary experience. But immediately that signals a second order and negative reading of what is thought to be another, less useful and vital relation to the real (the first relation, through its implied criticism of the other, now constitutes “the poetic”).

The diction is hardly innocent and betrays at least two voices intoning it: the writer for whom “churn and drudge” (say) will be said with a straight face, and the writer for whom the same phrase will be said in quotes —albeit still with a straight face (the ironic face, where we screen our features).

Parodied light pours over a substituted mode.

Peter Seaton’s “I saw John writing the metaphysical poets today”, where the ambiguous “writing” (writing **to**, writing **about**, reading-as-writing) displaces “reading”, thus enacting the aesthetic of the work in a way that the metaphysical poet Henry Vaughan (“I saw Eternity the other night”) “anticipates” by substituting “Eternity” for, say, “John” —here the eternal briefly and paradoxically displacing the temporal, like sun breaking through clouds. What is arrestingly symbolic in Vaughan is converted to a regular compositional procedure in Seaton. The intuition that “the world is structured on its own displacement” arouses Seaton’s text, engendering new categories for charting verbal motion, activating the reader’s capacity for all the textual voices: what and where shifts occur, what they structure, which contexts have been imported or deleted, what these acts respond to in this expansion of the textual world, seemingly so flexible, appearing to ask me openly to galvanize it and yet shutting me out so defiantly by taking all but the most generalized expectations out of play.

Or more precisely, the collision of incommensurable categories —eternity and time, infinite and finite— renders the line symbolic: now the tensions of the imagination are felt and thought emerges. But the line is symbolic only insofar as it is by working through its terms and their paradoxical proximity unfolding in the poet’s syntax that the otherwise unimaginable vistas are gained. The impossible is made palpable by a strategy and language’s failure can be read triumphantly.

Pretty rooms, House of Dystopia...

Renovate the poetic chamber: approach the elevation with a new elevation of sound.

If it **is** a function of sound, the basic “speaking beyond” that one tradition recognizes as “the poetic”, an utterance “in doubt” or doubtful, ambiguous, whose context can only be located in **that...** in striving to dismantle what would circumscribe or foreclose it —to glimpse what happens on the threshold, where the instrument of language attacks its own instrumentality: which act only accompanies, however, that rigorous activity prior to the moment of collapse and freedom.

Oh and now the words rush by...

That this event may never have happened doesn't diminish its effect on me.