



DISSONANCE ENGINE

DAVID DOWKER

POEMS

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Book*hug Press

for Jo, once again and forever



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TIME-SENSITIVE MATERIAL

"The knowledge of the poem is a—psychoanalytically
probably not fathomable—shared knowledge with an
other; there are invisibly communicating vessels."

—Paul Celan, trans. Pierre Joris, *The Meridian*

"Logic can't explain water, though wet elucidates thought.

A kiss then

Moistens within, and speech glistens."

—Stacy Doris, *Knot*

Context Event Recognition

I thought that this might be one way. A sense of inordinate measure with a peripheral inference of incomprehensible absence. "I" colludes with the blues to produce the epitome of kind. Not only the body but heaven knows otherwise. By the arrangement of the difficulties and the given immaterial, the verdant surfaces of a pastoral anamorphosis and the manifestation of same, no blame. Obviously improbable autochthonic entity with a blue dress on. Resonance would be wanton and enlightenment in vain.

Gyrostatic

Now then. A/gate is not necessarily negated by semiotic drift. No jewels or metaphorical flowers adorn the unearthly form of the gorgon apparatus. Her entanglement is a virtue. A knot might be her undoing, but it is not. Against the granular analysis of a didactic atavism posit caryatids of ecstatic immobility. The smoothness of the delusion is not an occasion for celebration. As if contingent intimacy impinges upon the disambiguation of the situation. The device is inscrutable apprehension. The lilacs are late and likely as not forgotten for the moment as a more or less polar vernal vortex continues to occupy the psychogeographic space of a primarily theoretical narrative unravelling with the slightest adjustment of the time-crystal, petals of nervous star tissue and flowering coincidence in symmetrical mirror pyramid array, neural squall quelled.

Social Interface Protocols

The iteration of evening once again anticipates intoxication.
Quintessence essentially. The ineffable stuff of enough or too
much. A semblance of some doing and another done gone.
This is not a new sentence. The difference is in the repetition.
Contrapuntal fundamental isolation divided against its/elf.
The inevitable result of a revolving-door poetics. An indefinite
allotment of illumination distributed each to each and
alterwise. Quite brightly and above all hyperspherical.

Disjunction, or Pogo-logos

The argument is being. Things being as they are. We are that disconsolate remnant. Not wanting otherness or justification. Now as ever before. Binary carbon heart thought oxygen shock. The wounded fall in all directions. This much has been determined. Soft weapons cybernate. Contagion rains. Red sludge. The mask bit implicated, with disastrous consequence (extended metaphor for erasure, not a blot or knot in sight). The accidental echoes. The transcendentals never cease. We may be phenomenologically but the body is history.

Interlinear Decoherence

It goes on all the time. The continuous dream reel unrealing. By whatever means screened . . . imperturbable surface of mirrors or ritual bowls of blue vapour . . . eyes shut softly weeping machinic unconscious. Not yet the epiphytic argument of ambiguous intent but approaching vestiges of a former form, time-forced forgetting flowers. *Joys* of strict discipline and flexible mandibles and other cathected pleasures of the imploding verbal inevitable, besotted with multiplicity and within us eeriness. The entification of the id is complicated by the fact of matter. Syntactic action at a considerable distance from the initial utterance.