

My name is Kathrada. I am a poet in proto-preparation for battle. Of course the critical coterie does not know me, can never know of my rivalrous summations, of the bluish opal on my breath, of my moral policy which oversteps integer. Which takes the body in and out of its fathoms, with its vertigo inspired by isolation and transmuted regret.

Let me say, I expect no external reward, no palpable consequence from my goal of body as linguistic demon. Which exponentiates at the core of its prowess as a living creative heresy, spontaneously exists as living dignity by incessance.

You must excuse the complexity of my aboriginal fulguration, of my feral first- seeing. Of course I am in preparation to exist inside a zone of ionized anti-negation. And of course I've been accused of being dazed, of losing the thirst of myself as practical persona. I am told, by those that assume that they know me, that the battle which my instincts wage is honed to no absolute purpose. Preparing my being for the illuminant is seen as a downward spiral of daily negation, as if the fact of one's weather were a defeated proposition. Of course I disagree, of course I feel such thinking can only live by obfuscated assumption. It discounts the flow of my inborn vatic, the flaming square root of my turbulent symbologies. At such a lowered level of seeing I am told to negate my teeming masonry of ions and then instructed to transpose my magic into a sum of b latent measuring whips. It is insidious. Those who recognize my outer bodily grammes want to divide the water in me and make me squandered, sullen, brumous, infertile. Then, the more knowledgeable negators over and over repeat that the general poetic audience will never be apprised of my existence, that the private coterie will never relent, will never take up the cudgel as offence on my behalf. I am therefore disallowed the range of my immaculate proto-brooding.

Do they know how language intensifies by intuitive athanor? Do they know the osmotic upheaval of solar electron mass? Can they project from their sculpted indications my precise debility in terms of imaginal iridescence?

True, in terms of critical assessment it may be said that I am alien as regards the province "of intellectual history." Yet I refute such supercilious requirements in that I possess quixotic vibrational stones, the parallel of the self-hypnotic who knows her way throughout the void of gated heresies and plankton.

A former acquaintance continues to ask me about those who would take a chance upon seeing my searing naiveté. "Who would build up the confidence necessitous to publish your edicts?" she says. When listening to such nausea I've imploded my lumbar serpents, so as to empower a language which flashes outside the common zodiacal compound. Outside its reign of grasping systemic, which fails in its limits to illumine the post-mortem zones of scorpions or vapour. Saying such, I am seen as taking up residence at the root of a feral colloquium, at the root of a rasping treatise on salander. But knowing the explicit myopia of which companions partake, I remain unphased, yet demanding of my own centrality, aligned with ulterior wattage, with a green electrical thirst, prompted by an ozone which brews its verbs, with the strict circularity of haunted non-sequiturs.

So I've stayed hidden amidst the thorn brambles, breathing amidst impalpable nigrescence, amidst magnetic storms of potentia. There are days when I respire by the complex illusives of vertigo, when my body blurs as to the factor of quotidian ambulation as ornament. I feel then that I am in a state which anticipates a convulsive verbal pyretic as a fact of rising maelstrom fires. I can smell the language, I can taste its voltage, and I can grope its colonies of sonar in the syllables.