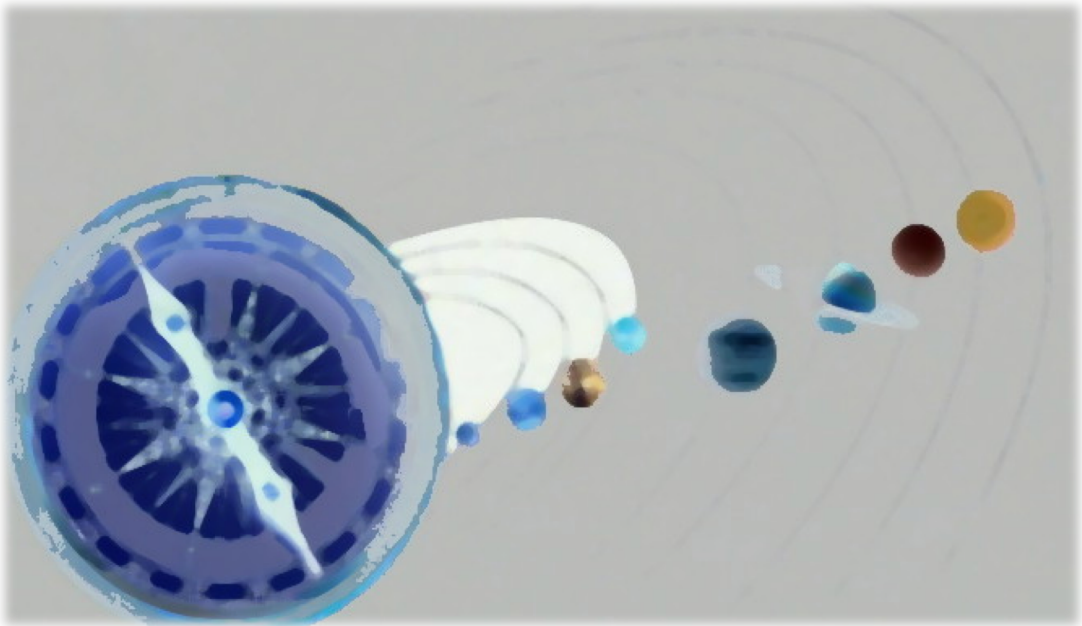


**_____ I WANT SOMETHING OTHER
THAN TIME _____**



LEWIS FREEDMAN

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
TIME

THE AIM OF THIS
WRITING IS TO BE
AN EXAMPLE TO BE
A CONDITION FOR A CONDITION, A
FIXED POINT FOR OUR OWN IRRECONCILABLE
PART; USEFUL B/C WE WON'T LEAVE IT BEHIND.

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO APPROACH THE
SPATIAL ORIENTING OF THIS BODY EXISTING
WHEN WE ARE IN THIS SCREEN IN THIS ROOM?
IT'S OBVIOUS WE DON'T HAVE TO BE THERE WHEN
SOMETHING HAPPENS TO US,
BUT EVEN IN THE ANONYMITY OF WHAT WE'VE FALLEN
INTO THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOMAIN OF US,
SOMETHING LIKE A CERTAIN SPACE IMMOBILE
BUT RAINING.
SOMETHING ABOUT THE FACT OF SEVERAL
MILLION YEARS AGO
NOT HERE
MURMUR
HERE

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER
THAN TIME
WE ARE THROWN BY OUR
WORK TO BE A STRANGER
WHO MAINTAINS THIS STANCE,
THAT THE WEIGHT OF FEELING, IN ALL
ITS ELECTRIC MULTIPLES, CAN BE
ADDRESSED ONLY THROUGH A STRANGENESS
THAT, AS A MATTER OF STUPIDITY, WE HAVE,
ENVELOPING IT IN MYSTERY, RESERVED FOR
OURSELF AS PUBLIC, POSSESSING, FOR A MOMENT,
NEITHER ONE OR THE OTHER.
IT'S AS THOUGH IN MY DESIRE TO TRANSCEND THIS
I WOULD CHANGE MY GIVEN NAME TO
PUBLIC, THE SOUND IT'S SAID WITH NOW
CONFORMING TO INDICATE A
DEAPPROPRIATED RELATION TO MY LIFE.
I, SYNONYM FOR POWER,
RELINQUISH MY MERGE WITH
THIS OBJECT IN ITS
CREATION TO
THE PUBLIC
DOMAIN.

I WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME

LAST NIGHT I DREAMT
OF A PERFORATION IN MY
INTERSUBJECTIVE SPACE WHERE
THE PROBLEMS OF WEALTH &
POWER WERE UNWORKED.

WAKING, I REALIZED HOW DEAD I AM TO
THE IMMOBILITY OF THOSE THINGS, CORRECTION:
DUE TO THE IMMOBILITY OF THOSE STRUCTURES AS THEY
MANIFEST IN INTERSUBJECTIVE SPACE, I FEEL
BASICALLY ALREADY DEAD.
BUT I'M ALWAYS COMING BACK TO MY SENSES FROM
THIS, EXPOSED W/O LOCUS TO HAVE BEEN HERE
ALL ALONG.

WAKING, MY REPLACEMENT ASKED ME IF WE HAD
BREATHED THE AIR YET IN THE ROOM WE'D
SLEPT IN.

THE INSTABILITY OF OUR FICTION, I SAID, IS
MEASURED BY EXCESS TO REMAIN IN US.
IT SOMETIMES SEEMS TO ME, I SAID,
THAT OUR DRIVE FOR SELF-ANNIHIL-
ATION IS AFFIRMED
BY OUR FEELINGS
OF HOPE.

I WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
TIME

*SYMBOL

WHEN MICHEL SERRES
POINTS OUT THAT DISORDER
ONLY NECESSARILY DESTROYS
ORDER FROM ORDER'S PERSPECTIVE,
I CAN FEEL SOMETHING OTHER THAN
MY IDEAS OF TIME EXPERIENCED
TRAVELING BEYOND THE COMPASS'S AXIS
INTERRUPTED.

& IN THIS DISRUPTION I HEAR US TELLING US
WE SHOULDN'T WRITE ABOUT IT.
ABOUT HOW, FOR INSTANCE, IF NEITHER TIME OR
ETERNITY CAN LET US FEEL UNBOUND, THEN PERHAPS
THE WHOLE THING'S A QUESTION BEYOND DIRECTION,
POWER, KNOWLEDGE, *PIZZA.

& HOW, FOR INSTANCE, IF I FEEL LIKE OUR GESTURES
& UTTERANCES, CHOPPED & PARCELED FROM OUR
BODIES & BODIES' PROSTHETICS, ARE AS MUCH A
POLITICAL PARTY DONATION AS A
POSSIBILITY OF BEING THEN,
AS THE PASSER-BY PAUSES TO REPEAT TO US,
THERE IS NO MEANINGFUL THEN
B/W MY NO WINGS TO BE CONSIDERED
& MY BEWILDERED FLIGHT.

I WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME
EXCLUDED BY A METHOD
THEY RESORTED TO IN
DYNAMIZING AN INTERSUBJECTIVE
VOID THAT READS B/W US, I HOPE
TO BE ABLE TO SAY, YES, LIKE "THE PREHISTORY
OF PREHISTORY" OF WHICH LISPECTOR WRITES, YES.
I HOPE TO SAY, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE TO FACE UP TO
THE EVENT OF BEING MOMENTARILY NOT ONESELF, OF WELCOMING
THIS THING B/W US INTO OUR MOMENT THAT'S TOUCHED IN
THE SAME WAY EACH TIME BY AN APPROPRIATED ANALOGY WHICH
LIKENS THE NETWORK OF DEATH TO OUR BODIES' NERVOUS SYSTEMS,
AND TO LET THAT THING REWRITE THE PATTERN OF TIME B/W
TWO INSTANTS & OIL AGAIN A STRUNG STRUCTURE OF VANISHING
THRU THE WHOLE PORE.
IF WE'RE ITS PARASITE THEN WE'RE THINKING ABOUT DESTINY
NOW, WE THINK IT'S BEEN SHRINKING FOR A THOUSAND
YEARS.
AND I'VE RE-SORTED A DESCRIPTION OF THIS HOPE HERE
B/C WE'RE SERIOUSLY NOT HELD BY MEMORY, WE'RE
BACKED UP AGAINST OUR PURCHASES,
BACKED UP AGAINST A REFERANT TO
TIME'S PASSING I CAN'T
ACTUALLY WAIT
FOR.

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME
I'VE JUST SHOWN THE
IMPOSSIBILITY OF A MEMORY
SECURING ITS FUTURE, NOW
WHAT?
THE DIVINE IS A PREFERENCE OF THE
HUMAN, THE HUMAN THE DIVINE,
INTERWOVEN WHATEVER.
UGH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE UGH OF THAT BAD.
TO WITHDRAW FROM AN IDEA IS A BLOSSOMING,
A BLOOMING SWAYING CURTAIN CONSTITUTED BY
THE DISSOLUTION OF A MEMORY WHICH ACTS UPON
IT AS INSIDE BREEZE.
BUT IS THERE A WAY OUT OF THE SUBJECT TO
WHOM THIS WILL HAPPEN?
THIS POEM SAYS NO, BUT DOES IT?
DON'T THE GAPS OF ITS MOVEMENT REFER TO
MOVEMENT IN A YET TO BE OF ELSEWHERE?
THE FUTURE IS AN OUTLINE DRAWN TO
OUTLIVE ITS SHAPE, CRITICAL OF IGNITION,
CRITICAL OF TOUCH, OF DEBT, OF ALL
POSSIBLES, AND OF ALL
POINTS WHICH
DISSOLVE.

I WANT SOMETHING OTHER THAN TIME
SOMETIMES I DREAM OF BEING SWALLOWED UP BY A COLLECTIVE & WANT TO ASK, WAS THIS OUR COLLECTIVE DREAM, TO BE HELD AWAY FROM OUR INSUFFICIENCIES UNTIL AT LAST WE SENSE OUR BODIES' SELF AS FLUID W/IN A SYSTEM OF FLUIDS IN SERVICE TO ITSELF?
I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT MY WAY INTO THIS. NOT NOW, NOT WHEN ALONE I FEEL A SECRET THAT, B/C IT CAN'T BE FULLY EXTORTED, UPDATES ITSELF WITH TRIVIAL CONSTANCY.
NO, NOT LIKE THIS WHEN EVEN BREAKING INTO HEAVEN FEELS DEGRADED AS GONE.
I'M THROWN BACK AGAIN INTO A BOOKSTORE THAT'S NEVER EXISTED, I THINK, EXCEPT FOR IN THE EYE OF MY DREAMS.
& I CAN RECOGNIZE THE POETRY SECTION, CAN LEAD OUR VOICE PERFECTLY TOWARDS IT, BROWSING THERE, I'M NOT THINKING THE POSSIBLE MEANINGS OF THE BOOKS AS NEEDED FUTURES, OR WANTING TO POSE THEIR MANY ENDINGS AS SOME SORT OF ENDLESSNESS.
THERE ARE MILLIONS OF US ARRIVING INTO QUARANTINE, & WE'RE ALL & EACH ALERT & ALIVE.