

Poems

Chris Barron

SHAMAN SHE-MAN SORCERY

“But in any case if
Oedipus does not solve
the riddle, then the riddle
is no longer a riddle; it
remains an enigma . . .
And men will have to
imagine other ways to deal
with the fact that they,
men, are born of
women.”

Teresa de Laurentis

“One looks in vain to
Freud’s case studies for
insight into mothers &
their problems. It might
seem as though maternity
were a remedy for neurosis
which ipso facto
eliminated the need for a
woman to seek that other
remedy, psycho-analysis.”

Julia Kristeva

in the beginning
was the occlusion -
woman as metaphor
for the flux of man -
you think to
remember the
point of a spear
more than the
Y of a distaff but
it’s already
snagged you -
mutability
thy name is
woman - thread
holder of what
men see as their
exclusivity

THE ANTHROPY

“harmony in the
sentience”

Ezra Pound

“Money is a kind of
poetry”

Wallace Stevens

“metathemenon te ton
krumenon” *

Aristotle

* & if those who use a
currency give it up
in favour of another, then
that currency is worthless.

an obol in a
perse sky
as in this world
of constant
exchange with
horizontal
currency as the
fulmination of the
red thing following
a silver thing
that denotes being
manichean
however absurd
or obverse it's
one for the other
& both for the
turning over

DREAM

“Unity, dispersion”
“Now we are dispersed,
we who used to be
together.”

“All that we can see of
ourselves
are pieces, debris,
fragments.”
Virginia Woolf

“Adequation without
correspondence:
such is the hallmark of truth
for
a non-philosophical
axiomatic
shorn of the specularity that
envelops truth as
correspondence,
coherence or unveiling
(aletheia).”
Ray Brassier

i am moving
house
carrying small
squares of
persian rug
under piles of
sheet music
i start to sing
the one titled
‘epiphany’
to the tune of
‘we shall not be
moved’ -
i laugh out loud
& it wakes me
& it wakes the dog
& then i get the joke

NONCE

“The hope of reaching the point of the circle’s closing, when the one who has gone far ahead wins the right to turn back & to surprise, like a unified whole, the infinitely opposed forces that divide him.”

“This time without past, without future, which is that of the slave-herd, silence formed from voice.”

Maurice Blanchot

as if some place
immured against death
were not death
itself with no
thought to arrest
what is there
but a sprig held up
to its plump
berry where the
river runs
to seed - every
thing obscene in
its gestural
inwardness &
still the unseemly
gleam on a horizon
that brings you home

IT'S WAR AGAINST ...

“And I said Brooklyn
Bridge! But that is the
bridge which connects
Whitman with Wall
Street, which connects the
green leaves with the green
backs . . .”

Adonis

“A Medusa phantom climbs
up between one shoulder &
another. A market for all
kinds of slaves. Human
beings who live like plants in
glass houses. The wretched,
the ones nobody ever sees,
filter like particles of dust
into the network of space.
The sun is a funeral
Day is a black drum.”

Adonis

the old barbaric
legions still
circling like
raptors on
a moon scape
picking over
what's left ..
with shiny blood
hissing on their
still wet 'silk
guillotines' &
shards of a
dried up
assemblage of
corpses giving
offence when
they kick back

CARBOLIC ACID

“Poetry, all those vicious
writers & bores & Scriptural
Apocraphylizers fucking their
own dear mothers because
they want ears to sell.”

Jack Kerouac

what we nominate
as our sheeny
is the show itself -
after all the shit
gone down &
blood spots on
silk sheets that
wind the worm
to cocoon - a
morus feeds
its relief from
the heady
fragrance
that piques
electrolysis in
deserted mas
of catharsis

APOPHASIS

“Friendship unites the many
into one.”
Pythagoras

“Rhetoric is sweeter than all
of the other sciences, since
this is what it principally
aims at.”
Dante

the sweet-sour
plum of
denial that
reacquaints
with cool
evening
logic - the
earnest blush
of new-sprung
hours heady
with meadows
crushed -
evaporation
of something
forgotten
yet instilled
with the sun

SUN DOG

“who is invisible enough to
see you”

“you’re rowing
by word light”
Paul Celan

parhelia
of white
nights
sent to
mock
or interrupt
work of
badiou’s
event
anthelion
trick of a
sunrise &
false set
gassendi’s
ice crystal
for brahe’s
nose

THE APOPHATIC SIGH

“All knowledge is a form of
unforgetting”

Plato

“it is now impossible to
isolate the process of the
real, or to prove the real”

Baudrillard

“There are no losers, only
intrepid agonists who yield
up to their own
recalcitrance”

Harold Bloom

“the star & silk of my eye ...
will not return”

J. H. Prynne

wind conspires
with darkness
& the illuminated
spark is but
the ephelos
servile to its
notion of
sovereignty -
you fall in &
out of
effluvia
discarding
something
named to
become
stronger than
inverted subject

