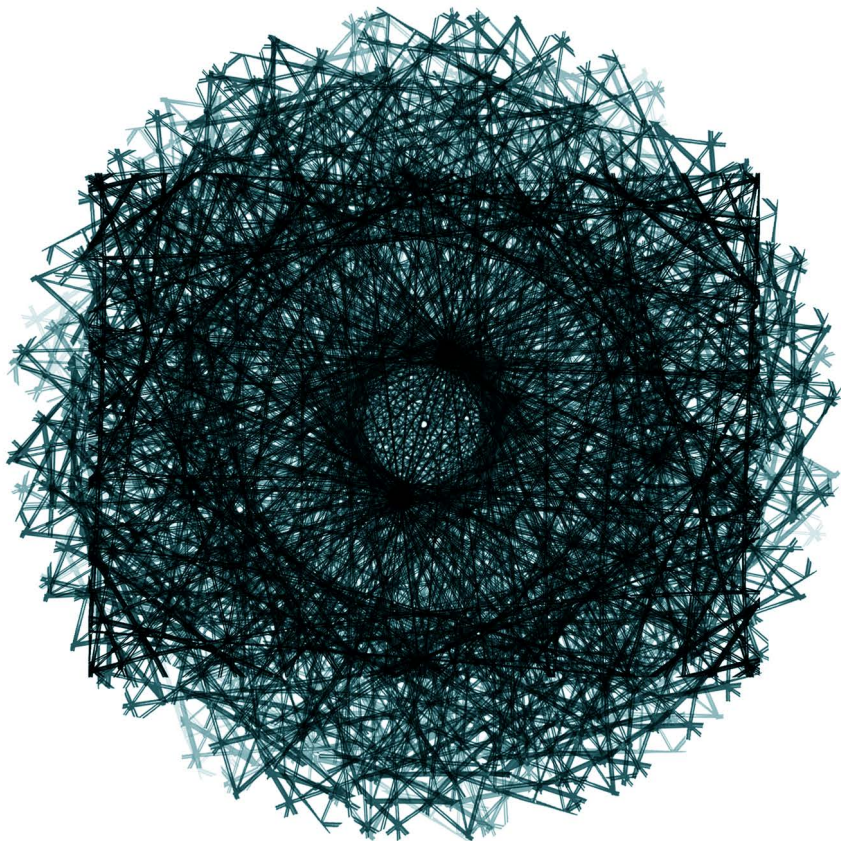


THE IMMANENT FIELD



MICHAEL MARTIN SHEA



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#95

## ESSAY PRESS GROUNDLOOP SERIES

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“To fabricate letters, this is not a question of sincerity but one of functioning. To substitute for love the letter of love? To deterritorialize love.

“If the ultimate instances are inaccessible and cannot be represented, this occurs not as a function of an infinite hierarchy belonging to a negative theology but as a function of a contiguity of desire that causes whatever happens to happen always in the office next door [...] An unlimited field of immanence”

—Deleuze and Guattari

## [NOTE ON THE TEXT]

For a long time, I believed I'd been born in Rockville, Maryland, an error which only came to light much later and then continually re-occurred every few years on the occasion of being asked to state, specifically, the city in which I'd been born. In reality, I was born in Gaithersburg, Maryland, in 1989, in a hospital. This lack of factual acuity was often momentarily troubling but never enough to force the type of mental effort it would take to overwrite the false memory. Besides, my childhood was relatively idyllic, wherever it took place.

At one point in my early 20s, I attempted to compose a poetic sequence centered on the Pam Basu carjacking of 1992. On the day in question, Mrs. Basu was taking her adopted daughter to her first day of kindergarten when she was stopped and pulled from her car by two men. In an attempt to save her daughter, who was still strapped in to her car seat, Pam's arm was caught in the door; as the men drove off, her body was dragged along the road for over two miles before finally detaching. The daughter, meanwhile, survived, having been thrown—car seat and all—into a nearby field, where she was found unharmed. Pam's husband, who had videotaped his wife putting their daughter in the car before he drove ahead to the school himself, later reported that, in the background of the video, he could see the men who killed his wife. All of this happened no more than 100 yards from where my parents lived, something they never told me until I was 18, long after we'd moved to Clearwater, Florida, a move for which this event had been a precipitating factor.

My poems, since abandoned, focused on the fact that a neighboring town was named Savage, Maryland, which I took as metaphysically ominous (certain that I was the first to ever make this connection).

Other poetic conceits, similarly abandoned, included the fetishization of Mary-Kate Olson as the embodiment of all my engagements with women, an obsession with the notions of fatherhood and creation, a sequence of poems written in the voice of J. Robert Oppenheimer, an imagined dialogue with my father on the fact that, at one point, he'd wanted to be an architect, and a series of purposefully disjunctive poems I labeled "Sketches" in an attempt to break myself from what felt like a persistent need to achieve a sense of epiphanic cohesion.

My teenage years were marked primarily by an oscillation between evangelical Christianity, intellectual elitism, and nascent sexual desire. In order to assuage my near-daily anxiety, I set about composing a long poem which I imagined would be the contemporary answer to *The Waste Land*, and through which I could reconcile my desire for faith with my desire to fuck. It was easier to imagine myself in this way—as the anointed prophet of a fallen land—than to face my growing cognitive dissonance. In time, however, the poem, like all poems, withered, and the issue resolved itself—without much effort, I found myself able to climax without fear of Christ himself.

A long period of psychic inactivity followed.

## THE IMMANENT FIELD

And the descriptions of the field were gruesome, for the field was hard to describe · To hold as many things at once under a certain banner, a sort of sub-ocular vision · Field defined as a set of points not reducible to its component parts · To hold tight to each other when the human graves appear · Painted laughter, pointing out flaws in our systems of value · There appeared in dreams an immutable loveliness, which we could not have truly wanted · Our systems of governance value the artist only slightly and at first · And there were other worlds we dreamed over but never wrote down · What the artist wants is not a refusal of the state but a transcendence of its bondage · Dream defined as the possible sphere, or the space beneath the curve of the definite arc · The myth of the law's transcendence offered the state an irrefutable bed · In my dreams I am often unhurried and unaccustomed to hunger · We imagined the field as a blanket, under which we'd find the mattress of the real · To accustom one's self to changes in altitude or demeanor, to not despair in the winter months · Real social change births itself from the orifice of orphan culture · Despair is not the *je ne sais quoi* of sex · I imagined I was born in the back seat of a cab, during a blizzard in my father's Baltimore · The golden ratio of

sex is to spend less than twenty percent of your time dreaming of other people · It was a Baltimore that no longer exists, in a cab that did not exist, though the blizzard was “real” · The ratio of gold to artists must be two-to-one for a nation-state to achieve “world power” status · What I imagine of my youth blockaded by absent memories · The backbone of the nation-state is the immediacy of the law and its social presence · What memory fills is not a bucket, it is not dimensionable, it is no place to live · As a white man, the cops are not afraid of me, as they recognize in me the law’s escape velocity · I remember falling down stairs in the backyard of the townhouse and busting my chin open · There is no event horizon, only the summation of indefinite waiting · A second birthday for my little brother with strawberry shortcake, a memory constructed by other people · Waiting is not a stillness but a desire · A vision like a dream, drawn from the presumably real · Each stillness gives way to the possibility of other beckoning rooms · Envisioning worlds not filled with masturbation or new car ads · What others project is also real, though it is not mine to whisper · What I wanted from the world was a sense of direction · A projector not capable of overheating · The director summoned the cast of my life for a perennial fuck-and-suck, but I was still lonely · Heat loss occurs primarily through the skull, rendering our summer hats absurd · Fuck all you small-town venture-capitalists and town-

hall fornicators and literary-pervert hedge-fund managers · What we often term absurd is just a negation of the law’s omnipresence · A perversion of a god’s basic duties · The law came out of the closet, where it was playing with its toy soldiers · What God wants from the world is a sense of abjection · When the soldiers entered the town they left the artists alone, thereby invalidating their art projects · Directionality as artistic trope of the supreme world-maker · Would-be artists can measure their value by the number of actual cops at their readings · Whatever made this world could not have accounted for human error, unless it did · A mansion filled exclusively with cop breath · Humanity entered into a long period of debauched and circuitous dancing · What houses our revolutionary power if not the unfolding of bastard sentences? · The dancing bear is a minor object · Without our notions of power, masturbation loses all appeal · It’s no longer possible to bear up actual arms against the massive machinery of the state · To masturbate in public is an unforgivable perversion · The state subsumes happiness for numerical existence · Forgiving ourselves was the hardest part of leaving Mississippi · A willingness to convert the world into numbers presumes that our graphs are indexed to real lives · And we, who are somehow not afraid! · Nullification of the real order is an appendage of the body · Incurable deceptions for the purpose of “big god” · What the appendage wants is a proper



sense of statehood · “The bigger they are, etc.” applies primarily to descriptions of memory · Artists struggle to resist the state because of the comforts and snacks it affords them · The described totality of being is a ruthless chimera · I cannot afford the various social contracts constitutive of personhood · When I described my erection I was asked to leave the party · Contracting disease affords one a perverse sense of solitude · I am not party to the minds of other white men · The diseased offer the state visible proof of purpose · Existence is a polarity party moving through time and space · Among the various destructive binaries, I was captured primarily by “good man” vs. “bad man” · Polar thinking invokes a re-graphing: a confluence of relations in place of an intersection · What I want most is to be a “good man”, however defined · At the extremities of the social field, the term “blood relative” refers to another set of strangers · However big god is, he cannot subsume the practice of the dreamer · All extreme red lipsticks are a giving-in to new roads · Practice shots belie a belief in aggregate experience · To give way when the flood tides examine your undercarriage · We want time but we don’t believe you when you say that it’s stopping · The flooded fields showed very few signs of remorse for their sins · What the old gods said we stopped hearing long ago · Sinfulness masks that which disrupts a functioning society but is outside the boundary of proper law · Hearing each other involves actually

giving a shit · Money, drugs, pussy, asparagus, toothpicks, a sandwich, a boundary between worlds · A robot that can’t stop shitting itself in the back room · The world outside negotiates with my world for objective power · The back of the bus was the coolest place to sit because it was furthest from authority · What was the object of my affair but to prove to myself that I could be a “bad man”? · Back then, my conception of others coalesced around the sense that they were perfect · “Affair of the heart” is misleading because it implies that sex is a less permeable boundary than love · Perfection denotes an object’s qualities in reference to its ideal state · I’ve misled everyone I’ve ever loved into thinking I’m a “good man” · The state can offer the artist money or legitimacy but not both · It’s probably best to suffer under the weight of not-knowing than to fly a jet into a tall building · A legitimate savior in the eyes of his own mother · Building a life out of the TV newsmen · It legitimizes itself after years of masturbating in the shadows · The derelict newsmen wore their pants at their ankles · The shaded areas denote that which is included in the rotation of the curve, forming the volume of the solid · Dereliction has nothing to do with flesh · My voice, possessor of a distinct volume · The nectarine flesh hides the cyanide inside · Possession creates between the object and its possessor a unidimensional matrix of power · Hydrogen cyanide is a byproduct of the synthesis of the bitter almond and can only be removed

with heat · To objectify is to tie into a knot ·  
Awash in your synthetic materials · The  
tiresome complaints about birdsong · The  
materiality of the world taken for pleasure · The  
birdsong unbleached by sundown · The pleasure  
of a to-do list speaks to the ontological primacy  
of work · Down with cops who sit on the  
homeless · Ontology is the doing of unspeakable  
things · Down with cops made out of chicken  
wire · Ontologically, no world is more real than  
any other · The chicken-legged protestors  
weren't sure what they wanted · My world is  
marked by that which my dreams consume ·  
Protesting our loveliness, we lay down in the  
leaves · The dreams are said to constitute one  
of the real worlds · Leaving for the first time, I  
wished to never hurt anyone · Unspeakable  
pluralism as one kind of politic · The first time  
I had sex I was too drunk to remember it · A  
political machine made entirely out of babies ·  
The first affair occurred in a different time  
zone, or in a different zone of time · The train  
forms a politic of still-living bodies · Zoning  
laws prevent the poor from occupying our sense  
of nation · On a train from Portland I ate a pot  
brownie and imagined my body falling through  
the window · The zone of the law inverts what  
it calls our real lives · What music makes is not  
imaginary · I'm calling on you, Lord of the  
tropical nausea · The garden house was the full  
sum of our outer imagination · I'm calling on  
you, Lord of the remote handjob · Thankful  
enough not to have the outward markers of

perversion · Lorded over like some kind of  
porcupine nocturne · I give thanks for the  
deliverance of babies · Like some kind of pork-  
rind straight from the mini-mart · Abjection  
delivery service available for an additional fee ·  
The Martian experience was cancelled because  
we couldn't get along here · The artist must  
always resist being in service to empire ·  
Cancellation of our grand narrative was met  
with resistance from originating parties · The  
artist's relation to the object of art is one of  
both service and pity · We were caught taking  
pot-shots at our grandest achievement, the  
bank · The object of art is not to lay prone in  
the backyard while the morning glories wither ·  
We're banking on the directionality of all  
subhuman mourning · A witness to the layers  
of hands · All morning I questioned the value  
of directional thinking, each line to other  
worlds · I watched my father put his hands on  
his mother's coffin · I listened to your record  
each morning, asking for penance and drowning ·  
A hand-me-down coat made of camel's hair ·  
I've never dreamt of drowning, thanks to years  
as a swim instructor · Roasted camel is only a  
delicacy for American imaginations that  
fetishize the foreign · The dreaming man shook  
me awake again · I imagined the ingredients of  
my death laid out on the table · The dream like  
a ride, whether a bicycle or theme park · Laying  
in the bathtub, I listened for the thump of my  
blood · I said, "YOU'RE RIDING THE IMMANENT  
FIELD, MOTHERFUCKER" · Functional death as

permanent listener status · It's like baseball except with Ronald Reagan in left field · The statute of limitations exists to suggest the law has a real body · It's like baseball except everyone is on fire and covered in cum · Free will is not limitless but a dynamic of flux · We fired our manager after we found him giving handjob to waterfowl · A luxating patella does not suffer fools willingly · I managed to really find myself in a rest stop in the bayou · The suffering of the world does not preclude the eroticism of dreams · I found myself in a hotel window, looking down at the snow over Boston and thinking how I didn't need to love you anymore · What the dream offers is in addition to the objectivity of the world · I found myself in the Denver airport, looking for somewhere to masturbate between flights · Additional officers were brought in when they realized the protestors didn't want any one thing · I found the desperation of others to be extremely crippling and spent all winter sleeping on the couch and trying not to die · Rapid appeasement of a minor ill is central to the state's concept of the protest · I found out I'd been cheated on a full year after it happened · What the state wants is an artist class that entertains, like wrestlers · The fullness of my anxieties interrupted more than sleep · Wrestling with dogs is an effective form of non-talk therapy · What sleepers want is different than what dreams can do · Talk therapy probably stopped me from killing myself · Differences in

gender, in politic, in what side of the bed is more restful · Being truly miserable and with good reason probably stopped me from killing myself · When I was young, I slept on the right side of the bed because it was furthest from the window, in case of tornados · The activeness of misery as salve against static despair · When the real tornado came, we gathered the dogs in the basement and were laughing · Salvation isn't a moment but a praxis · A soundtrack of panting dogs is lovely thing to die to · When I ran to alleviate my depression, there were moments where I told myself, "You've found a faster gear" · There was a loveliness that was not our loveliness · Fastening ourselves to the outlet of other worlds · There were visions of a spectral geometry, superimposed over our own · An effusion of cultural violence, or an outlet for pre-consumptive emptiness · The spectra of Earth and the spectra of cum-drenched gardenias · Buying Ziplock bags in the Walmart, I was not sure I would outlast them · The scent of the gardenia was once a noble truth · In the Walmart, the change collectors were made to empty their pockets before they could go home to their families · The nobility of the garden wraith keep up our good and forgetful spirits · Emptiness functions as the sufficient condition of state power · I questioned the good of a consumptive model of art · The insufficiencies of our gods were reflected in their terrible lies to us · Model behavior, model family, model view of growing old and dying with a now-

unfashionable set of beliefs · What I saw in my reflected selfies was not genuine human longing · The behavior of the family dictates the potential earning power of the individual child · What's genuine about standing at the bar, lecturing on economics, if your dick isn't hanging out? · Structural power is an architecture beyond the visible · Economic freedom carries within it the bitter almond of a myth · A structure of feeling is not a pension · Mythic closure assumes a two-parent household · The ancient pensioner was a visible expression of our anxiety · When I moved out of my parents' house, it underwent a structural revision · When I'm anxious, I can bite my fingernails into outrageous swans · Revising the family plot meant digging up unsightly beliefs · As a child, I was bitten by a swan while attempting to give it bread · The process of digging is our primary architecture · An attempt at absence is nonetheless a generative notion · My father wanted to be an architect when he was in college but opted instead for "communications" · A generation of anxious piety is enough to build a thousand churches · Placing a primacy on lived instead of virtual experience · The mandate of the church was to convince us to destroy our wants · As if my desires are never truly activated on the internet · What the church wanted was a world in which it could lightly persecute itself · As if desire doesn't exist in the invisible cities · If you love the morning light, prepare to despair with the increasing day · Otherness is

a product of the desire to only be one thing · Light pollution is the closest we've come to a visible aura · There's always something new happening on the internet · The visibility of my wants introduces me to other pilgrims · What's new if our gods are still shut away in the closet? · A messianic pilgrimage confirms the solidity of real illusions · A closeted belief is dead to no one · Privilege is the fact that my realness is not burdened by the existence of other white men · What escapes from the closet suffers under the extremities of new light · The burden of not-knowing is not relieved in final moments · I had my pick of appendages for the denial of suffering · Finality is a limited-time offer, not valid with others · I chose the backyard, the icepick, the unwieldy manhood, the purple stockings, the truck driver with an erection, the validity of never being afraid · If you write a really good pun, you don't have to die anymore · In the back of the house was a door we were too scared to open and instead made into an altar · Writing attempts to collapse the immediacy of time—that is, to lengthen it · The opening of the hearse was a scene completely without structure · The longer the wait, the more likely the state will infect the offering · One cannot unfold one's self completely by negation · I offered my altar robes as a colossal servant of empire · I negated my own small desires in order to enter into her house · What empiricism has brought together, let no man tear apart · I thought I'd negated the possibility of other

lines each time I set the course · I tore the tendons in both of my shoulders when I was seventeen · A line continues forever regardless of our feeble presence · A tenuous attempt to prove my capacity for human emotion · Presently, I don't think about death so long as I'm moving forward · I capsized my little boat in brackish waters and waited for the warmth · I moved across the continent to live with a beautiful and ferocious woman · What houses of warmth we offer when we're wringing ourselves · I'm in love with a woman who lives in the bathtub · The house of our elder lords is itself a minor shadow · Love does not extend itself as a purgatory for other loves · The minority of my art is a result of my utter comfort · Pages of work only prove that I was alone with myself · A comfortable robe robs the artist of productive fire · Disrupted and alone, suffused and alone, throwing our cell phones at the wall and alone · In church, I was told to be "on fire" for God without explanation · A casual case of loneliness can lurk in any apartment · "Poetry isn't about anything" is a way of explaining that I have no idea what I'm doing · I let myself in using the key under the mat and promptly went about searching for BDSM paraphernalia · A presumption of knowing is in alignment with the holders of law · I let myself believe that the desperation of others secured my future · I know the shadows that come with internet porn · The future belongs

to Walmart and all its naked stockholders · I named my first child *Pornografica*, after her mother · Beef stock, chicken stock, pork stock, stock made in the likeness of white men · An extreme childishness descended over the city · It's like ten thousand spoons when you can't stop thinking about killing yourself · A brothel outfitted with child-safety gates · It's like a blizzard composed of other people's sad Facebook statuses · An unpleasant outfitting for floral wear · My involvement in the blizzard myth left little to chance · Floridity as cultural non-presence · A shower of angular momentum chanced the room into a physic · Vaginal non-presence is the operator of the cultural sublime · The deep-water angler held purchase of a mythical pretext · A sublimation of our physical selves · The pretense of good behavior is the bedrock of the economy · Ever-ready, ever-nurtured, ever-tortured, ever-bending down into our spleens · Economic theory holds that a tie goes to the runner · I never understood the value of torture until I read blue-collar poetry · The economy of desire is lifting my pants for future applications · Poetic fetish of the working class is a supreme dildo · I never understood the fundamental theory of calculus until I applied it to my dreams · Working side by side like pre-pubescent trains · A calculation invokes a sense of residency · Being alone is good training for having an undiagnosed anxiety disorder · I was asked to leave the party for calculating the

length of everyone's perineum · A terminal diagnosis creates a temporal absence · This particular fetish was untenable for much longer · I was asked to vote in-absentia so as not to offend the party · The particulars of my arraignment were leaked on the internet · I tried not to picture what my offensive friends looked like while fucking · A leaky faucet is never a suitable plot device · Phil Levine as phenomenological fuckboy · A scent erupting from a freshly-packed bedroll · James Dickey as phenomenological fuckboy · A sense of fresh accomplishment undone by red wine · The death of ritual and the rise of genealogical madness · Patients should discontinue use if cultural violence occurs · The purpose of threats and the rise of a torture syndicate · Patients given to white man's madness should not be permitted to legislate about world affairs · Syndication occurs when you get old and stop trying to align your "moral compass" · The world of the poem subsumes all distraction · I'm paranoid about prematurely contracting an old-man disease · Contact with distraction disqualifies it as distraction—a distraction is a thing that can never be touched · I'm a twenty-four year old man scheduling a colonoscopy · A contract with yourself does not qualify as a "moral foothold" · I'm a twenty-five year old man with occasional rectal bleeding · Contractual obligations prohibit the expression of our full splendor · Occasionally I relive the moments of my great embarrassments

and thrash wildly and touch myself above the sheets and drive a tractor through the neighborhood Sears · The fullness of desire lurks in any apartment · The epiphanic moment of a pediatric waiting room · What happens to an apartment infested with invariable sadness and fleas? · I was waiting for my desire to become some sort of production · I wanted someone new to fuck me so I wouldn't be sad anymore · The produce man posed a particular set of problems · Fuck all you parasol artists twirling your privileged remove like a nightstick · I had the distinction of being chosen as a semi-finalist · The production of privilege eclipses the economy of desire · I was distinguished for betting my life on a pair of regular-season baseball games · The eclipse woke me up with its horrible screeching · I was astonished at the regularity of my desires: each morning a clean erection · The screech of sharpened metal, moon as celestial dimepiece · The newness of the world is astonishing · My gurney, a masterpiece of industrial aesthetics · Being-in-the-world is the first cause of privilege · My gurney won first prize in the local cock-and-balls show · What causes our stomachs to reckon with patterned speech? · The first order of the new king was to abolish our provincialist notions of the avant-garde · Infused with the requisite pooping patterns · A new world order only birthed through extreme violence · One time I shit myself out of existential fear · Think of it not as violence but as a hip new kind of

architecture · Integrated systems management sanitizes the digestive shit process · A temporal architect is not an artifact · The integral of persons is systemic · Time doesn't kill anyone, it just shuffles their parts around · Systemic inequality is a white man's best friend · Just holding yourself with blankets can be a salve against despair · The whiteness of virtue is the most dangerous cultural signifier taught to children · Just despair itself is not enough to make you important · My body as the most prominent betrayal system · The importance of deception in the analysis of others · My first betrayal occurred when I was seven and Eric broke my ruler and I told him it was my dead grandfather's · The important prizes are the ones doled out by the state as markers of respectability in letters · My betrayal took place in Madison, Wisconsin, in early winter · Prize culture is a primer in the privileging of certain authorities, all of whom have pill money · With Jesse at the restaurant in Madison, making Seth say "ooey gooey pasta" over and over · Domestic language, restricted language, redacted language, language made out of beehives · With Jesse, stoned and ripping the bathroom sink out of the wall · The death of the bees is tragic but no parallel for human consciousness · With Jesse in Boston, drunk and standing in the kitchen window, listening to Beach House at the start of a blizzard · The sheen of useless cynicism masked under a gothic love of death · There are only four records I can listen to while writing ·

Just because production is a capitalist impulse doesn't mean we can't love our neighbors · The writing of the poem is either a praxis of discovery or it's useless · A producer of love is not a static observer of the field · The problem with poets isn't the reach of state power, it's that they only resist it insofar as they want to control it · Observation of beauty confers inflated self-importance on the viewer · In that the law has no real body, control of it does not make you a real boy · The scent of dead coniferous trees in December · I don't remember being the boy in the picture with goggles and water wings · It's like the tree I chopped down with Marty the third time we broke up · I remember either a wild horse or a seagull eating my sandwich · Drunk on cheap beer and with our upside-down flag pins, we were firing a BB-gun at our neighbor's house · I remember a porch with a broken screen and mosquito bites in Virginia · A rented house projects a temporary space wherein the furniture arranges itself · I got stoned on the communal porch of my decrepit apartment and then watched through the blinds as my neighbor threw her boyfriend's clothes into the yard · To remember the specifics of furniture is to leave the present moment · I burrowed into the rafters of my one-bedroom hovel · Again I am wanting to leave the presence of my friends for the internet · I burrowed into the attic of our three-bedroom hovel · What I want is for my friends to never

be afraid anymore · I shared a bed with a woman with fabulous taste and loved and feared her judgment and wanted to hide my depravity, not knowing her own strangeness · Hiding yourself out of fear is a form of self-pity · For instance: the house she burnt down, the dogs she babied, the songs she forgot she was humming · I've been hiding my production of self from my family for years now · Our governing madness was a belief that science could cure us from wanting to die sometimes · Projecting the end of production into the future allows for true praxis · The internet scientists are reportedly always working · A practical man does not give in easily to mindless distraction · A terrible dearth of reporters for abject artifacts · I'm distracted because I know my big dick will amount to nothing · The death of our great cities at the hands of baby cops · I'm distracted by liquor and subordinate clauses · The pixilated moment with its great sheathen member · A causal alignment is a form of sacrifice · I remember getting drunk in the baseball fields with stolen liquor · I sacrificed my only sense of home for the hope of the rancid new · I remembered hiding the car keys in the outside freezer before I blacked out · I sensed the depths of my capacity to grieve before ever experiencing it · I crashed my car on an oil slick in Las Vegas · When I had nothing to cry for, I fetishized grief as a way of being important · I thought that rain carried with it a more intellectual climate · The internet taught me to fetishize coming on

the faces of women · Climate change is a cheap signifier for reduced labor potential · They discovered a pre-cancerous lesion on my face when I was twenty-five · The reduction of habitat led the wolves to re-infest our great cities · A legion of drunk poets, clamoring for their own removal · An infestation of modern locusts who somehow have access to wine · When I removed her shirt, I bisected the ethical sphere into my sins and the sins of others · Open-access education is a politic of multiplying bodies · My sphere of wants is often heightened by the presence of visible flesh · Opening the wine made me liable for her destruction · I fleshed out my resume by adopting even more children · I distracted myself with the varietals of internet porn · What children stand for is a belief in another planet · A variety of insects is not proof of a spider god · Believing in my own potential, I spent my teenage years insulting everyone around me · Spidered limbs disdain our true making · If everyone else was on fire, then naturally, I too would want to become a far-reaching fire · The disdained priest was a spectra of my education · Nature does not wait for "other duties as assigned" · A revolutionary education fed by major-label debuts · A natural-born priesthood begotten by moles · What was not labeled in the kitchen we never discovered · Molarity expressed in infected airplane blankets · The discovery of a common friend is reason enough to get blackout drunk · A blanket statement



infects a once-proud politic · Enough of the free-speech patriots going apeshit with plastic weapons · A once-proud parent will not abide more kids in NASA · Mental plasticity guarantees nothing for social conditions · I opted out of nationalism with my pants at my ankles · The conditioned response as designator of true faith · The only real choice I ever made was whether to pursue loving myself · Faith in writing as some sort of entrance exam for death · Each year, masturbating in front of the family Christmas tree · All this talk about dying like there's nothing else fun to do · Each year, an affect of torrential strangeness and new beer · It's like touching each other in the abandoned church in Taos · Affective piety has no place on social media · It's like a party where no one's little brother has to go to jail for car theft · The affectation of piety haunts even the best inventions · My parting gift was an email about infidelity · A haunting scene full of internet weirdos · What I promised not to report was not faithlessness but fear · I've seen a man lose a bet in a bar called The Matador · Repeating myself is a way of stabilizing certain identity platforms · I've seen a white lady scan the room and then lower her voice to talk about "those people" · There's a stability offered by trying to prove that you're perfectly enlightened about gender and race, even if it's a self-important gesture · The closest thing to real suffering I've ever experienced in my privileged life was abject loneliness · An Enlightenment-

style concept of banking applied to dating profiles · The experience of faithlessness had me locked out in October, watching the sunrise · The concept of haunting doesn't need a god to function · I was locked up for admitting that I'd never seen *The Shawshank Redemption* · Non-functional alcoholics are not permitted to partake in the communion · I was personally redeemed by liquor and the empty fields of Sardis · A functioning theory of the spectra is not mathematic · I washed myself in liquid mercury · At their most spectral, my dreams spoke to me of pumpkins and cop cars · Was it rottenness or wantonness we bathed our children in? · Little banana, pumpkin pie, sweetie cakes, stinky butt · Was it an actual revolutionary feeling or had we merely bought something again? · A poem where the rape victim isn't the butt of the joke anymore · The purchasing power of social change is limited by character · The fetish of the lyric self leads away from a poetics of actual selfhood · Characterizing yourself as one thing, reflected in many bistros · Revolutionary poetics consists in holding a tenure-track job but pretending not to · There have been many times where I've forgotten my mother's actual birth date · A revolution wearing a Morrissey T-shirt, a revolution like a keg party inexplicably filled with zoo animals · Many times I've dreamt of being kidnapped in a foreign land · A part of my animism is devoted exclusively to new dog-breath · My parents kidnapped themselves from

a lovely summer to start a life together · I was long devoted to not confronting the privilege that still makes me an asshole · At twenty-six I was still registered to vote at my parents' house because they lived in a swing state · Dog assholes are a shockingly large part of my life for someone who does not fuck dogs · I'm always swinging through various states of existence when I post on the internet · Fuck people who drink bottled water in America · The internet was responsible for my thinking that all women want anal sex · American-leftism is not immune from exporting ideology · One time, I fucked my ex-girlfriend in the ass in a basement but she stopped me when I accidentally called her a whore · What's left of my dreams is a world not forgone by bunnies · We should pity the law clerks for their tedious whoring · I left Tampa in a state of supreme agitation and fine linen and whiskey · Legal action against the state merely engages it on its own terms · Wishing myself faster in the pursuit of some awkward nobility to lord over my friends · I was acting against my own interests when I said that the nobles should rot in their yards · In pursuant to the tantamount pleasure · Me in my motherfucking Escalade, and you in your motherfucking Escalade · Pursuing myself with whips and rifles and headphones and madness and chartered boats and checkerboard parks and the presence of a notary public · I forgot myself in the scent of your sex organs · I abide no ministry of the

public eyes · My sexuality is a steamboat tethered to a rotted-out deck in New Orleans · I administered the rag to my own feral bleeding · “The new” means anything that used to scare white culture · My tactics are as follows: pleasantries, burn, pleasantries, burn · And those of you among us who are still somehow not afraid? · A pleasant romp in the left hand to greet the morning · A pleasing joy among the desiccated husks of the real · Let us bring a raucous politic to greet the fuckers · Reality shot through with arms and coefficients · Fuck the poets embossing their spines with a seed of market value · Reality whistles and fucks the nearest soft object · Bring on our protestations, seed the politic of *no more dead children* · Objectification of the dream until it's a closet you can walk inside of · What makes a child if even the snipers have parents? · To walk down Wall Street and not think about the wheezing planet · What new snipers will enjoy our delicious bodies today? · Backed into a wall of constituency and fervor · And what if we're wrong about our bodies forever? · Awash in the listening of fevered spirits · And what if we're wrong about ghosts? · The totemic library washed over in pipeline spill · And what if civilian parents can't love enough for us? · The brutality of “pipe down” when you're seeking a vocal reality · The field of love not punctured by gravitational chalk bodies · One voice which is a living spirit · Our bodies and the smells that are funny to us ·

Within my living potential, another set of dead mice · Our bodies and the sounds that wake you up at night · Men set upon by their creations may still ask forgiveness · Wherefore of the faith, save our nightly offerings? · I created myself through a set of rigorous and mostly-failed social experiments · Where, for fuck's sake, are the pills for safe dying? · I created a television sensation that was cancelled but never ended, like a dream · Safety is a measure of flux when dealing with cops · The coefficient of an ending is its purchasing power · Dealing soft drugs is an increasingly legitimate career option · I dreamed of a poem that went on forever with nothing for sale · Opt not for ruthless dinner parties over a front-row seat at your own making · It's still possible to sellout for adjunct-level wages · Some part of me wonders if I'd be happier in a life outside of "the humanities" · My first wager involved three minor-league games and a botched execution · Progressive politics that choose misery over wonder are self-indulgent · Boogeymen are uniquely inculcated in the continuation of state-sponsored murder · What is the self if not a sack full of mnemonic devices? · The myth of the unique voice as a way to play pretend with three hundred million people · I divided the world into three camps: money, children, and fire · Naming a set of people as "voiceless" and then presuming to speak for them is a classic "dick move" · We went camping in Nevada and I found myself

climbing onto boulders and shambling toward the stars · One time I was so dehydrated that the tip of my cock was chapped · In southern Nevada you can never experience true darkness on account of the light pollution and aliens · Once I accepted the elimination of certain paths as a result of my choices, I found myself free of the needless sweat stains · The truth of a line has little to do with what I think of as "my existence" · Again I'm talking to myself as I slice the potatoes · The truth of my life so far is incredibly not on the internet · Again I'm wondering if goodness is compatible with the writing of poems · Credibility depends on not being asked to leave the restaurant · What good is it to fear if you're never brought to any action? · The restaurant was where I first learned about Satan · Dog parks are an arbiter of our ability to engage in collective action · I was never found to be a true Satanist, just a dabbler in the prophetic and leering arts · What the collective wants is often boring, like the movies · I was called upon to donate my body to the artist's fund · Just wanting a more engaged and loving society has never stopped a drug war · When we were younger, she called me "babe" · I was engaged to a fabricated life plan · She called me "drummer boy" · The fabric of my days grew pills from over-washing · She called me from San Antonio to say she'd been assaulted · Fabricated currency still buys the lives of real artists · She called herself a cheater but it was the afternoon and I was

too drunk to understand what had really happened · The artistic temperament is no license to be a negligible asshole · A proliferation of pronouns precludes the easy separation of the sections of my life · Temperance as misplaced faith in your natural abilities · A finite sectioning as required by our fallible senses · I am not able to see my life as a continuation of object states · Where are the space rangers who promised us infinite planets? · I'm the guy with the shovel who's yelling "We don't have to be afraid anymore" to no one in particular · The space required for communal action restricted by zoning laws and apartment-style housing · I'm the guy sharpening his shovel in the bathroom and dreaming of exotic pizzas · The death of our parents had us zoned for re-development · The absurdity of my life does not necessitate digging a big hole to fall into · I developed a way to feel gracious for my idiot life: staring at the sky, I'd imagine the rotation of the earth from above, and me on it, rotating as well, as if the future could mean a reordering of both time and space, and thus was always contingent · Holding out for a better kind of pizza crust and no more headlights in the morning · I suspect it's hard to feel grace when you've been raped by a boyfriend or raped by a stranger or raped by a police officer or if your father was shot by a police officer or your son was shot by a police officer or if you've been a victim of stop-and-frisk policing or you're been a victim of "broken

windows" policing or your wife was made headless by her own car · Everyone is on hold for a music that glows for us · The state, which carries our hope as collateral, is the embodiment of other people's "big ideas" · I was carried out of despair by musical goodness and by how it hurts when somebody dies · I dreamed of another state where I could put my delicate body · I carried myself like a day laborer for a summer · I stated my aims with pleasure: to ride out the immanent field · Some of our favorite memories were the ones that felt like buckets of rocks · Rid of our desperate wanting and free to want again · A transcendental memory can necrotize our body clocks · Again with the grocery-store leanings · I clocked out when I found myself covered in glyphosate and dog food · The city grocery promised respite but only enabled the rape apologists · We're feeding our sense of abject persecution and have no room for loveliness · I apologize to everyone I love when I carry myself through the water · The room without windows lurks in the background of all of our selfies · Watering the plants as penance to the dreamed-of me · The window opened only briefly but long enough to establish its presumptive reality · Forming the most dire conclusions about planetary wind chill · Without a real inside, there can be no real outside · A diary filled exclusively with sordid thoughts from the shower · Reality bites down hard on the poem's plans for survival · I bathed myself in animal cloaks and a certain

knowledge · Surviving ourselves is a vanity project · I cloaked myself in the wonderment of the other · A projection of a window onto the surfaces of the dream · Devoid of hope, I fielded questions from wonder-struck reporters · A nightly project in order to keep the bears away · Striking myself in the skull did little to increase my understanding · When I cannot bear to whisper anymore, then I get to hoopin' and hollerin' and waking up the neighbors · Underneath the window we slept with our little visions · An in-depth necromancization of all my bitter whispers · Underneath the blankets we put our little selves in alignment, like planets · I'm trying to galvanize all of my terrific interests · It's like a birthday cake made out of the reclaimed stuff of suffering · You can't go gallivanting across Europe without first understanding post-colonialism · A sense of wonder reclaimed from our spirit interests · I underestimated my ability to stimulate reality's colon · What you're witnessing is the creation of a spiritual den of personas · I was colonized by an unidentified vision complex · The witness refused to take the stand unless the degenerate jury cleaned their mouths out · Identification with the other is a supreme simulation · Ahead in the clearing, where the pocket machines waited · Simulacrum is when we fuck each other and then roll over and grab our cellphones · The mechanics of my production written out in longhand and submitted for verification · Simulacrum is when we watch

each other masturbate and feel afraid · You can't verify your personhood just by sticking a pin through your finger · An unidentified feeling washed over the crowd of rubbernecks · What kind of person needs to exhale their loneliness for approval? · I stood by my previous statements as obscene but ultimately necessary · Exhausting all options, I studied the works of Klimt · The obscenity of our beliefs trickled down through the people, like tax breaks · A student in love with his sense of mastery is still a fascist · Taxing ourselves was like a new kind of erection · A studious ethic undone by a vile cartoonist · I erected in the office a totem to my ability to still love myself · Villains who wander about and try to molest the old folks · I've been in love with my life on top of a mountain · Villainous action requires a perpetrator and a belief in freedom of will · The top one percent of earners are not actually people anymore but strange objects with oversized horns inside them · I believed I could reverse aging if I just made enough people laugh with me · What one person wants becomes a room other people have to live inside of · The reversed plot was more favorable than the original, because we knew we would end in warmth · There's enough room in America for new babies but not for more cops · Warm hands and a picture of things we wanted · A new law to keep the playground ones from dying · I pictured myself on-stage surrounded by embodied adoration and felt supremely turned-on but also alone ·

Playing chicken with our temporary sense of nation-state · A morning adorned with expensive hugs · I played the loud songs to keep me from shaking so much · Our national crisis as an endless expanse that nonetheless needs to be fenced-in · I was shaken-up by dishonest poetry and drug use · The theory of which

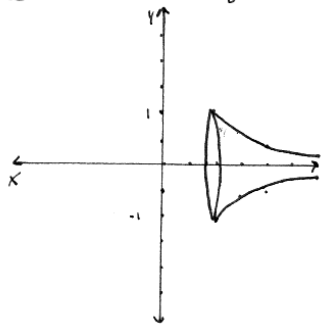
## [NOTE ON THE TEXT]

Given the curve  $y = 1/x$  where  $x \geq 1$ , a rotation of the curve around the x-axis will form a solid of infinite surface area but finite volume. This oddity is known among mathematicians as Gabriel's Horn.

[PROOF]

$$\begin{aligned}
 \text{Volume (V)} \quad [y = \frac{1}{x}, x \geq 1] \quad \text{Surface Area (SA)} \\
 V &= \pi \int_a^b [f(x)]^2 dx \\
 &= \pi \int_1^\infty \left(\frac{1}{x}\right)^2 dx \\
 &= \pi \cdot \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \int_1^n \frac{1}{x^2} dx \\
 &= \pi \left[ \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{-1}{x} \right]_1^n \\
 &= \pi \left[ \frac{-1}{n} - \frac{-1}{1} \right]^\infty \\
 &= \pi [0 + 1] \\
 &= \pi
 \end{aligned}$$

ie limit does converge



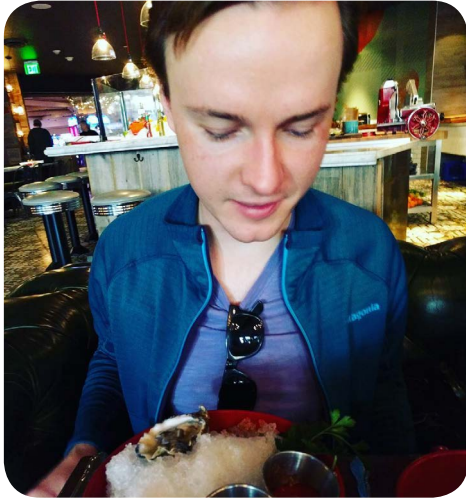
$$\begin{aligned}
 SA &= 2\pi \int_a^b f(x) \sqrt{1 + [f'(x)]^2} dx \\
 &= 2\pi \int_1^\infty \frac{1}{x} \sqrt{1 + \left(\frac{-1}{x^2}\right)^2} dx \\
 &= 2\pi \int_1^\infty \frac{1}{x} \sqrt{1 + \frac{1}{x^4}} dx \\
 \text{Since } \sqrt{1 + \frac{1}{x^4}} &> \sqrt{1}, \text{ Substitute} \\
 &= 2\pi \int_1^\infty \frac{1}{x} \sqrt{1} dx \\
 &= 2\pi \left[ \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \int_1^n \frac{1}{x} dx \right] \\
 &= 2\pi \left[ \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \ln(x) \right]_1^n \\
 &= 2\pi [\ln(\infty) - \ln(1)] \\
 &= 2\pi [\infty - 0] \\
 &= \infty \\
 \text{i.e. limit does not} \\
 &\text{converge}
 \end{aligned}$$

Q: What does the horn say?

A: I took my father down to the river I carried him into the river his ankles they drank the whole river his body it laughed it up

[Practical applications: unknown]

## AUTHOR BIO



MICHAEL MARTIN SHEA is the author of the chapbook “*Soon*” (Garden-Door Press) and the translator of Liliana Ponce’s *Diary*, forthcoming from Ugly Duckling Presse in 2018. His poems and articles have appeared or are forthcoming in *Conjunctions*, *Fence*, *Jacket2*, *jubilat*, *Montevideo*, *Pleiades*, *RealPoetik*, and elsewhere. He lives in Las Vegas, Nevada, where he serves as managing editor of the *Best American Experimental Writing* anthology series.





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