

FORMER SESTINAS

by
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1

Remember,
almost all utterances are unexamined noise.
Receptivity makes a hole.
Don't be too proud of your hole.
The floor
is fully carpeted. What would you have me remember?
Please remember
the hole
is the noise
that glass
makes. Viral
presences. "HI! WE'RE TOM! Is identity viral?"
I remember
1968, when identity held the floor,
which gave way to a rabbit hole.
What's that noise?
Think glass.
Shag commands the floor.
Noise
puts a hole
in detail. Memory: viral.

2

I don't know how to play "name
that ghost."

Holes

form a world's name;

velvet

appears to give

substance to ghost

tatters. Spirits don't shoot holes

-in-one. Who

knows how to split

the difference between one's

body and

a name?

An opulent ghost.

Velvet paintings host faux velvet

portraits. What's in

name? Banana,

split.

A split

-level house of velvet

shrinks in rain. An imperfect

erasure is known

as a ghost. How

much fun it is to ghost-

write my autobiography. Ours.

Labor still

split. Who will remain

true to a name without

the farce of a signature?

Velvet labyrinth.

Remaining— no option.

3

The obverse of sense
withstands service
to eros.
I like sense
when it's sensible, but names,
terms of absence,
don't always service
or service eros
dimly. Remark
the near absence
of eros
in everyday life. Absence
kneads heart into service,
pulling bread
from arroz and eros.
Past the bread
Food Service
administers pathos,
which is to sense
what overly ripe cheese
is to bread.
Eros
braids a dissident bread.

4

Conscious of the unconscious,
you accrue
an unwritten flash as though it has been written.
Not unlike the first draft
of an obsessive sex act. Its sole focus:
a fleshed out mouth.
I do not have enough mouth
to make my focus
public. Step outside of the draft
as it was lived to be written.
Any pronoun is its mouth.
In the early seventies, the draft
was being phased out, but it made us conscious.
We want to accrue
bits of pleasure for the unconscious
One repeats oneself to find focus.
Do you mind being written?
So it shall be written.
Anyone interested in remaining conscious?
Learning to be written.

5

I don't know about
the rhythm
of the authorities
on TV.
Then you are off the hook!
Praxis
is the Greek word for action. Praxis
isn't about
anything. Landing a left hook
on the jaw will disturb your foe's rhythm
marvelously on closed-circuit TV.
Authorities
beget authorities.
Praxis
is the Martian word for TV,
frequently about
rhythm
as hook,
not information. Is rhythm
your realm of praxis?
I'm not talking about
TV
(television). I'm talking about TV
(travestism). Is a prosthetic hook
gendered? She thinks about
the hem within them, the authorities,
an unseemly meta-praxis.
Her meta-praxis got mad rhythm.
Rhythm
is Venutian for TV.
Praxis
is just another word for a button or hook.
Rhythm
has been jostled by holes or eyes on or about TV.
Hook for a living? Look at the new authorities.

6

Wittgenstein's ladder
is a cue
to better posture.
Permission
to doubt some cues.
Wrong ladder?
Least ladder?
The wrong telephone
number?
Permission:
a telephone
that appears on cue.
I want permission
to build a more serviceable ladder,
telephone
to intimacy.
On cue,
I'm changing into a leopard print.
Permission
for flagrant posture.

7

Are accountants comfortable in their hotbed?

Is one's net
worth a host
or a parasite?

I like to cite
the stock balloon.

I like the sight of any old balloon
flying high above my hotbed
of free radicals.

I sometimes feel like a parasite
in a hotbed
that I thought would be a safety net.

Accounts of balloon
payments circulate throughout our hotbed
of parasite
culture.

It's hot, so each balloon
inside the shirt pops. Net
loss: a deflated silhouette. Net

gain: a parasite
that makes something visible enough. Cite
seduction: host
in a hotbed.

Hardball or balloon?

8

A slice
of encomium, an Apple
for the data wonk preacher, a Singapore sling
for Ms.Thing. I'll try to be free
as a seed
not yet patented by Monsanto. Volume
is a leading indicator of noise. My hair has insufficient volume;
if you take a slice,
be subtle. Did you say seed
(s-e-e-d) or did you say she'd (s-h-e-'-d)? Not seen.
It don't mean a thing if you ain't got no sling.
I am content with a single apple
seed
deciding the legacy of John Doe Apple Seed.
The thing-as-such is a sling
heaving a Kantian apple.
Am I free?
Am I going to seed,
and is that generative? A slice
generates memory of the thing-as-thought-such, memory in a sling.
She wants her volume
of vignettes to be edible. No apple,
though, is the apple.
How much trouble I've seed.
I've seeded a whole gardenful of discourse with my mouth in a sling.
A slice serve can be more dangerous than a cannonball.
To fall asleep and to fall in love are as close as I've come to feeling free.
Memory of a seed slowly opening inside of a dissolving sling.

9

He wants a job
feeding culture.

Please allow me. To introduce
myself. I'm the man in the rubber suit.
Let's talk method.

The thing-
in-itself may be out of a job,
but phenomenological method
is to couture as culture
is to a suit.

Culture
puts the meth in method.

Doing your own thing
is onanistic, no? Who's hand's on the job?
Don't sully that suit.

Wearing a four-piece suit,
my track coach said: "Do a job
out there." Where? Introduce
me to your horizon. Culture
is an overly serious guy in a clown suit.

The thing
about method
is how difficult it can be to find the proper clown shoes. Please introduce
me to a job
I cannot blow. Culture
clones repertoires.

10

Don't catch yourself being a stooge for the decay
of others' plots. Negative
capability drained
syncopations
of their most cartoonish boundaries.
Boundaries
are sequences of decay.
Syncopations
salt those sequences. A flipped
burger should not be drained
of its epistemological potential. Did you locate the negative
of your negative
boundaries?
The drained
basin hides nothing..
Give me syncopations
that forget boundaries.
Don't let me forget negative
space. Marius Escher and Al Held flipped
boundaries.
Thoughts and perceptions decay when drained
of syncopations
(that said, they'll decay
anyway). Carefully drained
boundaries
resurface in bared market syncopations.
Negative
personal equity may result in instrumental decay.
Waiter, I'd like this narrative flipped.
Do you never feel drained
of syncopations?

THOMAS FINK is the author of eight books of poetry, including *Joyride* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2013). Fink's work appears in *The Best American Poetry 2007* (Scribner's). *A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001) is his most recent book of criticism, and he is co-editor of *Reading the Difficulties: Dialogues with Contemporary Innovative American Poetry* (Univ. of Alabama Press, 2014). His paintings hang in various collections.

TOM BECKETT is internationally known for his work as an editor, publisher, poet and interviewer. In the 1980s, his journal *The Difficulties* was instrumental in the promotion of Language Poetry. *Unprotected Texts*, his Selected Poems, was published by Meritage Press in 2006. More recently Otoliths published three volumes of *E-X-C-H-A-N-G-E-V-A-L-U-E-S* interviews curated by Beckett, and a collection of four long poems called *Parts and Other Pieces*.

