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From the *Inertia Variations*

John Tottenham

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THE ARRIVAL

For years on end I have been sitting here
Impatiently awaiting potency; some explosive revelatory surge
That will carry me away and permit no looking back.
But this moment of deliverance has not arrived,
And I have done nothing to hasten it.
Perhaps it doesn't matter.
Perhaps I wasn't meant to do anything:
In which case, I have succeeded admirably.

ACCOMPLISHMENT

It would be a relief if I could resign myself
To unproductivity and simply exist
Unburdened by this tiresome need to produce
That has been the cause of so much unpleasantness.
It's not as if I do anything with my time
And as for most of the people who do accomplish
Anything: one rather wishes they hadn't bothered either.
Accomplishment, I suspect, is overrated.

J. Tottenham (✉)
Los Angeles, CA, USA
e-mail: otiosity@sbcglobal.net

CITADEL

Am I empty at the core or just around the edges?
 Are there riches therein? I wouldn't know.
 I'm weighed down in a warm white glow,
 Crushing the stark yellow dullness of the day
 Into dust, statically and statelessly drifting
 Throughout this haze of rust. Riding the waves
 Of lostness across the landscape of a desk,
 Into the bulwark of a threadbare curtain.

LIFE WITHOUT WORK

To do nothing
 In this day and age,
 When so much pointless work
 Is being produced,
 Could almost be considered an achievement.
 It all compares most unfavorably
 With my own imaginary
 Body of work.

PATRONAGE OF NEGATION

I am constantly confronted by other people's works
 That I could have created myself.
 And I am constantly disappointed by them.
 Sadly, I have to recognize them
 For what they are: inferior versions
 Of what I could have done
 If I'd been insecure enough in my abilities
 To do anything.

TO POSTERITY

My most profound observations
 Have gone unrecorded. They were too subtle
 And I was too lazy to pin them down.
 I was always sluggishly scrambling
 Onto the next thing that would remain undone
 Or underdone. It was, of course, within my power
 To formulate them, despite the fact
 That no evidence of them exists.

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