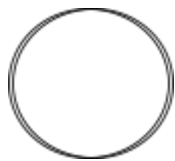
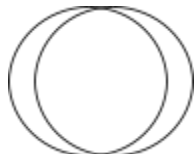


deathMirror

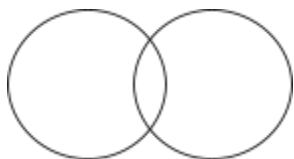
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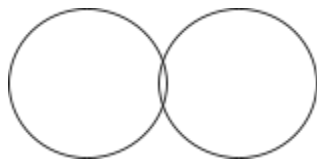
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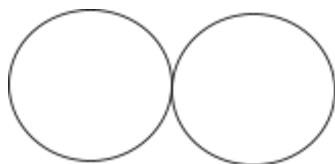
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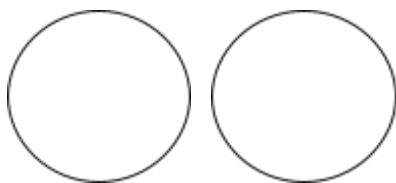
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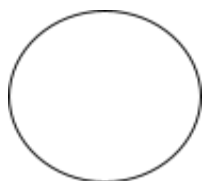
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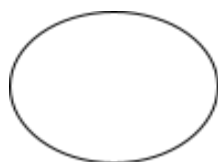
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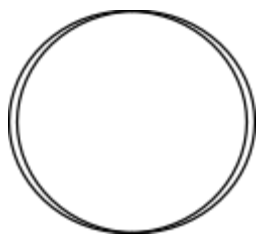
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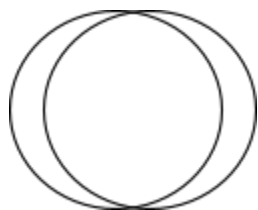


Your body was one of possible bodies
 And your death is one of possible deaths
 You as the center inside this interpenetrative clump
 With teeth marks, walking home from school or
 Trying to drive our car through the snow to a wedding
 Drinking out of cans and bottles all purchased at gas stations
 Or from coffee shop cups, or from the tap
 Swimming breaststroke across cold outdoor pools in the late fall and early spring
 Sleeping on a couch
 Insect bodies coming as welcome clean death surprises

I could have swallowed your hand whole
 when you pushed parts of yourself down into my throat
 comfortably swollen, stung with acrid taste, unfoodlike but a total presence

A throbbing jello light,
 Imperceptibly gradually stilled
 And talking about death
 laid out in the dark

it was body with body with breath with breath and sleep with awake and you with body and me with body
 and you with me looking into you



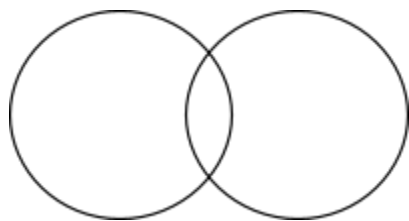
Death, promiscuous and more open legged and
 soft like snowflake fall-- it doesn't happen all at once
 Body spread to cool evenly, slow rising heat held by other bodies waiting in the nearby room
 how small it must become, to dip into your chest and press against the lush movement
 not meat, but noodle--left like it's been soaked in boiling water
 anything loosening

A lessness doubling and tripling in size
 filling the bed with the soft animal readymade
 This chasm in the unconcealed-ness of being
 leaving behind a new bareness of body,
 that is so nude as to become clear,

Your body's clarity betraying mine and its awkwardness
 Flung open, obedient
 thinned out-light
 The yoke of stillness and an unreserved spreading empty

Your brother found the tears left in your glasses
 Alive-you could penetrate everything,
 entering it, by looking at it

I remember watching you cry for a long time
 It wasn't the last time I saw you but it was the last time you looked directly at me
 I closed my legs and turned away

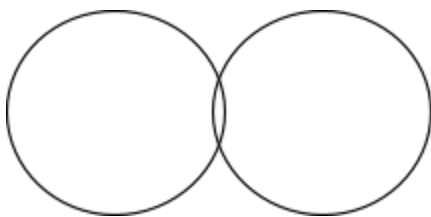


In the pure matter of the material afterlife,
Where we are still at most, substance

You will be the body
and I will be the mind

Or our hands will be minds that can touch
Or I will be the mirror and you will be the water glass
Or you will be the light and I will be the water
Or if I would swallow you, but backwards, like birth but out of the mouth--

Something could, or would seem to happen



Your death, but mirror--
Like your body but with a spigot

body behind body behind body behind body behind death

Move through the roach-less night into one spot of light that says,
"Death hasn't dried in this crease yet"

The living cannot look into an empty mirror--
But I wonder what it looks like and what you saw,
If it was a room upon leaving or upon returning
Or if it had a quality of darkness or lightness
Or a bottom-ness or bottomlessness
Or if it wailed or shone or effervescence-ed

Or if you looked into its surface and saw yourself entering to split something that could never remain
unsplit--the kind of void which cannot remain empty when you look at it
The collapse of which is dependent on you being seen
And the stability of which is dependent on this collapse

The wide elate of aerosol non-solid opened-nothing,
a tear-stabbed, blood-pooled, uncovered-ness of which, the one-to-one arm-droplet-lure of which,
is the if that you were:
if-you

And this if-you is seen in the movement inside a mirror, but not struggle,
suffering cannot become so smooth
This ghost-flatness, this water-glass-nothing touches light

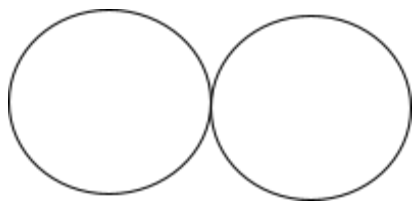
Light to light inside light behind light under light into light but not disappear

What non-body remainder crossed the obedience threshold into image or into pure entering?
Your scattered object possessing its own possessing with the nothing of bodies made of less than light
And mine, having unyielding blankness to look into

Obdurate living orgasm dead now
The golden weight of it spring-released to slough off of
Our first bodies, which did not declare themselves,
but brushed lightly against language, and then against visible light
And then briefly against each other

What makes the light you move into
And does it tremble or go still when you pass through it?

Death behind death behind death behind death behind mirror behind you

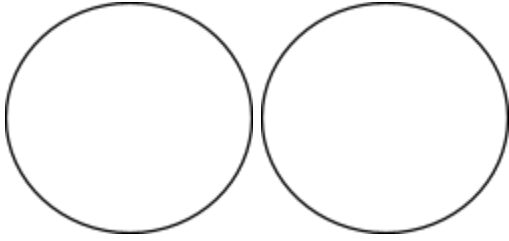


I ask about you. A mylar glowing earth responds
 The not-voice says, "You are limited to finding objects where you look."
 its suction cupped gaze or that clearness of looking out from death,
 Is a total neutral-- it doesn't reach me
 But the light is an almost-you,
 I see it cross a hotel mirror in the night

As an after image-- I see my own dead body,
 its materials contained in this living one
 But its difference uncontained everywhere
 A middle object gluing and ungluing itself from a mirror

It drops through my real water-bag body, confirming itself, rippling
 Slowly back into something solid
 An incurable not-being-nothing-feeling-of-interiour-body-and-submerged-in-the-world-of-the-living

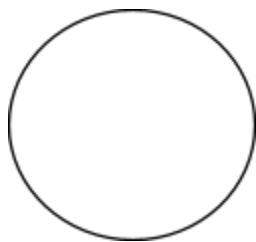
Come out of the inner sphere of death-knowing, to touch what is imminent in me



There is an inequality folded into the transitive property of everything

If matter equals a gap,
and a gap equals a void,
and a void has no meaning,
And a nothing has no void,
or forms a nothingness which is supplementary and in between
and is other than absolute nothing

This is where death is contained
This keeps everything going



The tooth of light puncturing sleep into openness

A mirror makes a new corner where there wasn't one before and maybe with enough of these corners we
might feel that a second room has appeared, not been made per se but discovered in the preexisting room
Sponging the sound out of my ears
Magnetic dryness of waking up at night
In the rinsed light, the mirror room which wetly forms around all silently refracted blue and yellowed
light
Half submerged and reflecting yourself only in elbows
walking into the mirror room

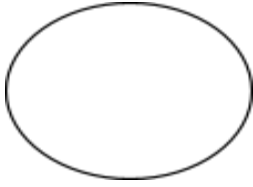
Maybe in a weak light this feeling of a dark water place hovering in an ordinary small apartment,
Maybe even one that smells like cat piss--
It might increase

Between one airless empty mirror and another
And I am left holding the mirror-light-egg of your what-was-livingness
And you-you are an elbow I see bend and disappear

But taking in the bloodless light in the mirror room
I see that maybe some continuity is still alive inside me, inside that room
Still untouchably deep, and likely holed up somewhere unfindable, unrepeatable, singularly not touched.
Its soaked in hot tea and remembering something so seamlessly so as to be purely experiencing it

And the completeness I feel is deadly still,
As an awareness that has only just slid out of total wetness,

My mom keeps telling me that she thinks dying is as easy as moving from one room to another,
or at least she was told it would be



I look for you-- light-as-ghost, caught inside water, inside glass

Ghost in the way light catches on a surface--

But it isn't you-as-ghost or light-as-you and it is not caught,

But light is coming from everywhere--crossing deep space and moving through

Illuminated, rising, pulsing, falling, spreading as if source-less

closer and closer, behind closeness, touching more and more the possibility of closeness

What I am seeing is neither you nor light--

the movement of both is still indivisible

It's like the light that forms the surface of a black hole, being refracted or absorbed

To create the center and later, to be folded into it

A nothing caught in clear water,

Light unable to see more than the moving edge of darkness,

Water filled, unseeing, with light

material behind body, behind brain, behind mind behind thought

body behind material, body behind the real, substance under the sensate,

material beyond body, body outside sense

I look into this intermediate body-less-ness of real heated and spoon-able energy

And in this ritual, as if soaking it in the bottom of a glass was possible, or is happening

I feel the presence of your absence

More earthly and filled with departure

And more of the being-alive sort

Sitting across from the not-you or an if-ghost--

watching substance not take an enclosed form

An if-ghost doesn't endure observation or body

But gas lamps and daylight and bar-light and movement and what could still be considered eye-sight are
all allowed

I will it into this place, to sit at a table with me
And if I were to put it to my mouth, as if to drink something,
I would realize it had always already leapt away



The not-voice speaks only at night,
Your death, but backwards
Not-you

I cannot feel or think the non-slip thing of it
Or touch any part of you

But touching one thing and mistaking it for another
You would appear empty handed
And smelling like worm fat

I would, unknowing, touch the inside of your sleep-room

I am watching a drop of clear pink grapefruit juice slide down your arm again,
freckles magnified and doubled then slipping, emptying itself off of your elbow

And the video-I grasps the video-you and the video-I thinks about how the video- I and the video-you are
held in by the distance between us, and uncrossable beauty crosses the body of video-I with an
unassailable solid wave of beauty,
video-I looking more directly at the arm of a laughing video-you

You behind you behind you behind you behind you behind video behind death
A mirror body, not body, non body, unassimilable not image
That dewy moment of rubberized love
none of this mammalian warmth still swelling in my body makes sense to me now,

the last sense to leave the body is hearing, but
I want you to disappear more slowly so I can hold the melted sound that came from you;
breathing in the night,
kitchen laughter
silk string of a first orgasm you pulled out from inside me,
alien silences you made in a dark winter-cold peach orchard,
I try to hold them against my ear like a shell,
pressed against my ear, pressed against the night, This is a closed loop. Video tape.

Opening the mirror, I cannot unrend the wholeness of things or think without lemon brightness
like dipping the world in a souring milk foam
Squeeze lemon juice into cream: creme fraiche, try to seperate the two back out: creme fraiche

The living anticipation of death curving itself over everything, even stones

What is arrival where there can be no point of arrival?

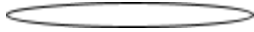


I wake up to find an inverted memory of your body

Where your body becomes real is where it virtually repeats,
And drawn lightly, untouchability, licked clean, cut away, boiled
Between tenderness and more tenderness
The world doesn't separate
It's tortured in wholeness

I became a part of your touching and touching you once in anticipation of touching again,
here death intervened offering a way of becoming whole without being

Death has no insufficiency
Death with the light left on.



Nothing can always emerge
And I, I become more diaphanous
And you, who are less and less here,
Can become more and more and more separate

What is a distance without two points?
Like an appearance,
But only as an image behind a mirror
The ghost held between us, once moving now holding very impenetrably still

This lighter than lightness relieved of its nothing
is even less and becoming more and more unburdened

Or it silently leaks out slowly, a clear dark puddle left with something soaking

A glove pulled from a hand
Filled with the internal pressure of what doesn't disappear when emptied

As a distance that arrived empty
As a body is a mirror
or a body is the only surface to see death, and when it arrives



BACK MATTER

I speak out loud to you and and you to out loud in speak I
immediately my language is alone alone is language my immediately
surrounded by emptying air, not a temperature, no body to catch it,

it catch to body no ,temperature a not, air emptying by surrounded

a resonance without rubbing your friction smoothed smoothed friction your rubbing without resonance a
my voice a gulp of air or water ends in a moment moment a in ends water or air of gulp a voice my

swallowed

is it you who catches

swallowed
catches who you it is

and swallows

swallows and