

Rodrigo Toscano

This panel junket is also an invitation for you to ride it how you please, and without mercy. Whatever comes out of this mouth, whatever impulses animating any describable social relation—“critique”, indifference, support, reflection, determination ... The *society* (you can begin laughing now) in which the (quote) “writer” (in double quotes) ““lives”” will (in triple quotes) “””speak”””

Imperium

Thenceforward, fluctuations and fissures, as they say, all the hagiographies of America Poetry let loose from the asylum - in plain daylight - at noon.

Brothers and sisters, within the psychic boundaries of these United States, there are also non-languages, non-races, non-neighborhoods, non-cultures that are unsettled, impure, double-crossed and accursed peoples settled in their *actual* gore, or fond memories of gore.

Words want to fit in - into that which they don't fit into. The Standard - is what can call this.

*

The attempts at crossing the “extra-literary” and “intra-literary” social divide (both ways, without the customary bribery posing as mutual-aid) - *is what's to be written*.

Every line (or sentence) of poetry having more than one word in it, presents a “border” problematic. The crossing, for example, from the *tang*-sprung-from-the-*poon* “I” <subject> to a specific (socially-accented) verb, is at once an ideological co-determination: it is a dicey, unpredictable grazing up against the other, or perhaps, it is an inspection, *one* of the *other*, an alleyway tactical political frottage.

But these directorships of grammar bent to “resolve” the *object* (indirect psychosocial) *tempting* the belief in authors - comes on strong. I - *believe* in authors (you can start to get flustered now) Authors have the best chance (as of now) at accurately puncturing their own bellies to let the *bunk* crawl on the floor as it wills to do.

Hence the persistent inquiry: what lies on the either side of a singular word? What “borders” reside within a *single* word? And on an even narrower path, what resonates within a *single syllable* - across oceans, decades, centuries, millenniums, geo-regional cultures, quickie mart shelf spaces. Author, has figured out that every syllable of a word can be posed as a border combusting problematic. Who is she? *Splatter punk*.

The proletariat poet side of her, needs to prose it like this: this *on*-towards the object (direct social, or indirect), this grammatical (disciplinary) sentence (power or deliverance *from* power) allegedly ‘resolves’ an alleged ‘suspended’ alleged ‘transformational’ alleged “moment”. It's learning how to crawl this little word. You see, the *pink*.

Conversely (and you can start to get really annoyed now) how the social malefactor, having no reservations whatsoever about these alleged poetic initiations (congeries – whatever) might summon into its lair luminary rumors of: *The Audience*.

And hasn't "The Audience" (you can start to get a little sad now) come of its *own* accord through the winding paths of material history? So why would it need to be brought into "play" or textually jiggled into being by technique. The fact that it is *is* "jiggle" (jiggle jiggle) already, suffices. Lexicon - shake'em up shak'em out.

Who *has* their *own* borders to contend with as evidenced by the continuous, non-ending discussion of the very existence of the "social side" of the author (milked in this Riviera of the liberal waning left)

A *unknown* FORUM () will not submit easily (if at all) to talking about poetry's inner workings, even if those poetries claim to be revealing of manifest "outer social" dynamics. And, it's true, as he says (and you can start to get a little curious now) working-poets from the *imperium* would not (and in fact, *do not*) put up with such an analytical mode such as they (somebody somewhere) prefer to work in – a safer environment.

Does the *cumulative* lexicon of someone's poetry—or even the cumulative lexicon of an entire scene's poetry register, more or less, its target audiences?

That one likes to say, Fluctuations,
This other one prefers to say, Fissures
That one over there – waits an entire year to say (in a Sheraton), Fluctuations of Fissures,
And this one here, likes so say that *saying nothing* does an ideologically over-tattooed body good.

*

A socio-linguistic survey of poetry audiences reveal what coding exactly is being drafted upon a particular population's working assumptions. As case workers in the County Mental Health Department in San Francisco, we used to say, "this population we're dealing with now is a ... wholly *new* population, and it's *bleeding* onto this *other* population."

Nothing is more "true" about poetry to me (you can be a little grateful now) than what I just said.

Is there such a thing as an *extra*-literary audience in this society? Some might say (and you get a fuck load more critical now) "Yes, my family is such an audience, my neighbors, my co-workers, my students, oh my students, oh."

But, wouldn't "extra-literary" in this society mean that the population in question, for example, hasn't watched TV—*at all* (been formed by it) and the same with movies? On most TV sets these days, you can even enable the settings to see the transcripts. Who's not literary?

*

Author seems to have taken this fissured, fluctuative audience to gut in his book bompbompbompbompbompbomp (bomp) (bomp). In that book, reality shows *are* their *literary* strategies, as if they *were* "for real" (live) literary methodologies. I'm still asking, what *extra*-literary audience that have we been at times *accused* of ignoring, that is, speaking *down* to "audiences?" Shoshieties literashy problemsh notwishtanding. A *hotel terminus* of "serious literature ... The KLEPTOCRACY at the helm now, is forestalling literacy itself?

(you can make up your mind now)

Can literaryists count on a gift such as an *extra-literary* audience?

I got my mind made up, I got my mind made up I got my mind made up, I got my mind made up
.

People *move* through the world of social relations (you can doze off for a bit now) and spaces in regions that are both pre- and post-linguistically patrolled. What's left of the body (you can start to get a little tingly now) might perhaps still be the ultimate border detection device.

And poems *bomped by* the body are indisputably tremendously coordinated shoplifters, the often-missed targets of surveillance cams at the Great Mall of Contemporary Political Culture. The items *ganked - are best ganked* right at the counter

in your face

Audience as border enforcer, and Audience as border crosser, Writing as border enforcer, Writing as border crosser...

Author as Author

Boo