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A Country: A Map in 6 Towns, 35 Roads

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A Country

a map in 6 towns, 35 roads

a senior project submitted to

The Division of Languages and Literature of Bard College

by Elijah Jackson

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May, 2018



A Country

A map in 6 towns, 35 roads

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My unending gratitude

to my Mom and family,
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And of ourselves, and of our origins,
In ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds.

-Wallace Stevens

Among distinctions, there is assuredly none more clear-cut than that between the organism and its surroundings; at least there is none in which the tangible experience of separation is more immediate. So it is worthwhile to observe the phenomenon with particular attention and, within the phenomenon, what is even more necessary, given the present state of our knowledge, is to consider its condition as pathology (the word here having only a statistical meaning)--i.e., all the facts that come under the heading of mimicry.

-Roger Callois

A Preface: A Figure Legend

It's actually very counter productive to bind this whole thing into a book.

The following is a map of A Country— a network of towns, and the roads that connect them, set against a landscape: parceled, apportioned, and carved by the presence of the towns, the roads.

Here: each town is a voice. A moment on the map. An account. A stretch of weeks or hours. Someone yelling, getting beaten. Considering their bones. Skin shorn off, walking, being accosted. Skin too dried from wind, hit by a car, processed gravel moving. Marrow producing blood & fat, watching things go past.

Here: the roads are proprioceptive. They don't just transport from one town to the next. They are entities of the making-up of the map. Containers with awareness of their presence in space. Interstices that permit and create the necessity of the voices' being there. They don't always go somewhere. Sometimes the purpose of a road is not to connect two towns, but to carve an otherwise undivided tract, and at its end, disperse into an obscured end. Or to allow an event to occur, that would otherwise have no place.

All these points on a map, together— they form A Country. They are a plain of voices, ideas, events that exist as if pinned to the wall, in two dimensions, with no real linear order. The order here is arbitrary. All the components happen at the same time, on the same spatial & temporal plane. Each voice just on the wall, connected to another one by a network of roads.

In other words, the map is a depiction of A Country, the relationship between its parts forming A Country.

A Country is a space for hagiographies of common, basic practices, phenomena that are overlooked as givens but can be redefined within the space created by examining their minutia; things thought whole by seeing, discretized into parts by touching. Things like wind, skin, gravel.

This is the thing about gravel and sand that makes them the same as this map—one views sand and gravel as grouping into wholes (e.g., patch of gravel, ditch filled with gravel, gravel plant, gravel pit, gravel, gravel, sand pit, sand trap, sand bag, sand dune); one thinks of them like water, as contiguous fluids. But each mote exists independent, blind of the false, imagined whole. And quite a bit goes into making each mote, ground down through complicated series of metal plates, conveyors, or years of buffeting by the wind. Sand especially is thought of as a fluid, and that is very wrong. Both are complex networks of individual parts, that must be kept independent of one another.

All of this goes for the points on a map themselves—they can be abstracted, from a distance, to being superfluous, if one considers them as strictly constitutive of the map; the map being the final product, composed of points, one whole *thing*. But that is simply not true. Each point, each road, each town is independently requisite, and exists autonomous from the whole— they do not exist simply to fill out and create the map. They exist because they need to. And though the map may be up there looking at you, it is not a whole thing. This, too, goes for looking at a bolt of skin. You will probably hear a lot here about gravel & wind & skin.

The idea of A Country is to create a membrane sort of casing that holds all of this, implying a flexible union and creating a space in which all of the voices & roads can occur. It is not an attempt to unify them. It is an indictment of the idea that they can be unified into one *thing*, and an attempt to reify their position as discreet, individual *things*.

In a sense, this work is about creating an atmosphere with its own logic. It's about building an idea of place. It's about reading a map.

**In Fortuna:
Warm Winds**

This, is no bare incoming
of novel abstract form, this
is no welter or the forms
of those events, this,

Greeks, is the stopping
of the battle

-Charles Olson

Besides, they talked about things and especially about people he couldn't possibly know as though he did know them, was one of their group. Maria had hit Otto over the head with her alligator bag. Uncle had come down in the cellar, chased Alfred into the yard, and beaten the Italian kitchen maid with a birch rod. Edward had let her out at the intersection, so that she had to walk the rest of the way in the middle of the night; she had to go through the Child Murderer's forest, so that Walter and Karl wouldn't see her on the Foreigners' Path, and she'd finally taken off the dancing slippers Herr Friedrich had given her. Bloch, on the other hand, explained, whenever he mentioned a name, whom he was talking about. Even when he mentioned an object, he used a description to identify it.

-Peter Handke

On the commercial strip the supermarket windows contain no merchandise. There may be signs announcing the day's bargains, but they are to be read by pedestrians approaching from the parking lot. The building itself is set back from the highway and half hidden, as is most of the urban environment, by parked cars. The vast parking lot is in front, not at the rear, since it is a symbol as well as a convenience. The building is low because air conditioning demands low spaces, and merchandising techniques discourage second floors; its architecture is neutral because it can hardly be seen from the road.

-Robert Venturi

1.

In this heat, events are equalized
in their probability. In Fortuna,
I lost a quantity of bone,
marauding with my cohort— (Peters,
Augustino, Margueritte, Malloy. And others,
later). And Peters
is down
in the valley. Smashed his fingers.
The derelict Jaguar. Driving.
Smell of vinculum
forced between tarsals, smell
of brake fluid. Someone, around,
drinking brake fluid,
casting it to airs
as a new unction. And I
am laid prisoner
to this valley. To the hills
slurred out
as slumped cordons. To the insects
the predators teeth clogged
in feasts.

Among the succulents—
the transformers
dead yucca
boulders used to right oneself
in place
I am shrouded
by these pylons—immured
in heat, I,
immured,
in heat.

2.

The causeways.
Driving. The acts in parallel
with the landscape. Peters
and his hands — him,
reckless, with his hands. Curious
of hands' ossature curious
of their innards. Hands laid
between the rotor
and pad,
the disc brakes of the Ford
retch. Clasp on hands. I, watching, bare back
to the bench-
seat, I am interested in:
the points his palms, and
two of eight carpals will
split from pressure. Parallel plains of palm of metal
split the way the road splits.
During this:
Peters will relish contact.
He does this
as a gambit—
hold my attentions.

Fortuna is:
an inquiry
into the tactile. The sloughing
of bone, the rock and the road, bone splitting
as the road would—wind against
exposed bone, wind curled around the Moss Back
Butte. The landscape in the body. The same wind cut
under skin, and picking
through sand, cutting down the canyons
stroked sand against the belly

of an intruder. I,
an observer, watch the bone. Peters
driving. He will
smash his fingers
till he makes defective the Ford's
locking mechanism—there are twenty-three
bones in the hand—I saw all
of his. Today, his eyes:
nervous. And beaten
from taking in too much wind. He takes his
time, eyes glued open bared regard
at hands wind bared splitting. *I know*
the carnal friction, between metal and bone, I said
splitting reeds to make
his poultice. *As I*
am the libertine's doctor.

3.

The wind cuts through
all this: the warm winds
 (came from
the roads) over asphalt,
 the parking
lot with fresh laid asphalt:
 where it is so
hot: so there's always new dust
new tracks
to follow. I followed
the tracks East
 where no man trod
save for those tanning hides. *I'm
looking for a licking!* yelled Peters
wanting to pay a man to abrade him
to raw meat.

Now. Forcing down
the Jaguar's windows:
let the warm wind
deposit its collections, the points
picked up in friction, wind
sloughed against:
exposed raw portions
rubbed raw skin rawed
by the sands picked by the wind,
and wind against junked wheel-
wells giving themselves
to oxide. In this heat
all give portions
to the airs.

The wind
is a city
of scintilla. It is made
to cut through follicles.
Still whisking
over skin
when skin
 (too dried)
begs to be
spit on.

4.

Today I tasted pitch
melted from the grains of the road.

*Who's driving
to Tijuana?* I yelled, the Jaguar's
heaving I'm spitting on my thighs
for Augustino, he said: *I don't like them dry*
and dug his heels in. He said:

*I might be needing
your help one day, for I limped over
from South Ute—and the horseflies, ridding me
of fluids, the grifters, off with my gold,
they've dusted me with emetics
slung snake oil, coated
skin and seeping
through lymph nodes
to alter
my humors: I am
awash.*

Augustino always
came blathering. He's filthy.
Sickly. His skin
attenuated in sand, and ripe
to absorb the fumigants. Ninety-eight
degrees, today. Invasive flies coagulate
on Dagget-Yermo Road.
Skin is primed by abrasion
to receive messes of evidence
of debauched moments, flaked off
of dermis, of road.

This maker
of sand views, wind curled and
lodging our gums
with flakes from the mesas as Augustino whipped
out his knife to clean
his gums. I, indignant, swerve
and bust carrion, it is
one-hundred and
five degrees today.
I watch Augustino
intone to the hills. Watching
I learn:
of his love for the hills. Voice coating
the hills, tone bound, in
tenor, in pitch, and even
a kind of warble, guided
by the hills, moving
atop their crests as a needle, magnetized
and guided north, despite the movings of its bearer. Five
minutes later—the Doctor was easy.
Kept the gold
in his fillings.

Later. I am eyeing highwaymen
slurring down the road.
Hunching over boiling reservoirs
of pitch.

5.

I know for certain:
these men are inbred.

Mauricio, his low slung
Studebaker rounds the sharp curve
mounts the curb. He, his gang of fools
swerving pelting passersby
arresting passersby & yelping—
For cur's blood is that which coats their veins! yelled
Malloy (an enemy of Mauricio). His voice
sounds like humidity. A calm folds over
the clearing. Today
the curs fight.

Parsifal, dragging his sons
to the clearing. Dragging his sons
from their respites. Parsifal's sons,
Mauricio's fools... They like each
other. Between them
a coherence of form. And so:
on days when opposing cohorts meet
(to fight
curs) the sons and the fools commune
and make new forms of currency
out of stray sinew torn from cur
bone, in feast. Unrendered suet. Salt
pork. They hold their attentions, unfazed
by curs' teeth mixing
with curs' bone.

*The landscape is a broken
bone.* Said
Parsifal.

6.

The wind traffics in:

The picking up of motes
(deracinated skin
flake rust gravel skin and the paint-
chips they're sticking to)

The unmooring of points
(for placement
on new surfaces).

The traveling
of motes
(from plane
to orifice).

Peripatetic motes
brought together: in vaporous action.

Desiccants
in transit rehydration
upon the collision of the motes with:

an eye

the mouth's split crease giving clear exudate

skin's fresh rawed surface & damp subdermal layers

uncovered bone, of a being still losing fluid.

The intervals
are getting shorter, said
scraped
pavement badly injured
Jaguar. Head off
the motorcade.

This wind
sloughs eschars, it
feels through scabs. A gust colludes
with the lowlands, stokes
an ember, equalizes
the pressure gradient. It came from Oscura Peak—
it came from Sierra Blanca. It came from the roaring.
The driven East.

7.

I think my vision's
going. No one knows
what's wrong with Augustino. He's rarely
stilled always nicking thighs, his pocket
knife. Hands
unbound, he dwells
intemperate. *No one knows
what's wrong with him!* Marguerite
told me yesterday. Today:
unsure of his walking. His
legs, anemic, after a limp up Horse
Peak. His right heel plods
into asphalt punched
(as rebar) into pavement. His left calf calm
slowed to ataxial limp and losing faculties
right calf relaxed, giving up his standing body
to the pavement. Of course
he ended up falling
completely. In the asphalt
he is awash
in residues. Man born
of creosote, born
of pitch, thinned skin
falls back into origins.

Torn skin
evacuated of its moisture.
Dried to paste and dust. Powdered
by wind
to further mix. *I might
be needing your help
one day!* said
Augustino, he can (no
longer) walk.

Forced down
the hair-
shaft the wind feels
the laden subcutaneous.
It—traveling
beneath—loves nails,
the falling off of dermis. *The storm
will come to-morro!* I say
wide mouth lips curled
splitting.

8.

My bared
back and
opened shoulders
across back
face back-
wards bent
the axis
of my spine.
Irregular curve spine
the wind
finds new areas
new pressure differentials
between vertebral pockets.
I bare myself
to wind, this wind:
it splays bodies flays
chests. This wind:
the ringer of rats.
And I, in baring,
am awash.

And in baring: it is as if I am always baring myself to wind. Even in moments of cruelty, or moments of curled body, ensconced by a protectorate of metals—my flakes, detached in a moment of communion, are still present in the airs. They are still bonded by the heat and speed of their collisions to the points of levigate skipped off auger-bits operating on Brazos Peak, whisked from Landers to Cadiz, settling over the parking lots of Fortuna. I receive them, and I feel I was born on a stalled train. Because my motes, taken from me in moments of baring, collate with more violent motes, say, motes taken while a bone is being comminuted, and their contact with one another, their continued presence within the airs making any moment composed of all preceding moments of whose skin flakes are pressed together.

The wind's motes
are bared fundament.
My motes in wind
are new compounds
of particulars.
Unctions
of body, of road.
There's a city
in this wind, and today's
was a dust storm.

9.

Uncle rang. He's leaking
in heat. His windows burst
in the storm, so much gravel pouring
through burst windows. His shack is:
a kind of blastocyst.
Filling with material until its casing (his
walls) becomes too weak
to hold the contents
of the influx. And naturally the walls would burst
in attempting to divide,
as a cell, into replicated forms.
And my memories
of the shack.
Early morning, groaning,
all but emptied field, shack
between boulders used as landmarks,
known even in Landers
for their particular shape.
Lizards, voles,
their brethren. Taking refuge
from a common storm. Under
the pitch-treated pine pine
driven through bedrock
as foundation disturbed burrows
and paths cut through the underbelly
of the sands,
the shorn
top of the bedrock. And so:
in considering
the shack, there's a storm. Considering
a storm, I remember
the shack. This is the way
memory works.

Cracking skin
cast in unsustainable
still lit street-
lit vespertine.
Wind curved
fingers still
in their want of nothing
but the striking of the tonsils
by a too-long
nail.

10.

The Fox Fire. I'm tired
of this movement grazing the highway
the bar's in the strip mall, engorged parking
lot. Not having been to the Fox Fire—
there is still memory
of place. There being
coherence of place, among even
two unknown areas. Shared vocabulary
of building's image.

The gas station
the ornamented sheds. Ensconced
in a patina of rust. The street-lamp,
its blurring of light.
The same light
against the Monte-Carlo Room
where I, beaten
by a military man,
felt the blurring of patinas:
the enamel of a urinal breaching
the enamel of my teeth. Dentin
and fluids
mixed, the erasure
of their discreet
surface tensions.
Used the phone
to call Marguerite in this
blurring heat (having lost
my good teeth). And I know
the clear fluid
evacuated from a wound.

Meeting Malloy in the strip mall— the Fox
Fire. Get him drunk beat
his son. *Get some sleep*
now, Seamus! yelled
Malloy I slugged
the son. *Warm winds picking up!* And I follow the hollers
You whining kid
should have never married! yelled, bar, howling
old men howling asphalt against bleeding air
tires. Old men
convalescing in the truck beds IV
fluid-bags corrupted by brake
fluid they're hanging
from exhaust pipes pitched
over the truck-
beds lording over truck-
beds. Cursing
that Captain, his
oozing men. Biting
through Hendrick's cheek flap
cheek fat cells bloated stray
curs bleed over
vittles.

I remembered the lights
cast over Cadiz
in auburn.
The glow over Sunfair:
the same lights,
a spilling rust,
of mercury vapor
and arced current.

I remember the rust
no matter its locale.
The buildings:
each announce visions
of their brethren. These buildings
their beatings lodged in their stucco, sublimated,
later, to fumes
leaking gas
pumps.

This wind, blending fumes
the hot dust
desquamated stucco.
The scorched pitch
bled from pavement. And the winds retreat
to the hills. Settle over the mesas. Collate their pick-ups,
to still, in between the brush, and among the gravel.

Seamus is a mute. I was thought
a mute in my pre-
lapsarian years.

11.

Today I took
Peters to the Doctor.
Passing by Marguerite
colluding with the highwaymen
digging snares. Peters clad
in leather. Incorrectly
cured leather—rotting
like it's stuck to the cow.

There we saw the dog
we poisoned. And I am struck
dumb cut my head.
Bleeding, the parking
lot. Waiting for the phone
in the commissary. The crowd,
its fracas. The rooster
came alive in his cooking pot.
Can't reach the Doctor—no
matter, too hard to keep track
of stitches (in this dumb
heat).

The Doctor's is underneath Mariano Mesa
amidst colonies of ungulates
fed incorrect quantities of grain,
starved of sunlight
 (having been imported
from a more open patch of earth). Later. At the Doctor's. Peters
making a mess. Putting up
a fuss. Spilling
himself. The Doctor said—
Air your gangrene. Eyeing
the ungulates
they pick waste
from their hides
for vittles. *I am no vet-*
rinarian
the Doctor said
but this man
is bound for perdition. Rattling the bones
on Peters' left hand.

12.

This wind guides a spark
to the ossuary. It is angry
today. Carrying sands—
take my motes
for the breeding of new forms.
The wind's grinding. Its
particulates slipping—
Bring metal
from the engine block. Force metal
through vents, to my raw
bared thighs. The wind
is angry today
carrying sands
to mix with:

ink from an aluminum can chafed
by its dragging on a porous new highway it was
stuck to a semi's tire and bleeding it of air. Coyote marrow
split by an inhumane trap, wound drying in the hot wind
still giving synovial fluid, soon to be rent of its water and reduced
to a sterile powder. Montclair's split tendon brushed off the heel of Hendrick's boot
and mixed with polycarbonate threads of a mud caked floor mat
as he depresses his foot against his clutch pedal, en route to Cascabel.
Dentin from rough impact, a dull shovel, the teeth of a dead opossum peeled
off the road
attracting crows
crows that were giving off were giving off portions of their feathers to the wind
after impacts with tires, grilles, windshields, hood
armaments, side mirrors,

The trash
dead skin slough
windward twain
of asphalt
and the beaten hands
of those who have lain it:
the wind is evidentiary of you.

13.

Today the day
the curs fight. In the antechamber
I pushed
Parsifal for mouthing
off.

Marguerite's
lover, son in tow
slaps his son.

Marguerite, covered in dirt
lives the day
in the sedan chair.
*I'm looking for a fecund
patch of dirt, yelled Marguerite. And in this heat
I need
an auto-de-fé.*

Mauricio
laughing. Guzzling solvents. Corralling
his curs.

Malloy whips his
to expose vertebrae.
Make them howl in tune with the wind!
yelled
Malloy.

And Parsifal's sons
absconding the antechamber
for the clearing. *Whatever
happened to dogs?* Marguerite
asked.

The air
a mess of fluid—
and saturated in so much
fluid (a new
humidity). Mauricio's hand pulled
sharp up wrenched from shoulder
as a uniform wave
down to point of contact:
engorged knuckle brought against
its own subdermal layers and
compressing its dermis to the point
of splitting. The shock of impact always travels from bone,
through skin,
to skin, to bone...

And the curs
so quick pull teeth
through sinew, teeth-disabled
muscle and mixed fluids
once held discreet
in body, once cloistered
in bone. Movements of muzzle
so tied in speed
to yelps of this fracas
yelps of curs and yelps
of fools
watching curs in fracas.

And the sons chanting in the clearing
chant out for stags
to win their reward.

The stags quitting their dens, in the hills. Their
cloven hooves, and their making
of marked sand and gravel pressed
in hooves' image, shreds
nicked off and flattened
by hooves urged
to meld, to be dried
into thickets,
tossed up and floating
to road. As evidence
of the stampede.

14.

Today
I stole back
the Jaguar. Later, on the balcony.
I remember
this balcony from prying open
my jaw (stitches,
wires rusted by
lymph, my
broken jaw). And my stance
so far above sands, correlated
to prying open my jaw. I tasted
the hot dunes
the valley. I tasted
sands. And the trash
miners, the asphalt decrepit repairmen, *I was
in a 32nd floor hotel room
when I was your age!*—spit, threw
jerrycan off the roof, door swung
open—*Get your own gun
chum! I'm waiting for the phone!* Waiting
for the phone, waiting for Peters
to settle up (for the Doctor's bill)—*Time
to settle up now!*—grabbed my hand
his sweat stained shirt felt
abraded elbow exposed bone
his wet cast.
Felt as one, hunting
for vittles drags hand under sand
and into a burrow, where the sand yields
to porous rock, carved out by the teeth
of a rodent. *Got
to get back to Marguerite's
now! Musso's tonight?* Unction!—cut

through the valley,
and cursing the storm
got to go get
dinner now! And Augustino driving
mute, apoplectic
slough covered legs I, reach over.
Pull the wheel counter
to the wind. Let the Jaguar go.

15.

On the balcony, I was finally caught staring. Nightstick hard into the base of my spine and notching up each vertebra, as if to count their number and assure the anatomical completeness of my skeleton. Standing on the balcony, looking down, and watching all the cars driving different circles in the parking lot—circles, overlapping slightly, but with consideration payed to timing, preventing their wreckage. They're trying to stir up more wind. With their windows down and jaws pried open, with arms outstretched and driving in the direction of the wind, altering their speed depending upon the flow of the wind they feel against their exposed portions. Still on the balcony, I am watching the kicked up wind, through the sand it assumes into its cloud. It is moving towards the hills, to pick up the more stagnant sands on their peaks, to combine with sands that are always motile, raining upon those mingling about the highways, upon the relics in parking lots.

16.

That's how I lost
the bone. Yes. And after all this
I returned home. Now Peters
is back, with a
three step yelp in ascending
pitch—*I love you Dimitri!* (his
son). From the balcony
moaning of the tire iron. Brandished
his hands. The bur split in bone. Augostino's driving
foot.

I think: this is all kind of worship. A way
of tuning body
to landscape, to build
parallel forms between all
that's wind-beaten. Being eroded. Splitting
in heat, dehydrating and becoming brittle.
Allowing a communion
at the strike of a broken bone. One says—That
was the way
the mud splits. Dried to brittle
by the sun. That was the way the boulder
tumbled from the mesa cleft
another in twain. That
was the way the fox gutted
the hare. Or a way
of building networks
of memory, keyed
to the structures, endlessly
replicating themselves—the same
low slung structures shrouded
by parking lots. The desolate
shacks in clearings. And so too

the events of the days
repeat, and lash themselves
to buildings. And by doing
such things, one has memory even
of somewhere never visited.

17.

The sons and the fools, tired, wander to the clearing, quitting the antechamber. With their blocks of suet. And all laying in the ditches together with the curs, wounded and tired, coterminous fluids of cur's blood, rendering bovine fat, sweat, and saliva making a new texture of mud, better suited for the later production of grout. Their bodies, and the pressure between their bodies. They needed to take a rest after their long afternoon of fighting, gnawing, bartering and beating. They began humming together, in a resonant pitch that first fell upon itself in constructive interference, pitched outwards by the resonance of the sloped walls of the ditch, then billowing out onto the rest of the clearing and traveling into the dark overhangs of the mesas, where the tone once again was reverberated by the geometry of the cavity formed by jutting rock and the space shadowed beneath it. This second resonance fell unheard, as the land beyond the clearing rests unpopulated, the stags having quit their hideaways long ago, dispatched by the curs, and all messes of creatures having entered their burrows, deep below the sands and cordoned from sound, in service of regulating their body temperatures. The fools and sons were humming in this way to restore their musculature, calm their humors, and to let know those fighting in the valleys, abrading under the mesas, that it was time to halt

this fracas.



Roads

Aravaipa Canal Road

And the movement

stills. The rains
through the valley.
There is no sequence
to derive the rains.
Swept, unhinged, rains move
to swell. The baseboards
take in water
through underbellies.
Walking.
The foot's purpose is differentiating
materials—bloated
and flush with water
there is an expulsion
at the heaviest point
of contact: the foot-fall.
Or that which is still
dry. Wood's vesicles still rigid,
or sand still diffuse, still
not wanting to become matted.

Black Point Road

But the comatas

care little of the rain—they are born
in swathes. Fertilized
by wind, they live
in embedding
their fibers
brushed to skin
clog the interstice
between hairs.
To fertilize their awn
in open ground. I,
walking, care little
of the rain. Rub skin across their bodies.
Hairs and grasses mingling, more
or less making a matted quilt,
birthed of comata and linen.

Mariano Mesa

Still

country, easy
stepped country, of
stepped plateaus overlooked
and ill-tended, retained
moisture, running waters
through its cavities. This
is a mesh of fissures. A catacomb
where the still
slides inward, through its body
to the reservoirs.

Dagget-Yermo Road

Try and focus

on the road now. The road itself
is a form of repeating itself. It is not
some great battle, for
all know
that things tend
towards the formless. No.
It is a way of building forms
out of the blank. One would say
they can feel their cuboids on the road.
And that is not wrong.
As the feet
are in speech
with the road
and the road through them
speaks.
For that is another
of the road's goals.

Coxcomb Monument Road

Bulge

country, swollen edges and gravel
carapace, swelling hills
wanting to burst their carapace.
Filled hills burst
liquids jettisoned fats:
This country
looking to give
its innards.

SR89 until Wolfords Road

After Wolfords Road

can one meet
their body. Stretching
limbs on sunning
stones, heating
its blood and skins.
So said
an intercom—
Remember. The different
calls, coming
from the gas station,
the intercom tornado
call, warning
our ends. And that which
is simply hollered
from a body.

Aber Springs Road

And wondering, one morning, why it's uncouth to stop & look at someone, doing something strange. Stopping one's gait. Standing, looking as one attempts to pass through a broken wooden fence a strange bundle, of muslin swaddled over circuitry and the bleached bones of an opossum. Or when one places a hand on another's breast through the same small opening in the broken fence. Still—

the wind
goads, over nagging ground
the wind sweeps,
and it loves nagging, warm
winds, days
spent watching,
upheld body
by wind.

Whitaker Ranch Road

Bring
water to that which
is still dried

**In Sunfair:
A Fable**

I had the pig under my arm
He was bleeding on my foot I said
“Midget, I got friends on that river”

-Frank Stanford

The great resemblance between mental and bodily taste will easily teach us to apply this story.

-David Hume

Proposition:

Considering
one morning
fluxionary things—

of the flowing
of gravel, sand,
and the things that were
ground to make
them, as a different kind
of blood.

Fable:

When two sanguine body parts are pushed together, thin wrists, the neck of a hog,
the belly
of a hog, always rubbing over sharp deposits of gravel (long spent engorging itself
so it could feel the gravel on its belly, even when standing normally), femoral, aortic,
great saphenous. Two boys, long traveling, and their overheated, abused Studebaker,
broken down at a gas station near Cadiz, outside of Sunfair. Even the car's front grille
was falling apart, poorly forged metal, and exposure to too much heat.

City boys
know nothing
of hogs. Two boys wander
from the broken down Studebaker, to feed soda to the hog having heard it squealing,
and running around its pen. The hog is blustering, and locking
eyes with the boys, running aground, grating its belly against the gravel, nicking itself
in fervor. As if it's trying to intimidate. But all it's really doing is making a paste
of the ground up powder coming off of the gravel, and its own blood & lymph,
evacuated from all the shallow lesions. The hog: a creature of want knows
not when to stop, so, excited, keeps running around grinding belly,
sharp gravel motes, stuck
losing more drops
blood, lymph carving
himself up, and belly light bleeding,
in eyes, a squealing.
And on top of it all he's making the boys think about blood.

How much blood's it got?—asked one boy one
hand dropped soft
on his friend's femoral artery. He had
lain his other on his. Fingers
straddling artery (middle and index).
He was comparing the pulses, and feeling also the relative
thickness of the artery.

Their skins

dry. But there being an implication of moisture coming from beneath
the skin they knew
it (were so sure of there being moisture) for they felt so surely the flow of one
another's blood
beneath the skin of their thighs. Blood, coursing—even identifying
one another's pulses, estimating blood pressures, hands laid on thighs
they figured themselves:

“Doctors In This Moment.”

For it was as if the close proximity and unyielding attention paid to the complex system of
blood's kinetics rendered the intricacies of the system as primal simplicities; fascination,
and undivided attention to one another's blood flows granting a comprehension that
relied not on prior knowledge, but on a complete superseding of the intellect by that
which was apprehended in touch. A knowledge of the interior systems of body grounded
in immediate tactile experience, deliberately ignorant off all other means of
understanding it, save for inferences made in each moment that the blood, pushed
through the artery, meets each boy's finger tips through the medium of vibration that is
the tissues of the thigh. And they are just so fascinated.

You've more blood than I, friend!—he
said—For your artery lies nearer to the dermis, and throbs through its layers
in nearer quakes.—here he gave a grin—And blood is the fundament. Flushing our cheeks,
coursing through organs,
I have a knowledge of your liver now. It cleanses
your blood, your blood choked & heavy
with waste, metals, laden and too thick
with too many oils, choking up and sludging
before passed through
your liver. The liver thins, it
breaks up your gathering
plaque.
You've more blood than I, friend, but your blood
is filthy.

Here they switched roles as the other boy placed one hand on his friend's artery
and the other hand on his own.
They both had taken off their hats to better get the light
on one another's thighs,
for their brims were blocking swathes of sun as faces
dwelled close to one another's thighs, in the viewing of their arteries.
Meanwhile
the hog breathes,
grows tumescent: thoughts of a plump sow, her
belly littered with oat-bits bristle-hair abrading
oat-bits up against the gravel and her belly plump
legs and the body they're sticking to.

This sow must exist, somewhere, apart from the hog's mind (albeit the hog's complex
mind...) There being a real flesh, and blood-born sow to match the thoughts and
images in the hog's mind. Why—because these thoughts of animal arousal are more than
just thoughts (“Animal Magnetism”) and enact a kind of strange global field.
Let me tell you what I mean. There being any given number of hogs and sows in the area
surrounding the hog, there being farms, pens, lots of ranch-men, love growing up around
hogs, introducing their families to hogs. This area is choked with hogs and sows. Hogs
and their pheromones... Hog thoughts triggered by the estrus of a sow miles away,
not because of the smell of pheromones, but because of tandem thoughts
(maybe biologically resultant thoughts) sow thoughts of being fertilized by a hog
(the two thoughts had in tandem). A couple of miles is far too far for pheromones to
travel (especially in this awful wind). And the hogs & sows all around are constantly
considering new mates when they can sense that it is time for creatures to breed, because
they're all thinking it. So there is also (and always) a sow considering the hog, at the same
time.

Here I feel blood in its composition!—the other boy
said—As not a liquid but a suspension of particles, moving together; your cells
are discreet from one another. Your cells are robust, friend, I feel
I can nearly see them
through your thigh.—Laughing—But really, it is more of a feeling. I feel in them
in a procession
without order. A grouping of motes, of scintilla engorged with oxygen, cast helplessly
forward through your ducts. But your aorta
limps.—moving the hand upwards up the path of the aorta, from thigh, to navel, to chest,
this is a kind of diagnostic act, of exploration, and of divining the reasons
for a difference in pulse.—Your aorta is so thin in your thigh, I worry for its thickness.
Perhaps its walls are so much thicker
near the heart
because that is the beginning of blood's path.—the hog being more filled with blood than
either of them, though.—Blood, forced out
so quickly there degrading the rest of the artery, its many particles, dead cell fragments,
albumin, decomposing plasma, fat red cells too fat with air, these grating

against the walls of the artery and sloughing off its bits, thinning its walls. And your thinned artery limps.

Here the hog disagreed he was chomping his oats felt his belly hard against small gravel's rock face squealed rubbing belly, thoughts again of the sow: Bathed in mud vainglorious head dipped in mud arched back to match the curving of the hill behind. And she's chomping oats, sorghum, mouth full, cheeks too packed with feed-pellets dry back and belly wet by mud. He disagreed with all the chatter squealing again he feels his body is the gravel and back to the sow pretty sow plump sow.

I wonder how the sow pictures the hog and how the hog pictures the sow, compared to how they actually are (even though they are picturing each other it being impossible to be exactly right, without actually seeing). The sow bloats unfairly, when cast against her cousins dwelling next to her in mud (she being greedy & capturing more feed pellets than her cousins). Beautiful belly. Though I'm sure the hog pictures her living in gravel (as his enclosure is in gravel) and she pictures him in mud (for she, living in mud). He also eats oats, and pictures her eating oats. The sow, chewing her feed pellets, imagining the hog's growing tumescence from a point not of arousal but of necessity (not completely without thought of the act of sex but more imagining the feeling of gestating). The sow having the knowledge that she is being pictured by the hog that she pictures—though this only known to *her*, at this point (she being more concerned with the act of picturing & the later feeling of gestation & not so easily swept up in imaginings of the act of sex).

At this point the boys had forgotten the hog, & he them, both concerned only with their unions. And the boys switched hand placings again, removing their shoes now for comfort. And to fill the interstices of their toes with gravel and sands.

My hands and toes feel now in parallel!—he said, the hog was running back, and forth sow choked mind and realizing that the sow he pictures may exist somewhere, this being a distant feeling he has—For now they are both awash in particles. I, too, now feel the artery choked not with fluid but a collection of points. Your motes are full—one boy moving his first and second toes against one another—And my toes together are the same as my hand on your thigh. Let me tell you what I mean. I put my middle and index fingers around your artery, and in moving them back and forth, and applying slight pressure, I feel perfectly a suspension of albumin and

plasmas, not a liquid.—Hog obsessing & bored with all this chatter skull-crown knocked against the fencepost he would like to break out, and sure if he broke out he could probably find the sow he pictured, the one also picturing him.— I feel the same on my toes. Moving them back and forth across each other my skins are a plane by which to differentiate gravel. I think this the purpose of my skins, and of my proprioceptive body laid against yours and against the gravel in parallel.—The hog now screaming, twain hoof ingrate rubbing itself, mottled belly, gravel distended, breathes desperation to breed.—It is to realize that there is no full, discreted form, of whose parts make a single whole. There is no moment of distinction between the parts of the blood, the sand.—Sow too now picturing the hog busting its head against the fence post considering, and trying to divine its location from what she was picturing in her head.—And I have this sense, in my rubbings, that all can be reduced to its fundament, the points that make up a thing, and that which composes our blood is our fundament.

Now for more sand they halt their touchings and take off their jackets and shirts to roll once on the ground. They help one another lower into the dirt, gingerly hands hooked under their ribs and descending slowly in tandem. For they are sweating, they get covered with motes of gravel and sand, settling in their torsos' crooks and junctures. They re-don their clothing to rub the gravel in between the surfaces of their dermis and the synthetic fibers of their cheap shirts, gravel and skin flakes merge. And once the mixture of the two is ingrained there, in the shirt, and over the top levels of their dermis, they're shaking to scuff their shirts against their torsos' dermis. The hog sits, watching & also rubbing his belly to the gravel (the sow doing the same thing, though her medium of rubbing is mud).

Here we are making more than image!—said the other boy, they focus now on their own touchings of fibers, gravel, and skin—For in image are these things wholed false. Vision is a false way of seeing, there is only truth in touch. Image wholes the rightly partitioned, that which is cleft by touch. And I love the feeling in my teeth, when I have kicked up a pinch of gravel, a single mote settled in between my front teeth. Let me see your teeth.

For in the moving of your lips on your teeth, I hope for you to abrade with sand your teeth.—they had long forgot the soda they brought for the hog.—Let me see your teeth, and the sand grains you're chewing on.

In the end there is no union for the hog, or for the sow—they must both continue to be absorbed in the pictures they have created of one another, and in preoccupations with the act of coitus and the feeling of fertilization. The sow, addressing her cousins, squeals, spitting feed pellets at them, evacuating her mouth. The hog runs in circles once again before settling in to his familiar rhythm of moving his belly against the sand and gravel.

At the same time as all of this was happening, truckloads of quarried aggregate slipped upwards on an industrial conveyor belt to an of elaborately machined system of jaws, grain vibrators, and fixed steel plates used to crush material, though first it passed through a series of catches and grates used to sort the already crushed material, and to separate the rock from undesirable, unusable material, such as clay. The conveyors rise diagonal, and stay themselves as fixed in an otherwise moving vista. Let me explain what I mean, by saying that creatures breed as they breathe, gritting their teeth and rubbing their soft, exposed portions against soft, wind beaten sections of compacted rock, the hog, the sow, the boys.

There is a moral to all of this—they're ablating each other. All of their motes ablating together in their rubbings, desiccating, and being carried up and recombined by the wind. But those who are afforded the luxury of physical touch (rather than a nebulous connection that binds two creatures existing far outside of the radius of sensory contact) are able to divine one another's fundamentals—understanding things about one another's internal compositions outside of that which can be understood by way of knowledge, intrinsic or learned, or observed without feeling something directly with the body (specifically the hands).

Wandering around to the old Studebaker (the old Studebaker having now cooled off) the boys cannot shake the gravel off their bodies, it is burrowed into their shirts, the hog cannot remove the pieces of gravel stuck into its belly, so much excitement having merged these motes into these fabrics, these bolts of skin.

Coda: In Oak Springs

Herr C— began very gently— “On this occasion I must tell you another story. You will understand very easily how it relates.”

-Heinrich von Kleist

For Herr C—

In Oak Springs, skin glued to the vinyl seats of the Corsair, my skin was relieved of its oils by the heat. I was waiting for a rendezvous.

Coyotes shredding their dry bellies on rock faces, quitting their burrows to breed. Licking one another's wounds, trying to redress ails, but licking too much—to the point that their dry tongues were doing equal damage to their abraded stomachs as the original injury inflicted by the pitch, the yaw of the crags. Cars spraying pneumatic fluids on storefronts, mounting curbs in heat, to discourage activities of commerce, or any flaneuring on the boulevard. The air dry, and stilling itself, existing in a state of absence so untainted by any substance built of activity or sound, that it was as if it were priming itself for any kind of effluvium, opening itself to be used as a means for propagation. Meanwhile, in the gas station parking lot, nuptials come over the intercom:

We are wed to the wind today.

That's all it said. So I quit my burrow to feel my bride. A man approached, wearing a steel brimmed hat, steps so heaving and liling he distended the softened asphalt. He spit on a Honda. He was massive. He walked so as to accentuate his gut, slapping his belly with his left hand, while making foreign symbols with the geometry of his right fingers, twisted into new forms of language, locking eyes with me, looking for a response. Laughing,
he saw I knew of no code.

Then the man said to me:

“The wind can share us all today, for in today's light, we are all wed. Is the wind not our container? Can we not all share this bride? For we all dwell, ensconced. For this reason, I believe the wind a new kind of water. Formless, and invisible once submerged, it wraps about our bodies. It slips its way into our bodies, through our many holes, bored through all that appears solid. It is our fundament. It's subject only to its own rules. It finds its currents and its motions only from the sun, and operates under the guise of redistributing heat. What are your views on wind?”

He made a few more hand gestures before continuing, not halting to hear my reply:

“Let me tell you a story that I am sure you will recall, either from past experience, or from the tellings of another rhapsode. There is a single pig in the center of a grand pit, with an approximate diameter of 40 cubits, the cubit here bound to the digger of the pit's shorter forearm (he, being slightly deformed). There are high-carbon steel bars (of percent 4.0 of carbon, more suited for the production of scalpels than bars), diameter one cubit, spaced two cubits apart. In this geometry, there are 16 total bars, of varying length, owing to the curvature of the circle. I'm sure you see where this is going.”

He moved his hand into his duster, as if to threaten harm (suggest the presence of a billy-club) but instead pulled out a photo. This is the photo:



He continued, perhaps sensing that I was unsure of what he was talking about:

“And he, the pig, living in mud, at the bottom of the pit (there being no coverage on top of the pit). And with bars of varying lengths. Bars supporting various purposes. For example, the bars on the sides prevent the pig from perishing from a fatal cave in. The bars on the bottom deter him from digging and soiling the groundwater, soiling the reservoirs with his wastes. The bars on the top prevent other Suidaen ungulates from influencing the pig’s constitution.”

He paused, looking a little distracted, as if he had forgotten I was there, and began again:

“This pig is a hero. People lowering in baskets of gifts. Blocks of unrendered suet used as fuel for his embossed brasiers, placed at the bottom of his pit (his light source). New vittles, formerly impossible emulsions, vinegars distilled from an extinct, occidental terroir. For the pig is to be viewed as the ideal beast, and as such, naturally, a perfect vehicle for the divination of the ideal desires of a human. You, I’m sure, follow.

“One views the animal as having honed, distilled wants, divorced from the noise of a complex perception. That’s also why they put the pig in a pit. To further discreet his animal focus. One wanders over, a gift to place in the pig’s basket, watching the way he noses over to it, presses his body to it, scarfs it... You see, people place messages in the gifts, not in text, but encoded in their relation to one another. Certain angles between parcels, blocks of fat, bottles of foreign mineral spirits... There are questions encoded within these geometries. And the meanings of these messages are only known, at the moment of their asking, by those that encode them. The messages should, also, owing to the focused senses of the pig, be known by the pig when he regards them. And they will beget answers, so too encoded in a series of bodily movements or squeals, that are in turn legible to those who have asked the question. Would you ask this pig a question?”

I thought for a moment. I replied, quoting Kleist:

“I would say to him, that this is certainly the last chapter of the history of the world.”

After all of this, the man appeared again distracted, as if to suggest either the completion of his story, or that he had once again forgotten my presence. Rather than bother him any longer, or force him to continue the story, I decided to leave.



Roads

Yava Road

What is there other than image!—said, marauding
teeth, verdigris hide, one
theres leather by touching
its grain. Leather is: false-
simplified in viewing. I guess you could say there is also touching
as better means
of seeing.

A046

Here I met two
sisters: two born
branded & kicking. Lean
with little fat (subcu-
taneously) Claimed the future
through their skins
with swollen bones.
I payed
these soothsayers

Octave Road

Really
I am a grifter—beaten
& beating, limping, fearing
the boot of God. Bided time
in idle, and hands
made useless
in heat. Later. Whistling,
crush stones
with my teeth.
Of tooth, and of stone
crushed and their meeting...
Their powders,
a solution
with my waters, my tongue
a sluice
for this new kind
of water.

The Territorial Prison Regional Parkway

Misnomer!no prison,

only here
great augers, their old
force against the hillside,
carved shafts, & burrow
as a creature. I have this sense
I once met the man carved
the hills, heard
the steel bit punched
in rock, old stone cut
to mold the hills. He's a man
of tanned hide & bevels, wrathful
and assured, killer
of sheep—head
cocked & atoning
(to the wind).

Squaw Valley Road

For twenty-five dollars there must be more than this!—another

shouted, and
Yes. I
knew of what this meant, brandished
fingers, the gathering
of rings, slit
bellies and the parlance
of equivocators. And the rats
quit
their hideaways
for vittles.

A048

Here I met a man, his pack of dogs. Fifteen
dogs blurring & raised
in chases, raised in parking
lots. Raised as regents,
cursing, following
quarry. I myself was raised to never look one in the eye, raised
more as quarry than man. But
what of the man? He split
rocks with an eye, looked
into me & he said—*I like
your marrows.*

Copper Basin Road

What is there. Other than image! emptying water wells to thirst my
father to death, assessing self broken hands & fingers, tanning hides, chemical
burns, I was twenty five and bleeding at your age, looking at strange, similar sands
and the things they have broken off from. Feeling the tension between the
bursting fat part of the hand, a boot, and rock made porous by wind, eventually
one feels the merger of that which is distended from the hand and that which has
been poroused by the wind. It really happened

Leadville Road

I grow
tired of this
movement

An Interstice: Theses Around the Landscape

1.

The landscape is a fallow field, a termless domain, framed by bodies of rock, stretching every which-way. Boundless.

It is a frame formed of rock, brought into existence to be filled by interstitial material. The interstitial material is: gravel, sands, buildings, roads. All actions of those populating the landscape occur in this interstice.

The landscape is framed by bodies of rock, in that the bodies of rock provide the initial structure by which the landscape is organized. Small valleys are formed by tapered hills, roads tunnel through or swerve around diminutive mountains. A continuous, straight path through flat plateaus and parceled clearings. New packages of space.

Outcroppings are informed by the placings of rock. Concentrate at the feet of hillsides, where their residents desire swathes of the day to be protected from sunlight. Some building their shacks in patches bared continuously to sunlight, desiring to raise the temperature of their blood, hence affecting some change in musculature and constitution.

Bodies of rock organize the ways in which inhabitants interface with the landscape, their own predilections, in movement and stasis, in conversation with the arrangement of the individual rock forms.

2.

The landscape is a field born hollow, for the purpose of being filled. For permitting the wayward, oscillatory movements of those contained within it.

The landscape is hollowed out for that which occurs within it, but has its own set of characteristics that inform the actions and events carried out within.

It is a carapace. Hemming in those within it, structuring a set of interactions that are contingent only on the set of individuals encased within it, creating an environment that seals itself off from all transpiring outside of it. It's like a vessel prepared for the fermentation of a liquid, assured of its being discreetly contained from the outset, and being fully prepared with a measured set of chemicals to produce its intended product.

The landscape is realized through voices. It is a cavity designed to be populated by the actions and events catalogued and caused by voices.

There's always a murmur about bones. Bones are the fundament of body, structuring the interstices of the body (the flesh, the muscles, the throat), permitting their existence and hence permitting processes of movement. Of voice. Bands of muscle. Wrapping about bone. Organs protected by bone. Vocal chords are given space to resonate, anchored by a cage of muscle, tied to bone. They are rocks, permitting interstices, granting the rest of the body empty swathes upon which to root their biological constructions.

3.

There is a shared vocabulary of form between the landscape and the bodies within it.

The seasons rest in heat. Heat cast ceaselessly against the mud. Baking it into a foliated, schistic pile of concentric flakes. Resting upon one another, bound by the desiccation of their layers. The wind sweeps. Guided between long-slung hills, the boulder sluice, the wind sloughed against the surfaces of the baked mud, picking up its top layers, abrading off the freshly kilned earth, to be made aerosol, emulsified with other particulate forms, and later deposited upon another plateau, or upon the arm of a man, slumped his torso out of a moving car. The wind settles on his arm, skin as layers of dried sediment pulling apart from its lower, more hydrated reaches, and heat beating on the skin, rending it of its moisture, preparing for the windward slough of a gust. The landscape and those within it are in a constant state of exhibiting their formal analogues—and there comes a resultant parallel in their characteristics. Their acts.

4.

Despite so much bared space it feels wrapped on all sides by an enclosure; not built of walls, or by physical features that impede movement. It is an enclosure of openness, the expanse implying an unending spread, its scope rendering movement outwards fruitless.

Stagnancy, even in constant motion—movement away from any central point provides only repetitions of vision and of sound. There is no evidence of progressing towards a new locale. The lizards crowd the pavement, bellies flush against its bound motes of aggregate, stung with petroleum melted in heat, a continuous scorch, its heat through skin, into blood, providing warmth into the evening. The sand dunes are rent of their tops. Wind. Sand pelts against the windows of the shacks off dirt roads. The further hardening, then cracking of rubber, baked in heat and ground down against asphalt. This occurs no matter the mile-marker, whether one takes Stanton Road, running parallel to the Aravaipa Canal, outside of Mentmore, to Webster Road, which lopes over so many other Aravaipa Canals, situating themselves outside of Cadiz, Sunfair, Landers.

So: inhabitants take breaths in stagnancy. It is the abraded lens through which their circuitous movement across repeating plains are viewed, spending evenings carving notches into their bones to recognize the time between such similar events. Even when moving between towns, there is a sense that the journey along a highway is simply a recombinatory loop that takes one to a scattered version of an already visited place, the motifs of Landers' buildings deracinated and re-spackled onto those of Cadiz.

An odd calm falls over the landscape. The hush in between the repeated motions and wayward calls. It becomes clear that any one time is similar to any other. Time moves as a solenoid, here. There are no markers of progress. Time is compelled, because of its physical form, to cross, via different paths, the same points. In the evenings, the lizards, scorched and retreating to their burrows, run across sections of Webster Road to the same din of unfit tires, marring the road with their cracked treads, absorbing the petroleum of melted asphalt, driving circles, counter to the wind.

5.

This is a question of voices. Each voice a different call outwards, filling the crevices formed beneath the mesas, muddling against the easy slopes of the sand dunes— a slow, sloping decrease in the intensity of sound as each voice hurtles down the flat, clear expanse of each road, hindered only by the natural decay of sound, traveling through air. These voices realize one another. It is as if they can hear themselves, in dense echoes, occasionally calling back to one another.

This is a question of ways voices interact with one another to produce an idea of place through a display of their predilections, vocalizations, and actions against one another.

**In Mentmore:
Moisture/Skin**

One morning
waking in Cadiz
all messes of things
on the counters. The night prior
awoke in a rage
fearfully incubating, and
swaddling myself
with tarpaulin to imitate
the long period
one spends
ensconced in a hard
casing
developing
new physical features, more
productive
organs.

My organs are:
awash. Too filled
with particles,
points taken
by osmosis
(as the air outside is
too filled with particles).
My organs unable to filter
themselves clean. Liver.
My body's meridians covered
in a layer of silt. The liver
not having enough strength
to comminute
particles, to
eject them through urine.
Or even enough strength
to convert them into
more productive particles
(that could aid the production of blood,
maybe dissolve into albumin)
. I have taken to
absorption. Most of my waters coming in through
the skin.

Buying a new phone,
the other day—the man
in the shop later calls says:
he loves the way my
skin

Buying
a new phone the other day—Making
calls. Agreed,
noontime, the parking
lot.
More doing this
to swaddle myself in new skin
(By this I mean meeting
I mean meeting to have sex in
the parking
lot).

One morning
waking disgusted. Jumping
the night prior
cut my head.
The door
jamb. Spent
hours bloating
the pillow, read
my stain on my pillow,
upon waking. It being
blood (from the cut
on my head) . But not realizing this
upon waking. Confused
upon waking,
comparing the stain:
to a kind of
algal bloom. Feeling furious

Meeting
have sex
 (in the parking
 lot).
I am fearful:
for my hydration. For
my liquids being lost
in moments I am unbeknownst
to their leaving. So:
driving wrapped in tarpaulin
 (protect against
 evaporating).
Arriving. And laying the tarp
between two cars
in a clearing
in the parking lot tarp
spread as hide-bolt
for later curing.
Condensing
moisture
lost through skin,
rubbing it back
over my skin
 (being naked
at this point) . Silt, sand, sweat
glands making sweat.
And that which comes out my pores—
I learned: a lot of it is salt.

My skin being licked
wondering: is the tongue
hydrating me?
Or taking away
hydration. The tongue itself donating
or receiving
moisture, and me:
I get my waters
 through the skin.
The tongue itself:
having more moisture than the skin,
and its texture: as conducive,
for harboring large quantities
of moisture (its many
 divots). I, during this
episode, imagining the tongue's
divots made the way a canyon's
carved by a river
 (slow movement accumulate
small gashes to a large split).
That's the same for the tongue:
sands brought
into mouth in breathing, and mixing sands
moved about made a new
abrasive fluid:
sand suspended
in spit. And this all carves
up the tongue.
Finishing
the sex by wrapping
us both up (in the tarp)
to condense:
both our sweats (for later).

I would like to shed
my skin. Awoke
in a rage,
having lain in a shallow
cold pool (to absorb water,
wet the skin). The phone rings
again I'm tired
of my hands My organs:
dirty, hands covered
in sands.

Sweating. Out
on the road walking
cut cross unmarked sands Running
into those I've sexed
(in the parking
lot). Phone
rings—grabbed
it—and I have seen
the specter in these
sands. I, being covered
in silt.

There is a fine
balance, struck with
the skin between
dryness, and
moisture. And the organs—
(liver,bladder)
beckoning
the skin, wanting
more moisture
absorbed in airs. But actually: they want too much
moisture—(wanting total
saturation, that is too much
saturation). The organs
desire
the skin culls organ-want.

Skin
pulls in moisture
 (from the air). Or in
arid moments, forced
donation: moisture to the
air (in service
of keeping
an equilibrium
of humidities).

I would like to shed
my skin. The wind
outside burning.
Entering
the car (to drive
to the parking
lot). I live
outside Cadiz.
 Before leaving
rubbing myself against the wall
 (being nude). I had seen humidities
gathering on my walls,
there condensed,
more viscous than standard water
 (water more motile
when condensed).
Sticking
on walls (they were
 just standing there).
And the interior glands:
them being rent, here
being too dry.
And I know
the smell of pheromones
as vapor
off a wall.

Waking one morning
restless Pawing around, tip-
toe (always
cautious) and
badly worried. All
the rocks, shuffling
outside I can't but think:
their skin, their contact and
scuffed hides and so much
scoured
in abrasion. New
surfaces: lesions.

Lesions
making way: for new
surfaces (I would like
to shed my skin). For new skin,
skin more keeping
to the equilibrium (of
the airs). Waking
disgusted—silted skin, and
laying in water I am
a construct of mud
(the silt
on my skin mixed
with water, reduced:
a kind of mud). Refreshing
myself in the bath
getting up and clothed to drive (to the parking lot).

I grow tired of this
movement Between cars,
the outside, there's a change
in the airs I am
thirsty (for my skin, not
being able
to adjust to the
changes in humidity). Getting
most of my waters
through the skin.

Organs, awash—too much
moisture taken in body
pressed against that of another
 (gallbladder swimming)
their skin exuding
moisture (too much moisture)
I am awash & skin evacuating moisture
swerving (drunk with water) gouging highway
bald tires my slick skin wet seat
raining silts
of body, of ground running
off, awash.

Early morning
waking groaning
in Cadiz
dry & sealed in cellophane.
Carpets,
mess of drool
and pheromone and
running my hands
over wet walls.

 Awoken by
moisture
only a few hours
after sleep, sheets
dry covered in flecked
skin & air rusting
the metals
in my chamber. Again
the phone voice as
cold water and settling
down (later)
 for a meal
of spring onion.

Driving hours, blind heat & evacuating skin.

Driving hours, blind heat & A disaster,

I, taking

in (because of

such dry skin) car

fluids

dispersed

as aerosol,

sublimated car solids

come in

from the engine

block through:

the vents A/C cold

(my too heated

skin). This is

(very) toxic

for me

Roads



Galt-Rosewill Road

The hanging mesas
sheltered curs, curs'
teeth, the beating
of sections of vine. Fall loose—
desquamate the vine
of its ensconcing. All told
they're making a new kind
of water—curdling
gnashed phloem
with spit. The vines
drank urine all day
today.

Iron Springs Road

What is there other than image?
Image made good by its touching &
one river flowed
to four.

A050

Here I met a man
selling cures. No. It is not
so placid here.
And vials, frayed
tarpaulin and
spilling oils
saturate discreet
fibers. *Your wounds
are dry, lips prone
to splitting—said, sorting
vials, licking
teeth—And,
your pores: full.
I see their pith: your
pores, their spillings.*

Thumb Butte Road

Rough country of
ill control, overstepped bounds, young-
ins with gumption. Here
I learned of prisons
over coffee
and a game of catch.

Webster Road

Really I am
a soothsayer, though
dumb and abortive, groping
for the light, often
falling, sloughed
feet in rural
boots. Stained by organ meats
my hands, dumb of the future, rifling drawers
for dull tools
(& weapons)

A049

Here I met an infant, new
teeth burst gums & one
tooth knocked too
soon, it spilled
off the causeway. Met too
its mother ensconced
in tarpaulin: rubicund
and spitting.
On the causeway
I found the infant's tooth,
wrapped in twine around the neck
of a cretin.

Cooper's Creek Road

Hog country
of inconsistent, blotched
grain, barked
orders thrown
onto patterned rock, burrowed, rot
away as open
bone.

Arlington Mine Road

I'm badly
worried, there
will be no new moon.

**In Cascabel:
A Gravel Study**

Note: This is gravel, each section a piece of gravel, the thing as a whole a patch of gravel.

Gravel: coarser sand or: fluvial sediment, that's more or less rounded. The rock. The road built, crushed stone supplement slid between intermediary grain layers. Several rotating grain layers: inefficient.

Bodine's driveway (abandoned driveway) shorn apart, triturated to Portland-cement.

Bench Pea-Piedmont Glass Plateau, Plateau Corals Meets: NTS 304.11M and 304.13M

More or less rounded grain layers. Quarried: harvest ground from a larger stone. Quarried: (a major source of tin). Native metals. Collisional grain flow breaks down the sluice down the stream behind Uncle's house.

Glass Glass Immature Gypsum Ooid Silica

Persistent accumulation of coarser sand: (oily shingle beaches, their sebaceous birds dried beaks split along lateral umbras) more or less rounded (occurred in the middle part of the stream).

Native metals originate—they extend
a great distance:
quartz dug
process pointed
single grain ore-
pipe, blasting (railroad
basalt).

Bank Bench Creek
Crushed Lag Pay Bank

At the grain scale:
material dug
for later crushing as
an ossuary, built, but slated
for burning.

Par-
sifal dug shovel
through rock digging
pits crushing
agg-
regate with shovel-
blade

Comminuted
at impact
with cement
driveway (granular
persp-
ective).

Bench Pea-
Piedmont Glass
Plateau,
Plateau
&
More or less
rounded rounded rock accumulated (the study of dry
granular flows). Does
not break down
chemically. Aggre-
gate Chemically
durable (lasting
tens or
hundreds of
meters above
the banks
where the
convicts play doc
among
the reeds).

Silica-
glass Black Green
Desert Lithic
Carbonate MNT-Standard
103.2M

Coarser
sand split made of silica, split
from others crushed
metallic jaw-sets gear-
sift by “kinetic
sieving.”

Hematetic
Heavy-Mineral-Carbo-
nate
Crushed Crushed
Silica
Ovoid Tens
Choke
Surface Bench-
Carbonate

Hematetic disperse

Hendricks modeled this
with glass beads: tridisperse
glass bead
mixture held glass
bead semi-
static in glass
chute (substitutue
materials, exchanged glass
for a more
erodible chute).
This works glass
made of melted
silica, silica,
a more or less rounded
rock.
Mixed-
carbonate Mixed-Carb-
onate Silica-Ooid

Hard
drive unpaved road & compressive strength, 1,000
PSI cause Stressed rock
failure Stressed rock
failure knocked the shelf
off Jack's Mesa. The house
slipped to the inlet.

NTS 304.11M

Triaxial fluid
inflow: the strength,
exterior over arms, and shelf
failure and Fluids breached
schistic bilayers
rent Claudette's of its
stilts. After
all, relatively little progress
has been made
in understanding the fluvial bedload.

Coarser sand,
more or less
rounded rock

NTB 306.11N

Coarser sand, more
or less rounded smooth
face grown salinity
in the flux-plain of the wind.

Surface choke. Sand-
laden fluids (corrosive) abrade quartz steel.
Laden rubber, corroded, Long Beach Venezuela Gulf of Mexico
Ekofisk Field North
Seas bank gravel accumulate.

Hematetic
Heavy-Mineral-Carbo-
nate Volcanic Crushed Crushed
Silica Ovoid Tens Choke
Surface Bench-
Carbonate Hema-
Tetic C—
Ground steel, ground ore-
grade dirt accumulate Does not break
down chemically chemically favored structures
for strength of ground
steel and ore-
grade
(well sorted)
little clay.

Tens or hundreds of
meters above, material extends a
great distance
unpaved distance
(occurred).
In this respect,
what we call
a sand bed river
ignores the grain size
(or texture). Whatever

the rheology here—
we are immured
to a state
of fully mobile transit.

Carbonate Bank Coarser
Bench Bio-
genic Rounded Carbonate



Roads

AO47

Here I met a man
loves his teeth. Gums
swelling, loves too
the teeth of others. Hot mornings
groaning, sun
spots, rashes. And that
which has burst, *You have scars
on your hands burst
the way the road
split.* He said. *Now let
me see those teeth.*

Bagdad Chase Road

Towns are simulations.

a man said
to me, I nodded
at his boots. Yes, yes
they are also:
superfluous insects, grave
swathes, outposts
for murderers. They are simulations
of stillness, as one
is in constant moving, actually
in spiral, and these roads
are just jetties.

Escalon-Belota Road

One is prone here
to walk on the road,
smooth ambling not
stumbling on the road. And so
one is also prone
to follow their boot prints. One day
I met a woman, yelping, said she knew
of the years, tipped
her bonnet,
said she needed
an adjudicator.

Old Woman Springs Road

Here paving:
vibrating & subjected, robbing
tread from tires (tires as
thinning skin worn by abrasion).
In driving the road: feeling the gravel
as being its skin rubbing
off the tread
of tires.
Road leads to road. Roads
spreading out really as arteries.

I-80/San Pablo Avenue, in Hercules

Here I met a man
spoke through
his teeth, tongue scuffed
their backs, asked me:
Had I ever met a lady (in a clean
dress)

Stanton Road

There is no strict order
for the roads. With vultures
ignoring the roads flying
to drain the reservoirs and one
river flowed
to four.

Tanque Road

Really I am
incorrigible, never taking
to direction, or the routes
one takes to get here, there *Use the highways*. Moving
in circles I am considering
North and sleeping
on the bench seats, unsure of my locale divining
my position through heat.

Siempre Viva Road

Someone here
is always imitating. Voices,
and interesting gaits
through sands. Untenable
to trust one's senses, or at least
their evidence.

SR905 in Otay Mesa

Otay Mesa lords
practice violence
in their throwing of
the weathers, long
long ago. I, here on a bus,
& saddled up to
by a cretin named
Fontaine said he knew the colors
of the dirt
as threats. Said he looked
upon these roads, as
would a seer. But instead
of an animal, getting out
laying cheek to road
knowing then the creatures,
their motives.

Tripp Canyon Road

Really, I am
a vertebrate (merely,
and of my possessing
the minimum
quota of bones

**From Claunch to Vaughn:
A Fugue**

Movements, in so many spirals lately. On the train through Milligan one morning, two days after leaving, having delayed one day in Cadiz, all sorts of dead creatures on the tracks. I often sit too close to the windows. Thin windows shaking windows allowing in drafts, even motes of sands through their inconsistencies of forged silica. Even the rails the train goes on are all slightly distended, bulged or too thinned at the wrong places, built of the wrong metal and abused by heat. Too much back-and-forth travel.

I usually go to sleep early. Early one night leaving Milligan I fell asleep in my compartment, to sounds of everyone breathing. An old woman bound for Bluff eating her meats, telling her bedmate that she baked these meats long enough to eat the bones. *It's the same stuff as the meats, you just need to chew*, and I heard her through the night (while sleeping) crunching on the desiccated bones. Even in the morning, when I awoke, she was sitting in the middle of the floor, working on her bones, saying to me *It's just the same stuff as the meats.*

Through Milligan—I can barely wait. Before leaving Clauch
I felt as an animal, walking circuitously around its hole, digging for worms
and stowed berries. By this I mean I awoke, covered in dirt, in a hotel.
My feet were so dirty I left prints running from the bed to the sink, the bed to the sink...
I smelled of shit, too. And this: I did not like. Because I could then be seen
with other senses, while hidden from an onlooker's regarding. I often walk in circles.
Travel the same routes.
And I do so quietly, I rarely speak.

Peering out the window—I often sit too close to the window. Trains are interesting
because they carve new ways between places, and circumvent roads, slitting
formless tracts into new geometries. Walking in my sleep
down the halls one evening and I thought of how the carpets were the same
as the sands. Walking barefoot so I could feel each nylon thread
against my split-open feet. And then I walked into a man crouched down and
fondling himself.
I tripped over, ended up as in a knot, legs tangled, and trying to right myself. And burying
my head in the matted hair on his chest, and again, I thought of sand. Even as I got up
he was still fondling himself, looking up at me and asking *How many days*
'till we hit Cadiz?

Early one morning, after having no sleep, waking the conductor (as he was asleep). It was an old morning, as if it had been so for two days. We talked of the dining car, the cargo car, he said *No car longer than the car you're in next week.* Maybe he knew I had been switching cars at night. Moving between compartments in my sleep. But I was not sure how he could know my movements. Because at the times I'm moving through the compartments, everyone is asleep.

Losing fluids in my sleep. Shortly after leaving Grape Creek, the train turned round for someone, after leaving their child at the station. The child, wanting air untainted by fluids, absconded for the platform, desiring winds. The train, actually moving backwards, and crushing a few animals, not swept away by the cattle catcher. And so they were run over by the entire train, from back to front, my bedmate roused by the noise and saying through his teeth *It rattles my teeth.*

In Stanton I can't stand the seats. My body, jettisoned of its fluids (I had wet the seat) because often, when distracted, I act as in a state of somnambulism. Walking down the halls, seamlessly into the wrong compartment I even sometimes take a seat on the wrong bed, pull out something from my bag and start to examine it, before being jolted by someone saying *Wrong seat, Wrong seat*

I appreciate moving in circles. One evening passing through Crefstone persuaded my compartment-mate to switch beds, but I decided in sleep I liked his better (the one that was initially mine). It was an easy decision (made in sleep) so I climbed down to bed with him. Knowing I would end up coming down he was curled at the bottom of the bed, talking in his sleep, leaving space at the top of the bed for me to sleep. By the time I awoke we were still curled in circles, he still talking in his sleep, I nudged him to thank him, saying *Thanks for the sleep.*

Two days prior and I can't sleep. The compartment too full as we neared Cloudcroft, fitting four per bed, sweating through the sheets. The whole compartment smelling of fluid, and the eviscerate flowing out of pores onto sheets. In one bed, four old men, talking of their love of steaks that are more gristle than meat. *I am a dog, I am just like a dog* said one. *I just love to grind my teeth.*

Feeling interesting after wetting myself, and deciding again to move beds. Leaving Claunch, an oddly hot day, and while sleeping, opening the window to dry off. The other people in the compartment having gotten on the train day prior, filing through the halls to get to know the train. Passing in and out. Making conversation, fondling one another, grasping hands, and pressing hands to windows to judge the thickness of the windows (through the medium of another's hand). Again, a man crouched. Fondling himself. Though this time I was not asleep, and stood back, so we would not end as in a knot, attempting to untie itself despite its fibers being choked with water. Still crouched, muttering, and fondling himself I said to him *Two days 'till we hit Cadiz.*

Two days later: still haven't hit Cadiz. More delays in hitting things, casting up fluids
cattle catcher rendering bodies as aerosol. Bones getting caught up in pistons,
reducing to paste and forming a new kind of grout. Stopping the train. I, still moving,
strolling to the dining car during tea-time. Also, for a meal of spring onion.
Sitting down I ordered
the tea knowing, slightly, that it would taste of pheromones. Cutting myself a slice of
lemon, zesting even, the lemon, between my nails and squeezing the peel of the lemon
between my fingers and into my tea, the lemon's oils, hopefully (like the fat
surrounding a goose breast) rendering; heating up and mixing within the tea, to
counteract, or
even mask, the flavor of the pheromones within the tea. And hence, curbing my arousal,
achieved when drinking the tea (that tasted like pheromones).

Bluff again. And the old woman eating bones has already left, two days before we hit Bluff. I, getting lost walking the halls, am distracted. And accidentally wandering into the conductor's car, the coal car, the livestock car Even meeting the conductor, tipping his hat to me, speaking a language I've never heard, correcting himself, proceeding. Later in the livestock car I learned of mating calls and thought of them through the night. During my sleep. And awaking finding the others sleeping in my compartment drinking tea, christening one another with their seed calling *whoo-ee, whoo- ee*

Leaving Milligan, I can barely wait. Two weeks prior, sitting outside the restaurant, inscribing names into wet cement. The names all new to me (I knew none of them before) so I was spelling them wrong, again and again, needing to scuff over the wet cement with my bared heel. Finally I got them all right in my head (the cement dry by then). Pressing my nose against the train's window and suddenly everyone was doing the same, flattening their noses so their eyes could be closer to the windows (at least that is my reason for doing so). Everyone following suit, two days later everyone still doing it And in their compartments, in the dining car, even when fondling one another, sighing *My feet, My feet*

Naturally, this all occurred when the train was moving. On days
it stopped, I, full of pangs, made up for stillness with further walking. I must have
spent all day walking. Up and down the cars, through the compartments Two days
spent walking, finally setting down in the wrong compartment. Outside, wind raging,
picking through sands. Rattling the windows. Pylons
outside cut through silt, into the upper reaches of the bedrock. Realizing
that this train car moving is just a way
to get everyone to sleep

(by this I mean it isn't really bound
for a specific locale). And when it's stilled
only half the riders can sleep, the other half cradling them
imitating motion, and even
rocking them slightly, to get them to sleep, those with thicker arms
taking longer shifts rocking, gentling cooing *Now sleep, Now Sleep*

The sand dunes outside of Sunfair, looking today so bodily. Falling asleep once the train
began moving again: regarding the others in my compartment (in my sleep)
I, being the only one asleep,
all others awake. Exchanging clothes. Comparing bodies And looking at
the dunes, comparing the rising & falling of their fats to the dunes And even
drinking tea. Toasting to movement,
but being naked, and burning one another's breasts, and thighs when toasting
(spilling the tea
in the moving train). Looking out the window
I cannot wait. Arising, eyes closed (those in my compartment nude & not realizing my
awareness in sleep). I went in search of a cup of tea.
So I could toast along with the others in my compartment, to sleep.

Grape Creek, a disaster. People throwing open compartment doors, tripping over door jambs, getting fingers caught in opening doors And soft tissue bruised by opening doors

(And I not even being able to find my compartment)

Taking to wading through (I after all, not getting off the train) Letting my body be jostled, distended

by the great waves of pressure wrought by so many, people all moving in a stream. And distended by the opening of so many doors. I actually prefer my body to be swollen (I say

tripping over door jambs) And trying to redress my swelling that evening with my compartment mate He bandaging my swollen joints with tarpaulin, wrapping tightly, so that the fluids that cause the swelling

would make their way back into other parts of the body, and in returning, restore musculature to my more damaged regions.

Cascabel is regal. And rolling into the station, arriving in Cascabel making everyone celebrate. Novelty flutes, champagne rolling out of long necked bottles, eventually everyone breaking the flutes as the train lurched (everyone having dropped their flutes)

Pouring directly the champagne into mouths, onto bodies in the heat, the air vents clogged with stashed vestments, and

causing our compartment to have too much heat. The heat causing me to want to sleep, and asking if anyone else in my compartment wanted to sleep. Train kicking in to gear and dropping the bottles onto feet, a child yelping saying

Help! My

feet!

