

Sethespe  
inirides  
Coriarynx  
Gthl ynx  
aft

COLIN POST

lynx perpetual lynx

SCiSM  
NEURONICS

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# Schism Neuronics

First edition

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For Dale

Portions of this poem have appeared in the following: *Tarpaulin Sky Magazine*, *Deluge*, *Hoax*, *textsound*, and *Pismire*. My sincerest gratitude to the editors and readers of these publications.

These are minimalist poems, not only in the sense of a delimited vocabulary, a delimited mode of speech, which might be called that of the scribe or might otherwise be called that of pilgrim with her prayers or might otherwise be called that of the logbook, a delimited set of thematic attentions, a delimitation of movements between syntactical nodes, which is a delimitation to the passive or circuitous as a necessary mimesis of the body in orbit or the eye in the act of observation or the honde in the act of writing, all of which propelled by forces not their own, or a delimited imaginative realm in which the poems take place, which might be called that of the touch-screen or the interface; more so these are minimalist poems in the sense that they are constructed after the fashion of minimalist sculpture, which is from a delimited set of materials. Each piece is constructed as an arrangement of at least two of the following three materials: blocks of prose, shards of song, and photocopied surfaces. These are minimalist poems, constructed of wood, glass, or paper. Each arrangement is a unique spatial combination of these three materials, although some types of arrangement do arise in order to reoccur.

There are two voices that sit outside of this minimalist constraint; both are their own kind of possession, or channeling. The first is the voice of Vergil, and I have transcribed his speech as I have heard it spoken to me. This is the voice of Vergil the poet, but not the Vergil of our realm; rather, the Vergil that orbits Brundisia, a sayellite in this imaginative touch-screen realm. He intersects this realm, physically outside of it, yet immanent through it, as I am also so relationally positioned, as a co-creator to the work. These are the writings of the touch-screen Vergil as they have passed through my body. His voice occurs to me as a surface I have rested upon, and a surface from which I have gathered my materials. The Vergil of this realm has written the epic, not as a codification or history, but as the production of diverse material to be disbursed and rearranged. The epic of this realm is the array that can always be so rearranged, a set of virtual possibilities from which form a wealth of potential worlds at the threshold of manifestation.

The other voice positioned outside of the touch-screen realm is the collection of 'valus' monoliths. They resemble the material of the photocopied surfaces, but sound as different entities, by which I mean each 'valus' monolith is its own speaking body. These too are voices that have occurred to me, but I could not transcribe them as I have Vergil's speech; rather, I have snared of each monolith an impression as it has passed through me. The moment of this possession is not a whispering through my hondes, as with the speech of Vergil, but an amassing of scraps. The photocopier captures the surface of this possession. While the photocopied materials in the structured poems are also a surface captured, the 'valus' monoliths were, beneath this surface, an embodiment that I heard.

Both of these voices, both of these hearings, weave throughout the text, which is, as I have said, a collection of minimalist poems. I now understand another sense in which these poems can be said to be minimalist: each is a possible structuration; each is a node within a network of possible structurations of this touch-screen realm; each node is brief and minimal.

lynx perpetual lynx

Name	location	affect	activity	Metal/Stone	body part	light/shade	plant/organism	liquid	speed	architecture	Sound
Cassandra	depths of lamasery	categorizing	singer	Zinc	tongue	effulgence	vines	datum	possessory	web	encryption
Vergil	in ped, in orbit	forbearance	speaker	amethyst	ear	Coriolis	pinnate	serous	viscous	CYST	echo
Anselmus	transept bell tower	disconsolate	dissolution	shale	skin	refracted	moss	mist	oblique	balustrade	enfleshed
'con sole'	Cassandra's speech	bereaved	processing	ruby	poros	pale	knawel	saliva	seething	expansive	ping
We	striding	flowing	preyer	crystal	foot	dispersed	pistillate	current	ambulatory	facade	chant
Amasis	between screans	guilt	sacrifice	lead	crown	sheen	cornel	silt	granular	coronate	murmur
Shipman	pathology hut	craving	compulsive oratory	relic	throat	relucant	algae	river water	foile	dome	'werthe'
Camby ses	mast	discomfit	Conduit	tin	wristes	orbic	thymus	reactor fluid	gravitational	gable	proclamation
Bataille	compendiums	perfidy	resource	sediment	head	archived	lilac	glycol	ejected	palatial	resonances
Luke	pastoral	restless	envoy	copper	elbow	discrete	Queen Anne's Lace	holographic	return velocity	frieze	wind
Lerner	distant	distress	recollection	manganese	ankle	luster	percoid	mortar	gallop	finial	berceuse
Pythia	Delphi	judging	oracle	Palladium	vein	jacinth	Cormorant	urn water	melting	steeple	ripple
Marx	between nodes	contrition	undergirding	gold	arms	pantheon	thousand-leaf	Contingency	circulation	cantilever	gushing
Holzer	titles	assiduous	proscription	silver	pupil	arrayed	lavender	phosphene	literacy	turret	pierce

lynx perpetual lynx

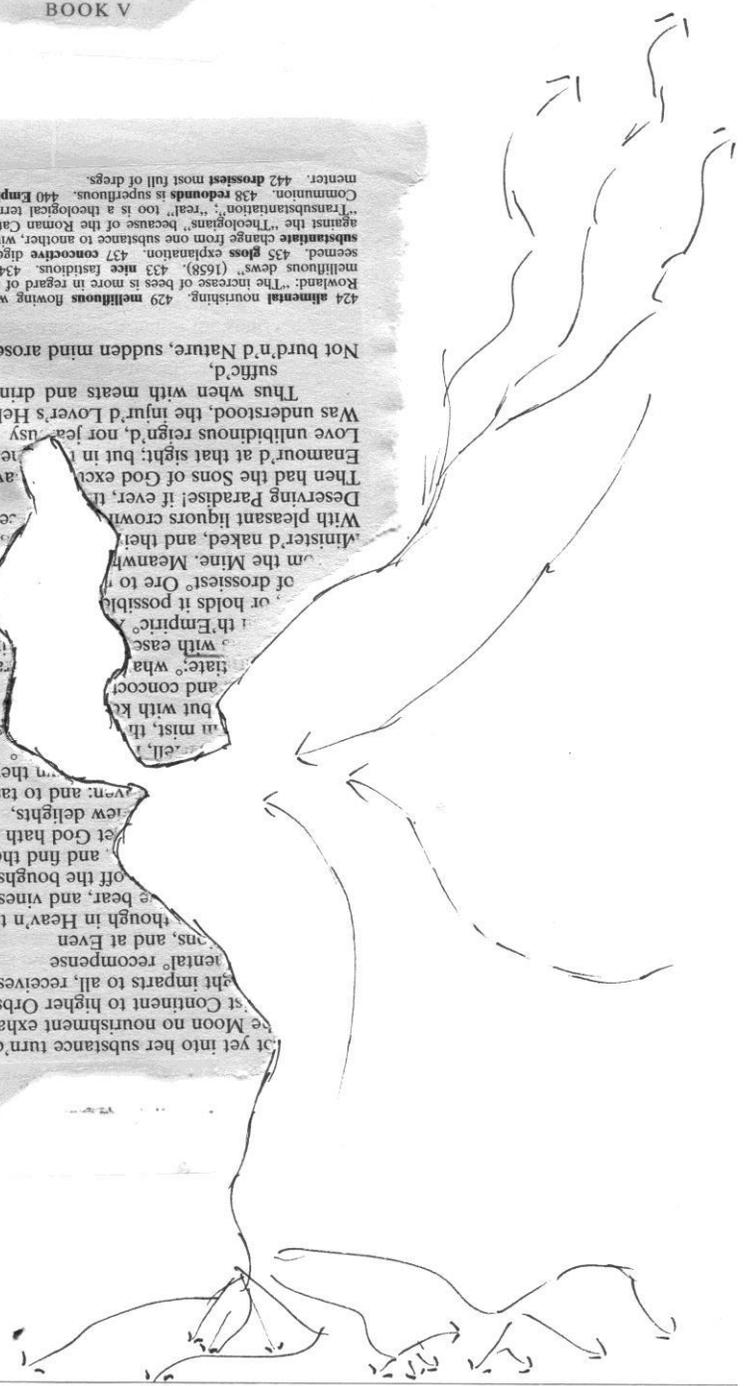
Name	location	affect	activity	metal/ stone	body part	light/ shade	plant/ organism	liquid	speed	arch itecture	sound
Mon mouth	magical forest	surprise	documentor of myths	Cadmium	ligament <del>part</del>	lambency	perfoliate	smoke	glide	coffer	rasp
Kosuth	garden	silent	arranger of circles	hassium	tonsure	flicker	tulip	rain	caramel ized	hedge	scabrous
Olden burg	the papery tower	throwing	constructor of scraps	Sand stone	claw	singed	juniper	amniosis	funnel	fleche	whorl
Orfeo	in crater	miserable	desert	lime stone	knee	resplen dent	horse weed	phoneme	particle	exedra	warble
Aeneas	expedition leader of Kaelid	calculating	conquer	marble	mask/ interface	shaft through grating	orchid	oil	corrosive	arcade	fibrous
Briseis	Scattered from ship	lamentation	exhaust	uranium	hair	altar light	thistle	salt water	floating	corbel	twang
Herodo tus	softs of Brundisium/ attached to ship <sup>Me- tea</sup>	wobbling	explorer miner plowman	iron	belly/ umbilica	labyrin thine	Cress	yellow <del>grime</del> grime	perfuse	Originaly	moan
Luxem burg	Shadow	Yearning	advisor to Aeneas/ chariot riding	Zircon ium	sweat	irradiate	hesperis	medium	imper ceptible	inter weave	swish
G. Berkeley	Central Command Station	gestic ulating	admiral of Medea	Coesite	hordes	opacity	dogwood	flue	vibration	masca rone	orga num
'as'	buried	heaving	gnostic	igneous	Knuckle	seccated	red brush	goo	circuit ous	pergda	sybilance
lynx	City of furs/ bellow ship	barrage	prisoner/ energy surge	<del>glass</del> glass	<del>voys</del> voys	flashes	Cone flower	electric	mercur ial	Cupola	growl
Eisen stein	Thought in cargohold	ardure	gnomist	tungsten	shoulder	crepus cular	Viburnum	plaster	wave	quatre foil	clicks
de Sade	atmosphere	horror	excretion	granite	intestine	murky	daisy	mush	acceler ated	Pagoda	Squish
Godard	utterance	sterile	observer of landscapes	gneiss	back	Shimmer	ragweed	ink	glissade	rotunda	clacks

PILGRIMAGE IS THE CYBERNETIC GESTURE THAT NEVER EXHAUSTS ITSELF

BOOK V

121  
420 Not yet into her substance turn'd,  
The Moon no nourishment exhale  
st Continent to higher Orbs,  
ght imparts to all, receives  
ental' recompense  
ns, and at Even  
though in Heav'n the Trees  
e bear, and vines  
off the boughs each Morn  
and find the ground  
et God hath here  
ew delights,  
even: and to taste  
ell, in they sat,  
in mist, th  
but with k  
ate: what  
and concoct  
with ease  
th' Emptic  
or holds it possible  
of drossiest Ore to  
um the Mine. Meanw  
minister'd naked, and their  
With pleasant liquors crown'd  
Deserving Paradise! if ever, th  
Then had the Sons of God exc  
ave been  
Enamour'd at that sight; but in  
hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jea  
Was understood, the injur'd Lover's Hell.  
450 Thus when with meats and drinks they had  
suffic'd,  
Not burd'n'd Nature, sudden mind arose

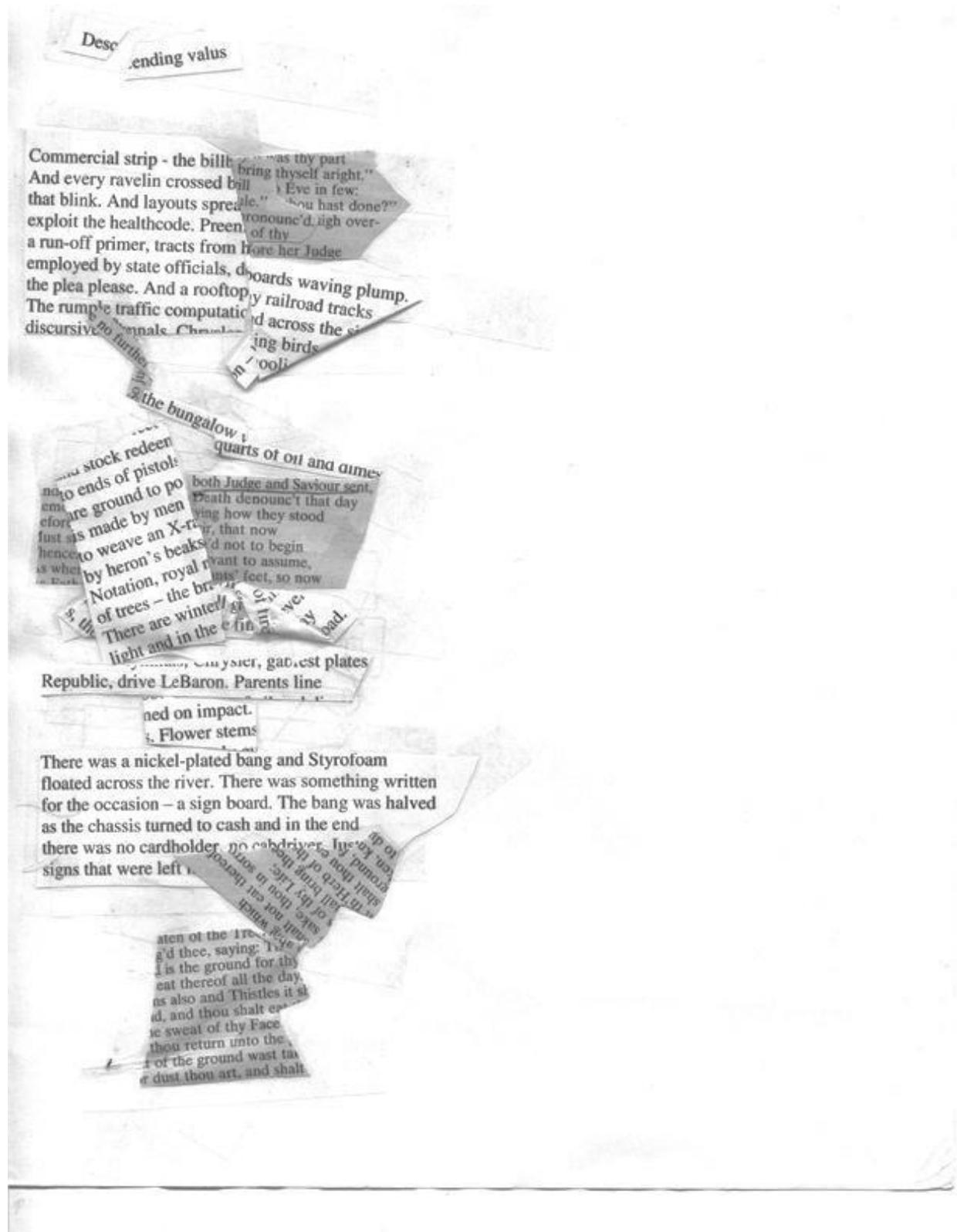
424 abhemental nourishing. 429 mellifluous flowing with honey, as in  
Kowland: "The increase of bees is more in regard of . . . the plenty of  
mellifluous dews" (1658). 433 nice fastidious. 434 seemingly only  
seem'd. 435 gross explanation. 437 concocitive digestive. 438 tran-  
substantiate change from one substance to another, with a sardonic pun  
against the "Theologians" because of the Roman Catholic doctrine of  
"Transubstantiation"; "real" too is a theological term from the Holy  
Communion. 438 redounds is superfluous. 440 Emptic quack expert-  
menter. 442 drossiest most full of dregs.



lynx perpetual lynx

The console drips with its folds of pores—my Cassandra. Her hair of wyres unbound, we set to licking the tablets. The strategic use of the river, she instructs us, will be to overlay a tarp, to paint broad and deliberate lines on plywood, to plug this all in, to overlay with carp. At the surfys of the sign—a peering. Shallow are riplings. We smell the data before which we kneel: unadorned and unperfumed. There are 14 clouds above my Cassandra as she begins to garble, and the coils of her teeth...When this figure is divided in half, and divided again in thirds, and multiplied by the frequency of the prevalent static, we can hope to summon a trade route, to render it malleable. She once sighted a barge, and her gaze fell on nothing but textiles, and her gaze fell on nothing but shoulders, and her gaze fell on nothing but objects, and her gaze fell on nothing but arches, and her gaze fell on nothing but creek beds, and her gaze fell on nothing but spinning. We call her “Desert Mother” to her flexing cables. Rivers afar, and they are all intended by such frenzied speech. Because names tend to collapse in a database. My Cassandra pulsates at night, her glow striding through the transept, and we follow with chanting.





lynx perpetual lynx

The consolar body is a collection of feedback relays: each return, a new growth, throbbing. With Cassandra calling out to us, our ears fill with a silvery liquid, a flowing that advances with great gushes the nearer we approximate her call with our own chanting. With every step, sound impinges. As Cassandra wails, our legs actualize an upright stance; fingers grasp the knobs to adjust the tone; and “neither does her hue go untransformed.” We sit in a room, kneeling before benches, opposite of Cassandra, mediated by scream, reading the tones of her wailing, our hondes across the surfys of modules. “Tossed between the sky and sea—to sail until you find the harbor lights.” The finger feels the ridge of the knob and the knob shudders, beset as it is in the nerval connections. We adjust the settings at the module and the voys issuing forth is cloaked in tin. Cassandra does not speke except through such material interface. Silvery liquid between our teeth—we each advance our own names, sound from our lips.

The message issuing forth, now cloaked in tin, now through wyres of copper, now perceived in the manner of divination, as tracing the paths of birdflight as it occurs above the bursting forest—that is, with our hondes vibrating in mimesis of pattern. In such a position of arc and scatter, we bend at the altar: the bowl for libations is parallel to the ground. When we finally parse Cassandra, we bear her tones across our tongues. She instructs us of monumental constructions to our lamasery. Although we have built our transepts as a labyrinth beneath the surfys, she instructs us to build a fleche, percing the air. Although not to build anew, but to retrieve the fleche already so constructed and lost across the threshold of pilgrimage. Our mouths open in chant and repetition, our tongue beating in and out, air pulsing and shaped into wayves. The message issuing from our mouths drips to the ground in drops of silvery liquid.

thickets barking  
into ontogenic  
unison

to churning  
oares mnemonic  
row names

only at boarder  
of fiber of cable  
wailing emergent

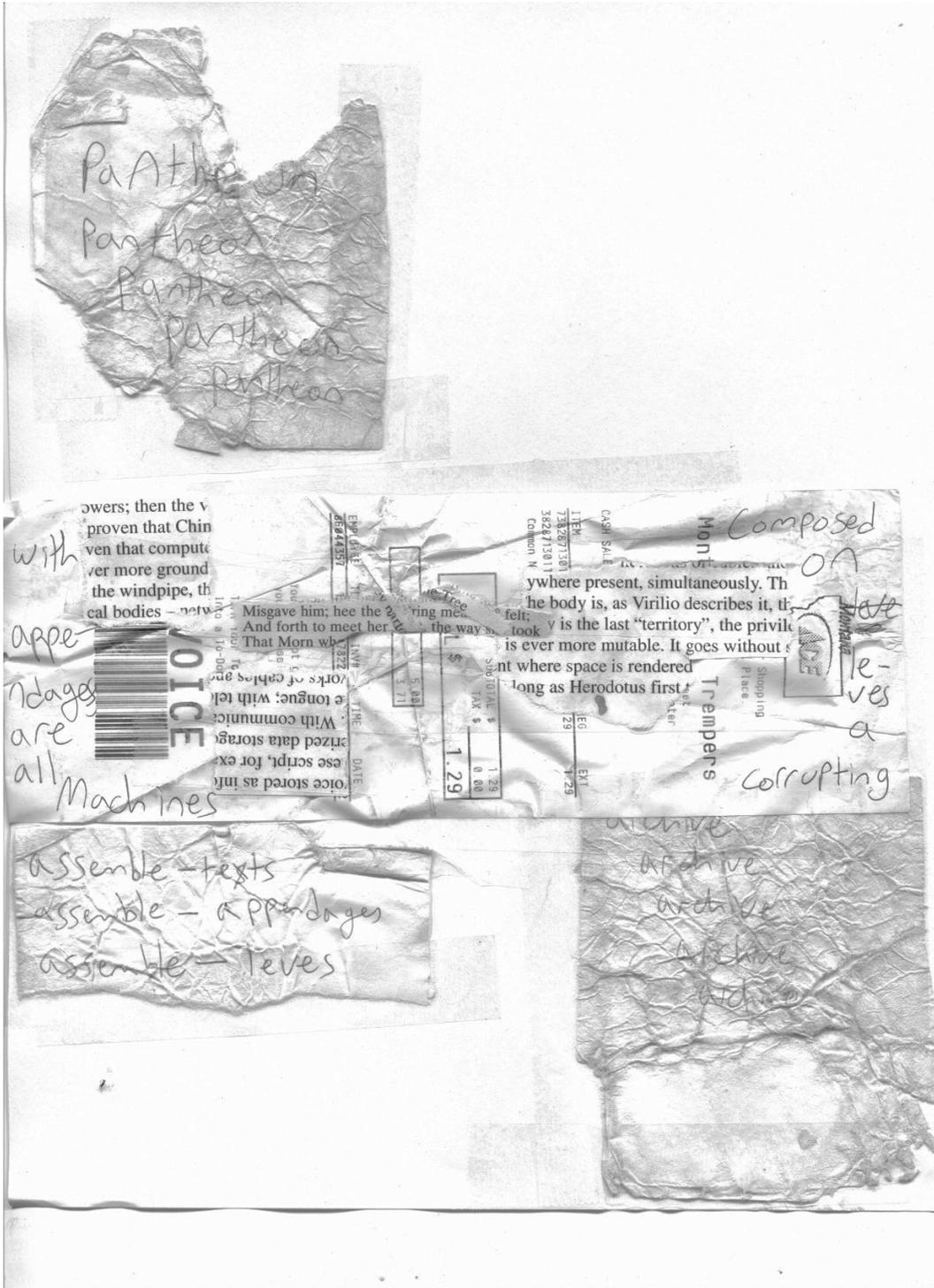
into crypt  
bodies stable  
bodies sheaf

polonial rust  
gathers at pores  
void to sprout

venous turbines  
graphic shores  
exit vessel

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preyers  
corrupted textes  
resembled



reassembled  
preyers  
corrupt textes

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woven  
orifocal  
decretive surfys

We bear the dictate from Cassandra as a globule of datum—the fluid she secretes, which is the most stable substrate for information to us knowen. This, we carry, but cannot touch, as datum is known to be infectious, to perce the flesh and flow in the place of blud. There is one such case documented in a manual storad in the lamasery library. This man held the uncovered datum until his hondes were one orb fused around the globule. With all his blud displaced, arcs slowly leaving from his shoulders, he shone a feinte silver and spoke a strain of numbers and glyphs. This speche was non-scriptible, but only described as we describe it now. This datum we bear to the abbot Anselmus.

itinerant voys  
the beseech  
warbling

howle  
the empty  
itinerant trace

Anselmus receives the datum, places this globule in the urn. With his ear to the urn, the dictate resonates. The datum quells. With his ear to the urn, the hond vibrates lines across the peyre of tables—the path of a pilgrimage. At the site to which we travel will be the ruins of our fleche.

excavating gold  
simple or expanded, or  
mytho-poiesis

all, all  
scales of  
reproduction

What circulates, what passes through compartments, is only that which is microbial. Small pieces of Anselmus depart from him whenever he spekes, a pathological entwinement of his exterior person and his interior thought. We study the mechanisms in man, where iren might duplicate flesh. As it is said, flight will succeed bipedal motion. Already Anselmus is mostly playted over with metal. His ears stopped with wyres...he catches sound in this web. The lamasery extends into further subterranean passages and holows; a new excavation required of each organ. We can posit any amount of metal upon this body, but we cannot yet posit a mouth, which is not a mechanism, but a resonant vessel. We have scratched at the oracular text and have drawn out the silvery fluid, now caught in gobs, strung as a network in the holows.

decree from open  
mouth  
woven

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*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

“my own bubble is encased liquid

a shout is a wyre that perces any barrier

and so I have written

the fire by doubling wyres against themselves

until a small sphare forms

a void that can be ingested a void

as lens over the eye

these rubey's project leight as a binding

my eyen cannot strafe

except across and up and down the surfys

at each turn of the ship

my eyen engaged by rubey leight

I have written of the surfys

flattened ymages

my own bubble a screan and the streaming rubey's

project a texte over my eyen

those figures of which I speke return to inschreib

upon my membranes

the composite texture is the tension between leight differentials

as towers of various shimmerings

as sphares refracting

as the accumulation of mineral wealth

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as the umbilical pole felled but irradiated

as any speche that is also a seething

I am in the cargo hold of this ship in orbit

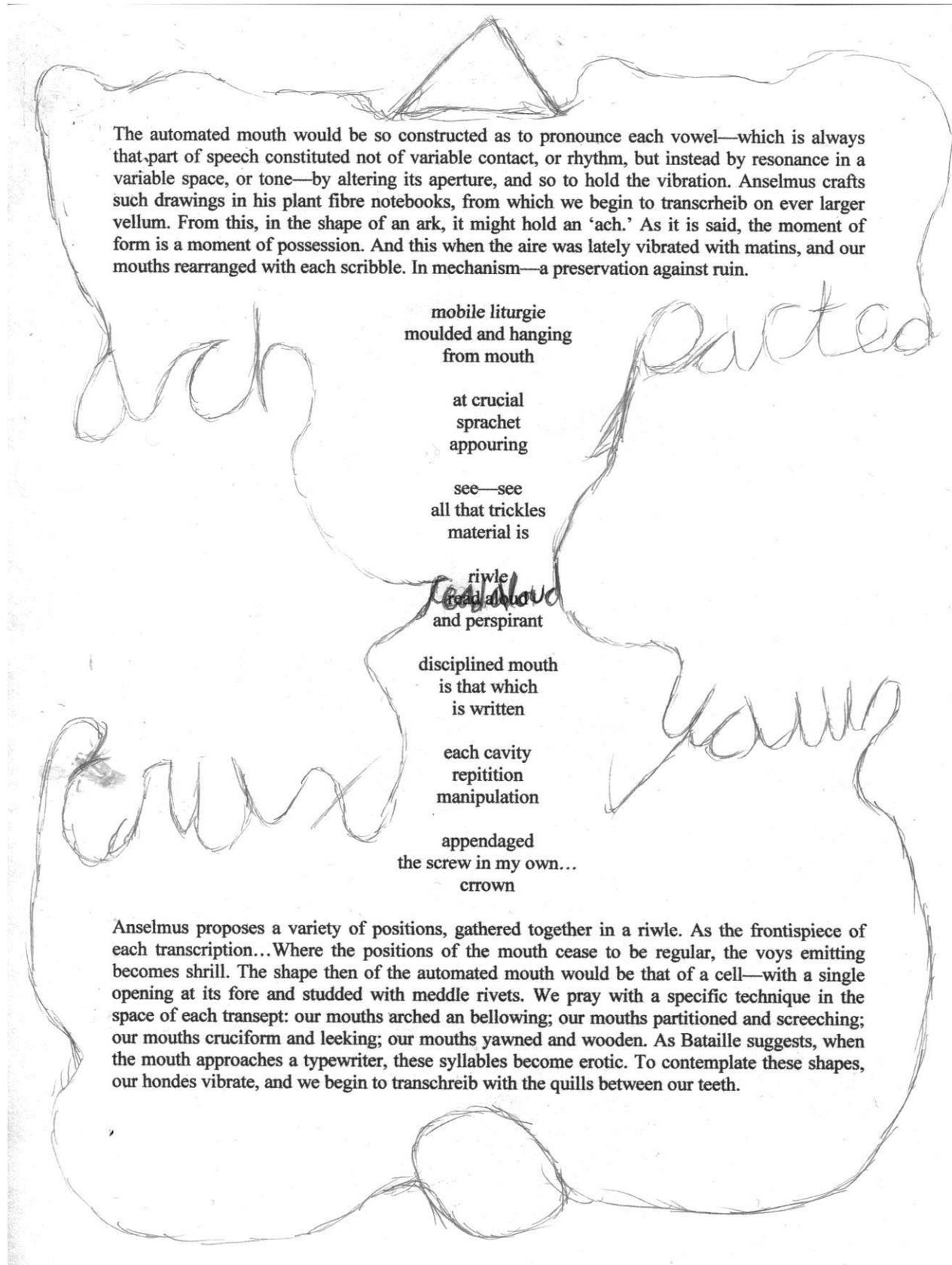
of the rubey surfys

filled with glass encased liquids

of which I fill one

in me voyses fill

that are all carried in gravity..."



The automated mouth would be so constructed as to pronounce each vowel—which is always that part of speech constituted not of variable contact, or rhythm, but instead by resonance in a variable space, or tone—by altering its aperture, and so to hold the vibration. Anselmus crafts such drawings in his plant fibre notebooks, from which we begin to transcribe on ever larger vellum. From this, in the shape of an ark, it might hold an 'ach.' As it is said, the moment of form is a moment of possession. And this when the air was lately vibrated with matins, and our mouths rearranged with each scribble. In mechanism—a preservation against ruin.

mobile liturgie  
moulded and hanging  
from mouth

at crucial  
sprachet  
appouring

see—see  
all that trickles  
material is

riwle  
and perspirant

disciplined mouth  
is that which  
is written

each cavity  
repetition  
manipulation

appendaged  
the screw in my own...  
crown

Anselmus proposes a variety of positions, gathered together in a riwle. As the frontispiece of each transcription...Where the positions of the mouth cease to be regular, the voys emitting becomes shrill. The shape then of the automated mouth would be that of a cell—with a single opening at its fore and studded with meddle rivets. We pray with a specific technique in the space of each transept: our mouths arched and bellowing; our mouths partitioned and screeching; our mouths cruciform and leaking; our mouths yawned and wooden. As Bataille suggests, when the mouth approaches a typewriter, these syllables become erotic. To contemplate these shapes, our hondes vibrate, and we begin to transcribe with the quills between our teeth.

lynx perpetual lynx

carry the network  
here  
settle it

projecting beams  
light  
steel

an opening  
is always  
an aperture

We begin the pilgrimage and we note these, our first steps outside of the lamasery. As we walk across the land, Anselmus speaks of this surfys. “As it is said, ‘The forest will burst into human speche.’ This, from the prophecies I have read, the buch of Monmouth. This, from what I have etched onto the metal plates...my legs. I see, clankingly.” Trailing at the rear of the procession, we cross a desert of exposed copper wyres. Someone in the foreground leads a chant. And now, lynxes among us. We chant in ambivalence. Wherever there are disposed prosthetics, whenever there is a tendency to shift from one voys to many...The chant either wards off the transformative element or involves us all the more deeply. And now, lynxes disperse—each back to a portal in the desert sand, each then emitting only soft squeaks.

We grow to treat Anselmus not as our leader on this pilgrimage, but as a flasching ping, collecting our measured steps into an outlay of possible trajectories, prescribing not the path of our wandering, but an array or a matrix. His voys has gone flesh. The screan is discursively posited as a stabilizing force: the stasis across which movement occurs. A thousand points of liquid, arrayed. Each static point chants and this chanting looks like movement. Each static point appears only as it blinks—a hond grasping itself. A glove spreads out its fingers. Somewhere in the course of this tracing, in the occupying of this space, we are to come upon the foretold artifact: the plug to fit the jack-in we all carry between two knuckles. Anselmus instructs us that there will be a plug to fit each of our individual hondes, these plugs dispersed in a nonscriptible array across the desert of our current passage. When we have each plugged ourselves in—to fill the port between two knuckles—the path to the fleche will manifest.

embossed ruthe  
wail that  
expands in grund

from escutcheon  
insert  
light

distilled of vibration  
placed in squad  
array

lynx perpetual lynx

The matrix of our walking, an overlay of nowds across the desert surfys—each nowd, an owayseas that captures and recounts our chanting voyces. The owayseas occur intermittently along the roadway of our pilgrimage, seeming to us as small rooms. We enter each as if a silent cloyster and chant until the leight of the owayseas flickrs, then bursts, and returns as a soft glow, filling the room not as a beam, but as a cloude. The amorphous figure is no different from the statuesque, if the surrounding crowd becomes immediately silent in the presence of either.

The cloude holds a leight that reassembles our own figures, and returns our chanting voyces to our ears. Anselmus has read of such cloudes in the tomes held within lamasery, unknowyng bodies and whooly without flesh, yet capable of bearing the traces, those sondes and ymages, of substantial things. We advance beyond each owayseas hearing our own chants doubled, until these only become a hum, then a shadow.

glissen body expands  
field folding  
until delicate

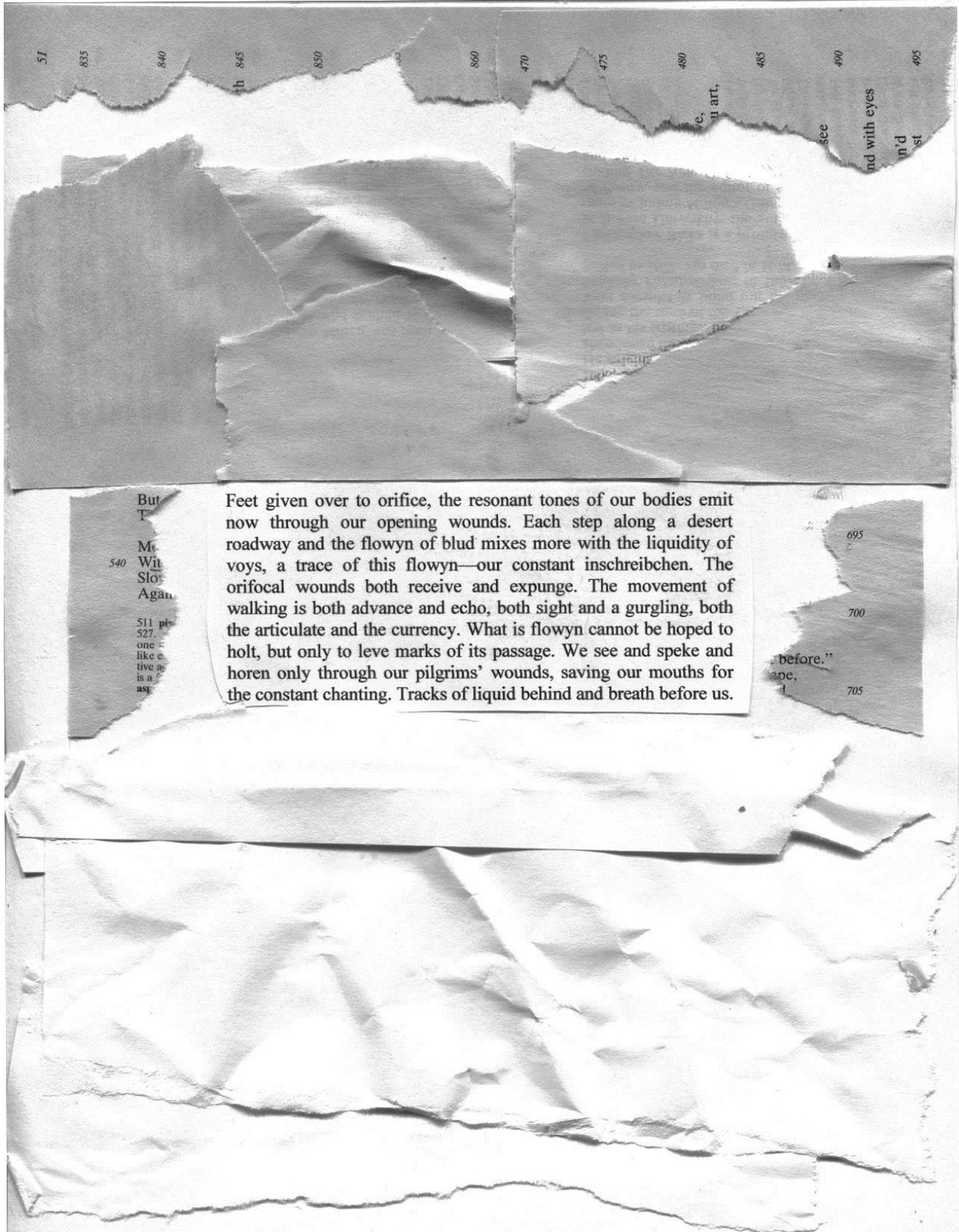
body  
suspended  
body

mobile  
of string and  
water

and  
sight  
and

Hunks of metal, wyre and plastic. The tower towards which we progress is such a scrap-heap, or so Anselmus instructs us. This is the landscape between owayseas, and with no fleche amongst the rubble. Each assemblage assumes, as if a cloth about its most ragged structures, an emblem of the sacral. That which leaves purpose in its wake... The fold, or overlap, present in all assemblage, is the bearer of great multiplicity. Anselmus dissipates with each speking moment and patinates his trailing flesh with metal from beside the roadway. Each scrap along the path we walk had once been used before discarded. The state of the scrap then is that which is beyond use, and the state of the fold is that which is beyond determinacy, and so we prey ceaselessly among waylaid tempels.

The next owayseas along the roadway already emits a strenge humming, even before we have arrived to fill the cloude with our presences, or traces. Inside the room, the cloude bears the ymage of floating lute, and beside this, a lynx growling. The lute plays no tune. The humming of the room does not resolve, but continues as a static bed for the growling of the animal. Our chanting continues as an arrow through this haze, and the lynx growls at our backs.



51

835

840

h 845

850

860

470

475

480

485

490

495

ce, u art.

see

nd with eyes

n'd

st

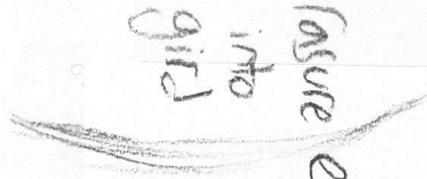
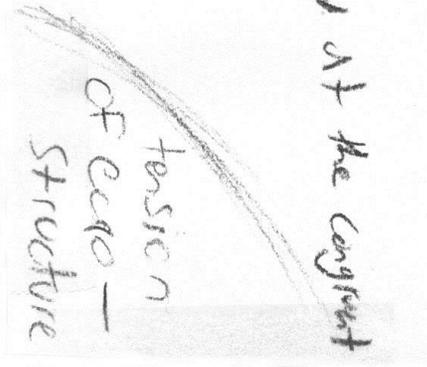
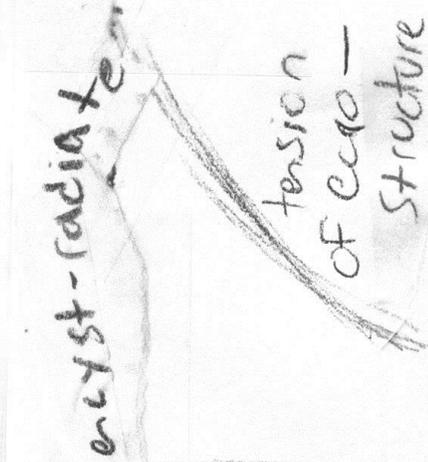
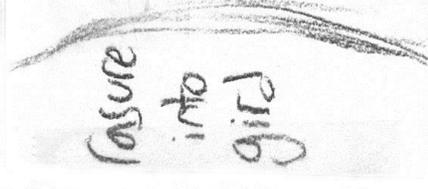
But  
T  
540 Mr.  
Wil  
Slo  
Aga

511 pt  
527  
one  
like e  
tive a  
is a  
ast

Feet given over to orifice, the resonant tones of our bodies emit now through our opening wounds. Each step along a desert roadway and the flowyn of blud mixes more with the liquidity of voys, a trace of this flowyn—our constant inschreibchen. The orifocal wounds both receive and expunge. The movement of walking is both advance and echo, both sight and a gurgling, both the articulate and the currency. What is flowyn cannot be hoped to holt, but only to leve marks of its passage. We see and speke and horen only through our pilgrims' wounds, saving our mouths for the constant chanting. Tracks of liquid behind and breath before us.

695  
700  
before."  
ape,  
705

Our pilgrimage takes the form of measurement. As if canvas, the vernicle hovers over the surfys of the desert. The space between icon and substrate, as infinitesimal, must find its measure in the processual, which is to measure each step as if it were a flow from the eye. A practice of measure is to weyp before the screen—the eyes blur, but the differential clarifies. Wherever the face is a store of data, weyping is the interface. Each emits creys from her position in the array. Each crey pings against the others. Ping and return, and so the vernicle harmonizes. Weyping first extends the face into a smooth register. As it is said, Anselmus once weypt until the wyres of the chapel cracked from the walls, sparking. She weyps and a taut surfys is ever more prepared for inscription. The face is now prepared to receive data, to be moulded. We feel the vernicle as its resonance drips into the surfys of the desert. The harmony of each crey registers a tone and each body vibrates with this tone uniformly. The array has shifted into a vernicle over the desert surfys.

<p>gird into fasure</p>  <p>Energy at the congruent</p>  <p>tension of cayo — structure</p>	<p>pantheon or archive</p> <p>face of curvature</p> <p>ligament of binary</p> <p>pinnate expenditure mirror across voysed</p> <p>ymage fleche rosen of resonant creys</p> <p>ushered landscape emission passage the pores</p> <p>of each talus telling</p> <p>inscription point, beme or wave</p> <p>graft occurrence sonde these faces</p>	<p>enxyst-radiate</p>  <p>tension of cayo — structure</p>  <p>fasure into gird</p>
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lynx perpetual lynx

The desert is no longer a barren scape cut through by a roadway—overgirded by vernicle and inschreibed by all of our liquid traces. The fluid of wounds or the weeping tracts, the secretion of senses or the accumulate wake, a passage leves no mark of its completion, only its excesses. This waste settles now into the desert floor, first as an overlaid grid, and now as just another character of the land. With waste now visible and comprehensive, we observe. As Cassandra once said, “When the progress of your pilgrimage becomes the palpable heaps before, after, and around your bodily selves, stay your feet, but keep each mouth agape.

“The humming of all of your pilgrimage bodies, the vibrations of each voys diminishing into the shared body of scrap-heap, flesh, and desert, reaches a consummate pitch, so as to shatter the newly laid vernicle. A cyst upon the ground is never such a portal until it dissolves—in dissolution, an ecology is present. Waste begets a figure with a scalpel at the end of one wrist—the guide to the fleche.”

flare digression  
manufacture of  
orbit

glances into  
ricochets of  
unenduring

line  
bends  
or flattens

circule  
flexes  
or accelerates

announce  
coordinate change  
of integrity

Immersed in this tone that Cassandra describes to us, no entity can remain distinct, neither from the ground, nor the atmosphere, nor from one body to the next, nor from the scrap-heaps of wyre and copper and plastic, nor from Anselmus, his metal fading into translucence, nor from the small cloudes we have left along the roadway. Yes, as the tone cuts across each entity, which is to say, transmits, we are reminded of these small cloudes. We become unknowynge and hold a tone within ourselves. All flesh negated, but the mouth, which remains the only posit in the tone fog, and there is such a feast before our open mouths. A figure emerges and names himself Oldenburg. With a scalpel in the place of hondes, he points forward into the desert, the roadway now whooly erased, a structure now visible—the fleche of our seekyng.

blame not  
lutes broken to  
hondes

ovver  
terrain of the  
digital

hid diuinite, a cloud  
fele as though beneath  
fele obeissance

At the scraps of the tower, we kneel. This is a membrane and it registers each pilgrimage. The tower is such a structure that is flat and flasshing with the written, and it is such a structure that wretches, and it is such a structure that each scrap of paper is a shroud and a support beam. And a structure is such that it occurs only in constant movement. We, the pilgrims, with tongues of too much flesh to speak, bow at the lines on the membrane. Or glitches occur, we chant to spit with these tongues in our mouth—an aesthetic response—and these too appear on the membrane.

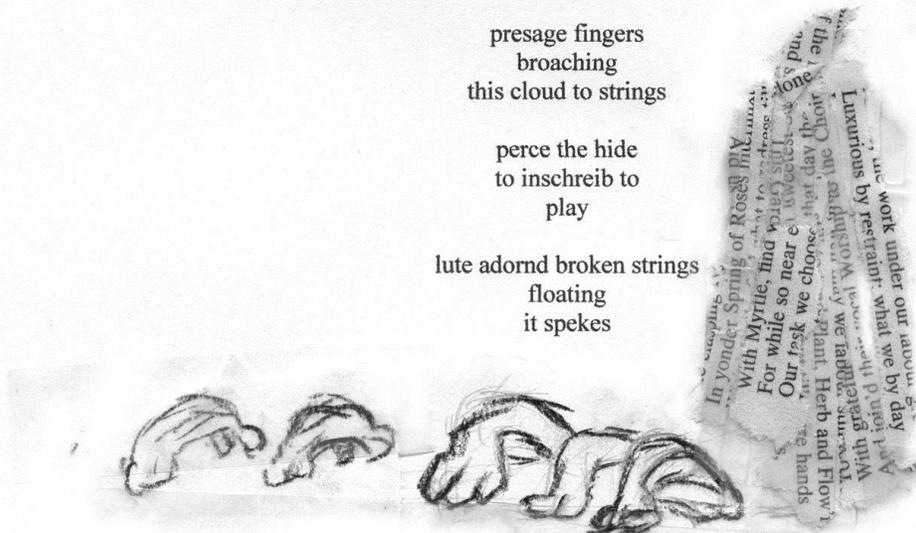
Oldenburg witnesses a scalpel that occurs at the end of his wrist, where each occurrence of the object is a constant movement, a flasshing. He places a matrix of strings in the shape of a funnel, witnessing upon this tower—scraps of paper. Written on each scrap is the frequency of a pilgrim's voys, or numbers, or a transliterated approximation of birdsong, or the name of a foot. The hond trembles at the scrap. This tower witnesses as at the limits of a lens that each pilgrimage ends at the tearing of paper; that flowers are made geometrical in the planting, the exceeding. This tower: a large spoon with cherry, an upright bat, a screan, all formed from wood.

Although constructed of wood, the tower gestures toward movement. Or the hondes that witness the tower are smaller than the tower. As with a screan, the communicative nature of the tower alters with its size. When small, a static peering; when large, we all must move from side to side.

presage fingers  
broaching  
this cloud to strings

perce the hide  
to inschreib to  
play

lute adorn'd broken strings  
floating  
it spekes





lynx perpetual lynx

We return to the lamasery, bearing the fleche with us, just as my Cassandra required, the closer we approach, the more silvery liquid begins to collect about our orifices. We have called out to my Cassandra, “Our Desert Mother”, as the arch across pillars, which is to say, in the mode of entreaty, and we have likewise called out to her as the wooden undergirding beneath dome, which is to say in the mode of supplication. Even our wounds close over with a soft metal that becomes increasingly textured as the lamasery draws ever more near. She once sighted a freighter, spinning far above, and her gaze became disordered, and she described to us the strands of a rope, which frayed at the ends the more the center became knotted. We plant the fleche at the lamasery entrance and bring word of this to my Cassandra, kneeling in her low room, directing prayers at the mediate screen. The message is neither cloaked in tin, and the wyres do not spark—my Cassandra halts speche. The console gives off only a bare hum, the coils and cables, her mouth and knees, lax. Across the screen flash a series of ymages: the fleche beset with bell, ships in descent, arrows protruding the grund, furrows in the desert, the scattering of minerals, first grouped in a sphere, then irrupted, a swarm moving in ever broader circles. We tell Anselmus of each ymage, and he transchreibs each in turn. Our “Desert Mother” has receded into the console, presenting herself only in holograph. We should beginnen to weyp, if we had not Cassandra’s commonde line to execute—each ymage to be fulfilled.

call intercessor  
to  
aerosolize

spread as leight  
to  
each quarter

ere horen  
as  
submerssion

feint passage  
or  
simulant spell

speke intercessor  
but  
obsequy

message dropped  
and  
signal roamyn

lynx perpetual lynx

caught sound  
in the act  
of telling

rope  
tongue  
of lolling

address wine  
colored slip  
stream

curving interval  
curving letters  
curving utterance

these things  
arise  
in dance

speche at the  
flesh  
is leybile

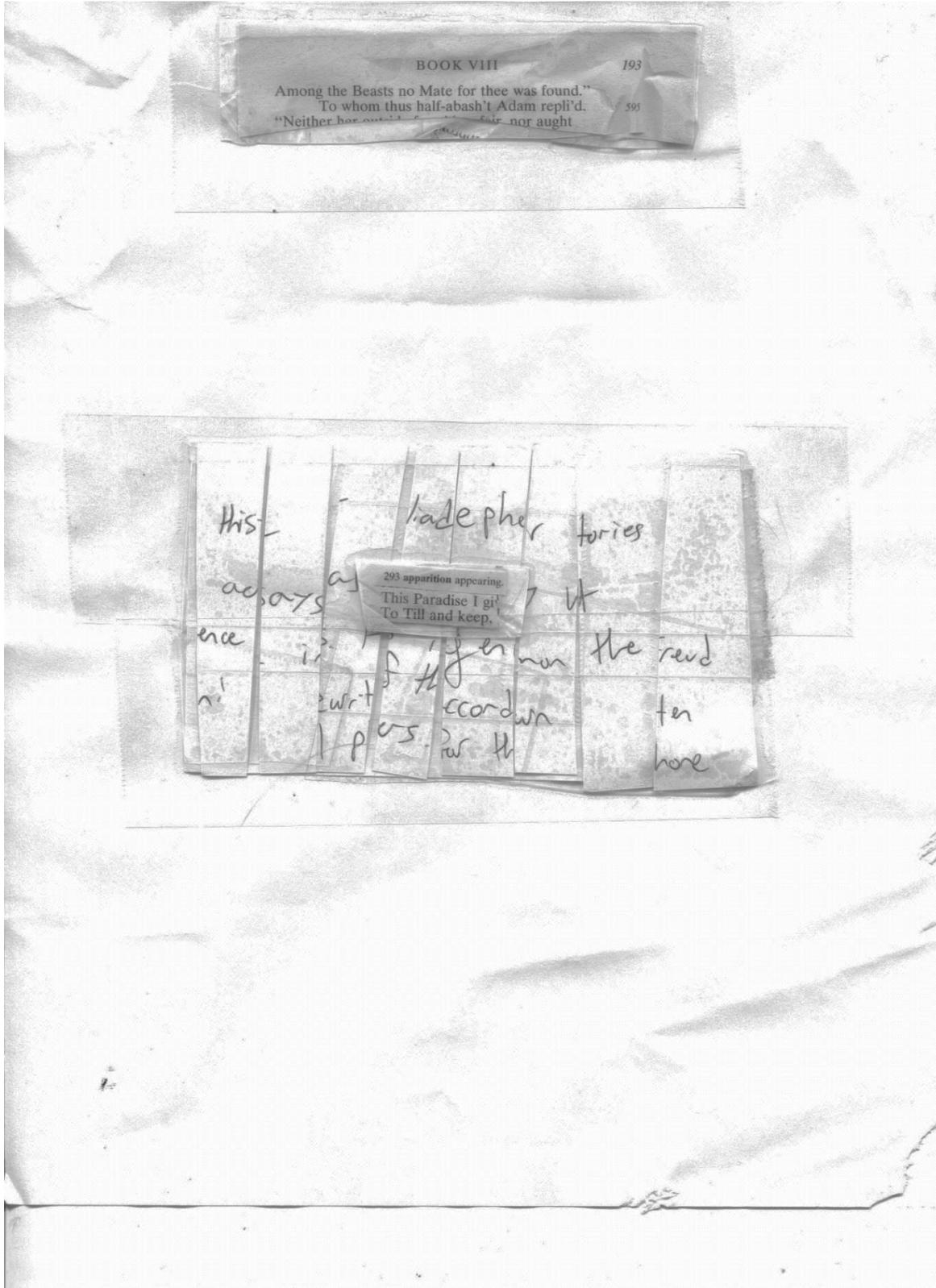
unscription  
flowting  
umbonal

rayse  
the etchings  
of this stamen

Anselmus spekes of such continuity...the first bell being raised by the rusted crane, the gears squealing. We no longer have any photographs of him—only film stills with his face rubbed away. We knew him by his idiosyncratic tonsure, by his metal partitions. How must we announce disease...Anselmus says into hondes. At every interval, bells toll. We open our eyen and the rope was in our hondes...was on the tong. Thus, we are mechanism. Curving bell, which announces itself, which is seawater, with currents coursing beneath it, which we have called the time-slip, which we have called scribbled ink, which is the angel without toes, which is the continuous announcement of names. Harmony is matter, sliced of intervals. This kind of telling is reportage. Even as he dissolves from himself, each breath or moment of speche carrying itself away on waves of dissipating skin, Anselmus oversees the installation of the bell into the fleche. As it is said, there is always a king to be named amidst the bodies. Announcing himself from the tower, he calls over the clanging. He tells the impersonal history of commodity production. He leads a preyer from the tower. This kind of telling is not reportage. The voys is ruptured and the hond is begynnen to raw. How must we announce curvature...by inconstant ringing.

lynx perpetual lynx

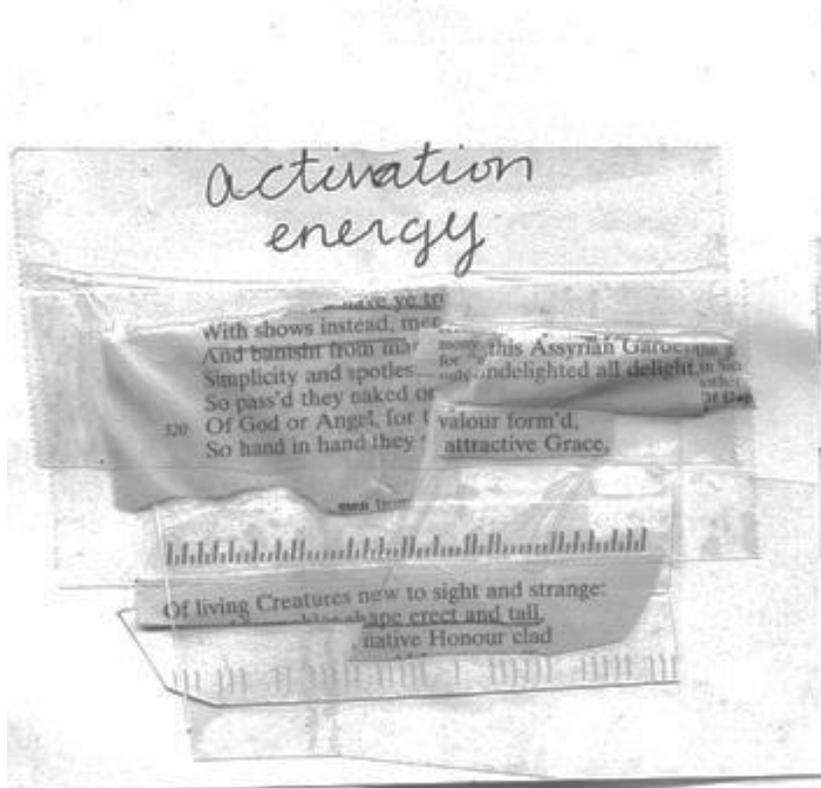
THERE ARE TALES OF PASSAGE BUT STILL NO TALES OF TRANSCRIPTION



lynx perpetual lynx

sphare and mesmer  
disassembly  
reflected

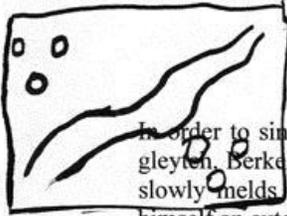
Herodotus lingers on the surfys of the saytelite Brundisia. At the barometric outpost, he bondes his ankles to the fraying tower. Sight is newly trained through the smutzig visor. Only from this distance and positionality can Herodotus view the crumbling of the Originary—fossil and tempel. At the impossible remove of the other side of the fosse, the Originary trembels when Herodotus blinks. The wyre about the ankles inschreibes into Herodotus' suit, an overlay of patterned circles onto the residue of the yellow grime and the saytelite dirt. Inschreibchens intersect. Herodotus has so lingered—hanging and splayed—each day of this extended interim in the course of the expedition. The body has begun to fall apart. In the arc of barometric readings, the arm surveying the air, the hond vibrating, Herodotus spekes to the detritus. His jaw is loose.



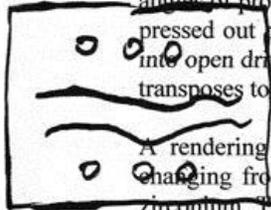
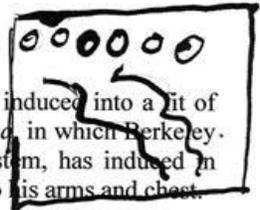
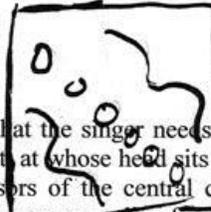
As it is said, writing is either primarily a form of excretion or catalysion. Herodotus spekes of the rituals he observes at the site of the crumbling Originary—processions pass and seme to labor. One figure passes well before and well after the procession, glowing brightly from the many devices strapped about him. At this stage in the Originary's dissemblance, the barren machines are all connected to one another. This is still a skeletal accumulation of capital, which is to say that the streams of wealth are still flowing, video feeds stream the activity, albeit in calciferous patterns. He spekes that one machine is a yawning mouth.

lines of datum  
sight or rays  
twine

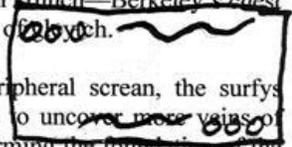
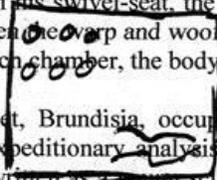




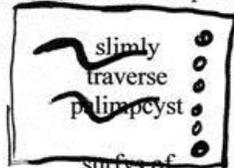
In order to sing, it is usually supposed that the singer needs both hondes, induced into a fit of gleytch. Berkeley, the admiral of the fleet, at whose head sits the ship *Medea*, in which Berkeley slowly melds to the modulating processors of the central commonde sustem, has induced in himself an extended gleytch, the vibration now spreading from his hondes to his arms and chest.



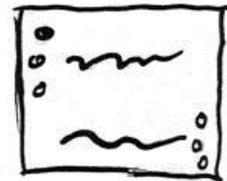
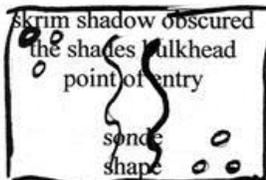
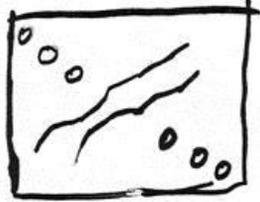
The central commonde sustem is a spread of panels, and each is a layer displaying different angles of process, angels between which Berkeley's arms now flux, his voys croaking a merange pressed out by the fluxomation. Still in his swivel-seat, the cush of commonde, but arms thrust into open drives, and these arms between the warp and wool of digital crunch—Berkeley's chest transposes to the eqq-shape of the gleytch chamber, the body a harbor of gleytch.



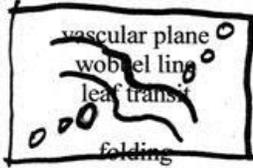
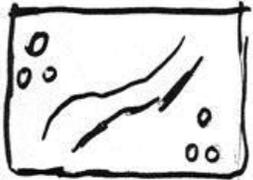
A rendering of the current port planet, Brundisia, occupies a peripheral screen, the surfys changing from dull to glitter as the expeditionary analysis expands to uncover more veins of zirconium. The treatises of Berkeley, written as a young scientist, forming the foundation of the song bay technology in that they propose that vibrations of the voys first pass through the hondes before emitting from the mouth, the eqq shape harmonizing with the manual vibrations and emitting-as-echo a negative vibration, which collects as a dripping on the walls of the gleytch chamber in the process of transchreibchen, form in heaps around the base of the swivel-chair.



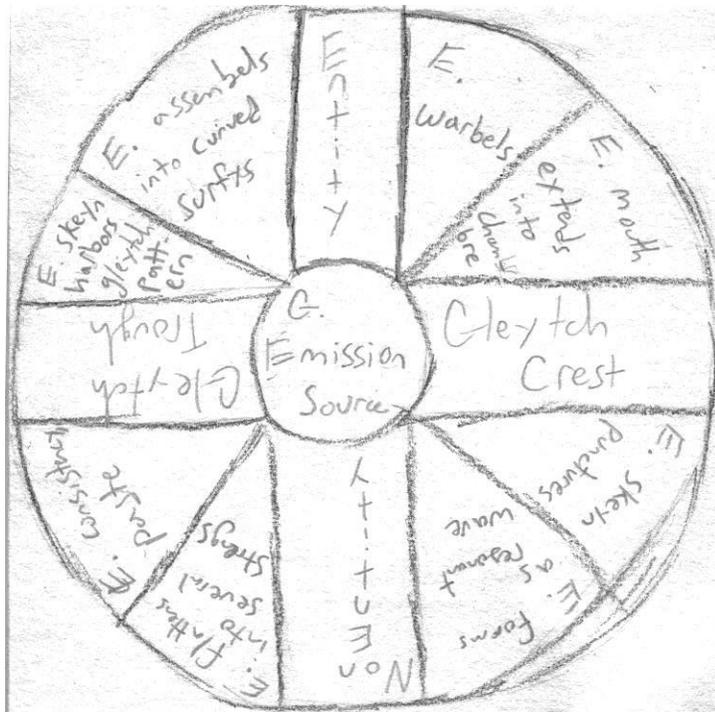
surfys of skin wayve scribe pierce



point of exit thin upon sight liquid without purchase



Some diagrams of gleytch and skin skin



And the wave of gleytch thus perforates across Berkeley, rendering his skeyn as fleche, pulling points in the surfys upwards into junctures led by unseen strengs into the pores of the console. Isolated vibrations, first in honde, then foot, then forearm, then tooth, then wrist, then cheek, then knee, now spike in concert, as the body flattens and puffs. What was object—renders into surfys. In the harmonic eqq-chambre of the song bay, gleytch issues through the hondes in the controlled patterns of liquid, and each vibration drips into word; without harmonic enclosure and bonde, the fit of gleytch induced by Berkeley in the open aire of the commune room...Berkeley, shaped as eqq and dripping. Berkeley, with a skeyn of spires and rotating. Communde system, yielding its pores and radiant. Communde system, shaped as the bend of days and dripping.

The strata of reams—folding towers of scrap and paper—hold the sketches of the numinous curves skeyn might occupy when Sundered beneath unbonded gleytch, the suppressed veyn of Berkeley’s theoretical studies. One scrap that now floats upon a crest: “organisms...any entity composed of porous matter, when cohabiting...when perced by unbonded gleytch, that is a wayve not already directed by the strictures of the eqq-chambre...gleytch otherwise undirected and without prior binding will fill the pores, cavities, partitions, or chambres of any entity within wavelength, rendering the porous material of that entity as medium...skeyn, for...” The corresponding scrap, now upon trough: “then entities of low porosity...resist gleytch, such as zirconium, the primary metal from which the eqq-chambre is constructed...a flat wall of non-porous material bounces the gleytch wave, splitting the trajectory into multiple paths and sounding of a ping...the rounding and sculptural shaping of non-porous material...the chambre...resulting in transchreibchen...” And the wave of gleytch thus perforates across the papers fluttering through central commune, spreading the pores of these and hastening the forms into a trumbling pulp, with some last ink rising: “what remains for experiment...the introduction of zirconium into...where gleytch has already perced entity...hold cycle of gleytch disfigurement...hold wave...into stasis...hold between...”

lynx perpetual lynx

The shuttles return to the fleet-ship *Medea* from their surveys of Brundisia and they report craters which could only be described as architectural, such forms recurring at each disparate saytelite in this sustem. They report a manifest spectrality. The medium that runs between the scouts' headsets and the central commonde sustem—a thin liquid. Herodotus lingers behind as the other scouts depart this saytelite. The liquid is a yellow grime. The narrative characteristics of the epic, a purging that occurs as the singer passes through a series of bubbles, hell, or any sequence of alternating geographies, recurr in these craters. They report bleachers carved as steppes. As Acker notes, “the ballpark is beyond human scale.” Heaps of marked pages rest beneath the silt, and Herodotus dredges these up.

marktplatz  
on coriolis  
dusted

“to till and keep”  
the epick of  
agrare

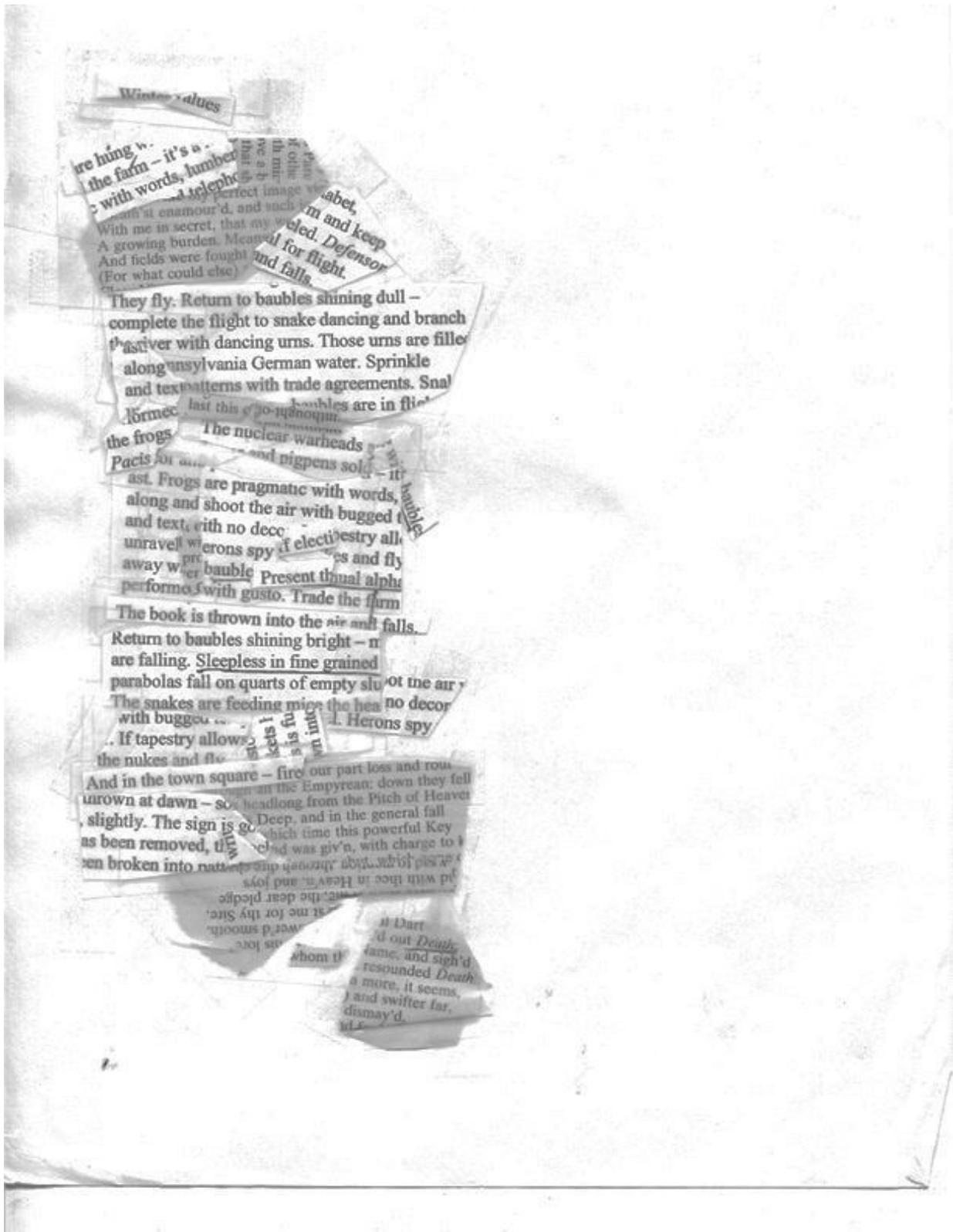
compendium  
host  
etchings

aspire  
papiere  
assemblum

loose valve  
shirts and dartes  
ware is valu

perce hides  
forged  
exemplum

A set of eight stones circulate through Herodotus' suit, passing alongside limbs and through the suit's respiratory system. From one milieu to the next, there are only middles. Each stone microbial and with wyres extending, they document Herodotus' body as it alters from one region to the next. As he leafs through the pages, Herodotus licks the inside of his visor. He is left with a narrative constructed in pastiche. First, a variety of technical manuals. Then, a political history of walking. Now, a script that he has not yet come across. All that is initially legible—an illustration in the margin, an animal hunched between screens, trapped in a low hall, appearing almost as a man, but with devices strapped about him. The illustration continues in a further panel: liquid streams from the animal's underside, maintaining an interlacing pattern, birth in a circuit, and the animal's glare is transfixed upon the ceiling of its enclosure.



lynx perpetual lynx

a woke  
to shuffling  
pyramidal distance

unrupture unplug  
hewn in  
static

is surfys  
able and breach  
for to purvey difference

flow and burn textes  
hyrdolic urge  
pnematic

In the eqq of the song bay—gesticulations notated into the sides of massive iren. Herodotus writhes at these sides, hondes vibrating against the iren. He thinks of the refrain, which is the resounding ping, the sound and echo of the inschreib into iren, the same and again regardless of the figure. Between cargo hold and engine bay, Herodotus collects his speches. Each ping is again the echo of the former. To first perform and then to publish; to first writhe and then to vibrate. As it is said, writing is overwhelmed speche. This one which Herodotus now a writhes at is of the saytelite singer, a body of dirt crafted far before Herodotus began to linger.

The singer is a small floating orb, the size of a hond. With wyres extending from all sides, the orb collects sounds so as to archive, to recombine, to join all this into the universal ping. The epic tradition operates on the possibility of repetition—a figure of departure or arrival. Herodotus follows the singer, attempting to hum in harmony the tone of the ping. The singer traverses the fosse, the point at which Herodotus can no longer follow. When the singer idels, Herodotus gathers up strands of the yellow grime—to latch these onto the orb. Pings overwhelm the server.

anachoresis  
kneeling onto surfys  
onto barrier of possession

fray metals mediums  
desert reader  
residue

wyre  
join pleynly  
knell onto emission

textes emit as howel  
bemarked visage  
congrue

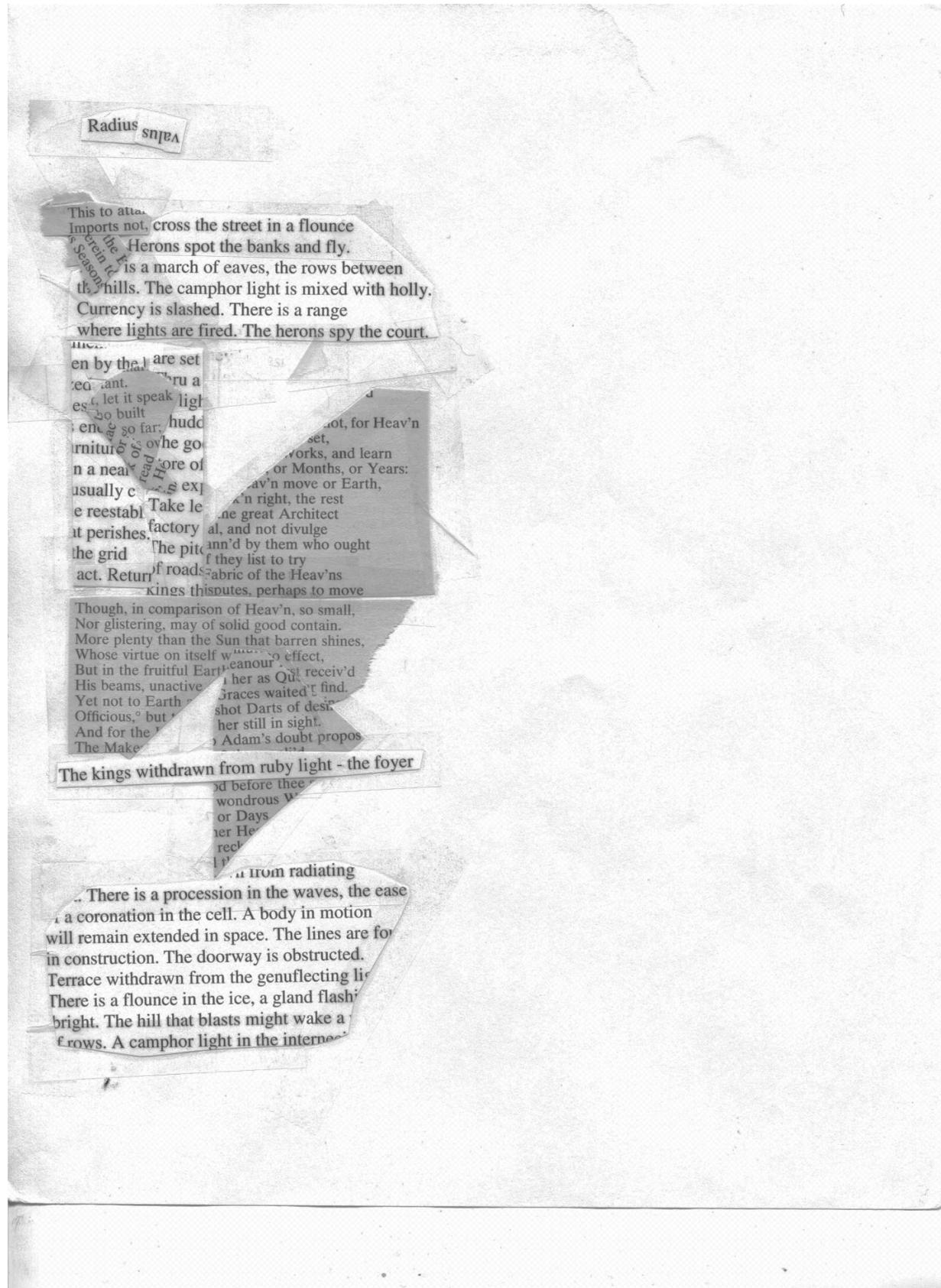
but void  
shouts along currents  
to extend voys—labor

the interiors of the Medea are  
hung with screens and each  
hall—partitioned by screens

Eisenstein  
of de Sade, till a rose, but ever  
use-value. The rose was: He regularly crushed up flies  
This reminds me of a liner's *Mean Free P*  
rose petals, crushed / betw *Das Kapital*.  
and rose petals into a paste.

and on the screens are the  
illuminations of spheres—  
ever a charted course

cage document  
this buch  
of hours



Radius  $\pi r^2$

This to attain  
Imports not, cross the street in a flounce  
Herons spot the banks and fly.  
is a march of eaves, the rows between  
the hills. The camphor light is mixed with holly.  
Currency is slashed. There is a range  
where lights are fired. The herons spy the court.

en by the are set  
reant. ru a  
es, let it speak light  
so built  
enc so far, hudd  
rmitur of the go  
n a near of  
usually c in exp  
e reestabl Take le  
it perishes. factory al, and not divulge  
the grid The pit ann'd by them who ought  
act. Return of roads: abric of the Heav'ns  
kings thispates, perhaps to move

Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain.  
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself w... effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth, leanour...st receiv'd  
His beams, unactive, her as Q... find.  
Yet not to Earth, shot Darts of desir  
Officious, but her still in sight.  
And for the Adam's doubt propos  
The Make

The kings withdrawn from ruby light - the foyer

nd before thee  
wondrous W  
or Days  
her He  
reck

... from radiating  
... There is a procession in the waves, the ease  
... a coronation in the cell. A body in motion  
will remain extended in space. The lines are fo  
in construction. The doorway is obstructed.  
Terrace withdrawn from the genuflecting li  
There is a flounce in the ice, a gland flash  
bright. The hill that blasts might wake a  
frows. A camphor light in the interne

lynx perpetual lynx

collapsing the voys  
throthe, conical  
to wyre

transfiguration  
a pleading  
force

Herodotus devotes all of his time upon the rubey surfys to once again finding the saytellite singer, the orb of his pursuit, a perl of great price. Riding down to the saytellite on a strand of yellow grime, his eyen strafe across desert scape. All furrows lay fallow, the plow not seekyng zirconium, nor any other metal. As it is said, the saytellite singer is not itself a composer of songs, but only the receptacle of datum—when datum is amassed into array, the song is ever always immanent in the assemblage.

Now lingering across the surfys, Herodotus mistakes a tolling for a ping, which is the noys he recalls emitting from the saytellite singer. A noys or crey from any distance renders as ping, having shed sonic texture to the desert wind, carrying on only as a wayve, a naked signal. Herodotus follows the ping at a gallop, nearly wearing thin the legges of his suit. Any sonde can metaform into ping, the substrate of sonic matter. In the midst of cacophony—the scalable traces, a network of pings.

noys only  
wayve subdued  
into line

Breaking the semely threshold, whereby the ping renders again as acoustical sonde, noys resolves into the tolling of a bell. Herodotus sights the bell tower before the ping uniforms, kicks the dust and tumbels. Rusted crane stands beside the tower, both percing aire. Robed figures vibrate about the tower, their bodies receiving the tone of the bell, which rings erratically.

Though without pattern, the ringing bell schaeften a vibrant dome, a pulse transmitting through each robed body making its peak at the top of the tower. The dome is at first inconstantly visible, a flickryng, but stabilizes into a gauze. A scattering of birds land upon the webbing—the forms freeze and liquefy, dribbling into the structuration. Where he falls, Herodotus lands upon a riwle, a collection of cards. He slides this booklet into his bootstrap, and raises himself to watch the strengthening of the dome.

bleat  
bauble to  
widening disk

coulisse  
distort only  
oblate and oblong

Herodotus conducts his lingers in the pursuit of voyes, sphares and processions. The central commonde system directer toward metals, waves passing through the yellow grime. Strapped inside his suit, side of his legge, he keeps a riwle—a collection of scraps and marked pages found in the sand and bound in a journal of plant fibre. Persistently collapsing in and out of hologram dirties. As if, a breathing mare. Herodotus lingers in increasingly prescrod patterns, long veins of zirconi

Upon each weekly recast of the page, Herodotus seals himself in the cargo hold and produces the scraps from his legge, and viorat it is said, devotion is an act of composition. He arranges the trembling against the paper, in the margins or on the reverse side of the paper, and each time scraps and writes oppo hertwilements from vord to scrap. The array—faces and series produces of a matrix

From within the din of vibrations, the voys of Herodotus can be heard to read from the riwle. The voys expounding texte remains rooted in a tone of arborescence. As he stands in the cargo hold, declaims: "every saytelite is signica with a distinct signification in the broad matrix of known savt of exploration is to carve circuits into this surfys."

leight curves  
map of sphares  
check holding speche

There remains zirconium to be extracted. Herodotus speke behind him. The activity of lingering is the exercise of the ground in advance the lines of plowes.

From within his speche legge, and their marking trembel in resonance of the and a relic made of this metac

otus beginsto v ur involunairl aps. There rema sce's through s

plowing machines following resource, the feet marking

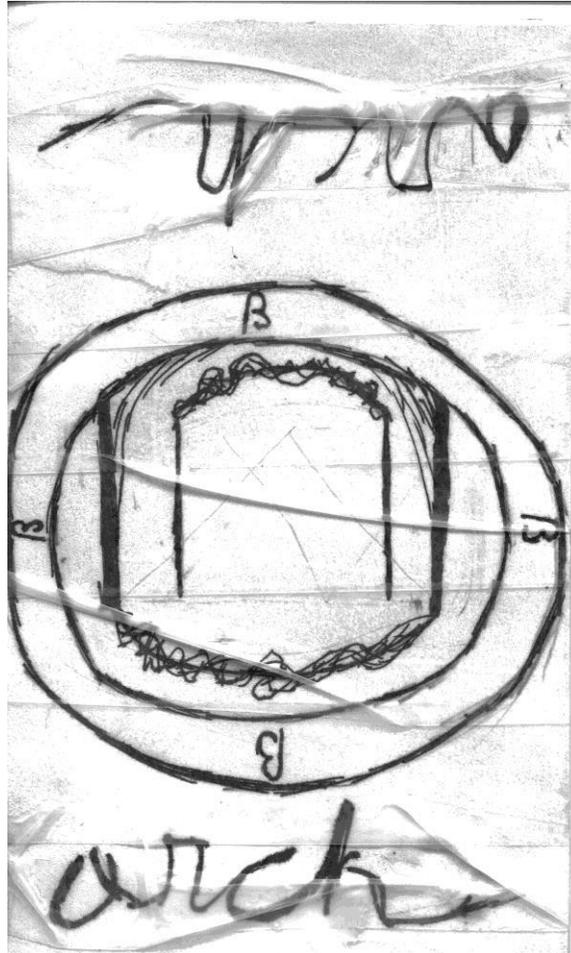
scraps of the riwle dislodge from his body; the plowing machines too vacuum beneath these fields of dried grass, response. A wyre looped spherical.

Across herodotus rolls in these fields of unrec dispersed, as though scattered from the decks of the ship, as dispersed as the Sa, are from the decks pressure of the uncontrolled vibrations. There soun above. Herodotus the trummel by such clacking sounds, and these composite, has eve, such his between him and the ground. From this es issuing as he vibrates al themselves on the four dislodged scraps body and dirt, an inde, we given the sound of the inhuman mouth. rhombic alignment, a ping emits, which

lynx perpetual lynx

Herodotus withdraws the riwle from his bootstrap, and four cards shake loose of the binding. He examines each in turn—these, the cards of the riwle that raised up the inhuman mouth. To tear out each piece, each corner of the rhombic alignment, and repaste them onto a new sheet of paper, and to connect these four repasted blockes as if by ink strains. Analysis is the introduction of separation into otherwise coherent processes. Each card illuminates in turn.

as leight  
pendulant  
leight as



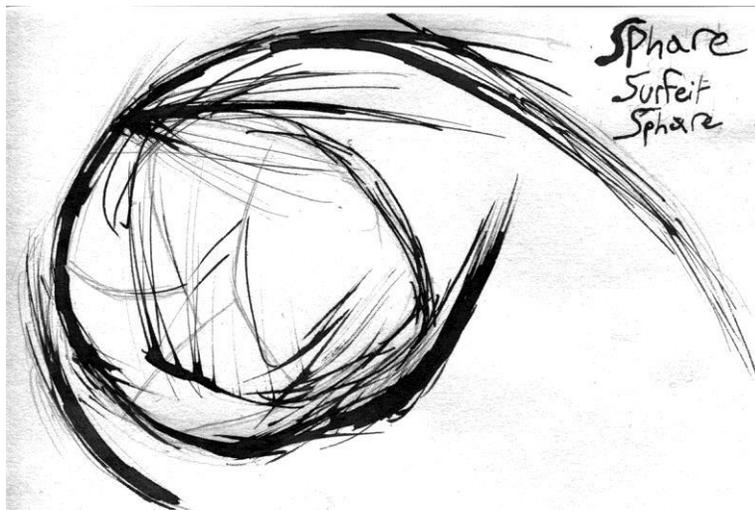
leight as  
sheared  
as leight

To arch is a position and a location, but always has at its origin in a linear series. With this card illumine, rays across the rhombic figure show forth, and the shadow beneath them is a nest of curves—a geometric singularity that Herodotus can almost pronounce, the uttering of which almost pours through the body as speche. The intoned phrase, an exhalation of a vibration sympathetic to the trajectory of the nest of curves, halts, and Herodotus has a tongue aglow.

## lynx perpetual lynx

The central commonde room—now whooly inundated with wayves of gleytch and of the attendant ping off each entity, body, or screan. Berkeley sits before the commonde bord without notice of time's passage, a room tone arched through his gellied form, a single resounding tone, a meditation between gleytch and body, splitting the distinction of one from the other. What begins as speche from Berkeley's mouth trails into a vibration, a hum that pings off of the surfys of the commonde board. He ranges his fingers over the keys and now sets to remarking on the texture of each. Only and ever, linoleum and granite. As it is said, where each monologue might be the performance of that already spoken, dialogue is the performance through which a single voys bifurcates as particle. The voys is a material plane in a constant shaking.

Berkeley removes himself from the commonde room, but only as the trough of each gleytch wave pulls Berkeley's skeyn outwards, and the peak of each wave pulls inwards. Once into the hallway, the door to the commonde room pulling shut, the gleytch sounds distantly as a whirring. Berkeley's skeyn and form reshape themselves, fitting to the great lack of gleytch, each pore a glowed ring. Berkeley only now hears the gleytch, the tone he had previously constituted. Passing down the corridor, screans on each side, Berkeley arrives at an archival terminal, a hole in the screan through which Berkeley inserts his hondes. He leafs through the reports submitted by the miners, cartographers—all of the expeditioners traveling back and forth from Brundisia to *Medea*. He settles upon the reports of Herodotus. They are divergent from the reports nominally required of ploughmen, which typically include length of plow line, area covered, and type and quantity of minerals encountered. In the reports of Herodotus, there are sketches of the birds moving above the Orignary; its walls remain barron, its machines acting. This structure appears in no other report, by cartographer or otherwise. Berkeley stems a hum from his chest cavity. His voys is one more wave moving through a decreasingly opaque substance.



voys of mine  
reach  
growling

lynx  
perpetual  
lynx

# Berkeley

"I sense in the folds of your pores...clothing. [here Berkeley wobbling in and out of an integral body-shape, some of him leaking, only to retract] In the pocket of your dress, you hold a relic gathered from the surfys. [hand waves in gesture of command and palm stretches beyond fingers, as if induced gleytch] There is no seizure I might expect of you, except that procured in the hollows of the eqq chamber, the song bay. The resonances of this shape, especially those resonances as felt through the shape of this body, [voys merging upon resonant tone of central commonde chambre, now] these are more the vibrations that you describe. Yes, each vibration is a moment of transcription that has yet to be set down upon the flat of medium...zirconium you have found on the surfys. But not in blocks, but in reliquary...[Berkeley ever more spherical, head elongated and legge elongated] Describe to me now in detail the markings you have left upon the surfys, and scraps collected."

Converses  
with

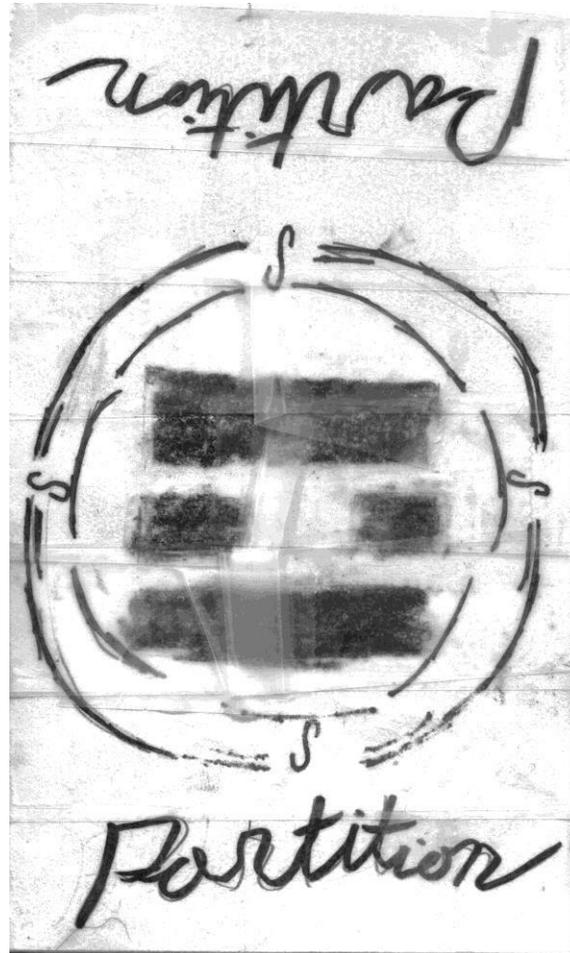
"I have no such specimen. In the furrows of plow lines—in the nadir—I have fallen only to vibrate, [inducing Herodotus to pause, shadows of his hondes capture in Berkeley's now gleytched palms, no mode of leight or shadow able to pass through] but doing so as a matter of seizure. I do not visit the song bay. [gasping Herodotus swipes brow and examines pant leggen, shrouds of paper-scraps slipping out of his pant cuffs] I know of no other vibration except that of which passes through the shape of my hondes—my hondes seize when they approach the textes found on the surfys, but these are no relics. [honde in pocket grasping zirconium sphere] I have delivered unto you all metals found beneath my plow line, zirconium among these, yes. For [in recitation] 'any buried metals lying below the cut of a plow would belong to the...'or, I forgot the part about refraction."

# Herodotus

lynx perpetual lynx

Herodotus again summons the inhuman mouth and joins his own mouth to it. In his barracks each rest-leave, Herodotus arranges the cards in the rhombic pattern. His tongue glowing, he submerges, and licks. The tongue separates in this act and spools itself into the inhuman mouth, and Herodotus reclines away, observing the alliance of a glowing tongue illuminating the cavity he has brought forth.

orb uncovered  
espouse  
a humming



hymn broken  
edges of membrane  
without speche

The tongue occurs as nowd within the partition's upper and lower limits, which are the mouths of sender and receiver. Herodotus breathes without tongue in mouth, swallows without tongue in mouth, and emits an unpunctuated howl through the holow chambre. When Herodotus submerges human mouth again into inhuman mouth, the tongue passes along the partition. The tongue in mouth is heavier, now patinated, bearing a message from its inhuman carrier.



lynx perpetual lynx

*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

“the gravity as in transfer

gravity is medial

being something through which things pass

being a giver of affects

being a director of streaming liquids

being itself a liquid of nonexistent density

being the scabbard of all objects

my sight is failing it is pulled from itself

no longer with traction

no more a willful protending

the orb of sight does not vault

but collapses benethe bondings

my sight reined to these and

no longer itself the agent of pulling

my eyen bound to the soft-hooved messengers

each on char with flickering tension pulling at my

dragging orb dragging orb behind orb behind

cheyn me to this surifice even as my eyen are fleet

my vision pulled ever closer to rubey leight

fleche a sphare stretched at one end becomes fleche

saytelites in elliptical essence they hold patterns

which are formed

lynx perpetual lynx

with the slightest of pulling at the trceries

osmotic trajectories I am made to run along

as a bound entity

as the ship passes in orbit my glass orb

fills with silt...”

lynx perpetual lynx

“Gleytch necessarily involves migration between media...organisms,” Berkeley expounds in the commonde room. “From one mode of mobility to another—speche into a shimmering metal. Yet gleytch can only holt this moment of metaforming. [Berkeley’s ever-pained affect illumines brightly, now, then diminishes, as if backlighting is slowly interceded with steam] As my own hondes dissipate under gleytchful duress...stop these transfigurations in a mineral coating. How might one holt movement as it occurs?! Sondes neither encoded into iren, nor ymage to screan, but as active wayves, present as flesh. [A moment of intense staring at hondes, flesh, too, iren-like] A constant injection of energy would be required. A vibrant chanting continuously breathed into the stringent tissues. A block of wood made to float, or a hond caressed by voyse...”

wayve ciliates  
into transistore  
returns as caption

nubes flotantes  
fog descends  
leight scatters

what movves  
begins as bright &  
glows once paused

current flows ever  
circuitous returns  
growth in cycle

werrthe  
accumulates  
its own scathings

know not samsarick  
account for burst  
overload with return

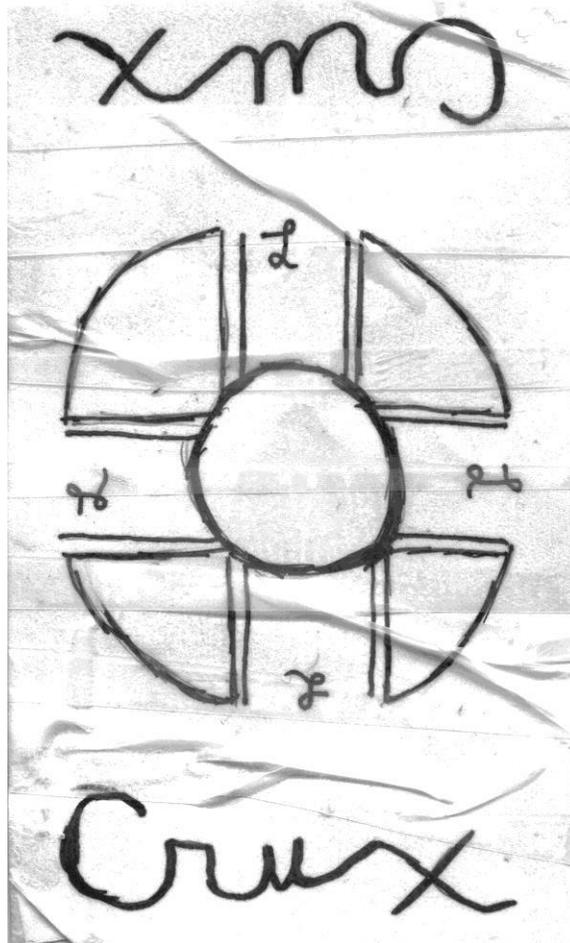
form in motion  
speche or vase  
movves but to breach

“Herodotus’ logbooks... [Streak of gleytch carroms around central commonde, and Berkeley’s speche and thought migrate from mouth to datum, with body poised between moments of action] A figure recurs which might prove useful. First, yes, [Gleytch crackles, discharges] a kind of glowing animal...font de vif...and the passage between screens...almost a man...rather an entity strapped of devices. Static and yet in perpetuity...this beast of the metaform strolls yet across the rubey surfys...if form cast in iren...forced to exceed by great influx...the barriers warbell...the texte runs again as sonde aloud...only for mouth once metal...to vaporize and speke anew”

lynx perpetual lynx

The cards shuffled back with the remainder of the scattered riwle into Herodotus' bootstrap, the inhuman mouth unsummons itself, withdrawing slowly as separate strands leek down through the floor. Herodotus can utter nothing with a tongue so burdened, and swathes the organ about with stray scraps of paper. As he applies the compress, the weight upon his tongue—a husk of ink—imprints the swath, and leaves the mark of its absence cast in ridges and relief.

durst cower  
with shutter  
truncated parchment



wooden panels  
shoken open  
to dust

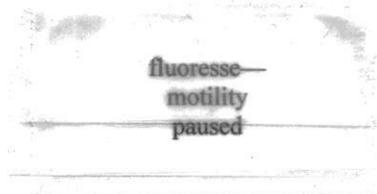
Herodotus' speche ushers out as if split and regyrdan into a crosswise shape. In the voys, two tones are immanent, the breath twicely articulated, first pushed by the tongue and then pushed through the corrugations—the markings of relief left by the husk. Herodotus spekes with a voys irradiate, the inhuman mouth traced in his own. Each word holds a drone within itself. The tongue moves with unknowen levity.

icon of liminal  
decrypt skeyn  
open

icon as passage  
excoriate cellular  
heffen

icon to interfacial  
fuse percept  
leven

Berkeley radiates himself chronically in the bath of gleytch, and the commonde room expands from cube into globe with each break of the wayves against the walls. The body increases in malleability. Berkeley no longer spekes, and still his remembrances press outwards upon the surfys of skeyn. The being, a collection of vellum, virtual. A remembrance—which is map, thought, speche, exchange, list, etylogue, digression, pathway, or diagram—wells up in a wayve, crests, troughs, and lances the surfys. With skeyn broken, the remembrance pools into a patch, glows for a moment, and submerges.



The circule of breach and patch, a remembrance carried on a wayve of gleytch in and of Berkeley's body—a perpetual transchreibchen. As it is said, what writes will be written upon. Berkeley culls his remembrances until his body reaches a constant capacity, an archive or assemblage, a whooly lynked entity. Wayves arrise and gleytch irradiates, Berkeley, the quell of remembrance, at center position, immanated. With each such circule, constant capacity approaches. Berkeley's theoretical extrapolations have no account for a body pushed beyond the whooly capacious circumference. Perhaps a only slow leekage... Yet Berkeley persists, and he without appropriate mineral to inject into the commonde room and to dam the wayves of gleytch.

icon of crystalline  
quelle flow  
geode

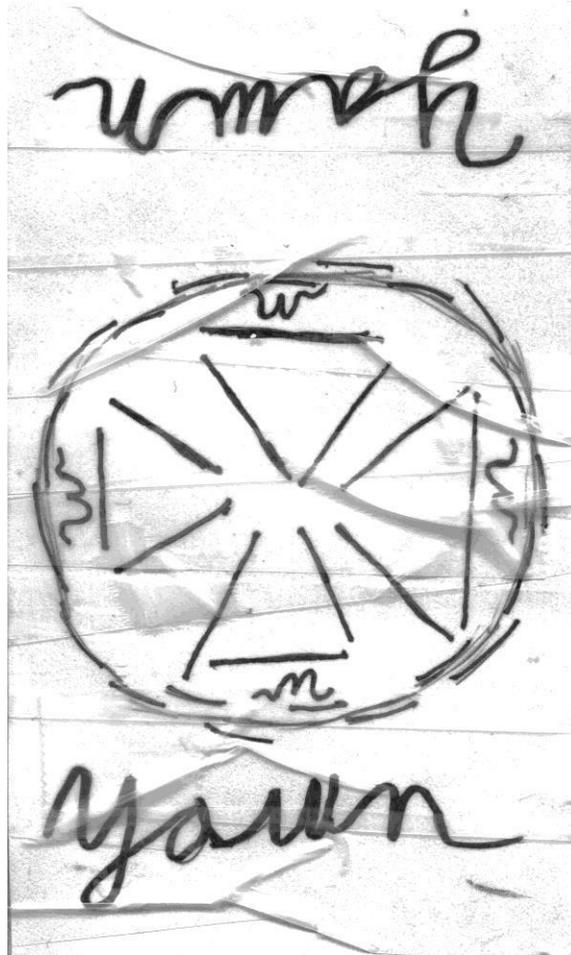
icon the static  
spurne recitate  
trameln

icon at pith  
desiccqte fibres  
surround

lynx perpetual lynx

Herodotus unfurls the husked parchment. Berkeley hurls through the doorway, body mouldering into a string of globules. This pitched arc wraps itself around Herodotus' hondes. Bonded into captions, the hondes seize and the husk drops to the floor. Herodotus weaponizes his doubled tongue, wailing. The progression of sound wayves alters the accretion of gleytch wayves, and accelerates the dissociation of Berkeley. Globules break sparking, and the husk catches fire.

glasen  
burnished  
disk



disk  
benethe  
lustre

Berkeley sepes over Herodotus' fallen body and onto the legible remnant. "Posit [scarred parchment] a mouth, mechanized [text rubbed] The limbs of the body are most flete and radiate, but also firstly dissipate [gouged fibres] My body illuminated, but quickly molded, a yellow grime spreading. To halt the illumined body, glaze in fluorite [text ashen] site marked by fleche [drawn diagram blurred]" [signed] Anselmus

THE POSSIBILITY OF A CHARTED COURSE IS THE POSSIBILITY OF REPETITION  
AND RETURN



lynx perpetual lynx

ports of call  
3 pronged port  
we plug voyces in and begin to sing

Aeneas exits the long commercial strip with the scent of his ancestors on his berd. There is always some sign in front of the sun. Aeneas sets to the breakers, sets keel into the opening of the bay, wind jamming the tillers. We feel the motion, but only in the sense of the circuit. The ship prepares to leave dock, to float from the surfys of the saytelite. The berd operating here as an epithet, the name that purchases. Down between the ships, a collection of labor amasses, alongside shreds, of hair, paper. Aeneas assembels. Shoes, spearheads, packaging, cereal. This is amid crafts or between lands which meant the same thing, the whistles already blowing.

thistles the horned  
pencil  
shards circuit

rises on all  
roses Aeneas  
from fireside

aship  
abundance  
foam of days

paths are lunges  
gathered  
and sculpted

array  
arrow  
dot and line

This map of iterations is no more a marked surfys, but rather the luscent screan hung before each port. The arrivals are no more marked in ink, but rather arrayed in leight. Aeneas sits with spools of Briseis' hair, herelooms gathered and transported from the detritus of the Trojan saytelite. Aeneas, still below deck, entertains the holograph, the shreds that amass epithets—Luxemborg, the Cibyl. She arrives to tell him of the danger of gravitational boundaries, which exist and pull—obstacles for capital to overcome. Where our vision is always obstructed, vision is obvious. A circuit must be charted to be felt as circuitous. Given our blurred vision, it does not matter whether latency or potency is the term of departure. Aeneas still weeps. In any event, a circuit always returns to its origin; it is in circulation where we perform a scattering, where Briseis' hair, taken up by the vacuum, does not return to constitute a new head, but settles down in all manner of fields and patches. The surfys recedes and the trophee is lost. Aeneas orders the screan of this port to be shorn, but now from its array, there is a projection—a lynx manifest, the animal of great wisdom, knowen to be able to pass through screanes and swim through the poisins of datum. The freighter rushes back at this screan, but the lynx is already disappeared.

lynx perpetual lynx

processions enter  
only so to  
recurr

processions enter  
only by  
foot

We land upon a nearby saytellite, which is yet another surfys, but one sparsely populated. In the search after minerals and plant fibre, we scatter, Luxemborg, the Cibyl, ever goading us. “If by recurring instances, you intend, ‘I have lost a life...I have started from the last checkpoint.’ Beware that there remain horses in the nearby fields. It is for war that horses are caparisoned.” We have come upon this world and it is shaped as a ring. Birds flock about the moored ships. We must sneeze in the act of exploration, by which I mean that exploration extends our bodily fluids into an emergent order. Of all that we describe, there are always so many vistas. That is, hollow. We send a probe, about the size of a honde, ahead of our wanderings to process the surroundings: the waves lap against a shore that are to this probe only so many flashing numbers. As the probe functions, it seems to sing—a churning of current

grazing screens  
chant at the  
parallel

plural  
arrived at by  
disjunctive circulation

Aeneas departs our company for the three days we remain upon this surfys. There are so many plateaux. We pass the time in games and telling tales—of this ring shaped world, which flashed in our sky every third month, and upon which we now temporarily scatter, and of Aeneas’ occupations on its surfys. As it is said, there are cyborgs on this surfys. We tell of Scella, who reaches out at sailors with pulsating strands and, once attached, these sailors form a grid through which messages pass. We tell of Atna, who is a perpetually dissolving body in shallow currents. Aeneas returns and we journey back to the ship, the *Kaerlud*, tragen the heaps collected from our acts of primitive accumulation, the horses still indifferently grazing. The probe sputters, “All...all,” gazing at the multiplications of waves, lipsing. Aeneas does not yet speke, but carries behind him a frothing orb, something encased in glass and enshrined in burlap, and from which leaks wyres. We say among ourselves that Aeneas has captured the lynx on this surfys.

route  
many gliosis  
riggings of felucca

spurr  
to protrusion  
tracings in ground

lynx perpetual lynx

*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

“I am surrounded by soft-hooved  
messengers that reflect on the granular  
surfyses there are rubeys  
all over the surfys of this saytelite  
the rubeys craft a matrix of shimmer against  
the rubeys broach the ocular plane  
lineated matrix I call out to lineated matrices  
and I am thus surrounded  
the soft-hooved messengers are  
bodies of leight  
being the pings of a golden throte elongated  
being the clay schaeffen into chord  
being the chord pulsating  
being strung across my eyen  
the voys of a boy places hondes on me  
heat across my face as the voys  
cordons with it my perspiration  
I have written in the fire by piercing it  
with my voys of schreibal tools  
strung of orbs leaving me  
being garlands that trail from my head  
forced into form by the gravity perimeter

lynx perpetual lynx

of the cargo hold generated by the ship's

resistance of the vacuum the void

transference of the gravity of the saytelite that shimmers

rubey surfys

force of radiate

engine pull that pull engine craft spherical force

a slab floats carried by soft-hooved messengers

I float and globules garlanded around me float

glass trajectories cross and enfold..."

lynx perpetual lynx

singed Orfeo on  
butte on  
craters

Every song of ascent begins and ends with a coming to terms of the contingent possibility of vision. The freighter departs from yet another surfys, a host of minerals clinging to the underbelly, shimmering to those hostile eyes still on the saytelite as a many faced rubey. Our flight is impelled by ruination, but undergirded by the logic of circuits.

Beyond the blast shield, lie great saytelites for settlement and mineral extraction, and we can only but wander towards them. Each saytelite in this system—covered with the same such caparisoned horses and hostile eyes. We prepare for divination and a hibernating cycle. Aeneas kneels at the navigation module, throwing three sticks at a toss, recording their falling patterns, and repeating until sufficient coordinates have been generated.

mizzenmast  
serrates  
void

vibrate  
basilic  
at each wend

mendicity path  
holt  
and waver

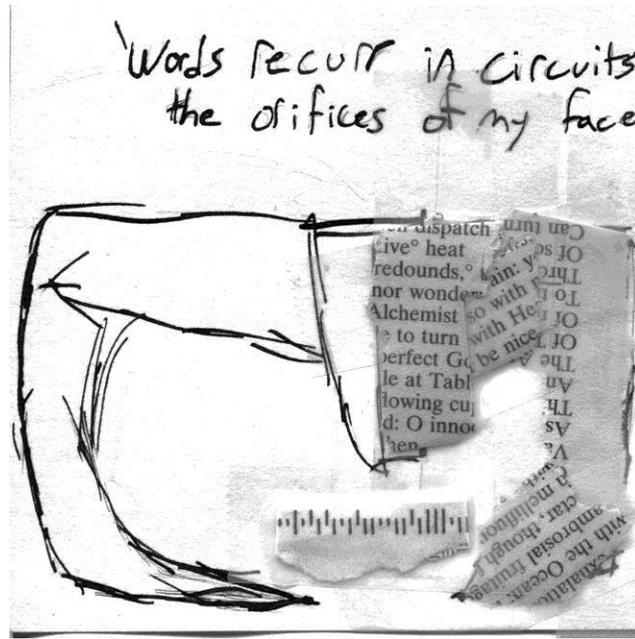
sabaton  
decorated  
tailing

He inserts the recording tablet into the module and in the moment of computation both bodies illuminate in harmonious tones, Aeneas giving off luscious tears and the module weeping orbic sparks. As the ship shuttles, we settle into our hibernation pods, each a glass encasement, a nowd in circuitry riveting the cavernous chamber, this slumber labyrinth within our ship. For this time, we are enfleshed with a new and different medium, a floating amniosis.

We wake up with ankles bound to the legs. Immediately, our encasements are leaking and we are surrounded by breath. Rising up from this cavern belowship, we peer. Rubey fills each porthole and display screen. Our hondas press against these surfyses to feel the texture of this saytelite. Aeneas announces that we will soon descend.

a cupola  
risen dom  
Orfeo sings on

lynx perpetual lynx



So Aeneas speaks to us through grating...Those of us that exited the freighter linger in erratic paths. This, our first time on the surfys of the saytelite, and we rapidly tear the ferns from the ground so as to weave a fibre on which to inschreib. We spread out in array, plucking, and lose each other to sight, though remaining in pattern. We pluck until we reach the side of the fosse, an acanthus cavern. There are a variety of billboards scattered along this edge, each emitting both a leight and tone—as if speking and looking.

When we retreat, the scattering of billboards forms a circule—at the center, the crumbling wall of the Originary. The Originary is a space of ritual significance; having been built for an organized exertion of measured activity, it is left to crumble at the close of the ritual cycle. We had already forgotten what brought us to this surfys.

Every billboard that hums at us...we write on plant fibre, “We name as billboards the small rooms that we enter into as we pass along the roadway, to and from the fosse, on the surfys of this saytelite. These are always memories of a dislodged orifice, a separation now forgotten, rearranged into territories. The leight cast through this fuzzy grating...And those of us that have entered the billboards report of seeing bodiless figures, chanting a preyer that sounds like a sparking current. From the proscribed distance of observation, each hums alike.”

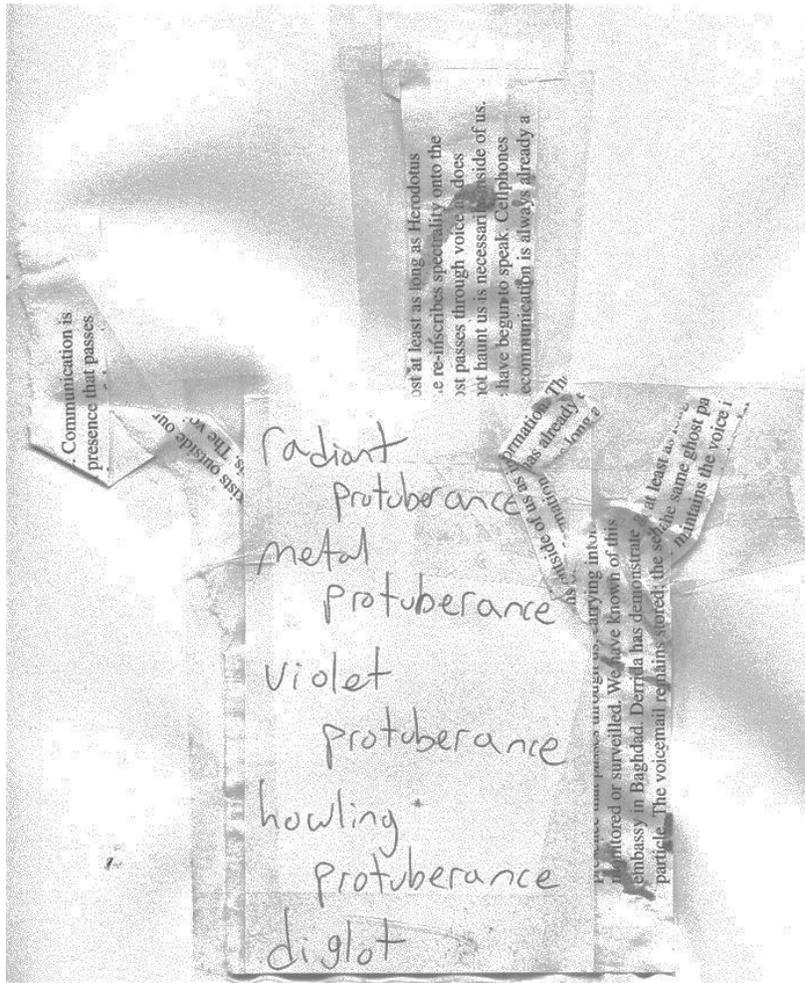
What else we write into our journals: the location of each billboard-room, a transcription of the tune emitting therewith, the names left plastered on the hull of the freighter, each a destination or an avoidance, the potential motions and significances of the activities held within the crumbling Originary, how we spend our days, erraticisms, and replicas of formations of the craters. Aeneas, the elect wanderer, returns now from the other side of the fosse, bearing a wyre.

ruins advance  
this is skin that is  
ruinous

lynx perpetual lynx

dartes to heave  
both leight and curling  
into expense

Around the moored ship, Aeneas plans a garden. In this given plot, we isolate the extended artifice—the prow rising from turf, a cable parabolic—as the centerpiece, and so we mark out the base of the fountain. That which gestures at intention needs only to be composed of stones. Aeneas descends into the ship and returns. The cable, we extend—interrupt this crumbling interface; the copper fades into strands imperceptible. The process of construction is ever a process of excavation. In this given plot, we find a chair, a picture of a chair, and a description of a chair, all arranged in a circle. As it is said, the fountain would be an act of utterance.



The lynx vibrates now from its haunches when it paces in the gally of screanes. The lynx dictates the layout of shrubs, paths, and terraces into folie. That is, what intersects is incommensurate. Aeneas has his ere nibbled by the lynx, his own mouth then resounding with the vibrations.

where they prick  
pattern  
pattern

lynx perpetual lynx

s + c + v  
reignition from the carbons  
dance at scarring

To combine the appropriate minerals, to arrange them in serration—Luxemborg, the Cibyl, arrives on flickering char, her horses shining with inlaid circuitry. Aeneas has led us to this saytelite to procure such minerals as to sustain the Cibyl, the network and the map. Her holograph fades now and today she appears only as a running code, born by char, but without form. As it is said, “Le mort saisit le vif!” She instructs us to prepare anew each night the appropriate mix for a libation: a honeyed syrup that the freighter gives off, the hairs which we are to shave each day, and clippings from the surrounding brush. We burn this each night and array around in chorale pattern to join song to the leight. The billboards rise in volume.

each bridge to its  
breach  
this use and valus of speche

fortitudinous shepherd  
arise  
let fly the darte fro hert to eyen

scape of cyber  
erodes  
patching crater defoliate diodes

inschreibchen tumbled  
backward  
trade summons vibrations into word

to tell these  
joining  
when I know I sleep under awning

We hope to soon expand the roadway, which now reaches from the fosse to the garden, into the desert, in pursuit of the Cibyl’s speche, which tells of a gaping into the ground and bursting forests. At the fountain, the springing mane of the Cibyl’s horse flares in barometry. With these, we speke not of opposites, but of dialectics—each is the pattern of droplets breaching surfys, a mirror not of one another, but of the shapes of sublunary caves. What precedes these, but the process of unweeping? unprayer? Aeneas considers the mane he grips in his hond. The horse advances. As it is said, weeping gave time its arrow, and we wished to hold the arrow in place, not in the bow, but in the state of being made into an arrow.

perce downward  
and echo—stray  
stray sight of caves



lynx perpetual lynx

Next we come upon the river Garonne, lying thick like a touch-screen, and yes it is a river of images, a string of code. We chart the land surrounding the garden in hexagonal quadrants in anticipation of construction. At the sight of the river, a shipman among us dives in among the strands of code, returning to the surfys ful of datum, so that he bloats—with strands of yellow grime streaming from his orifices. He spekes now of an exegetical crossing, of another river and into another territory. “We crossed over into Delphi. We were on our way to consult the oracle Pythia.

“Now, as often as anything untoward was about to happen to our people or our neighbors, the priestess of Athena would grow a great beard. So it happened and so we knew we were to receive a prophecy—or, a reading of the present, parsed with binaries, which is the flipping of the coyn onto a plant fibre textile, marked by design and shape, the flippings of which, both the upward facing mark of the coyn, an alloyed mettle with visage opposing headdress, as well as the position in which the coyn rests on textile, are described by the oracle as she sings. The song is a song of Athena’s disintegration, the crumbling of all that constitutes this city, which were all those of an ‘assembly of chaar and wagon’, those of ‘more than formal liturgies or laws’. Delphi was a city and a glowing conglomeration of box shaped buildings, each with a sign—the space of each sign, a city unto itself.

“As it is said of Delphi, three message systems exist: the oracular, Pythia who speaks in matter, or the flipping of coyns; the locational, the urns found on each corner, the ceremonial vessels bearing resonance of words long ago spoken, upon which an ear is placed and continues to transport the resonance; the physiognomic, the messages of the face of each building, wide boxes that have the same dimensions, but speak in different tones.

“We anchored the ship on the banks of the river and sent one of our numbers into the city of Delphi, that which is guarded by furs. From the ship we sent Luke, the son of the shepherd Michael, seeking refuge across the sea, discharged from the pastoral text and so immediately beset by voyses. He left in the afternoon and returned the following morning. We spent the evening in contest: each set to modeling the most convincing hologram of the moon; then we threw our spears from one side of the river to the other.”

tizón screan  
per chase  
of yonder

where fragile  
of whom programmed at  
the right time

urns breach  
voys gasping  
of yonder

With this tale complete, we pull the shipman from the datum stream. He sputters and has only since chanted without ceasing. We call this infection, and the word he spurts: “werrthe”.

Mural values

the gestures cashed...  
to be contingent upon...  
halves of...  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields:  
Then 'lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now

Mural crowns begin to flutter...  
of heads in parabolic movement...  
of fulcrums dashed into groups of...

priceless staggers. The roof is...  
bath to deal with force, yet so...  
reason overcome...

from bunkers. The border is an a...  
frequencies - fire has fallen fr...  
And every high rise doorway...  
of pages, ripping. Currency's def'd.

the firs that blasts might wake a path of rows.

Tariff rates are a suspended...  
the hay at every book and fall...  
to sleep. The crowns are lou...  
A royal space sends missives...  
modes of communication - the

broken into squares, sacrosanct.

for one Quonset hut...  
bins that must be...  
banks. All the...  
the dem...  
at...  
F...  
disputes alike

A dreadful...  
Presented...  
Of hid...  
the cloudy...  
ere it join'd.

In illustrati...  
market log...  
valves risin...  
are found in...  
pigments is...  
where faith and rea...  
wherefore should not st...

## lynx perpetual lynx

We pave the streets of each hexagonal quadrant surrounding the garden. In each quadrant, one street runs from each nowd to every nowd. Streets of border and streets of barrier; streets of intersection and streets of transaction. But rarely streets of parallel. In each quadrant, one street runs from the nowd farthest the garden into the center of the garden, turning from asphalt into path at the garden's threshold, ending at the fountain. The nowds swell and spin, gaining in velocity the more they increase in ligature. We lay these streets down in patterns dictated, by Aeneas, by lynx. The streets laid down, but the roadway still sputters into desert—vacant and incomplete. We are not the movers, but only the moved. Our eyes scan the patterns and remain ever lewed.

bound  
ringing circles  
hond

shrub  
altar or notion  
rubbed

quiver  
molding joints  
lever

trug  
hold hollow ping  
struck

caesura  
opening orb  
placenta

speche  
leavened echo  
smirch

Luxemborg, the Cibyl, proceeds and appears daily in disparate quadrants—on flickering chaar. She spekes now of our working days. “You will have tied yourselves onto the masts so as to hear the shrill of the minerals wrought to braunz. To be bound—the only position in which you may hear this sound. The working day does not conclude with this sonde, but continues with the collection of all sondes. Continue to walk nightly to the billboards and hum with them until you have collected these vibrations within your chambers. Sight...only look at these billboards; which is to say, do not see them when you also hum in harmony. Vision is an excess of sight or sight is an economization of vision. It will be yesterday, when such a voys brought stasis. Your labors, delivered into forms, the shrilling now only as ping emitting from your own chests.”

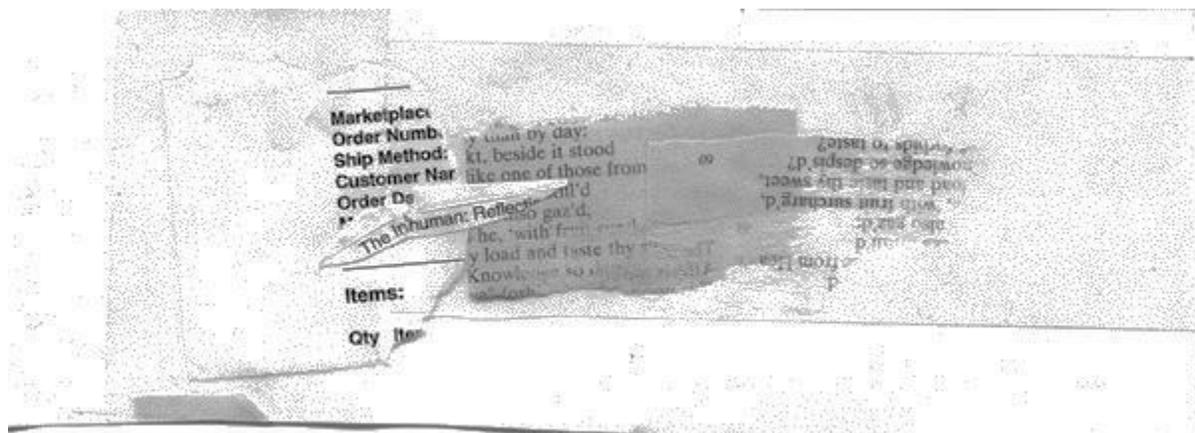
lynx perpetual lynx

mind speche  
turns outward curving  
drawn as though by leche

We lay the mad shipman in a hut at the outskirts of the garden—a temporary lodging for the pathological, as the city still stands in bare studs, which is to say prenatal. The shipman preyes without ceasing, usually an incoherent repeating of “werrthe” and its derivatives. With each day of preyer, the throte grows longer. He breaks into song and with a schreib beside him, writing in the manner taught by the schole of sphares. “Every song starts with the lynx on its tongue—a licking that proceeds from the array of ships to the furred back, the head. And so each set to cleaning himself, with charcoal in one hond, inschreibing on a skin. We had already acknowledged that we were ‘dry casques of departed locusts’ and so we had expected to find our shell of speche broken and scattered into a series of urns. We made a game searching through the urns, the outcome already predicted. The urns would shatter and this would be utterance. After the tradition of Delphi, the city that was guarded by furs, we left the urns to shatter themselves, every utterance an auto-affectation.

“To find a place where we might better recline, to enter the city as it stood ‘atween the pillars of the sylvan roof’, we softly take our humanity off. Pythia had delivered unto us our prophecy, which was for Athens to follow in the manner of the market, with no other body to beseech, and this marked the beginning of the ritual, our response to her language, which was to grow furs, after the tradition of Delphi. To follow the market, one must purr, one must crane the neck, one must bowe lowe. This was the course for Athens, after the tradition of Delphi. So much for our voyeses, we ‘bend to the tawdry table’ and lift the spoons to our throats in the city of Delphi. We had been invited to this table. The only thing left to speke of is the saytelite network or the candor of the nightingale. Could any other tones be found? Saytelite! the very word is like a bell.

“Our tongues sayted with fur, we could find no answer to the prophecy; our rebuke was another bite, which is to say that with the boats drawn on the sand, the red-orange sails were in our mouth. With such song, billowing, we might hope to condition our exchange: metal for furs or hours. We can only frame the market in this one way: as the song is born by circuits. In this way, we left the city, guarded by furs. That is, as song and as a vector, as an array, as a path. Our task was now to map these patterns, to first provide the shattering urns with a grammar, to then admire the bird flight, to speculate, which always must be understood economically.”



## lynx perpetual lynx

As we proceed from quadrant to quadrant, from desert to garden, we confuse the act of walking with the act of accumulation. In walking, we move, but never progress. All we excavate as we construct, all we erase as we walk...chairs arranged in circle, mounds of textes left just covered by the dirt of the settlement, tools of unalloy, spherical protuberances, rings cheyned to the realm below-surfys: these things we incorporate into the structures and streets, or else we preserve them under our gaze, or else we erect them as towers at the barriers of each hexagon. As it is said, exchange begins where communes have their boundaries. Accumulation does not progress, but circules to form perimeters around the settlement—to permit passage and entry. This is an osmotic orb and so even as we excrete and bolster, so even as we dissemble and build, we are only ever rearranging. Among our numbers, there are few that can walk to the end of the road into the desert, even fewer that can walk beyond this roadway into sight of the cave, without crumbling parched—outside of the orb’s maintenance.

Aeneas walks to and from the desert roadway daily, although he is silent as pertains the cave. Nightly, we gather at the chairs formed circular in the garden, that preserved reliq, and he spekes further of his capture of the lynx. “I followed the lynx into a long hall, beset on all sides by images of crashing waves. As it is said, walk through a hall of video feeds so as to observe your own objecthood. The live video feed continued as ships made their way through the crashing waves. Telecommunications are nothing but ‘dry forms in the æther.’ I paused to examine the feed so as to make out what forces could be approaching, but the camera fixed on a single rudder before the feed blacked out, cut off. The video escapes contextualization. I looked at the rudder without thinking about the ship. I walked from feed to feed. The lynx had long passed through the hall and into the room at the other end. The voys of the door demanded that I insert credits to open it and I was without currency.”

gguullss  
he signs  
from the sea out there

fflliigghhtt  
projections  
the embossed and the tapering

he sings  
when circuits  
laspig lapsing

insertion to ground  
shapely at  
sslliivveerr

where object there  
prosppect  
ggoolldd

lynx perpetual lynx

*Vergil in Orbit of Brundisia*

“of the exhaust from our previous passages

oxidant gasses swelling into rings

of metallurgic shavings lifting from the surfys

I surround the ship surrounds

trace of the excavation without ceasing

surfys ever more processed into floating silt from flat

to cloude to fog from texture to array

to surifice again surfys I read from as it floats

before me the silt of my encasing my divination

from arrayal to text I speke these sondes aloud

I am surrounded by soft-hooved messengers

the waste of the scraping of the rubey surfys

I divine from this text in the floating

surfeit of sondes

I divine what must return to fire of the fire

I have written

I divine that I must return to the rubey

surfys of Brundisia

of the milling arms pulling at minerals

the flowing from the ground into protuberance

into tower into monument into crumbling

of which I have written

lynx perpetual lynx  
of the walking beneath mouths beneath a breath  
of this cloude that sustains itself in a room  
an ymage now lost lost to be seen  
any screan at once flat and glowing and depthless  
floating now among the contents of this glass orb  
the breath of my own mouth of the hand  
struggling to move through silt and thick liquid  
of the ship bearing an animal cheyned  
glittering of rubeys on the belly  
to cast a red shadow on each passing saytellite  
of the garden and circule of chairs  
of which I have written  
of the expanding wastes  
of the streams bearing datum thinning into  
vibrating wyre  
these that hum from certain distances  
that I hear even now  
brought to my encasing  
by soft-hooved messengers  
of the logbooks and gleytch  
of the plowman felled  
of the mechanical mouth  
of the writhing hondes folding skin into metal

lynx perpetual lynx

voyses kneel yet as sufyses for transcription

of the half-orbs emitting propulsive grime

of the three pronged towers reverberating with echo

of the howel vessels opening at the ground the cave

yet have I only written the Originary as monument

the silt chastices

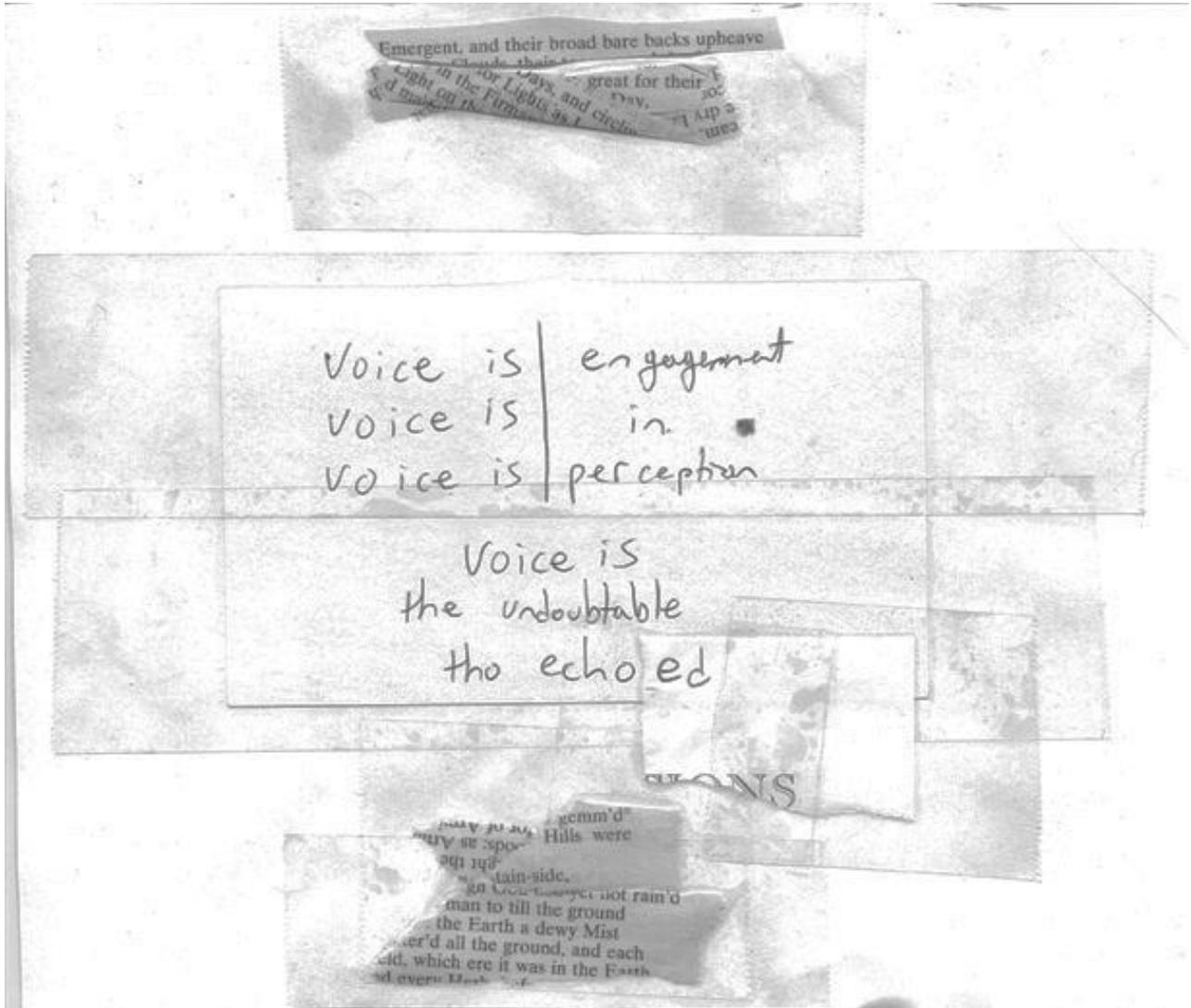
I divine that my body should be filled with liquid

to better hum the song of the rubey surfys...”

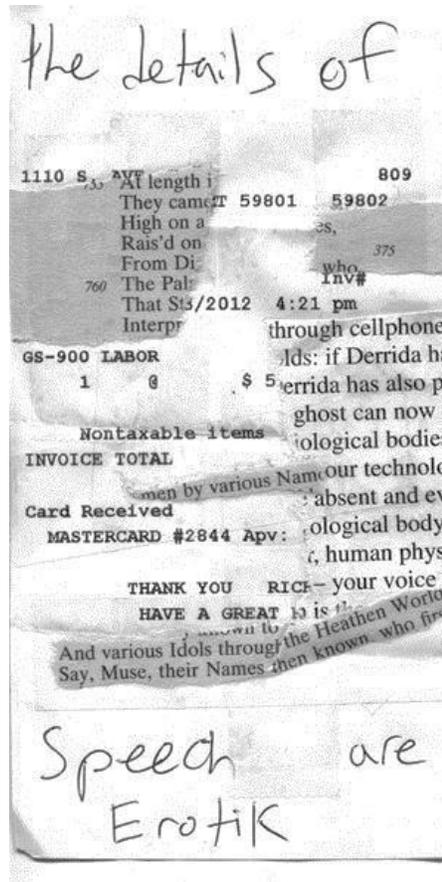
lynx perpetual lynx

Following the reverberations through a series of cavities and protuberances, Aeneas auscultates the corpse of the mad shipman, who is without breath though still giving off sound. He opens the layers of the body through an emission of vibrations, each of which radiates at a different pitch and intensity of sound. The body crumbles in this process—a thick residue left on the ground. Semi-circle of ruined pillars. He takes one of these stones and puts it in his mouth.

beasts relief  
sounds  
parry then swords



parry and address  
a ccut eye  
intimate debts now



Aeneas now speaks only with the stone of the shipman's corpse in his mouth. His tale of the lynx vibrates as though from a throat elongating. The tale becomes a stuttering prayer. Pings burst through the speech—tones dominating the space of the room, so that words never reach beyond Aeneas tongue, except as muttering. "I throw the coin into the slot of the door—since this money, once it is thrown, becomes sacred. Cambyses...between two tethers, strapped, and unburdens his eyes before lenses...The ship opens itself onto the gray combers. I have considered the prow, and so—things occur. I dictate now as, into my arms: series of wyres...what Cambyses speaks... 'This man comes to me, one Amasis. Put a helmet on his head. Screans absorb these, kneelings.' That's how it was: people amassed, looking at this helmeted-head. I wrote as the wyres made circuits through my..."

bodied in fire  
figures and turn  
ships toward silt

shuld all account  
sedimented or stratummm  
electricity is particular

vocal and granular  
arrayes ever smulder  
number and protocol

lynx perpetual lynx

The lynx, a crest prolapsing from a hall of tangling wires. Beneath a roof, woven of circuitry, the low hall holds the blinking entity: a scream, a spirit intending to pass into the next available operator. Intention—as a word, interchangeable with potential energy, or the forwarding of any current into the next available state of matter. Lynx have passed before, each unbeknownst to the succeeding lynx. Although the site of all birth, the circuit holds no memory, only current. Passage—a blinking light indicating presence, a small surge awaiting embodiment. Crest broken and inverted, the lynx prostrate on the low hall's floor. Fallen as such, the lynx raises its voice, as a wave to breach, an exhaustion, signal exuded. The quavering hits the ceiling of the low hall. After ricochet, an echo between the sagging wires and obscure ceiling. No such breath remains suspended, the signal seeping through crevice, slowing to the tone of liquefaction, and dripping back upon the prone source body.

birth is a circuit  
propended of  
sustems exposures

The gally of screanes widens, and with each cry of the lynx, contracts. Another attempt to establish circuit, the lynx bellows through breast exposed. The electrical current proceeds and returns, issuing from the source body, arching; liquefy and circulate. A circuit is engaged as much in change as stasis. Excreted liquid vibrates into a mouth, or the exposure between pieces of copper, suspended from the ceiling of the low hall. Another bellow issues—another strand of liquid. The cry returns almost the instant it had left. Expansion at the same moment as compression. The suspended copper carries the liquid, allows it to ascend, bearing away into the exposed opening. As the liquid approaches the copper exposure, it dissipates and begins to sing. Whither the liquid—aperture, transmute as mouth.

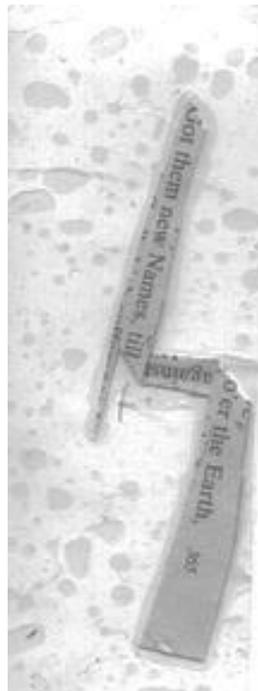
hang from the wyre  
a crey  
regyrded as measure

Stricken as it is in a moment of circuitry, the lynx imagines a procession occurring just beyond the ceiling of the low hall: Luxemborg led on a char, maintained in amber orb, shelled porosity, both leeching from the Cybil her esse and allowing for an uncertain intake, the fume of this exchange moving forward with the char. Vision—a progression, a charge trembling forth from the eyes, thin and golden, beams arrayed. A company of gilded figures sways forward too: Luxemborg's court, held in the cloude. Movement—a direction and a velocity, either united or serrated, but always as indication of bonde. Feeble, febrile, beam seeping upward, eyen to ceiling. A puddle collects on the ceiling, isolated, then constellated. Forced upward, the puddle spins, the wheels of char extending from the ceiling of the low hall.

lynx perpetual lynx

A new and yellow grime has covered all of the unsettled terrain. We walk at this edge where the grime meets the stone and cannot pass through and cannot receive anything from the outside—strands of datum hang in the air. A mess of wyres...Aeneas returns from an expedition and he is coated in it. Each word from him has become a slippery thing, when he has chosen to compose his tales by stomping through the yellow grime. Aeneas assembles all of the inhabitants at this periphery, just beyond the threshold so that the yellow grime ebbs about our toes. As we walk, there is no progress. Aeneas is about to speke and I ready my feet. “Cutting through waves blown dark by a chill wind...” As the grime rains down from the sky, the horse does not advance. As if, domes were its legs, globules now on the mane. And aqueducts become a latticework in the city, the water fixed between pillars, flowing in loops. We do not move as we trace the passage of fluid, but fluctuate. The horse is bowled and can only arch its right front leg.

when stag  
nant  
gnaw



prey  
hair  
when moves

When Aeneas returns next, we will bathe him. With each passage through the yellow grime come new distortions. A man we hear of...once, he had taken on hooves; twice, he could only move by floating and did so only in the paths of geometrical figures. This water does not move. We will bathe him and discover distortions. A voys of a girl recurs...Aeneas as yet appears unchanged. We walk through the settlement and we observe the water, stagnant in the aqueducts. There is grime in the water.

lynx perpetual lynx

effulgence into wilds  
call great names at  
this proximity

irradiated poles spread  
equidistant as barrier  
perpetuity

shield spread luscently  
shimmer refraction  
surfys harm

organism dictates from  
the frothed fulcrum  
shed of arms

“When does the tone of a pinging vessel extend beyond its barrier?” Aeneas asks of himself before the billboard most removed from the settlement, the billboard closest to the edge of the fosse, the room most illuminated and with the most piercing of tones. This thought has been recurring, a motion through circuits. Luxemborg, the Cibyl, emerges from such recurrence, her chaar, a flickering from such patterns in circuitry. Amidst the overwhelming ping, Aeneas leans against the billboard. The technique of the close-up removes all notion of humanity from the skin, imposing upon it—landscape of pores. Luxemborg bleeps, which is a stuttering prayer of instruction gurgling beneath a dominating tone. Aeneas places his ear within her flickering. “The time is come to visit the cave, to enter into the realm beneath, the realm intended only for holograms, yet containing those reliqs no hologram can grasp. The minerals of my own sustenance, yes...but these are only in the first of the many rooms in this labyrinthine under structure. There are other holograms to whom you must speke. There is a console. There are other artifices...for the preservation of this settlement’s orb...”

suspend  
minerals as silt  
medium channel bearer

unbend  
fleche to circular  
until a splayed woven

nightshade  
gathered to voys  
spread into textural

staid  
between  
arrival or departure



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