George Quasha
PREVERBS

Susan Quasha
PHOTOGRAPHY

dowsing axis
George Quasha
preverbs

Susan Quasha
photography

dowsing axis

for Chris Funkhouser
Toward a Poetics of Interacting Frameworks

Dowsing Axis is the second of five series of collaborations between Susan Quasha and me, each thirty-four photos and poems, a work begun in late October 2018, the first of which, Hearing Other, was published on Dispatches at https://wwwdispatchespoetrywars.com/virtual-chapbooks/hearing-other/.

If every new approach to making poetry invites a new or adjusted sense of poetics, our present modality of collaboration adds a particular quality to that invite, even a demand, with a further energy of redefinition. I’m thinking now toward a poetics of interacting frameworks. At the concrete level is the fact that there is a visual frame, Susan’s photo (itself a literal frame), and my response, a preverbal poem (an aggregate of singular verbal frames). Each of these encompassing outer frames is a kind of lens on “reality” (meaning a framed relation to the world as experienced): Susan’s constant companion, her camera, capturing what she sees on her walks and the like; and my collection of lines written by hand spontaneously throughout the day and night and worked into the poem-frame, intercalated with the lines generated in that interactive compositional process (the latter usually the most numerous). The final ordering of notebook and new lines is determined in energetic relation to Susan’s picture (I use double computer screens where image and poem appear side by side).

That concrete set-up, a more or less daily practice over the past eight months and ongoing, opens other frames, some of them quite new for us. While we have collaborated in many ways for decades, this process is unique both in its intensity (as focused daily practice) and in its capacity to introduce novel perspectives into our lives and work. Daily life and work are performativity at both the event and the imaginal levels. So the interaction of ordinary and non-ordinary realities arouses an excitable ambiguity within each in different ways, and this is an event of mind with some of the generative energy and sense of continuous renewal that this process brings to us.

The “poetics” is inseparable from the generative awarenesses awakened by the oscillation of frame events. They both mirror each other and interrupt all expectations with unaccountable eventuality. And they stir up perceptions and insights. There’s an undercurrent—perhaps an un-dertime whirlpool—that connects what emerges in ways not mainly accessible to understanding or even to direct awareness. It’s related in some sense to lucid dreaming where we witness extraordinary levels of reality-narrative while being conscious at the level of instrumental engagement. The process runs on its own steam while we watch it unfold with a practiced attention that also shapes the outcome.

Susan’s work for many years has been a spontaneous interaction with environment teaching her to be quick on the draw while framing in-camera. The “skill” has no model but is a quality of practiced attention in execution. She regards it as a dialogue with the world up close, a micro-level of nature as interactive consciousness. This has a sort of parallel in my practice of preverbs as they have developed over the past twenty years. I listen to and inside language and have a close-up relation to micro-events in what I hear, read, think, and speak. The voice within language can have a threnody in mind seemingly related to the surface of the natural world. It has a “channeled” feel without the sense of entitative identity as source. That frame of attention allows for a degree of verbal play honed to the ambivalent activity of the thinking-feeling-sensing happening. Preverbs have never had an “object” of attention, and the pictures are not quite objects in this process; they have more like unprecedented matrices of energetic focus with unanticipated impact.

Reading back over the text of Dowsing Axis for this publication now some seven months after the poems were written, I had the odd experience of being a new reader, often momentarily confused or variously jolted by the text. It reminded me that the text is only “mine” in the literal sense that I wrote it, but not in a consistently understandable “personal” sense. The concept of impermanence has often had play in the work and in my thinking over the years. The text is a sort of Janus mask that engages an interaction of frames, not all clear to me at the time of writing, sometimes in fact quite alien. Lines have their singular identities and yet are in dialogue in many different ways with the other lines and the emergent whole. I see preverbs as a domain of engagement with psychonautic opportunity. I do not see the work of preverbs, in itself or in collaboration, as aesthetic object in any fixed or identifiable sense. It has no ambition to model future poetry or, for that matter, to displace any other poetry. It arises, I think, as a necessity of life focus that makes no claim other than to follow the logic of its own being. If I have a wish it’s that it will stimulate “like interaction” in the viewer-reader; here like indicates connection to an event of mind with some of the generative energy and sense of continuous renewal that this process brings to us.

GQ
Barrytown, New York
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1Dowsing Axis as text is the seventh of seven series in the eleventh book of preverbs, Hearing Other (preverbs).

2A related engagement writing preverbs in relation to other works happened for the first time earlier in 2018 with Ashley Garrett’s “Tarot paintings,” Co-Configurative Eternities (http://www.metambesen.org/); an important difference is that Ashley’s paintings already existed online, so I could select one nightly as part of the process, whereas I have no role in selecting Susan’s photos, which may or may not have existed previous to the day of selection; and I never look at the photo before beginning the interactive composition. The first look has primacy.
You never get good at surrender.
It's tough quitting our fiery skies to fool around with Persephone.

Impermanence inconveniences permanently establishing passing value.
Life slips not without standing outside itself.

Message hides inside itself say like the whorehouse crouching in mind back under.
Fire in the lie about meaning brightens.

I take refuge in a heartbeat.
Separate sentences comprise current aspirations talking this out of me.

Foolish food is nurturing unknowing we can't keep a name on.
I'm just dancing in this particular hot tublike St. Vitus horizon.

Take picturing off edge as how you hear yourself coming and going.
New linguality is failing to regret in time.

Being born asks no other permission.
I lose my edge as a matter of opinion.

Dying is the sole apology for sustained happiness in troubled times.
The torque comes between us and no one where else.

Garbling our undertax corrects on the run on the horizon.
No pain, new frame.
There’s a discipline of mind that reads all sides at once to live double.

When a god is bored you get us.
Writing thinks it’s in eternity, so.

If we knew what moods are for we’d know better than life being for.
Self goes beyond my version of itself listening from outside.

Heaven is a notion not requiring liking.
Not trying to get it right leaves it open for the other right now.

There’s a ghost of meaning between.
The syntax off edge rises to a kick back.

Why always posing contrary listening when anything said turns on itself by the end.
Crisis of faith is short for weakening syntax.

The standard for poetry telling why it does what it does is mind studying mind.
I’m now clearly a prisoner of preverbiality constructed for calling itself off.

Bright heavenly haven of disciplined dissolution is a species of faithful holding.
The eye fills lingually.

Time of line is a horizon of seeing meaning. Stretch on over.
Rhythm is true written into bone.
Horizon reading is where all reality is falling in line on the line at once.
Shamans are still fighting coming to a standstill.
Tame time. It’s past my bedtime.

De facto ritual life arises from inevitable routine embraced.
The present moment cannot be figured out by definition.

A poem is instant past held over. Over and out.
There’s that feeling of being flattened at the poles if not outright oblate.

The need for poetry confuses with comfort food.
Language can’t escape wanting to go it on the natch.
Self true folly ups the ante.

Poiesis is running contrariwise while showing you around.
I’ve seen it in my mind which is how I know.
The mother tongue is up against that flaky feeling of still being unmixed.

Insecurity harms.
Time to tame time by bedtime.
An eyeful linguality dispels ills of showing saying.

Poem’s holding zone for intersubjective validation leaves few tears unshared.
The voice keeps wanting to be honored as not mine. Hats off.

The authority is distributed like footwork on the head of a pen, held here.
Pen following hotspots starts at the perineum waving.
Dragging my ass I realized my ass was dragging me.
Conscious one, oh bootstrapper minding with tongue wagging.

A self true thought has a music sounding in a place.
The gesture mirror tunnels.
Graceful grass wavering with wind wishes away.

Verbal actions trash before crash landing.

Ambiguity is always a surprise on the margins of hell where matter charges.
Living beyond doubt is not a matter of stronger opinions.
Heaven further unthinking the unthought shadows it here.

Time to give up counting on the connections proliferating unto the abyss.

Earth mouth shadows any mouth open.
Feel the rush forward and the uncertain ending.

At every turn it reminds me to be instructed on a curve.
Destruction unlikely now with poem in progress.
Self-annihilation on the other hand is equal opportunity.

Poet poetics is thinking straight between lines on their own curve.
Eventual thinking with open mouth not stuck liking.
Like death promises a ride.

Confidence grows observing mind making it up as blank page grows writing empty.
Life teaches setting out saying one thing and ending up saying the other. Why a thing wants to be like and liked reaches into root mystery.

The on high chews us through. The thing seen sees through me.

By grammaticalities in a conversational mix you can know yourself strange again. Lingual valence goes by winds in the kinds.

The sky is falling is the order of statement that comes down hard. Lingual violence goes through minds in binds.

Always always limits. The house of being caving in on itself is a syntax.

Self can’t bear being too new non-stop. And now the epistemological need to slip into something a bit more comfortable.

The other side of the image retains whispering history. The poem is out of hearing.

Coupled lines tell on each other to no end unrecorded. Acts are true facts.

Finally the picture falls through itself warning on eye contact. Language learns grasping light yet textured to the touch.

Once other never other like lines of sight in and out of phase.
A thing seen drops down as far as you hit bottom.

Picture incarnate intention on center through oneself shenanigans notwithstanding. A new formulation sweeps clean. How far we got saying what.

Opposing thoughts take two brains phasing in and out toward a third. An event absolute on its spot renders it unspeakable. Don’t look for this in a photo unless the photo says to.

A picture’s without attitude but there’s you. Ego’s the part towering above its safety net.

Outer saying is mind dressing up to go out. Lingual sentience knows stepped-up intense self orientation integrates variably.

Charge is at your expense.

Fool’s gold from the perspective of tarot is what really spends. If every such line were written in eternity who could dare know but it glitters.

Read it in the lay of the time. The gold continuum starts in self fooling.

Propriate meditation starts well out front and keeps well behind. It always knows what it’s doing as well I don’t.

On whose part its reality grounds is not its part to say but for the scent and color.
Sign of a vehicle: one two three tunnel!
You know when you’re in alien territory by the skin of your teeth.
Let’s say our listening at the cusp of magic so far is knowing where we are.

Singularity does not tell time.
A line is taut with no time left.
Tunneling is knowing space close by its go-through.

The motivation is beauty that doesn’t know itself without you, face it.

A picture so lifelike its cause for escape shows seeing frictive.
I withdraw all claims I claim, in clumps.
Showing it inconsists.

Scraping is believing. Reading relieving.

Content cannot contain the failure of containment.
I’m riding the train that rides without me tunneling.
If the truth told itself we’d have to kill it.

The ground is a study in fear.
There’s no other way to say what can’t be said.
The unfolding gets realer in grades of fright.

The stepping stone is in the close-up.
It means being talked to through not telling outside being on the spot.
The noisy music is the language of surface face to face with earth life felt afar.
The whole story is the untelling part listened closer through to, still spilling.
The flower bleeds the eye pleasing invisibles.
The image is not the object even more than the object is not the object.
There’s a tantra of tongued terms retained longer than ever.

The poem half-mimes language uttering from its outermost limb *if you can say that.*
Meanwhile this half speaks mycelial *if you can say that.*

We’re seeing in opposites failing to oppose.
Reality can’t help blurring worst case scenarios in pixilated contradictions.
Pun contended pun emended.

We’re feeling in opposites sailing to compose while being used.

Take a tongue tumble down the pixiepath and get said.
Feeling at a distance is also spooky.
It takes feeling like being an expression from the egg which is also dreamy.

Every fine statement may live in infamy somewhere soon.
Bettered questions raise the level of inquiry well beyond possible answers.
The cry of the experienced page is save me from understanding.

Now let’s stop telling ourself what to think and not think including thinking this.
Conversation is language converting two sides at once and the samey.
Time torques transitive and intransitive in the very act of telling conversely.

Usage is how we’re used while on the ball on a roll.

*Henceforth known as “OtP”*
I’m less conscious than I say until saying consciously settles in.
Think prophecy minus prediction to take up condition.

*If it’s good for her it’s good for me* keeping its distance in diction now torques close.
Relationship sails well past relation.

We’re on the level not dropping holding.
Leaving colors like who unveiling whom.
Conversely colors leave.

The verb is where you’re able to go in step with.
Feeling veils and further turns.
And seeing it’s being all around.

There’s no rising to the occasion where the occasion is rising itself.
I settle in so that no issue need settle on my account.

The line narrates by throwing its voice without leaving it like bright leaves falling.
I’ve stopped letting people tell me to tell the poem what to do when it’s out of hand.
How far beyond liking we are like to go.

Time to let burn off non-revealing linguality orderings.
Things trying to speak weave further Indra’s netting when getting through.

Poiesis turns out to be playing politics with pixilating imperfectibles, spooky.

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* Via Michael Sells
The willingness to believe through many views per image composes me.
Most misleading is what I think isn't.

Line to line's state to state and place to place discretely anywhere to nowhere.
One image equilibrates as many words as it takes for radial connectivity.

Hand waving saying reminds the world it's weaving.
Writing scripture fills in the blanks in the net running under.

World consensus pressure never loses its authoritative glare.
Whence this thin skin always on the line?

The dark side mirrors.
Just [don't] stop tracking sense with your two brains flaring.

Indra's the icing on the dirt.
With line firing I fire up.

There is no natural language and everything is lingual if you know it.
Call up your ontological engineer and call a spade a blade.

I'm so far ahead of myself looking me in the eyes requires full reverse viewing.
How many voices can talk inside at once in case you're listening in.

Sequence is not sanity.
Interflare does not know where it is in a given line.

Given's non-returnable seeing you're ever only going one way both ways at once.
littering letters

Why earth asks.  
Sounds like a last clean sweep until up close and unswept.

Not all speaking aims to cohere.  
Wilderness is excitable.

Earth skin dirt rich.  
Trading in survival for revival revels.

True torque’s hard on the tongue.  
We’re not long for this swirl.

Which is not to say gearing down but for the swerve to live curves.  
Time signs.

Syntax fails to escape running down the clock.

The littered sign turns toward you in a freed axis.  
Self signaling calls other signs to order.

Turn the page to a greater degree.  
Made up intratextual semiotropism—Thomas Browne did it, why not now.  
My nested hierarchies spin further out as dimensions show.

Meaning settles before scooting.  
True’s where it knows it can’t be other than true.

Seeing larger life’s a sprint.
I'm here exploiting my inefficiency.
I'm learning to believe what I see having learned to believe what I hear.

Seeing a leaf make faces makes me a believer.
A living line is a site of continual return.

Hearing it gives sign of never having heard it.
The leaf falling colors audibly.

The inner dynamic is under negotiation.
The first digit searches the next in situ.

Anything possible to be viewed is a call for the truth.
Close up drops down under the defense against noise.

The irony is there's no point of view where you land.
Who exploits my inefficiency for whose sake.

Blindside proving finds the thought that keeps going strong without identifying.
The present line of thought falls hard left opening.

Blind aligning works by dead reckoning.
Finding where you are is not in your future.

Naturally reference points skip out.
Demonic presences appear to devour their own beauty.

Leaf turns verb where leaving pluralizes before your eyes.
In my life and death race against the unknown it’s winning for real.

The real sees through real.
Seeing it seeing’s rarely in time.
Few come through timelessly in the real sense.

Mind dark is the hole in mind light.
Shadow shadows just looking.
Anything said now translates by nature.

Motivation is rarely one, even less one time.
Language aims to go through mind incompletely detected and free to reckon.
When light shows through the blockages inform.

The better the idea the stronger its tune.
Source sense shows once before resourcing.
Fallen leaf dies in fire light never before once only.

The idea to be true births right before your eyes.
Linguality is that saying is never true before.
Truth is a feeling in the throat.

“In fake noose you hang by the neck until fled.”
The bad joke is the raw underside of necessity.
Ego’s safety net is catching.

Cut loose new words fuel future mind-degrading for real.
These blown leaves teach getting ahead of your old self just staying in place.
Fancy arriving on the planet fired by failing light.  
Any degree off center is that much ahead of yourself.  

One foot ahead one foot returning.  
Repeating there’s no repetition feels uncomfortably repetitive.  

Once over we hover over.  

Milking the black dimension speaks for itself[less].  
Blind sectioning is a force to reckon with.  

Knowing where you’re going is not to get there.  
The music plays you.  

Every slide along the syntactic banister stations an other side.  
When language tells you you never get there.  

Practicing speaking alien is an operation within the feeling native tongue.  
A shift desires new.  

Willing falling emboldens new calibration in the vehicle.  
True is in the passing as fire horizons.  

A day has a grip.  
Seeing peels away, crepuscular retentate.  

No end to art means no beginning.  
Soon I keep saying I’ll be out of my way.
Truly is to cut right through.
Healthy sights on meaning means hesitation in the hearing.

How you stand sets the limit of a flickering embrace.
Holding the bar brightens without amplifying.

Music is that returning to the middle meets once only.
Black is the way out that never leaves.

Listening to that tunes at cross purposes.
That is subject to change, object to difference.

We put our eyes where our ears put our mouth on open.
We is singular suddenly.

Music is returning from the end to know now.
Trust the source nowhere nohow.

Indistinguishing morning and night is a throw through.
Subject hides subject to the parsing to come.

Otherness is under negotiation without norm.
Been seen is false tense sensation.

We can land on our feet and still not touch earth.
Getting through is nowhere else.
I cannot escape the impression that I discovered the world. Nature naturing is my nature movie. Great exploration leaves no seat unsat.

Flying carpet subs for travel there where’s no knowhow nohow. Grammar enforces, gran’pa fences in. Syntax is surface tension on a run.

Back to the wise reading before understanding’s no return. Holding before is not holding back. What’s this thing I’m staring at resisting naming itself.

The feel of this moment you know when you ask it. Shift off track and all bets off. It sings beyond hearing to distract distraction.

My indication is more arbitrary by the instant in after aura. New words come into being because they can. Linguality never stops talking to itself inferring us as attendants.

Words in newly freed discourse are intemperately excitable until mind settles in. (No lounging back in the text to hand.) A discourse of optional indication displaces settled intention.

Life’s gaming self-amendment option thrusts seeing how far it can go while itself. It erodes purpose for the benefit of all sentient beings. Who said what where’s up for grabs. Communion at a distance is even spookier.
Life keeps playing me all the day long.
This is stage pull.
The non-figures are shot through with appearing.

Faith in living is figuration minddegrading.
It dances passionate disintegration in head blowing off.
It never lets itself be liked for long but in oscillation with unlike, hold me tight.

My provisions are on the way out, exciting following.

I hand you my symbol in halves.
Speaking base couples us for now.

This is my token throw mark of my breed giving over its creed in residue.
No more answering roll call sotto voce not present.

To be honest in signage: still in transition here.
The view is still catching the views meaning going nowhere out long.

Some words shout out to their compadres transitioning context full flow flagrante.
Shot through the heart of meaning concretely placed.

Here transitions.
Written in virtual stone is that it shows contrary to sense.
This is the species of thing that can’t possibly be all that it is.

Not what it’s made of but what it makes us of its makeup.
how to accomplish foregoing accomplishment

Couldn't say shit in that poem.
Caught in one web getting free in another.

In this conscious moment mind reunites with a principle like this first time last.
Meaning settles down in a moving stream with the feel of the waves in the contours.

Sentence wobbling while keeping its balance (no face flop) lands on other feet.
Now dropping down under defending against the noise. Stay.

The well webbed poietosphere surrounds without rounding.
True is never other than true.
This is where every word is tombstone ready.

Anything said is said to be true even to its lies.
Don't bother trying to count the possible voices in the simplest line.

Brilliance is seethrough even confining as art at heart knows.
Living a vision walks a crooked mile that never reviles.

We see as in our world darkly as lit.
Truth gravitates toward the strongest belief in process.

Night shows dark sacred that no claim holds.
Mind never sleeps.

Glisten reminds the weave conceives.
Discover me while I'm hot, co-genders their muse fuse.
The butterfly effect is the wing flapping fully wavering right along this middle.
Blind figuring things telltale life in flyby with their big voices.

Every word showing calls out a behavior.
It says my next step.

My previsions are turned through myself themselves.
_Myselfs them's elves._

When the mind can't catch up double seeing itself it has a shot at tripling.
Getting beyond sympathy to full co-identity flux flagrante.

Text weaving its flow texture promises an élan singular energetics in passing.
Paratheory of mind says jump on over in your brain duo.

How many levels of the word do I feel the winds of and figures flowing.
The original impulse doesn't stick becoming other.

Yet can I call you up in a breath of refreshed air fantasia, I say in the dark mind web.
Swept along going in and out while down under and looking back.

The thing seen is trying on a world calling you along.
It speaks to our twinned purposes on the lam from the lore.

Things acting funny talk funny.
We're never not looking for the right translation bead on our foreign languages.

Talking funny acts things funny.
On the mark getting set goes and it's a world on a go.
Saying seeing comes to be by flare.
The takeaway is the half given coming back belonging where it has never been.
Arrival by dislocation is pure self selection.

Speaking of that flickering embrace mortally coiled what about the bloody rose?
Self creation is the aim of the remains going on.

What about this sense of source itself in the showing singularly [stet].
It’s all been said before’s the kind of idea boring before it’s thought.

What’s a thing’s sayability got to do with truth on the lam?
Point of view is blown in the wind.

Poetic means a word assuming absolute co-identity instantly releases reading.
Transitive doesn’t know from intransitive.

Torqued tuning knows things by their tingling tangling.
To not be at war with any nature in its nature least one’s own.
To summarize it’s precisely what I did not say and now will never say.

Poetry is an aid to enjoying one’s inhibitions through a glass starkly.
Step back and embrace the backflow as full show.

Love is if she kills you it’s a good day to die.
My eye seeing the moon sees her seeing me.
This is the setup: Mirroring means I find myself in my reversals.

To get a thing’s full impact you have to know it changing places.
This is where we bring back together what we’ve never known together.

Mirror awareness scales invariantly.
You know you’ve arrived at right meaning when it looks you in the eye unblinking.

I keep telling myself to tell my other selfwise.
Anthropotransmorphism so to say.

You go through You going through You gone through music of the gears flow rough.
Check your text connect for breaks in the line.

I’m seeing through holes in my dark clouding ways.
Let the meanings rip.

“No need to turn things into the path, it’s the path turning.”
Passing integrating centering right along here.

The mirror finds you in rehearsals.
You shape shift in mental mouthfuls.

Music of the fears, their leers, by which we steer.
I’m minded to tell you with my feet in the ground.
Potesis is earthly willing to speak for all alternity.

The only competition is with the godly, just ask the moon.
Think nature as linguality in its mode of operation.

The spin’s so all out it can only be stillness.
The fact of willing continuance environs my event.

I confess grasping with my apprehensions.
The language is off kilter in respiration renewed.

*I’m not promising dying of contentment like those others, just letting.*
Dirt is alive like language living.

Watching myself think with my fingers they’re not even self-conscious.
The world is codependent with my inventions and not an addiction to be broken.

Insight goes liquid by the fact of getting through with shine.
There’s a mind at work here underhand by penhand, giving sign.

Sitting all the way down effects thinking all the way up.
Unnature includes linguality in its mode of proliferation over ground lit.

Alternity in a grain of sand.
Calling out to uncontacted selves in my best middle voice.
Who am I becoming is beyond imagination itself beyond ability.
This awareness is subject to rejection like an organ transplant.

A preverb hits an unknown nail on the head.
I know this by the impact in the sub audible in the mind ear joint.
Less speech than being bespoken, notwithstanding a twisted logic in the ordering.

Saying so cannot escape the poverty of one’s avid distinctions.
It’s only a leaf leaving off color.
The eye rests best in dislocation looking for a hand out reaching.

I stand uninitiated into my further self.
I’m up for unexpected acupuncture on my verbals.
There’s underimage sex arousing the texture where colors go wild.

If the multiverse wants us new at all cost can we still prepay?
New beauty passes through a monster phase and is still to come.
Mind freaks abound and still around.

Wherein do I seek my inner freak?
New thoughts are inherent incursions.
A poetics of freakery goes against my own grain, past erotically groomed bizarres.

Time to forget the beginning of the sentence proving who’ve been there here at end.
Still we’re logging incursions.
First look, lost look electric.
Saying so’s so complicitous. And connects.

Don’t think it’s just telling tales on telling tales.
Language deflects before it reflects.

In search of faint meanings it takes the time of saying to say the least.
The beauty of surprise shows where it hits in the body and the heart faint following.

I reflect my deflections not knowing what it is and why here now.
The problematic of language is its nature that it’s nature.

Release is not natural to humans.
We are who hold.

To the uninitiated the evolving self log is a freak show.
Dark magic is not black but color shifting tonally in lettering the syllables.

Time to script the show with the other hand.
The one with the most various sentence types spins.

Notating the noisy hour caresses my fiercest temporal encounters.
Tie up some nots in the tangled attractors.
Having nothing to say everything says itself. 
Even a falling leaf figures alien with flair.

Strange attraction is stranger than it says. 
The èlan has warp.

No upper limit on noise means the very distinction reflects angle. 
Half the heard is half the meaning.

Reference is intelligent comfort, communion the lingual hotbed. 
Syntactic shifting travels abroad.

The faint heart breaks stride at the expense of a possible verb. 
Beauty knows it hangs by a thread until read.

Nature is in your face with a vengeance, 
Heart shrinks before a fateful flare the better to burst.

Image is the daemon figuring itself out. 
It uses you learning how to mean.

Moment to moment I forget how to listen and the eyes brighten out. 
Cultivating lag is unskilled learning.

Letting’s in the needing to know scaling wide, hanging by a thread.
If a thing sits long enough you see it moving in.
The story is what you can't help telling.

Writing a new year date publishes the awkwardness of time told it's running out.
The estranging things in motion pretend themselves.

Identity is never on time.
Here is where I can't even be in passing.

Writing sheds fixing in time.
Talk is taking more curves.

Who can refuse to play with dragon eyes in your face?
Fun is no mean intelligence.

Self evidence is the invisible landscape atemporally bright.
The line loop is a place awake to what comes through you.

Writing in the dark brings beauty in alignment with its slipping away.
Saying so doesn't work out but through.

No claim is left to begin.
Time is not the being on the run, not really. Time runs under.

Even the brightest light can't impose insight.
Distract me until I see through, thus an education, en route, hold my hand.

Future means looking out, brights on no matter.
Cycles have always failed us in the perspective of time.
Touch takes time apart.

The present clearing action includes dying language burn off.
There’s no way I can make this happen as against self making.
Cherish the inability for its sensual insistence, never out of touch.

Trying to know from the inside stops at a shell felt ocular.
Close-up reaches toward an unbearable otherness.
Close up falls from viewing.

A screen shows between us.
A thing in its place drops beyond down.
It goes to its pieces.

Who can hear the closing hearing?
My daimon knows her/my temperamental metric before I can figure it.
Basically I’m following along taking the bumps at a clip.

On the model of a threshold like boiling point there’s a spin point.
Your very center is susceptible to scale diversity.

Addiction to interlinear reader validation’s holding an ear to your neighbor’s door.
Becoming what you behold is a scare.

Ceasing seeing yourself flying is grounding shift.
Life can’t help stringing us along streetwise.
It annoys and it buoys and it turns heads away and down.

Can we bear this surface without hearing music?
Who will save us from its heart of sold gold?

Trusting your kind is kind enough.
It tracks by way of its crushed track.

There are caves inside the waves.
The two go tongue in tongue.

This interruptive further neonativity is yet to track its own intention.
We’re talking textual selective breeding with unidentified genera.

Meaning is in wait mode.
Keeping the faith is moving beyond belief.

How many waves the unsettled telling unsettles and untells.
Picturing befuddles the sense of title.

Text textures talking rhythmics.
Picture sayable is real enough to read streetwise.
Sky is absolute difference by the nano instant starting absolutely now.
The mind is quicker than the brain is new.

If you looked up to get the picture your disappointment is unanticipated excitement.
Stopped in your tracks is absolutely different.

There is never no moving in seeing.
I have absolutely never said or seen this before.

Seeing is further than the eye can see.
It starts hearing the day listening through you to your life as you see it.

The fear of no next goes with the lore.
What’s it all for begins with knowing there’s no for.

Sky fright stores away in last light.
I’m pouring my nostalgia at a distance barely lit.

Spooky is not an option in the absence of science.
I’m entraining to wait mode part way to the bottom.

This is to speak spatially yet according to brightness.
The best things in seeing aren’t there. 
I yield discriminating.

Nature emblemizes dirt first in underview. 
Now for the crest waving at you.

Inability to speak mystery ranges from sticking in the throat to gut cave. 
*Move on, sir, you’re blocking traffic in the dream whirl.*

Projecting a reader is failure to separate from permission dependency. 
Reading block is rhythmic.

Strategic drift, letting showing speak, dérèglement, cross-purposelesses. 
No mistaken incursions may be thought here.

Thank you for sitting in on my alienation. 
No even here’s.

Glaring armors clash by night. 
Beauty breaks.

Own language goes unowned. 
Even crossing legs waves.
Correction: Language talking to me is the world talking to itself.
The inescapable feeling of betrayal by nature’s failure to clean up after us mirrors.

Lingual black magic shows when speaking petrifies.
Post pataphysical virus infection epistemologies vie for impermanence.

It’s down to sketching to match the incursion.
Agreement cannot be required but only inquired.

The incursive seeks its cursive.
Florescent mirroring takes root under lingual mind guidance.

Feeling doesn’t go away it splinters and goes filamental.
Stirred up competing ecologies in the heart steer us to our edges.

Dirt has a home life it perils to ignore.
Floristic ecologies reflect.

Finding my way around at a snail’s pace if one reader’s present I’m home.
Spooky reading at a distance is never far from this spot so marked.
further language

work shops itself

OrP

Not knowing where you are is the place saying no.
There’s always another door asking us out through.
Putting it straight waking linguality is altering language altering your state flexing.

Picture nay saying gets a rise.
There’s a storm brewing in seeing.

Seeing the thing can’t help releasing its identity.
I am neither as smart nor as stupid as I think I am, by the instant.
The truth lies in the crook.

Further language goes past farther.
It takes from beyond to go beyond.
True it’s a head twister.

Self true action is forever undone.
Instanter by far.

Seeing double thinks doubler.
It doesn’t defend good.

It takes a moment to know what it said the instant it changes.
The turning point is by the letter.

The human default is struggle.
Time to move the bottom line down.
Nearing the end is a terrifying fact flipping for its fate. We are not moving toward understanding but standing under its time spectacle.

Castles built in the eye land configure a retro causality like old time pun fun. Taking it all back is a mouthful toward optimal ingestion.

Senses configure. Breathing sees sounding.

A spirited insight is bounding. There are no musical facts given our undoing.

The moral of the story is perfectly incapable of morality. No wars are won.

If only we can learn by water. By land or by sea. Just like it sounds.

The word is the thing of which it speaks and not only that. The word doesn't want to be loved until you make it.

We're setting our goals halfway. We're as though in flight all through.

The world is the thing speaking only of itself. The world makes itself wanting to be loved.

There are no self-true parallels.
Why stop here when stopping is all we’re ever doing.
Poetry behaves as words taking turns with you.
Looking back the request is just one more chance.
You only know you’re you when it’s talking to you.
What happens inside here is private even as the seal is afield.
If I told you what it means it would no longer be true.
Every moment a finding getting from here to there by the instant.
The eschaton folds in every instant seen through.
Agreement and disagreement mind has a way out.
It takes getting over thinking the body has a one-track mind.
Demons are for seeing flying and not going anywhere.
One word stories to the next, cut.
Instrumentation exceeds the instrument like glass between eye and world.
Balance in comparison misleads.
We’re still here by far.
Now for further.
Last words outlast occasion no less than first out.
Further’s but a turn away.
THE DEDICATION TO CHRIS FUNKHOUSE

is inspired by his commitment to recording preverbs for PennSound,
to the tune of nearly twenty hours to date,
covering all the books in print and series online so far.
The interactive energy has introduced yet another frame to the dynamic of poietic self-awareness,
allowing me to experience a further level of processual feedback.*

GQ

* https://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Quasha.php