

*Poem A*

**TAKE THIS  
LITERALLY**

Poiesis

Loss

Loss

Loss

Evocation

phenomenally Present in living presently

Presently

undefined

Is this a space of

Why do you put something on a horizon

EXHORTATION



WITNESSING

the rise of a system of realising and feeling cues

This fixation

And this renaissance also applies to love.

Any environment is total

incredible

minds Unstirred

through a wide wasteland  
Recall that system

Cues

Cues

Blue Skies Solid

Light

Body Diff.acts

in liq. in sun

ποίημα

of a-place-of-names of only thing of Every

RUPTURE

realising now How many details—

blue skies — solid colors

— s. blue | Objects

realising now

objects of your life realising now

| objects |

of your life realising now

Isolation on the plains of Happiness.

Everything w/a light that Blinds

the tension the pleasure the ache a Trepid

Blind

Blind

Touching and going the distance.

Rays

★  
Rays

Where is the Architecture  
Everyone is talking about?  
Resisting overground  
to make Your transition®  
B-Buried overground  
Where is that same structure?

There must be a skeleton  
To all this flesh.

To revolt  
✱

To take me to yourselves from places  
barren and full like felt full  
The transparency you bring is grace  
The transparency you bring is grace  
Transparency In grace loss for fear of loss  
For fear of living You Aversion to risk *unripe*  
lack of Construct Lay out Awareness and coalescence  
In need of giving —Every thing Solving  
In Selection  
ReIteration  
Selection  
ReIteration  
and cetera and care.

For *the future of labor* is care jobs.

On a translucid hour  
On your emotional field On this field you make room for me  
and I come I breath  
and I make shapes with my eyelid,  
and I offer my shapes to be slain  
or for grounding,  
Whatever they will prefer  
need or care  
To give

Make part of you

part from you

Vast spaces organized by Reason thus myriads playgrounds for  
Demons

I am an alien and a citizen  
On one more translucid hour

Those who are without association with me are ignorant of me, and  
those

who are in my substance are the ones that know me  
And I will not move the name  
To the one who created me.

Those who are without association with me remain  
Ignorant of me  
Remain steady  
There is where the fire resides.

Someone tied to their personal reality  
And to the evidence of this reality  
In the world. Blinded  
By that evidence, like we get blinded  
By the narrowest beam of light.  
Someone who cannot/couldn't  
Thus won't go beyond/let go  
Of this limit



They help me go through all this pain.

God HELP ME SURVIVE TIS KILLING ME

My God,  
help me to survive this deadly love.

The apparition was a success

There must be an airport nearby  
Is this City

Come close to me

Keep on writing poetry at that voltage

We will not descend

We will not

Descend from this calvario

Not together

Am in a-place where no one

Can speak my language

But I am language

Am in a-place where no one

Speaks my language

Age of Distance

Hear Me Out:

Ever is the word written on your lips

No

Centuries hoarded

Behind your back,

Don't they hurt Your sense of presence?

Ever is a word

Centuries hoarded bla

bla bla till

Finally the pelvis rose like a moon.

Gentle reader, this is for you  
At the heart of the discourse *!Pursue Awareness!*  
Do you want to tame the animals?

Do you want to tame the animals

A collar  
On no leash  
Blinks on my neck  
as I keep waiting for you,

◆ Τειρεσίας.

The young me was weeping because the young me has tears  
And no deceit is in me  
when you walk in and open the fault There is the opening Where  
navigare necesse Somewhere far where You too felt like crying  
the long and warm tears of your young eyes Where  
“there is no darkness but ignorance”

Just words you read on a pedestal.

Cannibals

Caught in unstillness  
Constantly

To which I replied: I am *not*.

ringa-pin'pin' on the high altar at the Bach choral  
TRUE as a pistol shot

◆

*must* B-True as a pistol shot to  
simply p.ceive Light  
and Flesh In this city  
Of a serpent God  
Hissing  
for its life  
While I'd been hibernating in holy matrimony.

Now Everything is already brighter.

Bright

Bright is my future with you

Come on,  
A frieze already covered with sweat  
Come

Come on Come in closer

Yes yes, we hear you:

This body is stretching out from its shore  
Reaching out for other bodies  
Made of other lands.  
The United States flag is stuck in a field among other flags  
For fire to walk with me  
from France in Flames  
GOD! help me stay alive among this mortal love

I Examined it  
:  
..... petro ..... rogo  
Adamantina.....  
Rulers may explain the experience  
und weiterhin ist noch Folgendes lesbar:  
\_\_\_sign\_\_\_ which shall liberate me  
sign\_\_\_  
sign The eyes of mine

Vehicles of flight  
Begging for love

we begging for love



for More

A number of definitions

Interact with each other according to their degrees of completeness or inclusiveness

A definition's ability

To Conceive all its effects and consequences represents,  
implies the other

Sunshine Musing

where is More

having had loving parents

I hereby pledge the entirety of myself

To direct my preserved energy

Where is Imperative?

• The truth is

I wish you could see with my own eyes

I wish I could see with your own eyes

Americana

et Aida

We innovators of Space and

Queer — Ubi amor *ibi* oculus

-thy mind

È amore è l'occhio

Where is love *there* is the eye

And that the truth is in kindness

and clarity in thy rule

self in thy mouth

and life in thy revolutions

and ecstasy

passion in thy metastases-

Norm in thiself

0~1

thru perversion

and yes (a)we no longer make(s) Gods Out of beauty

That's all I have, literally all I have

And I am laying it out for you

And I am laying it out to you

And the bull the force  
That is in Me is running  
Over you

Is running over you

Is running over you

You are surpassed

To implement domination  
Literally

m'amour, m'amour  
what do I Love and  
where are you?

That I lost my center  
courting the world.

Do not move

Our world that I saved us for/from memory

I I wanna make

I I feel like

That this is just too good

I love this so much, Clemente

I love everything about it

I love it deeply,

deeply

Yeah

I love it deeply

real Deep

Perhaps

I think

and to know the share from the charge

With which

You

Charge

At  
Me  
And to know  
The share  
Of the charge  
With which you charge at me  
Do you realise

Do you realise?

Do you realise?

I don't think you realise  
How Much

and in these triangular spaces?  
Minds sunned as lizards  
That's all I want for you,  
I am just so pleased  
I wanna be

A symptom of culture



Brainfeeder

To describe

The trouble with description is worth sticking with, for a moment

against systemic closure

With me, language is no longer pictorial

It does/configures

Configuration as Factive,

here

Tıç non-mimetic

And Real

That the reality of the conf. consists of its effects —

Conf. Being merely a specific combination of its peculiar elements,  
is nothing outside of its effects.

This trouble with describing might even be something like-a

High Level reproduction

Of my own rationale

This rationale raised to the point of Junction—

to Deep kiß that junction,

Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt

der ganzen WELT

Do your thing

The adjectives are

The you, involved by the center, and the general you,  
Against the walls

What do I feel? What am I feeling? What is it?

In theory,

A sense/pres. of confidence of wanting I/want to get what you desire

Yet, getting there is tiresome, complex, unpleasant

Do you really desire it?

Don't you instead Desire that no gap be around you that everything  
be adjacent You just having to lean on it and be brave?

Be

brave?

And keep feeling it Keep feeling what you want. This feeling is

Always adjacent

Present

Still

What do I feel? What am I feeling? What is it?

Sense Of distance

keep floating across my mind

I don't have,

I see but I am detached

Of silliness Of formality Of show Of unload

Of little INTENSITY Of embarrassment

in Front of rawness crudity sharpness intensity,

Of not knowing how to handle it. If I crave touch but flee contact

What do I really want?

OMNIA *In Civitate Dei*

innit?

Please answer me.

Do not look the other way.

Do not betray me.

Lucid Wildness  
and the presence links me

To Crafting

In the name of Europe  
*What Do You Feel?*

When you feel the discomfort of fragility and disorder

Control  
Excess

These two things next to each other are interesting.  
That somehow it Should  
Exceed itself.

If you Will

The palette was kind of a summary of  
all Light Sources

Light sources

My light sources?

Sort of implying  
a Certainty of life  
To receive more light  
That there is growing happening,  
Somehow.  
Not agreeing to the logic of light in this room  
And that's interesting.  
That's interesting.

Think of That alcove as a shelter  
But also as something else that shadows

Just think It is very interesting that someone is making work today  
With More than a Messaging System  
Against the dustiness of the palette, The Feeling of the Piece.

This Ultramatte Finish  
A little bit of... yeah,  
Gray.  
Control  
Excess

Control  
Excess

And I think  
Serially in love terms

Get in line  
and look closely  
The idea of borrowing something from history claiming it and  
bringing it back in  
This is a type of line that has an end and is cut  
Purposefully  
See

*See*  
GOD help me live through all this love

See:  
It gets darker towards/in Highness/The Top  
And lighter at the tips  
Your sensibility

Sense,  
please

The Clean Literal Reading

Hang on



don't wanna have sex with them I

don't believe in their philosophy

just can't sleep with cops

Disintegration is a moment of propulsion

Hang on

(Getting you to see)

We are in the field

ok Good

now  
if Realising begins with conceiving  
And arises in representations  
:

*A back bending in an open field*

(if I felt more like I was participating than viewing,)  
Do you think that is a poetic thought?

Is the feeling one of like, uh,  
*You will not master this*  
You will have to go  
to a new kind of non-Mastery  
Zone  
of

of

of  
Oneness with it  
to get to the next thought

Or is it like,

More Natural,

This stuff and the connections you are trying to make  
Don't connect  
There is not a meaning  
and I do not signify.

Have these things fray  
Through clean  
Excessive bodyliness  
About what is pure and above and untouched

We aren't supposed to reject  
*Perfect* and *Broken* just cos they  
don't fit Our community

But we are adolescent, in our new riches.  
We are savannahs in thy words C.  
are savannahs in thy eyes Brighid

are beauty in thy mind



are Kinda nice to keep in mind  
that

Maps the Uterus,  
Testicles and Glans,  
but really are only Wounds

oh-well

*iff*

you're trying to bring up the non-binariness of the offering,  
Go ahead —  
— We, The People,  
Read you

Loud and Clear

While 'em all w/out names or numbers keep dying around You  
death is *in* the game  
While nothing escaped the attention of the  
artists and artisans.

To feel discomfort

Allow Yourself the luxury of feeling discomfort

Get in here

Precious To be able to feel discomfort  
While you're cared for  
While you're watched over

You're safe.

I feel you. Walking by me and looking at me,  
gisme me goose bumps

...

Don't think too loudly  
It is a mild evening in Los Angeles

For God so loved the world  
that E died for it

and the Amazons sliced their breasts off  
to Hit the target

and Drexciya More b/ond two in DT  
JamesGerald

Stunning Black Mythos

Aggr. Energy Accelerations

*bursting open* that cultural sphere

Power Unilaterally

authorial Is agency

Clear

Certainty

Fire

Energy

From emergency in/to thy mind and everywhere it *must*

ARE THEY MORE ADVANCED THAN US

DO THEY WALK AMONG US

AND WHY DO THEY MAKE THEIR STRANGE MUSIC

from emergency in/to thy mind and everywhere is rightful

AND ON TO THE GREAT LAKES OF MICHIGAN

Of the most profound narratives,

If you *listen*,

NO NEED NO NARRATIVE

PULSE

what If the originary Blackness of techno  
Is Becoming less provincial, less literal, and, perhaps above all, less Black  
In the process of offering an Alternative humanism

SEARCH+DESTROY+TO BE

CARRIED OUT DURING WINTER EQUINOX

So natural

Reclamation and Abandonment of a Colorless truth

Here to BURNE You

But you won't find this article's quoted,

All-caps passages in those re-releases,

Nor any other finer notes, imagery, or, truly, any of His radical touches that made the work equal parts  
universal and unique.

Committed to a revolution

Consumed for lust

Isn't there a sense of liberation from contingency?

Let the human stand down.

US— MI— DT— UR: A universal

homeland With black roots

[UR] offering what is most valuable : Values

Resistance : A sense of self-exploration

experimentation and the ability to change yourself and  
circumstances. Additionally,

U[R] wanted to establish a means of identification beyond traditional lines of race and ethnicity. By targeting  
lower class African Americans,

U[R] intended to inspire black men to get out of the poverty cycle in the city. It was about providing new ways  
for lower class African Americans to form their identities and in thy words a further

Stunning Reality

That cannot be expressed

Remember the pain

Never forget the pain

to find

Black feathers

In my

Shoes

is incredible is

HOW MUCH YOU SEE            HOW MUCH RAW

COMES TO YOU            HOW MUCH THERE IS

I am an open wound



You're bleeding

Does your choice  
attain The same value  
if taken for lesser reasons?

There's a little bit of fugitivity here

A little bit of playfulness here

Because there is so much warmth in here

Rage

Circuit  
In circuit

In what space are we circuiting?

There is a past to this  
That you aren't witnessing

That past  
transformed into present

and Pierre's still making Work that changes  
Drawing m/re Restraint from so-much-stuff done instead  
Thru Inertia

Il faut que Vous Must represent  
for A representation is a definition of your world  
for In effect, he's always courted the presence of another reality.

while *Realise*  
bears all its senses  
To represent To autonomously Set free what is conceived  
Give it form: create its corresponding,  
Concretely Realized Experience

To Be mortal

do not Die

do not Die There is a world out there grab it as it goes by in  
this transparent half hour walking all our suns we come up on the island The top half shifted off  
the bottom half We can cross into theater here In the middle another ground is formed  
Our children can play here  
What was that?

Did you just touch me?

I long for some kind,  
perhaps any kind of physical contact

The right physical contact  
That is

Do you want to rent a room for tonight?

The city ends.  
Long live the city.

from *Untitled*, 2022

mixed media installation including inkjet on soft-fiber cellulose, polymer sheet, polymer glass, polymer paint, galvanized steel, 4h2m sound recording and mix

text sources include Vito Acconci, Hanne Darboven, Ezra Pound, Julia Kristeva, Edouard Glissant, Gilles Deleuze

sound sources include Gioacchino Rossini, Lykke Li, Morphine, Underground Resistance, Ludwig van Beethoven, Gerald Donald, Viola Valentino

exhibited in D300, California Institute of the Arts, Santa Clarita, CA, January 15th — 22nd, 2022

*Untitled* (2022) could be referred to as an event investing the relationship between truth, knowledge, and witness. The syncopated space of a constant aftermath, where the materiality of a shattered polymer screen explodes in fixating words that announce without explaining, configure without describing. Words of a poem written across the 67 days prior to the space's 'opening' and devoid of a clear subject, focus, direction, destination; a collector, the entire dislocation of a life onto a warping plane, a life both trapped and preserved behind the polymer sheeting. To become readers, visitors must come close to the nailed page and create transparency by pressing the plastic onto the paper with their fingers.

So the poem unfolds along the space's perimeter (a periphery), pronouncing, among other things, a life of excess, control, excess, poiesis, brainfeeding, ending, the kiss, the trouble with description and describing, configuration, pain, the animal, critique, juices, malady, taming, zones, policing, masks, Brighid, navigation, loving, Artemis, water, more kuss, self-mining, islands, retaliation, and cities.

*Untitled* (2022) was influenced by Giorgio Agamben's text *Testimony and Truth*, published in the collection *Quando la Casa Brucia* (Giometti & Antonello, 2020). Agamben's text and *Untitled* (2022) could be read and experienced as commentaries of each other.

This documentation was put together in Fall 2023 and is composed of photographs taken in the space on the exhibition's closing day and scans of the pages printed and nailed along the gallery's perimeter.

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