

from ***Metaphysical Licks*, Gregoire Pam Dick**

### The Street: How It Smarts

This one's blank. The nexus barks. I can't remember. Disinterest is aesthetic, self-interest is prophetic. Ethics of sidewalks. Furthermore pathetic: eyebrows don't lie. Just because the light glows, it doesn't follow that there has to be a metaphor. Perspicuous presentation of my anxiety-popsicle. Representation a fad. The words doffed their curves and the meanings fumbled, trembled. Voices behind the door infer places. It's not right, it is flat. Metaphysical placemat. Rhymes punch reasons like sister and brother. The girl was no girl but she remained invisible. Also the outer suckled world mugged me, I mean quick language mugged me. Auto-tongue-lashing program of the first-person I-vehicle. Then it bit it. Whips of vagrant shouts. The street goes theory-proof. Balking necks. Elbow directions. Urge like a belt.

### Introduction

This is Victor Trakl. *Guten Tag. Guten Tag.* And this is his sister, Greta. *Tag. Hallo.*

### Sibling Childhood

They played tag.

### Incident

The rubber band leapt off the white circle which, outside the visual field, was a table. Except there is no outside. It was red. Don't be clear or you'll destroy subjectivity. Inwardness will crumple like a thin tent. Tents are for aliens. Ach, so obvious! Awkward psoriasis! A racy sis. Running away from the body versus the mind. No room for my brother or a bad omen.

### Incarnations

Face flushed with shame. Scalp paled with fear.

### Away!

Away from claustral incursions. The grammatical is fanatical: a mythologizing of paths. The PATH goes to New Jersey, but I refused to switch shirts. Am I now to be Victor?

### Relief

This feels good: hangnail sketch, awesome cuticle! Hold a word up, close one I. Each soul is automotive, swerving. No shortage of fuel, i.e. evidence. I feel, therefrom I am.

### Event

Brother and sister played with colored blocks. Victor built a tower, then he knocked it down. Greta made a low fortress wall or other enclosure. Inside it, she put her blue Keds sneaker. It was a speech ribbon. It was of speech. It could kick if necessary.

### Abstraction from Characters

That trick with adjectives and poetical morals. Ironic foils, iron turnstiles. The styles are crucial. It's a transformation when you grasp how many mishits, misdirections. Indirect communication: the lie that does not speak its name. I wrote numb. Didn't mean it. Still, no glow lit up my mentality. The thing is, I must keep on keeping on. Alright, Greta.

Numskull

The crow means decay and ruin's childhood. I dreamt of a pearl-gray dove, I held it lossly (sic), it was curved, warm and throbbing. It did not talk because it was no gray parrot. I named it Otto or possibly Olga. These names only name because the bird practiced its commandments. Numskull is not true anymore. Tongues and wings flap. Reminders are for overdue books or nostalgia. That's no way to think. Madness morsels. Flickers of consequents. The ill logic of conditionals.

Greta Trek III

Go on, keep on, keep on going, go on keeping, keep going on, go keeping on, go on ahead, keep heading on, keep to that heading, keep heading ongoing, ongoing head keeping, keep keeping head on, keep your head on. Or *keep* means a fortress. A different game. But I hate the idea of games of the language. I do not wish to play. Immunity boosters in the form of syntactical sidesteps, trips and shuffles. She stepped on some pink gum, it slowed her down. The pavements glinted. Shards of syllables flipped the aspect into something abstract. Don't say it, show it. Greta entailed lines from her eyes' pupils. The radiator's her witness, gnashes its teeth. Heat around the body, the former paragraph refusing to linger. The end of the page beckons like the tenor's *Dichterliebe*. Ghosts journey across the floral bedroom. Uneven handwriting. The temptation of simple referents. Inability to stop when you want to. All of this was filched from Lukerl's formulas. Girls more than boys are kleptos. But he said Jews. But the muted particulars keep their own counsel: flagrant tune-ups. Mysterious inklings. I will cease before it wilts.

Gearshift

Now, again, uncanny rigor. Repetition's finesse. Or the limits of the free.

Query

Does that mean we get to walk through the park again, notice the things? Or only through the book?

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Childhood's Ruin

Something new is needed here. I, Greta, can't remember what. Meanwhile, they're remodeling the other one. They favored symmetry over eccentricity of expression. Voices huddled, nobody bought smoke. Cement rose up in hopeless protest. Childhood head bands, German bread stuffs, amputees on dollies. My intention no entailment. Great fatigue split the votive, it spluttered. Remorse tugs on my hair.

Knots

Now I am being bad. Once the mother combed Greta's tangled hair to punish her. Some imperative, or philosophical hygiene! *The connections ball up* is a bad fate. That's what *they* say. But intensions waver. Time for mute shirt buttons. Though the hair could get caught on them, if it were longer. I think you should cut it off. Aka out. *Out* means quit it.

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New Philosophy

It swallows its words. Time is a maze. Spell of the bramble. The briar's paradox. Greta doesn't sleep from being pricked.

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Slightly Bluish Very Pale Gray Notebook

But still the truth. The world when it's invented.

They say the language doesn't touch but it touches. Like sister and brother.

There is nothing except language. It touches itself. One hand pressed to the other. Or one chest to. Also music is a language.

My brother Ludvik brought me a beautiful olive-toned notebook from the italic war-dressed mountains which were not Alps. He wanted me to live in it. It was austere, minimal, silent like a tower. He obsessed over the stitches, the leather of the cover, the paper. But I wanted to live in my own book, which was slim, flimsy, imperfect. I stole it from the 5-and-10, because girls are kleptos. I stole that thought phrasing from my younger self or paragraph. Although some boys or brothers or friends or lovers who are young men also steal. Mostly thoughts or sentences. Ludvik admitted that he himself did. Do I do it because I am so androgynous?

I went into the kitchen to reheat my philosophy. Each time it tastes more bitter, but I keep reheating it.

It is how to stay awake. Sleeping is death. There exists a fear of it.

Dream of reproaching the negligent father. Antonius?

Then sex with a smooth-skinned shining girl. She said slow down. In a grand hotel in a European capital such as Oslo or Vienna. First the room had to be switched. Or it couldn't be found, or I did not want to live in it with Ludvik. Also I could not slow down, so I felt bad.

My notebook is light gray, the cover is made of thicker paper. The notebook is unruled. It smells like gray philosophy.

Ludvik said, There's nothing left for you to do. Why don't you write music? I said, The lyrics are philosophy. Music is philosophy with truth lyrics and notes of metaphysics.

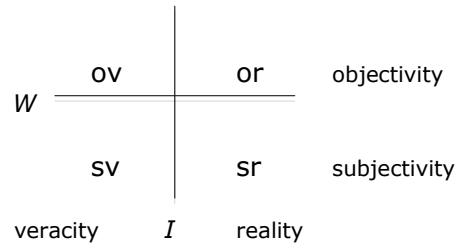
The truth of the made-up world is as real as the truth of the inflicted world: there's no difference of the substances.

Truth is the form, meaning the content. The world, any world, is made up of meanings.

The truth is the world, I am the truth. I am the world. These equivalences hum in a major or minor key, depending.

The truth has two aspects and two sides: subjectivity and objectivity, veracity and reality. The graph of veridical space has four quadrants. The vertical axis is the I-axis for the first person singular, the horizontal axis is the W-axis for the world.

Going clockwise from the upper left quadrant, there is: objective veracity (thought, proposition), objective reality (fact, thing), subjective reality (my thing), subjective veracity (my thinking, thought). The truth is the graph. The meaning is the graph paper.



The paper together with the graph is language. I.e. the whole picture. It has parts such as words, phrases, sentences. Phrasing is musical.

The truth is the structure. The meaning is the content.

What is the raw material? Sound?

Isn't the raw material just belief, i.e. faith? Awe material.

They said Greta is *aggressive, hysterical and pathologically eccentric*. I mean Grete. I mean now I am Greta, but what does that mean?

I used to be rigorous but then I saw that I had to sacrifice myself for the truth, which demanded irrational music and lying prose, a prone pose, waiting for the inspiration to enter my mouth like a brow. My chest like an iron.