

**“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.

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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 staring 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.

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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.

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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 venesectioning.

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  
of a  
    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.

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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.

