Love / All That / & OK

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cuts that I do & mouth a lot
Happy [not enervated]

from The Dirt Glitch Land Alter Affair

Not misrepresenting but even producing & being produced by its very nature
(Re.vision)
Why should I not utter it, why should I not make you contemptible, before I go? I’m going now.

— Ingeborg Bachmann, ‘Undine Goes’

The joke of our time is the suicide of intention.

— Theodor W. Adorno, Minima Moralia: Reflections on a Damaged Life

STRUM / strum

— Ed Dorn, Gunslinger
Love / All That / & OK
for SG, AG & EC
You hide the emblem of your heart, no, shuck it off; & yours is freely loosened, no more freely got.

Love is not gardened (i) ~ it is wild & gone to seed! Why would you close that fountain, seal it up? Only, wander, uncertain of your worth, Prized from the praise that nourishes a sap, & shoot your sidelessness into the natural earth Where it might prove a splint for something tenderer to lean.

(i) ‘Love is gardened, closed now to worth,’ Michael Kindellan, ‘Oh No’
I have been thinking

So is it only that, actually ~
Hey, this does make sense & I’m glad
to know the harbouring curling
kindnesses of worry don’t make it over
too much. Because I am shouting
at you, silent, &
want you of course, but also have been thinking ~

Still, there’s so much still not to be said
separately & from our different positions,
like a failure to meet here
or at any point

With me, but grateful.
I am only just for using ~ or causing that hurt ~
necessary because true ~ from this place but
always getting updates ~

I don’t want to be
genuinely sorry
but am so ~ it is me involved
in yr life ~
no, it is her.
There’s not much left, of trust or ~
because c.f. everything.

This does weigh heavy some times too,
sticks to things in thick air ~
& myriad chances, like returning back toward
the same Orpheic point,

but of course
I have been thinking!

About yr last email, causing
so much. About other things too, really,
I feel. & liquid becomes me ~
or matching what’s said with pouring
to go down, come down,
one of us, any which way.

Yes I see per se, but vis a vis others,
yr treatment ~ so we mustn’t be sorry.
There’s other things always
to prove & care about,
cutting little holes in faces ~
deeds out of words.

O you mustn’t be unhappy. You needn’t. I’m for you
tho our theories differ so wildly
& despite absence~of~love.

& still of course I have been thinking.