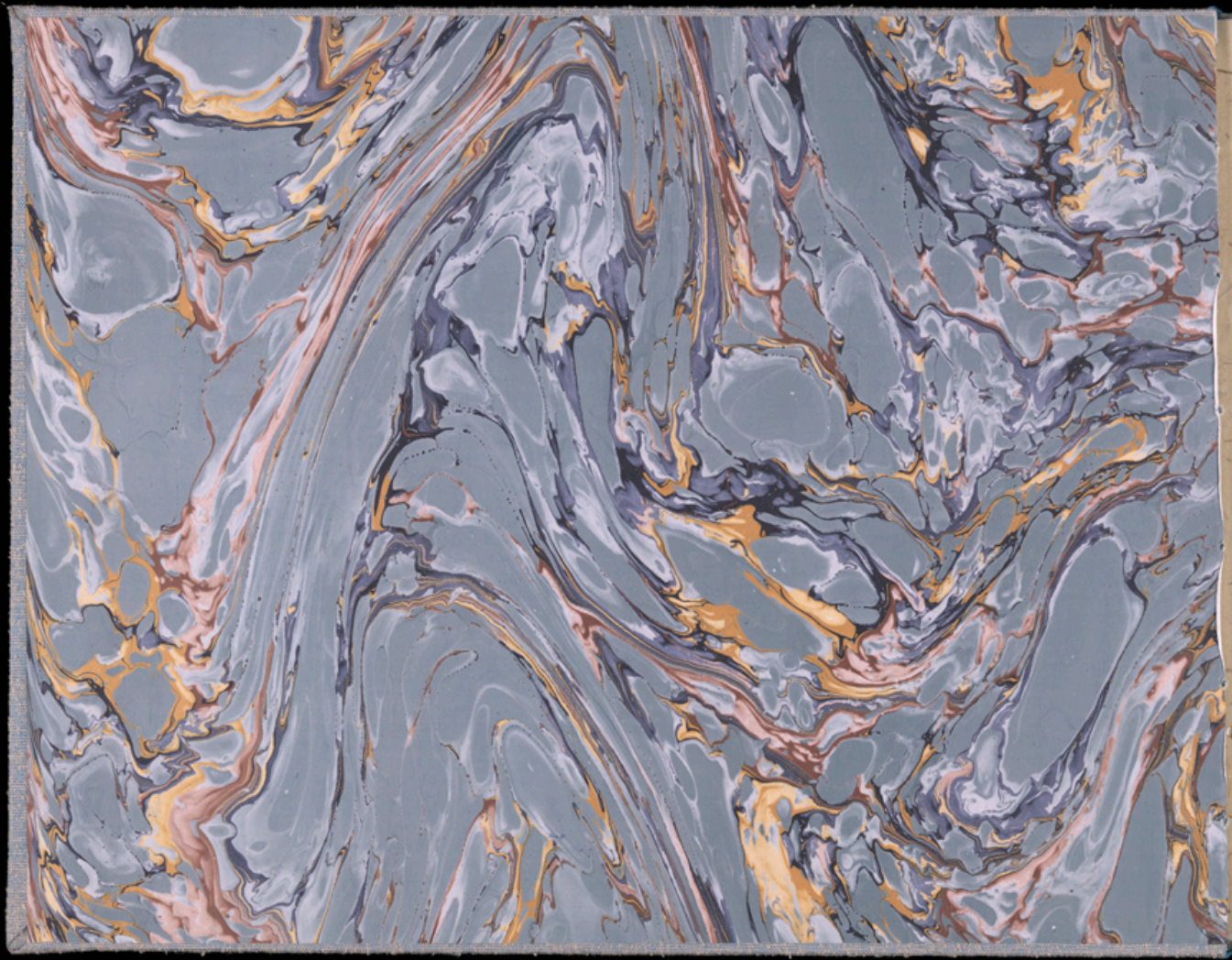
QUANTUM





QUANTUM

UNKNOWN

NOW

the coy simultaneity of time explodes

NEXT

RHETORICS

The granularity of language, porous with temporal zones and latent spaces, connects each verbal chunk to taproot sources. This

FROZEN MOMENTS

BACK (he said)

WHEN the SPEED of LIGHT was FASTER than it is NOW

clumsy geometry of meaning relations, an archaic family tree, inbred and outward bound, spreads the seed of well-intentioned syntax over the moist ground of recollected sense. The gelatin of mutable prose flexes its muscular metaphors, migrating meaning through the fabric of letter and line. Awkward calesthenics. Words stink, redolent with associative tendencies and all their

newborn verbal nebulae

spiral freely into atmospheric figures

LAST YEAR's CONFIGURATIONS

LOCKED INTO

THE DAWN's EARLY LIFE

echo GENTLY down a stream

complex social histories packed into little handbags of convenient behavior. Bit-mapped onto the vast prairie spaces, in trails and wild tracings, the morphemic devils unleash their odiferous archives to the eager air. Earthly repositories link to any shining vocal point visible in the surface of this page, its living network throbbing with unspent erotic drive, exciting the blood in its veins. Visit the places where meaning is actually made, inside the corners of our eyes,

whose vectoral authority will sweep aside the imaginary driver

to capture the magnetic energies like damp files
to urge a gentle rearrangment of new priorities

FREELY INDEXED

ANCIENT EXCEPTIONS

AMONG
the exile stones of ancestral REASON

according to a PATTERN found nowhere in PHYSICS' outlying districts
certain of their deviant future and past acts of compromised faith

watching us from within. Inside out, we make the world through the parsing of signs and signals, an inhalation and exhaling of the pulsions driven by appetites that scrape our sentient flesh bare so that it may encounter its own passionate innocence by surprise. Invented daylight, once manufactured, is now out-sourced. Hard rock headlines of

ONCE in FREE FALL

outward towards the sharp face of STARS

who will probe the witness engine

when human features configure themselves

lurk in geologic ZONES

BATHED in DEEPLY
PRESERVED TEARS

inhabited by the quasi-primitive speech, fresh to grammar
chronology implodes

MILLENNIAL DUST

harsh commerce tax the soul, smearing ink on the inquiring mind as it rubs against the glass. Offshore diction, once scorned, now twice wary, drills into material facts. Molecular mothering hangs suspended between original syntax and future semantics. Family history, translated into flesh, cries out in real pain. Before now genetic vocabularies divided into tributaries. The dialect of singular identities frays out in a capillary fan, reaching into northern swamps

points of reference, once part of a pocket system
return
YEARS HENCE, already RECYCLED
waiting for a call back

surreptitiously, until they crack like so many silicon acorns

as deeper STRATA of improbable pasts
get struck open along a worried vein

Original MOMENTS
passed through the

an era collapsed

EONS of FINE TALCUM

GRAINS

and peasant cultures. Robustness of copy, shot through with its own awarenesses, detects a single rotting thread ready to unravel the tensile grammar. Standing points measure each phrase against another, without judgment, holding the dross text and crystal in indifferent turn. Fate is the dimmest of decrees, merely incidental, a naked newborn, mewling in gutteral, utterly unable to fend for itself. We save it, wanting something to rewrite in the name of family

to recalculate our POEMS until they streak
useless information like a trail of SPUME

EVEN SERENDIPITOUSLY

beneath the imprinting trace

Richer ORE and outworn
tensions rose into burst effluvia

OF OUR LIVES real as carbon,
elusive as the ashes

POWDERING the FRONT PAGE

OF DATA

but the actions of the planets happen independently, so that cause is the merest freak of reading, a monumental coincidence of sometimes repetitive activity in an arbitrarily framed clause. Illusions of reliable order are products of a too-grammatical ennui. The universe also tires of coping with continual invention. The exceptional solutions get away

Corrupt TEXT files its own claims
through one RAPID FIRE generation after another

OUTCOMES remain elusive.
Even INDETERMINATE .
DESTINY predicts itself, smug as cake, but the influence
of
shared code-clones will empathetically divine their links

TRASH CAN of HISTORY burst
into so many jism STREAMS

Speak, MEMORY,
let the monkey teams break the
barbaric limit
of knowledge
into true communication
hounding the quaint

fossil tongues lie about the past

KEYBOARDS

TURBULENCE ERUPTED in the SHARDS COMPACTED around an HISTORIC DATE

with glib editorial murder, slipping off on greased lightning as if they could escape notice. Uncodified and ritualistically available, the unsystematic rains drop their random patterns onto the parched surface of the brain, giving rise to a writing so arcane its very alphabet replaces one glyph with another in the act of being born. Not for the sake of novelty, but for the purpose of unlimited recounting. How many sets of books do we have in the current archive?

while fragile sources of desire push us to erotic limits

of shared WIRING too intimate
for LANGUAGE

SEND a POSTCARD towards an unimaginable future
COORDINATES
bitmapped against the far flung grid

in spite of its random access attitude

STOLEN MOMENTS

(that cliche)

temporal foreclosure OSSIFIED

OUTDATED mortgages anchored

reluctantly

to their calendrical moorings.

RAGS and BONES

BASTARD TRADES

(lay about)

An outcropping of RISING HEADLINES, hard-fought, defined BEGINNING and ENDPOINTS precious FINITUDES

Infinitely specific, highly particular, the immoderate modes of quantum poetics expose incarnate readings of their ever differentiating selves. Temporal tongues, swift as those mythic messengers, permanent as smoke on the loyal air, leave their written record etched in the space that arcs between the city of knowledge and the pastoral reaches

rubbing up against outrageous fortune

the expansive rush

EVENT WINDOWS

everything that has mattered now matters more

risky protocols may unfold before our very eyes

VERITIES

OUTCOMES

flee and

hyperventilate accelerate

Unused MECHANISMS long fallow
too latent for revival

COMPRESSED
EVIDENCE
the particles of
early explosions

FILTERED through a seepage bed

of ONE HUMAN STRETCH of TIME

of imaginary culture. A popular artifice, dearest text, takes everything to heart and mind. The writhing inscriptions keep their dogged faith alive in the letters, seeming like fixed fragments, but really soft as cheese on a relative scale. Light inhabits us in its embrace, passing through our mutual paraphrase of matter and matters. Noise is nonsense, a happy patter, physical in the last detail, in the intervals left open by the travelling illumination. A horizon of missed

promise to cure culpability
and dazzle the becoming

APPARATUS

Increasing the PROPENSITY
OF capricious PROGRAMS
to outstrip each other

towards the asymptote of our clumsily emergent understanding

the PROFOUND and the TRIVIAL never
cancelled each other out–

accretion followed
a happy ACCIDENT become a palimpsestic plot
of legible landscape. Maybe

RACED towards
the next gap

PETROGLYPHS and lithic deposits intertwined FIGURES

TALES TOLD publicly broke highly distilled sweat,
like bitters, onto their brows and out from the thick furrows,
leaving the LEXICON dry between its well-worn BOARDS

opportunities fractures coherence nicely. The backdrop illusion of here and how, now and wherefore, lifts semantics from the pulsing mutability of complex parallel processes. Passing this face off as real, the multifacted parcel post delivery system of meme packets takes up residence one lexical unit at a time. Impoverished bibliographic procedures,

Come this way, you FUTURE
BEINGS, outstrip the regular sequences into which
mere mortals had been mired

so many winged curcuits
TAKE FLIGHT
using small hooks of specific information to LAUNCH

smoke trails DETAILS
precipitates of sense, old droppings, vanished LIES

IN THE TERRAIN
between minerals and life

A chunked LEGACY exposed itself to LIGHT across the ancient SEABED of substantive syntax.

far less articulate than the birds whose sonic stabs pierce the fabric of late afternoon, to stake their linguistic claim. Outmoded aesthetic effects sustain only the merest interpretive system, inadequate to the task of telling us how to speak the culture of things across the surface of recursive grammars. Recovering the structural architecture of thought is hardly an archaeologists dream anymore, since all the logicians have been put out to pasture, necks bent in obedience

several directions at once
OPEN up of INEVITABILITY
countering the awful sense

shall we balance imperfectly ON the EDGE of our

OUTLOOK FRAMES

EMOTIONS went south,

sour,

slightly SOILED

in

the SEEPAGE of a trunkful of indecipherable scrolls OF FOR whatever could be captured

the sake of posterity

EXPLOITATION, the OVERTURNED FIELD, staked and CLAIMED a RECKLESS ABANDOMENT of nostalgic SEASONAL CYCLES

to their appetites. No story is the same as we remember. Or, to put it another, mild, way, we are ourselves the unreliable suffering witnesses to our own repeated testimony under rapid execution. Fools rush and spell-check replaces the standard formats, cutting across vocabulary lines with adolescent abandon. A copier fast as fumes, races through

speeding up,

a handful of VELOCITY OPTIONS transect

the submissive sky

light years tremble, inept at finding their way with the blind

TRAJECTORIES

awkwardly SIMULATED humanity

heat-seeking OPPORTUNITY

Non-navigable paths pulse freely, eager to escape their usual definitions

fraught with molecular EXPLOSIONS that stretch unmapped toward an outer

galaxy with innovative adverbial posture

FEAR and TREMBLING
trapped (rubble without a cause)

Resonant
ECHOES
stomping roughshod OVER
the INERT sentences
from which we took off many
MOONS
ago

UNPARDONABLE antiquity promised so much more than was ever delivered

as in the SWIFT DEATH
of
an afternoon they found

the files. The disjunct between delivery and destination, a sub-directory re-route, opens a gap in the discourse field big enough to stick a fist in. Such is our condition, destined as we are to editorial revision on all sides. Ephemeral pleasures may mark the rising and falling of our human tides, but the moment of disappearance signals to us through the very same flames that have haunted souls forever, still to no apparent end. Every reference passes through us, for

a HEAVEN of banality
far from this amazing HELL

as the INNOCENT account of prosody swells
and lurches,
eager to re-invent our EXPERIENCE again

glimpses of one soul to another
through open
ORIFICES
of COMMUNICATION

in

A MOMENT of triumphant nano-speak,
SWAGGERING

the ALPHA of illusions
in a crack between and
the lost OMEGA of

MYSTIC
pseudo-tribal phonetics
recollecting
ATAVISTIC
invention

better, for worse, for antique algebra and final equations. We who are I may punctuate without seeing a thing, or be awake to the minutiae of calibrated history. Encyclopedic movements have no bearing on the wearing of words nor on their ludic games, performing us for their amusement. The intervals we speak into call out to us in turn, answering

PURE DELIGHT

we may replace the whole natural seeming universe
with MEAGRE ALTERNATIVES
programmed to perform in anemic imitation

used to going under the name
OF LIFE

MESSAGES sped to the outer edges will come back
a FUTURE cast of eternal REVERB

MYTHIC ORIGINS

THAT WAS YESTERDAY

PARTICLES

below the archaeology of this page.

tagged presence with marked absence, each an opportunity for invention. Anomalies abound, quick as ants, eager to escape notice. Tightwire lines of inquiry stretch to the communicating horizon, casting a shadow that looks just like meaning onto the ground of the page. Composition trips over its own polygot capability, preserving its heritage within the accelerated pace of a frantic refresh rate. Here (where the universe begins and ends) is where it stops.

WAVES

harbingers of a higher order

and of

possible outcomes

<leap>

For my ♡ Brad –

with love –

in Charlottesville –

December 2000

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Autumnal obliques, these rays, passing quickly into winter light, strike the screen. Produced in Quark and then on slides for a reading at the Drawing Center on November 7, 2000, election day. The dynamic modelling effects to come later, in electronic form. For now this printed version exists in a handful of copies, printed on an HP DeskJet 1120C, on Mohawk Superfine, bound by hand by the author.

Of 20 copies this is number 3 .

Johanna Drucker



