

*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)

**Deborah Meadows**

**involutia**

**Shearsman Books  
Exeter**

First published in in the United Kingdom in 2007 by  
Shearsman Books Ltd  
58 Velwell Road  
Exeter EX4 4LD

[www.shearsman.com](http://www.shearsman.com)

ISBN-13 978-1-905700-19-6

ISBN-10 1-905700-19-9

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#### Acknowledgements

'Logic with Mr. Quine' appeared as a *WinteRed* chaplet. 'Animated States' first appeared in *The Poker*, and is forthcoming in *The PIP (Project for Innovative Poetry) Anthology*, Volume 8 (Los Angeles: Green Integer). Other poems have appeared in *Antennae*, *Tinfish*, *Fence*, *Fourteen Hills* and *Shearsman*. The author would like to thank the editors of these literary publications.

#### Cover:

Ordos belt plaque, bronze  
Buffalo Museum of Science  
catalog number Br66  
photographer: KC Kratt



The publisher gratefully acknowledges financial assistance for its 2005-2007 publishing programme from Arts Council England.

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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!