

Excerpt *I. The Pulp Vs. The Throne* From “Much Affection From the Bold Part / of the River / It’s a Crisis / of Movement”

Carrie Lorig

When I say The Pulp Vs. Throne,

I think of The Softness / Its Hardness, An Endlessness

and how it moves

towards and maybe beyond a brittle Horizon, A Dilation

mouthed A Distillation in preparation for swallowing it

There's Nothing Versus about A Boundary-Disabled Multitudinous

Shooting Spree Vs. The Simple Pleasure of Holding a Phrase Like

I Love You in Your Mouth.

N describes to me a scene from A Film told in / Stills

/ in which the woman pulls her hair

/ to the top of her hair

/ to reveal her neck:

“It's terrifying because she is so exposed, she doesn't move. She can't move.”

I feel a strip ravel through granite:

How To Get Some Poems Written Being Who I Was.

The Pulp Vs. The Throne,

The Pulp Vs. The Throne,
runningthe

impossibility, impossibility, the unknown and its softgull
over and over, looping and looping, rehearsal, rehearsal, rehearsal,

repeating what shouldn't be,

is my most fertile
/ is my most fur tiled land.

It has to be because fur is the most giving texture.

It has to be because paradox, p a r a d o x, p a r a d o x,

“A negative image from which positive pictures can be
created,” says Anne Carson, “is a paradox.”

That which not only shouldn't be, but CAN'T BE, is the thing that reproduces despite,

is the thing

that makes me feel DOUBLE.

I feel I am seizing deep inside.

I feel possibility,

but I also feel guilt shard and I feel shame shard

because I am seizing so deep inside.

I farm and farm with a c i r c u l a t i o n deep in something

that shouldn't or CAN'T BE.

Hello Fear. Hello Turning Horse

Desperate In The Frozen Space.

HELLO, I SMELL LIKE A MURDERVEST

CONTRACTION.

Doesn't it feel like you are creating problems where there aren't any?

Doesn't it feel like you are creating where there isn't anything?

There's me and the inverted flowers shattering under the sand.

I get a text in the middle of watching dead leaves.

N sends me a quote from Jacques Lacan, who insists on “leav[ing] the reader no other way out than the way in,” which Lacan says he, “prefers to be difficult.”

We are stuck IN language.

IN its obliterated DUNE FLOOR.

Subject: What is a building?

Dear J,
Dear Stickpack,

It is storming, but I'm always bad at making myself close the windows. I almost typed cut the windows. Cut the windows off from sound and wetness. I'm soft for weather, though. When we were walking home, E said, Are those clouds hugging that building? and we laughed. The reason I brought up chartreuse and a bird earlier is because last week I saw a crowd around a thing. It was a bird that had, moments ago, fallen onto the bridge dead or near dead. That color on it, chartreuse (the name of this color disturbs me or at least/ makes little rocks move,) was turned up towards the crowd that was so young and concerned and stuffed together. And it amazed me? It seemed like such a lost cause. They tried to pick it up with a lid. But the thing is, E and I just now saw the bird crushed on the bridge, pieces and pieces of its brilliant belly smushed into the weird paint they use to cover the ground. Did they abandon it? Did they give up? Did they lay it back down thinking...What? The bushes were so close by. It was as wonderful as it was bewildering, considering I had just used it to write so quickly back to you.

The godbuck of pattern attuning in the middle of an impossibility,

my lady / eats

I've been to a rush lilac.
I've been to a wave of the edge opening.
I've been stuck in a full place.
I've been stuck in the place folding in on itself.

I've been to a rush lilac.
I've been to a wave of the edge opening.
I've been stuck in a full place.
I've been stuck in the place folding in on itself.

There is everyone at the lessening of your wounds,

but Repetition is never
Repeating Exactly.
It is each sentence Exactly.
Each sentence it is Exactly
what and where is Precise,
but what is Precise
Precisely if it doesn't
yield an Exactitude?

Maybe illegally,
it is in / French.

The figure of
the word insists
on a trying
on a form
on a testing
on a making
on a repetition
by itself.

Each time round is an extraction.
Each time round we find the return.
Each time round the return is immediate.
Each time round the return is brutal.
Each time round the return is near.
Each time round I learn what should be a trap

: paradox
: impossibility
: repetition

is, because of poetry, always bringing me closer to you.

(powerlines)

(p o w e r l i n e s)

You, made of no light but noise.
You, made of questions of magnetism and gravity,

like any sentence.

I currantly call

I currantly call

and

I snap my gums

I snap / my guns

at a dry moon