Excerpt *I. The Pulp Vs. The Throne* From "Much Affection From the Bold Part / of the River / It's a Crisis / of Movement"

Carrie Lorig

When I say The Pulp Vs. Throne,

I think of The Softness / Its Hardness, An Endlessness

and how it moves

towards and maybe beyond a brittle Horizon, A Dilation

mouthing A Distillation in preparation for swallowing it

There's Nothing Versus about A Boundary-Disabled Multitudinous

Shooting Spree Vs. The Simple Pleasure of Holding a Phrase Like

I Love You in Your Mouth.

N describes to me a scene from A Film told in / Stills / in which the woman pulls her hair / to the top of her hair / to reveal her neck:

"It's terrifying because she is so exposed, she doesn't move. She can't move."



I ask how difficult it is to take and picture the River at its wide and widening point I ask how difficult it is to get the River its drone

and its mesh

and its work	and its boiling palace legs so gold		
	Between the two bonepoles of Earth	I think	
I can be getting	everything them on me	between and I	
am so slivered With one turned	Still between and I am so sharpen apart flower I ask and get the re		

Blood on the wall

is also small

EXPAND HERE:

I feel in my mouth, a fingerprints.

I feel a strip ravel through granite:

How To Get Some Poems Written Being Who I Was.

The Pulp Vs. The Throne,
The Pulp Vs. The Throne,
runningtheimpossibility, impossibility, the unknown and its softgull
over and over, looping and looping, rehearsal, rehearsal, rehearsal,

repeating what shouldn't be,

is my most fertile / is my most fur tiled land.

It has to be because fur is the most giving texture. It has to be because paradox, p a r a d o x, p a r a d o x,

"A negative image from which positive pictures can be created," says Anne Carson, "is a paradox."

That which not only shouldn't be, but CAN'T BE, is the thing that reproduces despite,

is the thing

that makes me feel DOUBLE.

I feel I am seizing deep inside.

I feel possibility,

but I also feel guilt shard and I feel shame shard

because I am seizing so deep inside.

I farm and farm with a c i r c u l a t i o n deep in something

that shouldn't or CAN'T BE.

Hello Fear. Hello Turning Horse

Desperate In The Frozen Space.

HELLO, I SMELL LIKE A MURDERVEST

CONTRACTION.

Doesn't it feel like you are creating problems where there aren't any? Doesn't it feel like you are creating where there isn't anything?

There's me and the inverted flowers shattering under the sand.

 I get a text in the middle of watching dead leaves.

N sends me a quote from Jacques Lacan, who insists on "leav[ing] the reader no other way out than the way in," which Lacan says he, "prefers to be difficult."

We are stuck IN language.

IN its obliterated DUNE FLOOR.

Subject: What is a building?

Dear J, Dear Stickpack,

It is storming, but I'm always bad at making myself close the windows. I almost typed cut the windows. Cut the windows off from sound and wetness. I'm soft for weather, though. When we were walking home, E said, Are those clouds hugging that building? and we laughed. The reason I brought up chartreuse and a bird earlier is because last week I saw a crowd around a thing. It was a bird that had, moments ago, fallen onto the bridge dead or near dead. That color on it, chartreuse (the name of this color disturbs me or at least/ makes little rocks move,) was turned up towards the crowd that was so young and concerned and stuffed together. And it amazed me? It seemed like such a lost cause. They tried to pick it up with a lid. But the thing is, E and I just now saw the bird crushed on the bridge, pieces and pieces of its brilliant belly smushed into the weird paint they use to cover the ground. Did they abandon it? Did they give up? Did they lay it back down thinking...What? The bushes were so close by. It was as wonderful as it was bewildering, considering I had just used it to write so quickly back to you.

The godbuck of pattern attuning in the middle of an impossibility,

of pattern emerging to deplete distance,

this stance of difficulty and bloodflower

where there doesn't have to be any, where there could be ZERO,

of looping over all of them constantly.

The Pulp vs. The Throne is not an acknowledgement

of the beginning that is only a fight against,

but an acknowledgement of the beginning

of a softer collapse

between those two words,

of a hood that dives off the wall

and into the water.

What is a Large Cross?

What is the beginning of closeness?

I GIVE UP. I look at chords and tightening and I GIVE UP.

I want you and your bonepoles and I am dying

because it opens up space in me-my body, in memy name, in memy language.

my lady / eats

my lady / eats

I've been to a rush lilac. I've been to a wave of the edge opening. I've been stuck in a full place. I've been stuck in the place folding in on itself.

I've been to a rush lilac. I've been to a wave of the edge opening. I've been stuck in a full place. I've been stuck in the place folding in on itself.

There is everyone at the lessening of your wounds,

but Repetition is never Repeating Exactly. It is each sentence Exactly. Each sentence it is Exactly what and where is Precise, but what is Precise Precisely if it doesn't yield an Exactitude?

Maybe illegally, it is in / French.

The figure of the word insists on a trying on a form on a testing on a making on a repetition by itself.

Each time round is an extraction. Each time round we find the return. Each time round the return is immediate. Each time round the return is brutal. Each time round the return is near. Each time round I learn what should be a trap

- : paradox
- : impossibility
- : repetition

is, because of poetry, always bringing me closer to you.

(powerlines)

(powerlines)

You, made of no light but noise. You, made of questions of magnetism and gravity,

like any sentence.

I currantly call

I currantly call

and

I snap my gums

I snap / my guns

at a dry moon