

ALIENOCENE – SOUND & VISION

excerpts from
IN MEMORIAM : IN ENQUIRY



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presented hop-scotch style

a response through Alfred Tennyson's In Memoriam

italicized text is found text.

Prologue

dimple signal: the idiom is ripe for plucking.
camel chorus: this real is a sandy plane.
canters decanted, songs of dead light smacking,
a slip'n'slide® for symbols not mine.

a highway of pig's valves, sentient burdens for
hooved feet, veins filled with more than gore,
culled by husks hustling for hulls. what of the
soul? no really, what of it? want is sol.

churned body as cheese, globs rain upon
gobs, speech glottal superior to trill to *shoot*
the artillery, will or may, authenticity's very
différance, bound in modality, *shock and awe*.

tinned high step, clan polished till gleaming,
abraham of oklahoma, slugging towards moriah.
bleached hoods to cover hidden peculiarity, must-
be as every other must-be, fealty to a snuf dream

huffing. tin, copper, & human organs an amalgam
defense for parasols & haberdashers, neon crucifix
broadcasts electric salvation, saving
the immortal null & whole. con fido sin fence,

dividing being into fun-sized
cellophane enclosed identities.

please package me so i may be the total package,
envy of players & playmates, hedged managers &
angel investors, visionaries of extraction, excretion,
& exploitation but never proprioception.

twisting fluids remind the pixeled gear it's
teeth are simulated, there is no crank for
turning. luscious rouged lips float disembodied,
bitten by incalculable ions engorged:

such is the flowering
of enlightenment.

life is not a dream, beauty lies in another's i,
mother mouse suckles worms for beauteous book-
club trances, this aesthetics designed,
manufactured, & distributed for caged birds.

honey-baked minds the manners of mimes
picking cherries for beholden mistresses.
the muses died with their mu-sick. minced
maenads feed the mad money to gawkers turned

make-believe
self-made-men.

such phantasy, around fates wheel it goes, where
it stops no-mind knows; or no-ot, the god-dot,
this noem, the no-me, this noet, the note, no-
man-ics, suspicion of consistency, of i.

in closing:
hazy iamb toe cracks coccomb.

3

bifurcating highways twist into
buttery yarn balls, slip slip
slipping through weighty
hues, my darling speaks —

of shit-stains & blood-
rituals, of big-screens more
real than you or me could ever

be.

i does not know this nature that
never was, i cannot speak of the
honey-bee or the saguaro tree.
i speaks of solenoids & cloned

flesh, of bovine farts & stranger
things, of electric loves & digital
people — don't speak to me of natural

good.

13

silence, a void, a maw, a consummation,
sublet of another word, by another,
an-other. radiogenic confection made yarn,

vacant home in space,
a mere place.

i've tried to love this ever-new, to ex-
hume the dim evermore. i desires a fall to
ponder the rat beside. a cacao earl sings

homely to the glottal
clay, then takes an

auger to this pleated grey. so i *water*
my eyes, for this breathing never ceases
& this spittle i always swallow. an ear

never blinks. could i
cease, only for a moment?

i wish to live knowing silence, i wish sleep
without a dream, holding a small piece of nada
or papa or nana. horologic swayer of hands.

alfie, do you suffer dreams?

sapient toilets & fetish automata, nylon
commuters & drill-powered centaurs. how does
one fedex™ a cetacean, or teach siri® to flirt.

zuckerberg strolls amongst
v.r. press unnoticed.

39

convict, marrow cultist, dissenter
lapsed, vital coil, unmade
sapient, ivory landfill, ether
deep, brittle ocean, palm.

when i lies in bed i rarely sleep
but dream of willful unrealities.
my essence yearns for what cannot be,
my soul is no longer part of me.

pigheaded murder, sepulcher for swine,
murmurs of idiocy, sacred deceit,
uncanny misery, phallic curios.
there is nothing new under the sun.

73

ribbons fish hair strings for purple essences, an
excoriat from brittle sucralose fingers, senses
of censors as centers by semper. always again,
these hollow dimnesses strike fleshy drums,

reverberant renders to
ethereal geppettos.

toes, toes in a flower box, foil for no eye in
particular, wreathed in victory. *keep it weird* he
said for uncertain reasons, those three words
seem necessary as heights rise. poetry was

always something living,
something living beings did.

sometimes rocks are alive, & concrete if it's
been around awhile, this nuevo alto seems dead,
held in abeyance for investment portfolios &
credit scores. all things not residing in

that dictate residing where.

debutante of technical fires, consider a lowly
technician's plight, who can speak of sacred
stones when one's already entombed in ice, denied
the comforts of curses & tears, this hum drum

hum covers the dead & their fears.

102

the violence omni — everything, the form bare &
unrecognizable. this sleek pistol & ancient
weapon, their gaze male regardless of gender,
held between them as they gaze with the borrowed

eyes of capital others. gaze contrived by
countless voyeur'd eyes, possessed, not their
own. do continuities of nitre & iron apply,
do gods of transmuted ion & cloned flesh?

more greek that greece, more god than g-d. this
gray box of printed diodes contains all the
infinities that can be thought, but none of the
infinite itself. how comfortable so many i's

become gazing upon
constrained mysteries.
thought-for so completely,

framed so nothing can exist
outside — a comprehensive cage.

108 (Psalm 23)

gore tore vice measure, iliac bunting, hill
baked bee lies down, inculcate faster. dealt
head methinks violet saunter, enmeshes the
toll. giddy hele foghorn slighted bath dower

penny lane rake. *though i walk through the
valley of the shadow of death.* billable
eared novella. fruity tarnished whistling,
oar poured & taffy shore awaken surly.

stewed pearl gavel stupor thee, convalescent
tutor genny, view androgyne sublimity
crescendos. hyssop nuptials sashay, sorely
dual portrait mirrors janus corridors.

109 (portraits)

frost's steady pressure, hairs vibrate out-of-sync, solitary fly tickles toes, dust lubricates concrete & sole, no danger of slipping.

shadow's light casts indefinite shapes across burnt red bricks, can't tell where darker-than or lighter-than starts &/or ends.

mesquite horizon, so much higher, less absolute, gradient blue.

131 (part 2)

none-
 the-
 less,
 let us
 disrupt
 the roots
 &
 their fixin's.

Notes for In Memoriam

Prologue

- *shoot the artillery* Cedarmon Kids, *I'm in the Lord's Army*
- *shock and awe* used to describe the US military strategy of rapid dominance, unofficial slogan during US 2003 air campaign leading up to 2nd Iraq War.

13

- *water my eyes* Unknown poem, as related to me by *Len Corté*
- *zuckerberg strolls amongst...* My caption to a photo of Mark Zuckerberg, which he shared on his own Facebook page, taken at the 2016 Mobile World Congress in Barcelona.

39

- *there is nothing...* Ecclesiastes 1:9 (NIV)

73

- *keep it weird* A man whose name I never learned on 4th Ave as transcribed by me.

108

- *though i walk through...* from Psalm 23, from memory.