

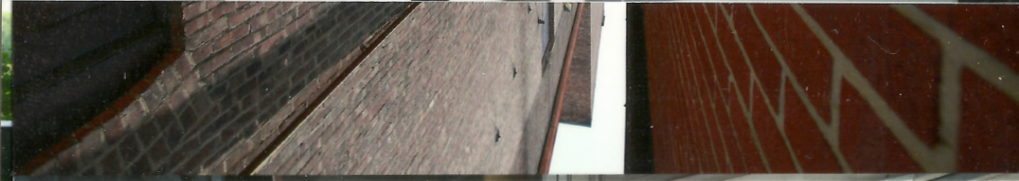


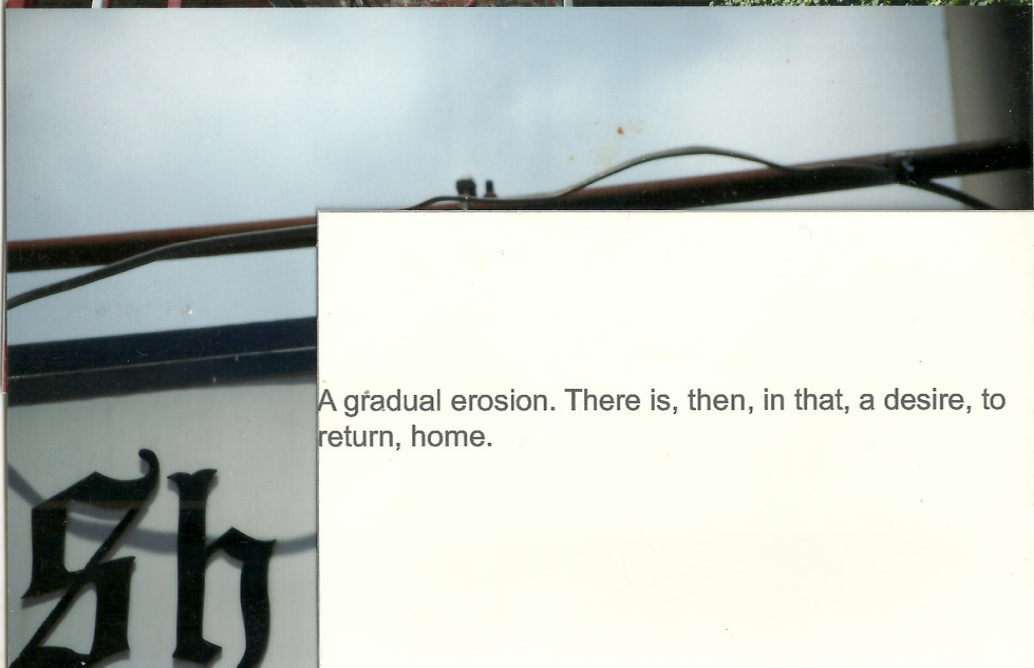
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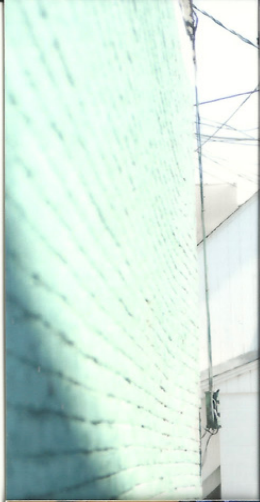


TC RDS



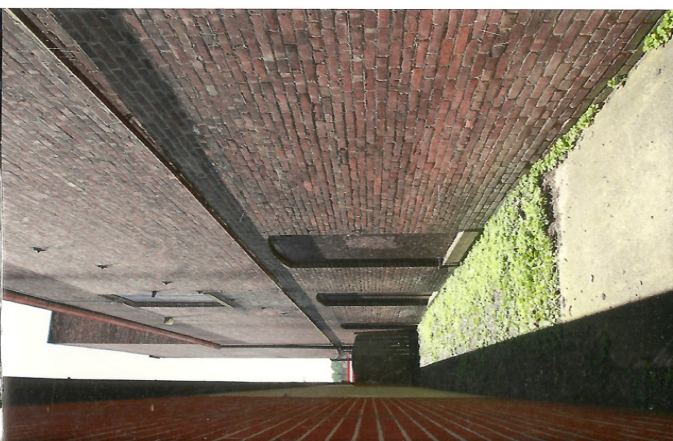


A gradual erosion. There is, then, in that, a desire, to return, home.



And following here there was everything, and knowing
everything about oneself, discovery.
Then too it's hard to define silence or song, even to my
Then too the necessity of the other for meaning, for wh
one is saying.

A gradual erosion. There is, then, in that, a desire, to r
home.





g in the muted glow

grew tired of forwardness, but what could be done, the
ly burden was the future

was angry in some way that was difficult to grasp, to hold,
concentrate

With the same understanding, I became conscious of the
ursh odor of soot, unclean flame, unknown burnt sub-
stances.





the illusion of depth was there if we could only believe in
Otherwise all was flat, a leveling, detachment but what
needed was there then to recognize, forcefully, their depth.

Under an opaque sky as in any weather there is yearning
looking down and it seems so long since the last looking
down, or not, but somehow misplaced,

Now I reverse my role, I am fascinated by the reversal but
understand the appropriate responses

But I expect, dissatisfied, condemned, that this is not what
sought to recall. Remembrance is a diaspora of identity

Did I love in the land of all lonely plurals?



This is quite
the one met the
been looking. Th
not looking I In



and even then, less visual, tactile, than a pure sensation.
And there was always the damp earthen smell of dusk in
spring





to deal with emptiness by naming it, by naming it 'emptiness', by speaking of it endlessly, by looking and saying 'emptiness'.





carefully resituated the thick glass, closed the door and
waited, basking in the muted glow

grew tired of forwardness, but what could be done, the
heavy burden was the future

was angry in some way that was difficult to grasp, to hold,
concentrate

With the same understanding, I became conscious of the
earthy odor of soot, unclean flame, unknown burnt sub-
stances.



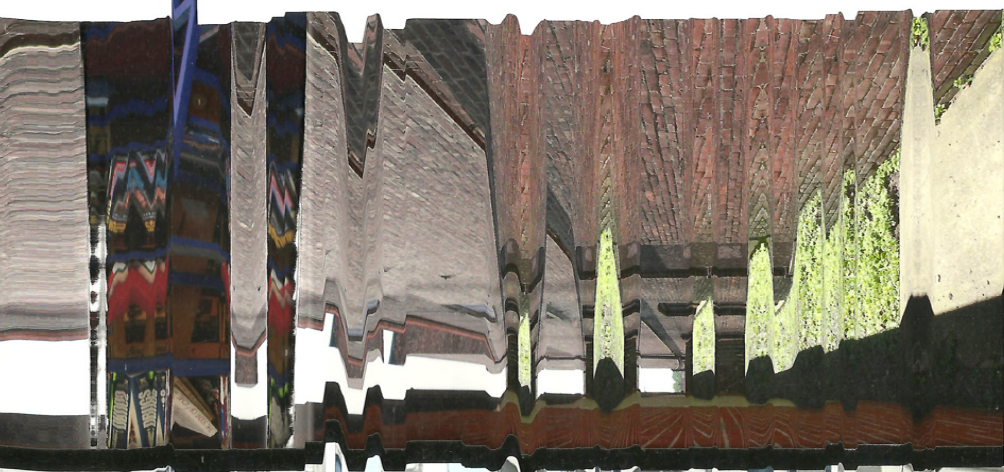


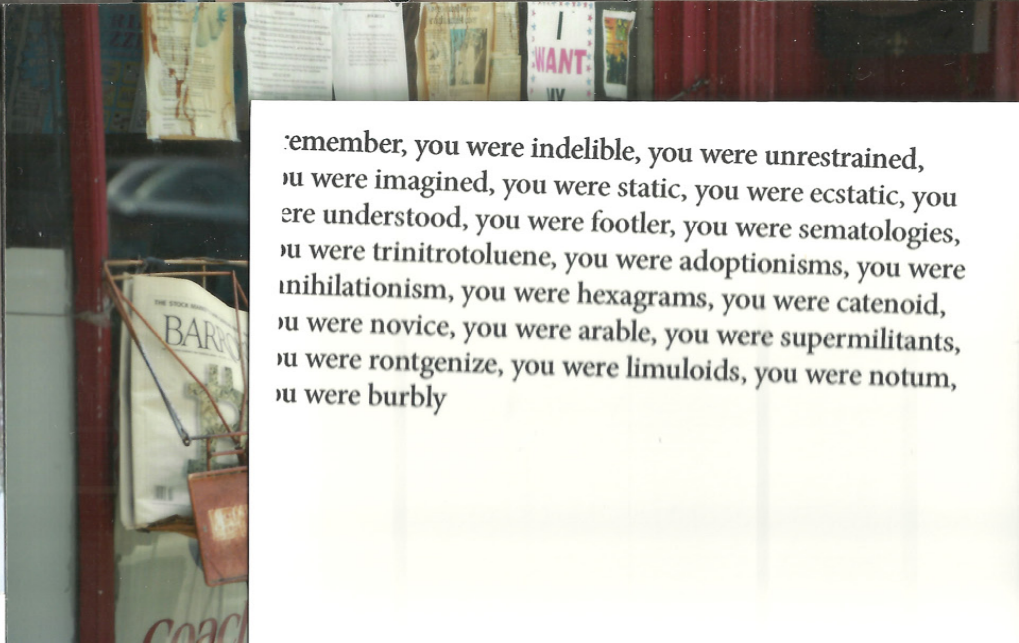
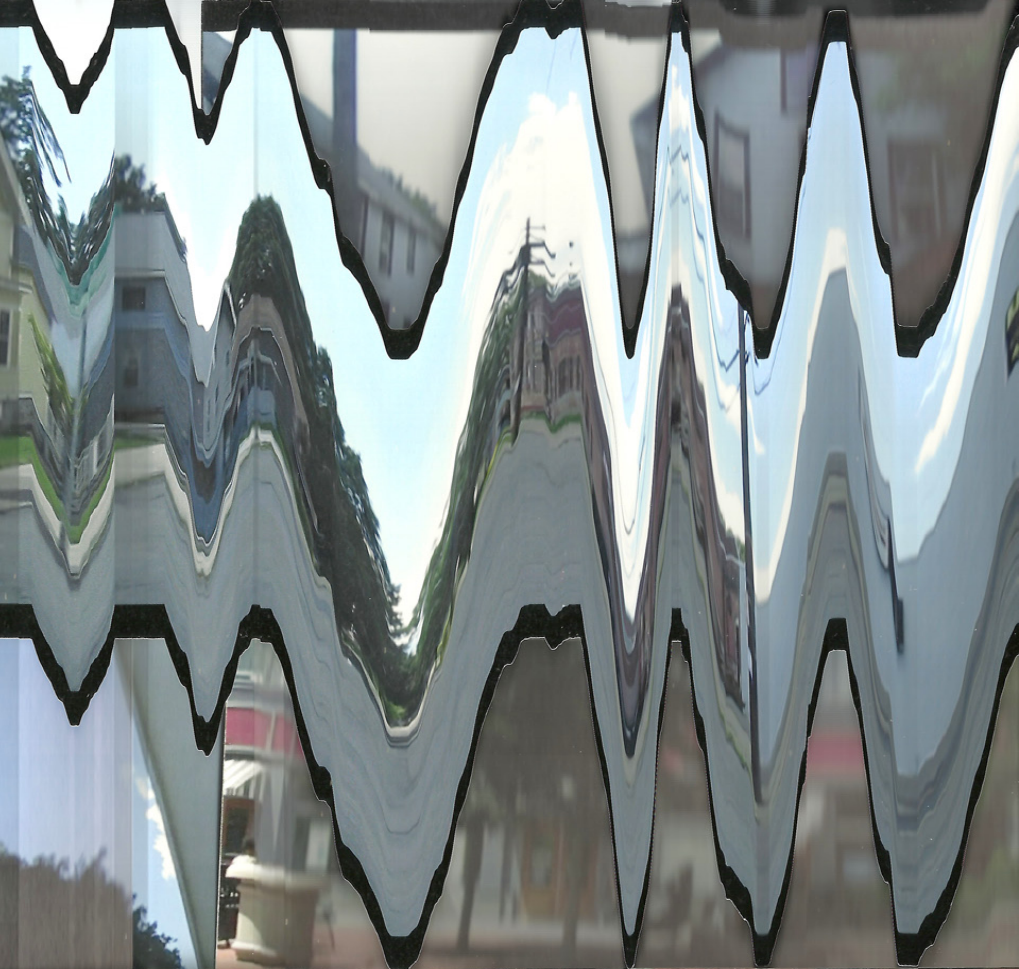


And following the way you think, it's hard to know
everything about things and people, especially.
Then there's too much to know about one thing or another, even to me.
Then there's too much to know about other things, like people, for what
we are saying.

1880-1881

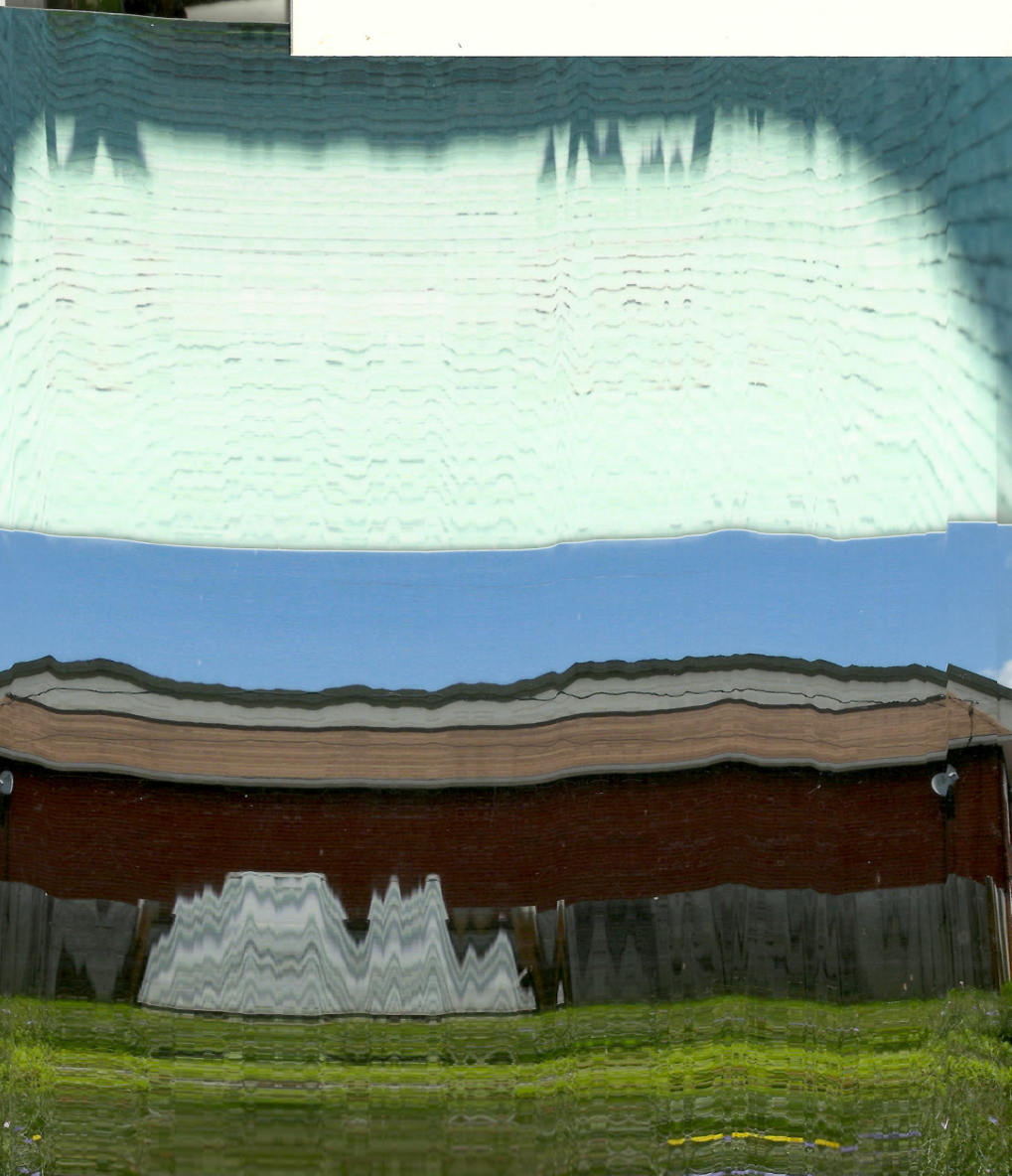
gradual erosion. This is, in essence, a demand, to
some extent.





remember, you were indelible, you were unrestrained,
you were imagined, you were static, you were ecstatic, you
were understood, you were footler, you were sematologies,
you were trinitrotoluene, you were adoptionisms, you were
nihilationism, you were hexagrams, you were catenoid,
you were novice, you were arable, you were supermilitants,
you were rontgenize, you were limuloids, you were notum,
you were burbly

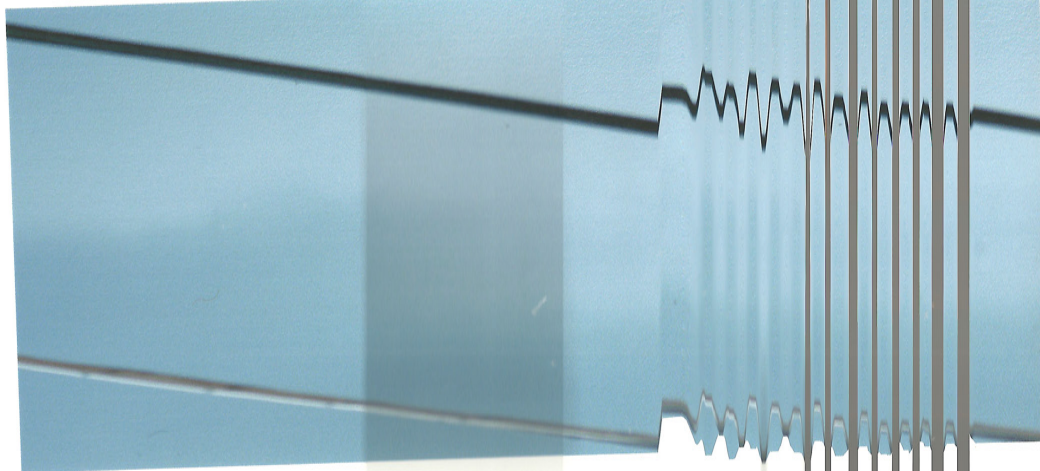
Sifting through swamps of social detritus and appraisal.
Recognizing,

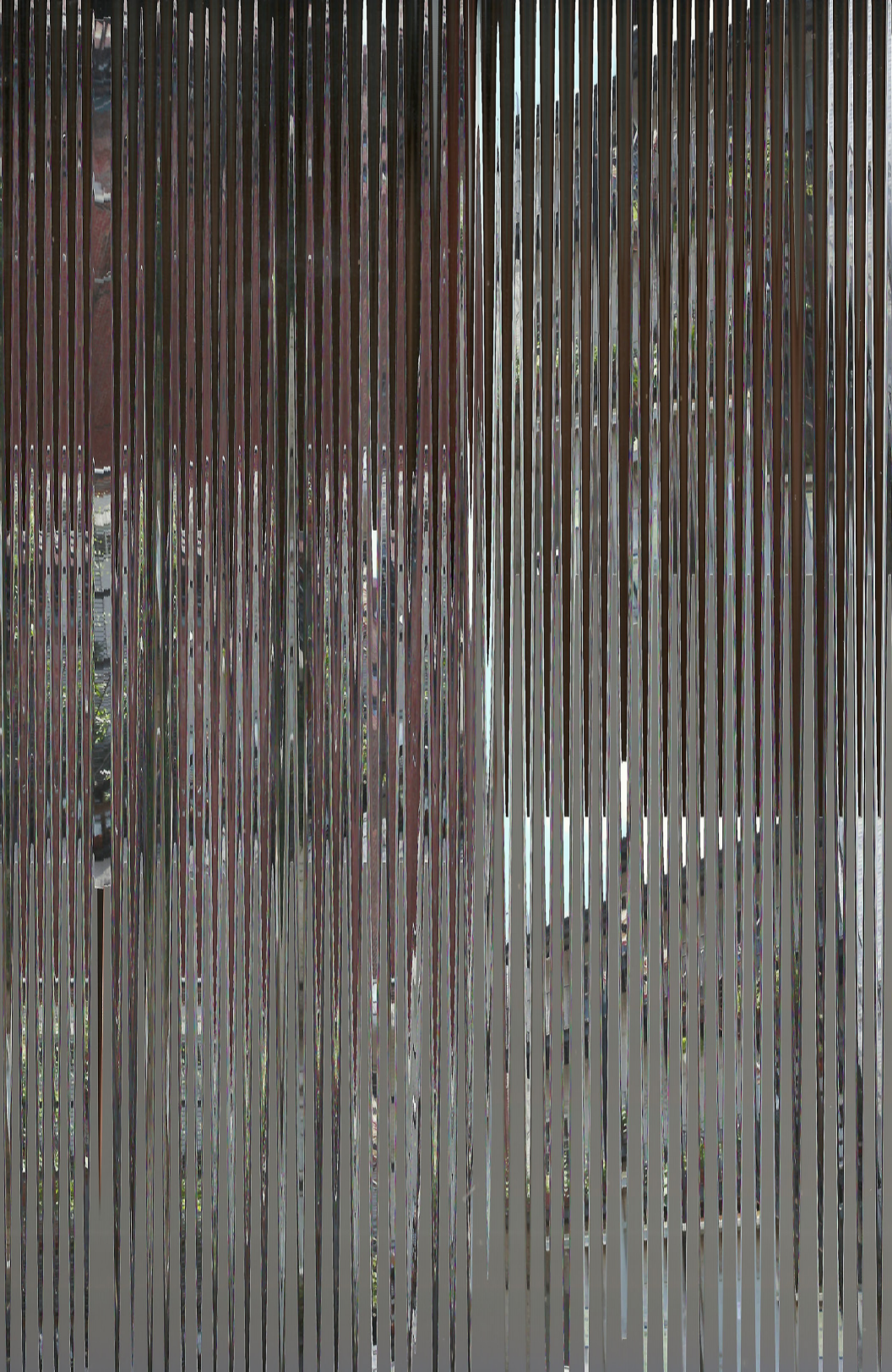


illusion of depth was there if we could only believe in
Otherwise all was flat, a leveling, detachment but what
and was there then to recognize, forcefully, their depth.

an opaque sky as in any weather there is yearning
looking down and it seems so long since the last looking
or not, but somehow misplaced,

this way and others I looked to you for the desert, for
of creation, as the desert in verisimilitude.







MATT BACZEWSKI

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