"The form it now maintains is only the illusion of fullness"

Maple tree breath, motor cycle night mare. Both know silence: brittle fingers, winter frost. Limbs entwine, sway with harmonics as men (mis)quote Adorno in liquid speak and economy light.

Perhaps, the poet excerpted the above lines from several poems he wrote many years ago but subsequently abandoned for a variety of reasons that extend beyond the scope of the EXPLANATORY NOTE. Of importance to this particular EXPLANATORY NOTE, though, is the fact that these lines dialogue with Derrida's concept of grafting and the manner in which the concept, translated into poetic technique, results in the "original" language's "break with every given context," thus engendering "infinitely new contexts in an absolutely nonsaturable fashion." In such a way, the iteration of language mitigates, if not completely eradicates*, the "intention which animates utterance [and] will never be completely present in itself and its contents."

On July 29, 1966, Bob Dylan crashed his motorcycle near his summer home in Woodstock, NY. While Dylan's accounts of the event often contradict one another, the poet is fairly certain that Dylan collided with a maple tree. Furthermore, the poet also claims that he can witness the reoccurrence of the event whenever he desires by starring into a mirror invented by Cocteau. Evidence of the mirror's existence does not exist outside of the poet's word. Most people who know the poet believe the mirror to be a product of his delusional mind.

Given the assertion of the above poem's first EXPLANATORY NOTE, the "(mis)quot[ation of] Adorno" is not a misquotation at all. In fact, misquotations in general appear to be an impossibility.

*The poet disagrees with claims of complete eradication, but does agree with claims of mitigation.

We Waut Fir Nibning

The tongue in the poem

lights

the whole of our body,

fills

these moments with bodywide,

shadows

our finger tips.

Just sweet enough for aubade

to spread.

Perhaps, in reality, the HOMAGE TO HOMAGE TO HOMAGE TO CREELEY is not an HOMAGE at all, nor an HOMAGE to an HOMAGE, nor an HOMAGE to an HOMAGE to an HOMAGE. Or perhaps it is.

The "shadows// [of] our finger/ tips" account for the apparent misspellings in the above poem's title. While "finger/ tips" typed portions of the title, the "shadows" of "finger/ tips" typed other portions. The "shadows," of course, were always one keystroke errant in either direction, depending on the location of the light source*.

The above poem is a collaborative effort with CSG, Inc. To the poet's knowledge, CSG, Inc. is the first and only instance in which an individual has become a publically traded entity; her IPO on 04.06.09 opened the trading day at \$6.25 and closed at \$7.75.

The adjective "our," typically indicative of an object possessed by the first person plural, modifies the singular noun "body" in the above poem. The adjective is neither a typo, nor constitutive of a "Body Collective." Rather, one should read this moment as an inversion of Deleuze and Guatarri's contention that: "Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd." Given the collaborative nature of the poem, one wonders whether or not this moment is a futile attempt at humor. *There is, actually, one typo in the title. The "b" of "Nibning" is not the result of "shadows," but a typing mistake. For reasons unexplained, neither the poet nor CSG, Inc. wanted to correct the error.

Our Friends are Shadows

Vene section: to "bleed bleed bleed bleed" liquid worlds, producing just enough light to dis cover rabbits and ducks.

In a letter on venesection, Hippocrates wrote: "Bleed, bleed, bleed, bleed!" Such repetition, no doubt, indicates a certain amount of enthusiasm for the blood-letting procedure.

An almost complete fragment of the aforementioned letter can be found in the Classics Archive at the Sacramento Institute of Technology; translations of the letter can be found quite readily online. Although scholars dispute particular aspects of these translations (due in large part to the fragmentary nature of the original), the "Bleed, bleed, bleed, bleed!" portion is generally considered to be accurate.

No where in the Hippocratic Oath is there mention of venesection, nor for that matter, phlebotomy.

The light produced by "liquid/ worlds" wanes, if not completely dissipates, when venesecting.

The light produced by "liquid/ worlds" does not enable one to discover deer, particularly deer at midnight loitering about winding roads.

Enfolded in a Knitted Wave

Skeins ofa cry lick and wool flow down your thighs, spill color upon your shins: seawoven expiation, a tone meant threading ebb tide. Patterned seawrack laces your ankles, bleached capped breakers undo designs, loomed fingers cable quilts, rockweed and tangle.

On the strand, it is difficult to tell a poem from other poems.

On the strand, it is difficult to tell hallucinations of deer from actual deer.

The "you" in the above poem is Rod Smith.

At a young age, the poet went swimming in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of North Carolina. During his swim, the poet's legs became entangled in a large mass of seaweed that inhibited his ability to kick. He nearly drowned.

"of tune upended"

Azure
laps the sound
of static up
on your distant
toes,
angles create crevices
sculpted
by design.
Jetties ensconce floating
figures, un
harboring wavelets.
Moon
light bathes us in
dusk, illuminates
memories.
Crooked

postures hijack planes of sand.

With regard to the poet's aforementioned near drowning, he was swimming within a harbor-like area created by an outcropping of rocks when the incident occurred. Within the naturally constructed inlet, large quantities of seaweed would gather due to a lack of tidal movement. During his swim, the poet's legs became entangled in a rather large jumble floating near the surface. He panicked, thrashing about and swallowing quite a bit of water. A stranger on the shore noticed the poet in distress and swam out to rescue him. Ever since this incident, the poet has not swam or waded into water deeper than his waist.

"And the light in the air/ Was as real as it was"

While the hijacking on September 11, 2001 dominants the cultural consciousness of most people, particularly in the United States (and perhaps to a lesser extent the December 12, 1988 Lockerbie bombing of Pan Am 103), the poet's most memorable hijacking was the June 14, 1985 TWA 847 incident. He remembers quite well sitting in front of the family room television, watching images of the Boeing 747 parked on the tarmac as one of the hijackers pointed a gun at the head of the pilot outside the cockpit's window.