

involutia

Other works of poetry by Deborah Meadows include:

Thin Gloves (Green Integer, 2006)

Growing Still (Tinfish Press, 2005)

Representing Absence (Green Integer, 2004)

Itinerant Men (Krupskaya Press, 2004)

“The 60’s and 70’s: from The Theory of Subjectivity in Moby-Dick”

(Tinfish Press, 2003)

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for Howard

Part of a rich tradition of poetry and commentary, *Secrets of the Blue Cliff Record* contains some of the most known and least known koans. Luce Irigaray and Gilles Deleuze have accidental meetings as “Luce” and “Gilles” at study.

Luce Studies the Blue Cliff Record

Haven't I?

Haven't I said that?

Haven't I made enough?

So if she is restrained from images
 except through him, we have a problem
 of subjectivity
But her body could be other than his version
 A defensible space for
 creation of things
A name not closer to nature as a sensual flow
 but evocative exploration of sexual fusion
Accomplished by woman & man
 without dividing roles.
Does not adhere to grid, follows
 heat of the moment
Not clearly laid out or articulated.

★

At high noon, there's no need to point east
 or define west anymore.
Yet conditions persist, how to take pulse of ailing
 or relieve pain?
 Did you walk all over with those
dirty shoes on?
 Turning your back
on interpretation as if literatures were
the size of a thumbnail
falling into type?

. . . A time that follows heat
of the moment, beyond particulars,
names, and distinctions.

Giving oneself to be shaped
in a manner she cannot predict
To enhance the porous nature
of the body—moment to moment
Made an act mutual with time,
a membrane of pleasure
Pursuit of what cannot be represented,
but why the philosopher's task
of regenerating whole cultures?

★

This is why closing and opening
are equally taught.
Perception joined to application
(holding still)
temporary is true: expert shows
her moves to a weak opponent
Be sure not to glance aside
at new plants with weak roots.

As a condition that makes it
can break it: unrepresented yet constitutive.

Can read the texts for bias & subordination,
discover a new subject
lurking in the wings.

Not premised on lack, she unsettles
contemporary structures of language.

Without overlooking theatrical space-time,
its props & dialogs, steep recess into distance,
its splayed forefronting of intimacy or action,
she said, “specular economy.”

To speak of thresholds & fluids,
shape of eroticism rather than scoping
detached parts, pliable
“landscapes.”

So risking confusion, we must.

★

The philosopher, to say it in everyday terms, came to the edge
of the stagnant water of transcendence.

To cut through interpretations before the mirror
loses its light.

The whole scene reveals your culture, its
sound and form—an absorption in frolic.

without neglecting characteristic fluids
without neglecting characteristics of property
without neglecting characteristics
that are tactile
that are difficult to idealize
that are difficult to make stable
that are difficult to resist

Here, rubbings between two infinitely near
neighbors
stirrings between two infinitely near
neighbors
blendings between two infinitely near
neighbors

There, a break between perceptible & intelligible,
a break between mounting a scale of value,
a break between “nature” put onto nature

★

If you have eyes, look!

If you have hands, touch!

This is no more mystic . . .
than words *straight to the point*,
clear as pond water.

when she takes
when she takes up
when she takes up his work
reworking the question of language “on trial”
from the philosophical tradition.
She is writing *with* him;
she says, he is a partner in a love
relationship.
Not his double, she wants him to hear her call
from beyond
the circle of his work.

Why would she reflect another detached image
to him, reiterate “same” to
confirm his illusion of self?

*

Stuck in conventional truth is imagining
radiant light will emerge from a stump.

He hangs out a sheep skin,
but sells dog meat.

The stink of religion
coating everything.

sensual forms through which perception
manifests,
no over-emphasis on sight

there is a space between phallic gods &
the rest of the world

she may cover & dwell in all things

how closed is the word from everything?
how happy when both reflect, and so make the other?
or not all, but a small, small angle.

★

Without dwelling on anything, four gates.

Go on through, standing erect like
the free birds we are.

A flow, a percolation,
a favored edge.

when he is forgetful of *she* who gave birth to him,
a protégé is born
from a sea
of becomings
is the “he” pronoun,
“I” prosthesis
at false center of false pattern
linking events by corrosive illusion
without exalted matter,
we-they-you-she
at passages

★

A monk shouts, then hits another
so radiant light is emitted
from bugs, dirt, and worms

“no guts” & “high opinion of himself”

he would like to use her
“while remaining safe in port”

. . . in material existence, there’s self-consciousness
even by mere mention

she shares lips and her edges
her coral involutions
trimmed

some opaque matter
makes possible
variation

not made
with words

★

with finger-pressed crumbs
great teachers cannot be paid

great oaks are not crumbs
but scenes, the path
of language ends later

but for the pretense
of crumbs and oaks, well,
that’s another matter!