



OF BEING DISPERSED
SIMONE WHITE

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Simone White

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Then I began to hear the call of Los Angeles.
The best rooms in the apartment faced North.
My husband tried to put me where I could entertain
winter light, the lavender paint-idea, the sectional
porn poured in from design blogs. Well,
it was no use. Los Angeles was on my face;

it was hot and harmless.

Before I burned up and rolled away,
black-ass tumbleweed, as had happened so many times
in dreams that year, it was important that I get there
or get some information my papa was trying to get across,
like, GO TO LOS ANGELES

(where dead negroes can't get in your house).

Yeah.

It has been suggested that I am insufficiently open
to the possible presence of occult phenomena
on this earth. Voices of the dead, which I just told you
come around/irritate me, rock kinetics,

shamans and people who clear auras,

I do not deal in. Not because they are not real,
but because they are, I do not deal in them.

Los Angeles of the hidden garden, of the carved-up
starlet, acres of strange dick, items
of unclear provenance and arbitrary value.

There is a hotel in West Hollywood, quite near
the bungalow of an old friend who can make shoes
out of wood and boiled wool, but that is just
an example of what she can do. I would like
to take a room in this hotel for weeks on end
and pretend to be dead. I should drink champagne

and refuse help, then move to another hotel. Perhaps,
the Beverly Hills.

C o m m e n t

‘Avant le circonflexe, on a cru que tous l’écriture était écrit dans la langue du réflexion. Thus, the language I learned to speak at birth comments upon relative inscription.’

Commentary, first mode of elaboration, before inquiry, people just rapping in caves.

In feelings of and for total loss, the fullness of maturity mauled and harassed me. In my marriage and with my mother, there was truly no celebration of my imaginary self, still caterwauling in the way-behind.

The subways could be anywhere because a state of unhearingness prevails there; unless there is an emergency, and people begin to speak.

From the Old French *comment* and before that the Latin for “invention, contrivance, enthymeme.” Speech from or with *mens*: Speech that has wishes, wishing to be more than sound; that non-talk for which the poetic so painfully hopes.

Also, commend. I commend to you a period of abstinence. Preferably from drink. I eked out the most moderate drunkenness for many lonely days. I poured thimblefuls of white wine and still staggered under the same motherfucker of a headache. My liver was tender, very tender. I wanted to say, “The principle of this body is to put out. Invagination is a cosmic scam!”

You have a complicated way of speaking.

This chicken store was not yet operational. Its nice grey sign attempted a ridiculous balance between [come hither] and [it doesn't so much matter whether you come or not]. I know what a chicken is, though. What is that talent called, with fonts? Because fried chicken is a wholesome snack, I command you:

Get outta here, nigga! Kiss my black ass! "Discours qui font rire."

Hot Bird. Hot Bird. Hot Bird. Every few miles on the circuit: one need not starve to death this evening. Lemon yellow and red, yolk and hen, rolled in red dirt.

My relationship to chicken is uncomplicated.

Your sentences trail off into muttering when your nerves get the better of you. Your thigh becomes frantic, your palm presses down on it as if in secret, but everyone can see your thigh, which is not connected to your palm but to your hip and the ball of your foot. Eyeballs, tongue, your whole leg kicks out against the piece you would say. I see how patience is a kind of caress. Let history be borne out in stutters, in mania and grappling.

Awash in delay forever, I had wished for it, and made it so. What was true was also filthy, was surgical. I had the fingers for it.

Of Being Dispersed

W a t e r s

as it were in the blood

availed of ability to ride

it could be on horseback the way you appear most
regular

not to be ridden I understand

the necessarily imagined whip

burdens banging against both flanks your loose

neglected mad horse someone eventually shoots

in the name of most gentle barbarity

what a terrible swimmer you were

now your son is no swimmer dude seriously

many times his little body was stuck on me

a barnacle or hung little albatross

apologize never
and always claw my back

waters roll off me

they ride me or I ride them it is a complexity

whether one is being

done for or doing in your element

P e s t i l e n t

Whereabouts my brother somewhere

in night sweat

pestilent learned most inside of inside?

Whereabouts his manner having disappeared

returns awash.

Never and always my brother

renews twoness ungendered forms

uninterviewed.

- : Ocean Parkway and what?
- : The bar there, it takes my dog Wrath.
- : Riff or to float you?
- : W-R-A-T-H. Duh.

: My Honeymoon.
The Surfers.

: Turpentine won't erase your greasy hopes
: or daily refusal to stand up on the sea.
Impossibility is for drunks.
: Stand up! Stand up on the sea.
: Just this morning hundreds, barefoot, rose,
: to walk on water as testimony.
: Our will to grip and destroy the physical laws;
: it is the essence of navigation,
: also of not drowning. You are so deeply lazy.
: Everyone makes me work ungodly
: hard to keep him with me.

Metaphor for the Changing Season

All I was thinking or would ever think was happening in a closet. I could never be joined there by anyone but you. You and you and I were all there was. The enfolding thing, to pulsate. Parts broke off and spun away. We were capsular or corpuscular in terms both of destiny and lack of destination. Parts broke off and I looked to you to see if thoughts had been had by anybody.

: Can I meet you at Supreme?
:
: I can't meet you at Supreme?
: I can work the subway and meet you at Supreme.

Actionary

Who can give an account of occasions

Can mechanized description so falter

Can move toward gesture to scissor the outline

Each to enable a series of seconds breaking or burning

Can undo the work of a million years of human love

if I curse you just right