ABSTRACT

Noise Event, a collection of poems, explores the effort to transform ecological consciousness through writing—represented by Gary Snyder’s call to live “on the side of the transforming energies”—as well as the relevance of aleatory procedural works to the emerging field of ecopoetics. The dissertation’s three serial works—“Waves Fly Back,” “Palm for Palm,” and “Barking at Blue Clouds”—pursue an awareness of immanence and an ethics of relation during meditations on wildlife habitat destruction along the Gulf Coast. Drawn from Deleuzian thought, an ethics of relation is defined as those practices which resist the transcendent judgment at the heart of the Western logos. Translated into poetry, an ethics of relation suggests foregrounding the materiality of text when writing in relation to landscape, and thereby inhabiting an epistemology beyond the “Cartesian habits of mind,” as described by physicist Karan Barad. This stance is accomplished through a range of defamiliarizing strategies including chance-based composition, appropriation, and collage.

The introduction that begins the dissertation examines the ecologic of aleatory procedural based poetics—examining contingency, noise, and appropriation for their relevance to an epistemology
grounded in the self as event. The essay, “In the Holler: The Ecologic of Aleatory Procedural Poetics,” investigates each of these elements in relation to environmental thinking, situating avant garde practices within contemporary ecopoetics.

INDEX WORDS: Ecopoetics, Nature poetry, Dialogism, Ethical relation, Environmental Disaster, Politics and poetry, BP oil spill, Post-structuralism and poetry, Multiplicity of form, noise and poetry
NOISE EVENT WITH “IN THE HOLLER: THE ECOLOGIC OF ALEATORY PROCEDURAL POETICS”

by

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For Sophie and all her relations
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IN THE HOLLER: THE ECOLOGIC OF ALEATORY PROCEDURAL POETICS

Since it doesn't seem practical or even desirable to think that direct bloody force will achieve much, it would be best to consider this a continuing "revolution of consciousness" which will be won not by guns but by seizing the key images, myths, archetypes, eschatologies, and ecstasies so that life won't seem worth living unless one is on the transforming energy's side. -- Gary Snyder

“And the horse, and the child:” Self as event

I came into consciousness on 132 acres of meadow and pine forest in an Appalachian mountain holler. My mother has told me that as an infant, I was left for hours in a “playpen” outside in the shade to bobble among shadows, buzzes, thrums. As a toddler and then young child, I ambled aimlessly without human utterance other than my own under tree canopy, among boulders, within a repetitious always new twitter and zing and sting, singingly and stopping to graze on blueberries and blackberries, ever wary of rattlesnakes.

At eight years of age, my mother and I moved to the Florida panhandle. We lived on a dirt road in the middle of the woods and with an Appaloosa horse named Shomokatia. Shomo and I wandered the roads, woods, bayous, coasts. Her tail switched at flies; flies flitted and bit and bled us both. I rode her without a saddle and skin against skin felt the heat sweat slip of her body as she galloped us into a dust cloud, her nostrils snorting, hooves pounding, birds twittering in shifting breezes rustling. I spent many hours of my adolescence lying semi-conscious on the earth in chirrup tree-stir blazing.
Notwithstanding much domestic strife and financial difficulty, much suffering, as a kid I was often happy. By happy, I do not mean I had achieved “happiness.” I had not arrived at some permanent state of pleasure, that as Aristotle points out, is in fact impossible in life because at any moment one’s luck may change. I also do not mean to invoke a nostalgia for place, though for some time I made the mistake of conflating place and cast of mind. Rather, these experiences habituated me to a non-acculturated state of being. The experience brought extended moments of “deterritorialization,” an un-enclosing of the self from subjectivity (Deleuze 232). I dwelt within individuation, as a “haecceity” (54), with experiential knowledge of self as not subject but event: the entire assemblage in its individuated aggregate that is a haecceity; this assemblage is defined by a longitude and latitude, by speeds and affects, independently of forms and subjects...it is the wolf itself, and the horse, and the child, that cease to be subjects to become events, in assemblages that are inseparable from an hour, a season, an atmosphere, an air, a life. (56)

As a child, my awareness centered on a body embedded within a web of contingency—contingencies of weather, terrain, and encounter; repetition—repetitions of light and shadow, flora and fauna; and difference—differences of same, as each repetition was also a singular instance. Eventually, this manner of attention and its nondualistic epistemology, would find its practice in my poetic praxis through avant garde and oppositional poetic strategies, helping me to engage self-consciously with values alternative to those creating ecological destruction and so better align my life with what Gary Snyder calls the “transforming energy’s side.”
**Powers of Contingency**

It was through participation in the everyday with its 'inevitable repetition,'" writes Lyn Hejinian, "that Gertrude Stein first came to understand the metaphysical as well as the compositional force of habit" (qtd. in Perloff). A reading of Stein and writers who deploy her strategies can help develop what Lyn Hejinian describes as the perception of "what happens, happens as effects to beings—things that exist" (qtd in Perloff). Stein’s poetics rather obviously maps onto the “revolution of consciousness” invoked by Snyder in the opening quote. Her resistance to a foreground/background relationship argues for a radical equality between all parts; the sonorous, physicality of language challenges the Cartesian habit of mind; her insistence that each repetition is in fact a unique instance has analogue in the recognition that each creature is in fact a unique living entity never to be repeated exactly.

What has the broadest application for me is in that awareness of each moment as profoundly materially new, and thus grounded in contingency—that, as Stein writes, "[n]o matter how often what happened had happened any time anyone told anything there was no repetition" (qtd. in Perloff) -- ultimately, a profound biological, ecological, cosmological insight evoking ethical relation. Recognizing each moment as truly unrepeatable and constituted by infinite unrepeatable events can develop appreciation for all existence and for the possibility of one’s own ability as an event to shape other events. Marjorie Perloff describes Hejinian’s engagement of contingency in *Happily*: “It involves ‘taking a chance … into the present,’ getting in time rather than meditating on time.” The insistence on intensity—being in tense, of “presence,” promotes a vision of the self’s deep embeddedness in a system and thus both complicity and empowerment for transformative change. An insistence on the literally in tense is also an insistence on ethical
relation rather than judgment, as judgment appeals to values transcendent to the moment of encounter.

“an affirmation of life”: Presence & Memory

In addition to invoking individuation, attention to contingency performs a reversal of a cultural practice of monumentalizing the past. The attachment to the past revolts against the inherent mutability at the heart of the life process and thus repels the livingness of the planet. I have come to believe that the rejection of language’s inherent contingency for the appearance of authorial mastery has its roots in mortal terror and its branches in expansive subjugation. A radical shift in consciousness could perhaps be achieved through broad acceptance of contingency, which can be practiced through chance-based artistic procedures that “transform our contemporary understanding of nature’s manner of operation into art” (Cage 9). Because I believe we could love the world more fully if we engaged it with greater attention, fuller presence, I have come to place a primacy of value on being in time rather than memorializing the past. This orientation naturally may produce works with less referentiality and more immediate texture. The poems may not work in a traditional lyric sense, may not draw the reader in to overhear “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,” (Wordsworth) but rather they engage in “a purposeless play" which is "an affirmation of life – not an attempt to bring order out of chaos nor to suggest improvements in creation, but simply a way of waking up to the very life we're living” (Cage 12).

The rejection of heightened perception for the balm of memorialization in the face of mortality and insignificance drives us toward epic heroism implicated in gross exploitation and injustice
that brings our planet into peril. Recently, a new Stephen Mitchell translation of the *Iliad* was reviewed in the *New Yorker*, and writer Daniel Mendelsohn’s closing remarks point to the mythology of the hero overcoming transience by dealing and being dealt death. I am going to quote the final passage in its entirety because the author so clearly demonstrates the point that epic heroism is a response to every day impermanence:

*The Iliad* doesn’t need to be modernized, because the question it raises is a modern—indeed, existentialist—one: how do we fill our short lives with meaning? The August 22nd issue of *Time* featured, on its “Briefing” page, a quote from a grieving mother about her dead son. The mother’s name is Jan Brown, and her son, Kevin Houston, a Navy SEAL, was one of thirty-seven soldiers killed in a rocket attack in Afghanistan this past summer. What she said about him might shock some people, but will sound oddly familiar to anyone who has read the *Iliad*:

> He was born to do this job. If he could do it all over again and have a choice to have it happen the way it did or work at McDonald’s and live to be 104? He’d do it all over again.

Whoever Homer was and however he made his poem, the song that he sings still goes on. (81)

This passage reveals in the culture a profound compulsion toward memorialization. To live a long anonymous unmemorialized life, to “work at McDonald’s and live to be 104,” is so reprehensible, a person would not only rather die young but would also rather have a job killing others. In this logic, it is better to slay your fellow man and gain a place, however small, for your
name in history, than just to flip burgers and be forgotten. Cooking, simplicity, and anonymity prove greater horrors than murder—the claim reveals a habitualized consciousness that “devours work, clothes, furniture, one’s wife, and the fear of war” (Shlovsky).

“Radically different”: Concepts & Violence

Producing a “revolution of consciousness” requires challenging this ideology that positions legend over living, and aleatory procedural writing offers such defiance. The written word is one of the most powerful sites of not only memorialization but of the ideologies driving the impulse. V. N. Volosinov, in his influential book *Marxism and the Philosophy of Language* writes, “the word functions as an essential ingredient accompanying all ideological creativity whatsoever.” And further, “The word is the ideological phenomenon par excellence.” Not only does unrecognized ideology impede presence, participation in the social contract of intelligibility implies participation within whatever social network the signs make readily accessible meaning, in this case a culture where the word, especially the personal pronoun inscribed with recorded deeds, are valued more than world. The ecologic of an aleatory procedural poetics engages the fact that cultural transformation toward an ethical relation begins through the “roughening of the language,” the “defamiliarization” or “ostranenie” of words themselves as objects to be better apprehended (Shlovsky).

“We can take one of two roads in our effort to change consciousness,” writes ecocritic Sueellen Campbell, “We can flip the power-structure…or chose a method more subtle and more radical…question the concepts on which the old hierarchies are built” (126). The logos of binary thinking at the root of Western thought produces oppositions like “Nature and culture, madness
and reason, fact and fiction, human and animal, self and other, scientific and unscientific, civilized and primitive, even male and female, good and evil” (126). These “concepts on which the old hierarchies are built” (126) pervade our popular discourse and transmit a destructive unjust epistemology.

Jacques Derrida describes the violence these oppositions perpetuate so casually and relentlessly against the more-than-human world:

When one says “animal,” one has already begun to not understand anything...There are considerable differences between different types of creatures. There is no reason one should group them into one and the same category. Monkeys, bees, snakes, dogs, anthropods, horses. These are radically different organisms of life and to say “animal” and put them all into one category, both the monkey and the ant, is a very violent gesture.

Here, Derrida points to the generalizing power of a single word, “animal,” which allows us to erase individual differences between organisms, and, ultimately, use the tool of “animal” to dissociate ourselves from the suffering of all deemed “animal,” all that is “not-human”—from mosquito to Muscogee.

**“the voice that utters them”: Onomatopoeia & Glossalalia**

“A poet makes himself a visionary through a long, boundless, and systematized disorganization of all the senses,” wrote Arthur Rimbaud (33). By disordering the mind, arranging a derangement, the poet achieves wide identification, “becomes all men the great invalid, the great criminal, the great accursed--and the Supreme Scientist!...attains the unknown! Because he has
This development of the soul, rather than of the poem as a product for review by the poet or others, is the aim:

…if demented, he finally loses the understanding of his visions, he will at least have seen them! So what if he is destroyed in his ecstatic flight through things unheard of, unnameable: other horrible workers will come; they will begin at the horizons where the first one has fallen! (33)

A just consciousness in a social reality where the most common utterance instates a cruel status quo requires a profound cognitive restructuring. To create a new world, to truly experience an individuation—which paradoxically produces a sense of extensive relatedness—one must clear a space in the psyche. The poetry of this clearance will necessarily prove difficult, barbarous, and “it must be foreign to the cultures that produce atrocities” (Hejinian qtd. in Perloff).

To achieve the cast of mind Rimbaud describes in which “I is an other,” we must speak in a language truly foreign to our subjectivities. Aleatory procedural poetics can help one locate a strange tongue, to speak in “glossolalia,” to dwell in the urge toward signification, in presence, rather than in the moment of signification and ideology. Georgio Agamben says:

if I utter words whose meaning I do not understand, he who speaks in me, the voice that utters them, the very principle of speech in me, will be something barbarous, something that does not know how to speak and that does not know what it says. To-speak-in-gloss is thus to experience in oneself barbarian speech, speech that one does not know; it is to experience an "infantile" speech. (811)

While, according to Agamben, the pure animal desire can never appear in the language due to the grammata, onomatopoeia comes closest to a pure insignificant sounding. “Onomatopoeia is
generally characterized as a pregrammatical or agrammatical language (‘this language,’ Contini writes, ‘as such has nothing to do with grammar’)” (838). The inclusion of onomatopoeia in an aleatory procedural poetics pushes the poet’s vision beyond Rimbaud’s becoming “all men” and into intraspecies identification.

Radically disorienting works so dysfunctional to the communicative act might be read as ‘garbage’ by the uninitiated. Confronted by their ugliness, a particularly frustrated reader might pound the table, eyes abulge, and demand, “This is a poem?! THIS IS A POEM?!!” To such a response, I offer up A.R. Ammons’s words on the subject of garbage:

where but in the very asshole of comedown is
redemption: as where but brought low, where

but in the grief of failure, loss, error, do we
discern the savage afflictions that turn us around:

where but in the arrangements love crawls us
through, not a thing left in our self-display

unhumiliated, do we find the sweet seed of
new routes…”(2554)
“getting rid of God” & the Aesthetics of Noise

Although rejecting the inherent violence of the Western logos, there is a death embrace at the heart of an aleatory procedural work, a confident insistence on rejecting exclusive boundaries of selfhood for the inclusive permeation of multiplicity. Parasyntactical, dialogic texts enact the boundaried lyric identity decomposing in a disorganizing swarm. As Michel Serres has said, “Noise, intermittence and turbulence, quarrel and sound; this marine noise is the original one but the original hatred as well” (13). This “hatred” is the destructive counter to the creative, the motion necessary for change.

The inclusion of semantic noise revises the transcendent binary logos of Western civilization and its environmental practices. If the individuated self, a cybernetic subject position, is about the self in systemic connectivity, noise engages the language in the possibility of new connections. Cole Swensen writes:

On a biological level, Tabary explains: “A stimulus that constitutes noise for an inexperienced organism may be able to be neutralized easily by an organism of the same nature with greater experience.” Readers, though, do more than “neutralize” the noise; the reader with greater experience can actually use it to expand what can be said in a given language, and thus, what can be thought by its cultures. And it is through such a process of gradual expansion that some of what Wittgenstein termed “the inexpressible” can come close enough to language to be shown by it. (11)

Selfhood and language and environment are not separate but create each other, are together the topos, the topic, a story we can recognize from sensorial systemic inherency, from the forest
before Gilgamesh. In Western thought we have inherited not only tropes but also a way of imagining language. As Nietzsche put it, “we are not getting rid of God because we still believe in grammar” (190:48). An aleatory procedural process can disrupt habituated abstraction, creating alternate logics, freeing awareness from inherited modes. When habitualized perceptions are disrupted, attendant values may be shifted, returning us to our bodies in active thinking through desire, the body becoming the anti-war machine.

The L=A=N=G=U=A=T=E writings have already made this argument for the necessity and efficacy of addressing social problems through disruptive language practices. A prime example of an aleatory procedural work with ecological implications appears in Ron Silliman’s Ketjak:

Revolving door. Fountains of the financial district. Houseboats beached at the point of low tide, only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water. A sequence of objects which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, camels pulling wagons of bear cages, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line….

Silliman wrote Ketjak using a series of expanding paragraphs, in which each new paragraph repeats the preceding sentences in order but with additional sentences inserted, repeatedly re-contextualizing the words. The expansive re-contextualization, along with a great number of “mistakes” performs an embrace of noise, of multiplicity. Silliman has mapped this procedure onto a Balinese ritual for exorcism, the “Monkey Dance,” and he performs a post-human stance in the poem, his own “monkey dance” that employs noise and exorcises words of their inherited referentiality and attachment to the Western logos. The words are loosed from their boundaried identities that are said to bear a referent’s essence, and are recognized instead within their local
context, with their meaning and power arising from their local relation. The discursive practice here refuses transcendence of materiality and enacts an ethics of relation.

“a field without origin”: Appropriation & Cosmology

“We know now that a text is not a line of words releasing a single ‘theological’ meaning (the ‘message’ of the Author-God),” wrote Roland Barthes in “Death of the Author.” A text does not provide the essence of a creator but rather presents “a multi-dimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash.” Every writing is either consciously or not an appropriation, as the “text is a tissue of quotations drawn from the innumerable centres of culture.” As with Stein, a stance toward the language charts a metaphysics. Appropriation foregrounds a material fact hidden by the pretense of The Author, the fact that, like the body, subjectivity too is a material appropriation, a remix, and has no true boundaries nor origin. By appropriating text, a poet positions herself “cut off from any voice, born by a pure gesture of inscription (and not of expression).” She resists the illusion of boundaried identity and “traces a field without origin—or which, at least, has no other origin than language itself, language which ceaselessly calls into question all origins.”

Ultimately, the act of linguistic appropriation asserts not only the lack of an exclusive subjectivity for each body but also for the cosmos itself, as Barthes’ “Author-God” implies. Linguistic appropriation enacts the perception of a non-theist universe and de-defies the poem, much as Duchamp’s ready-mades “de-deify” the artist, engaging in a profound ecologic. Such compositions liberate “what may be called an anti-theological activity, an activity that is truly revolutionary since to refuse to fix meaning is, in the end, to refuse God and his hypostases—
reason, science, law.” The appropriated text tells the story of a creation made without a creator but instead constituted by a process, thus recasting the genesis myth, that one we perhaps most need to seize.

Some might accuse this godless work of bleak nihilism. Yet, an appropriation-based text opens itself to the reader as a creator, placing a primacy of value on relationship. The reader “brings the work in contact with the external world by deciphering and interpreting its inner qualifications and thus adds his contribution to the creative act” (Duchamp). Appropriation affirms the moment’s material contingencies, a profound orientation toward presence and creative possibility. Rather than dubbing the lack of faith in a final centralized authority nihilistic, this ecologic would apply other names: generosity, possibility, happiness.

A note on the term “appropriation”: Appropriation has some negative associations that bear consideration and elaboration. Within economics, appropriation describes human possession of previously unowned natural resources. The ecologic of textual appropriation might then be said to be a re-appropriation by the individual of the urge to signify, of the self as an event, from its ownership by the system of thought that is the dominant logos. By re-appropriating the meaning of the words, the urge to signify, the presence, is returned to its unowned state.

“Loci of resistance”: Innovation & Ecopoetics

An aleatory procedural work is obviously situated within the U.S. avant-garde generally, which traces to early modernist writers, as well as to the European avant garde. Such a work may also be placed more narrowly within the emerging field of ecopoetics. In the last decade or so, an
ecopoetics has emerged that applies new insights to the question of how literature and ecology might most effectively engage one another for systemic change. Jonathan Skinner’s journal *ecopoetics* launched in 2001, the issue of 2008 *HOW2* featuring ecopoetics, and the 2012 *eco language reader* edited by Brenda Iijima and Skinner are helping bring into the ecocritical conversation texts explicitly engaged with the materiality of language, work drawing on feminist poetics, critical race poetics, and queer poetries that unsettle and reconfigure the subject. Christophr Arigo observed in his “Notes Toward An Ecopoetics” that “much of the ecopoetry being written seems to take place more in the realm of the innovative, as opposed to more mainstream poetries.” He speculates that the connection between innovation and ecopoetry exists “because innovative poetries are loci of resistance to mainstream poetic practices (and values) which presumably reflect larger social paradigms.” According to Arigo, the innovative writing functions as a form of protest, “a site of resistance, of politics, of political resistance” (ibid). In many cases, they apply the lens of post-structuralism to writing “nature,” examining the configuration of the human and of dominion as it takes place through language. The poems in my dissertation *Noise Event* work in this recent vein.

**Noise Event**

I think, therefore I am not. My mind is comprised of inherited conceptions passed down from my particular sociopolitico context, in this case the authoritarian, dick-oratorial Judeo-Christian U.S. capitalist culture. My language precedes me, flows through me, inherited concepts glimmering along synapses and out through eyes and ears as inlets. My consciousness, my experience of selfhood, is merely a manifestation of my culture’s logic as produced in my linguistic practice. As Volosinov has declared, “Consciousness itself can arise and become a viable fact only in the
material embodiment of signs.” My judgments are not my own, as, according to Volosinov, “individual signs can arise only on interindividual territory.” The laments of my language mean the laments of my world. This being said, I do unthink, therefore I am not-yet, am becoming. I am not-yet, a force pulsating multiplicity, shape-shifting, as energy and dynamic. If liberation is, as Deleuze says, “lines of flight,” we are each creative sites of possibility, when we move as “a line of becoming…not defined by points that it connects, or by points that compose it; on the contrary, …between points…up through the middle… neither one nor two; …the in-between” (323). Contemporary performance of the subject has acknowledged Volosinov’s claim while attempting to create new subjectivities with strategies and practices like dialogism, appropriation, collage, erasure, aleatory procedures. Disrupting a normalized syntax here, punning a word there. The performance of a related metaphysics wills a violable noise.

I am especially engaged by Volosinov’s radical insistence on the materiality of language. I find it especially fruitful placed in conversation with ecological ideas about the human relationship to the environment like those of Neil Evernden, who says: “The tourist can grasp only the superficialities of a landscape, whereas the resident reacts to what has occurred” (99). He goes on to clarify his point: “He [sic] sees a landscape not only as a collection of physical forms, but as evidence of what has occurred there” (99). If we accept the material fact that “the word is ideological phenomenon par excellence,” (Volosinov) then we must accept that the literal silencing of the Gulf Coast evidences not only the constructions of property developers and oil companies, but also the verbal constructions used in relationship with that environment, a relationship that articulates the “other” as simply a set of resources to be utilized.
The materiality of the text in my poems signifies in several ways, which aim to reconfigure the dynamic between self, word, world. According to David Abram’s argument in *The Spell of the Sensuous*, the written language, particularly of the IndoEuropean variety, has worked to dissociate the homosapien from a *sensitive* relationship to habitat. In the beginning, was the word. Before the beginning, was the world. As Margie O’Sullivan describes it:

> how are soundings or voices that are other-than or invisible or dimmed or marginalized or excluded or without privilege, or locked out, made Unofficial, reduced by ascendant systems of centrality and closure, configured or Sounded or given form & potency; how can I body forth or configure such sounds, such tongues, such languages, such muteness, such multivocality, such error—and this is perhaps why the non-vocal in mark & the non-word in sound or language—make up much of the fabrics & structures of my own compositions. (qtd. in Bernstein)

The language is certainly a powerful magic, words altering and altaring and othering as they connect and compose. The written word, even more so, offers a powerful enchantment, seeming to allow us to travel across space and time and to penetrate into essences. My poems refuse this use and seek to deterriorialize and reterritorialize the Gulf Coast biomes as they are distributed through the linguascape and into my neural synapses housing associations between words and memory. They are an active unmapping. Perhaps every verbalization remaps, even if each articulation does defend as it defines, is only a distance, I intend to continue moving into the gap where words become current. I act as keeper to these particular headwaters, so that together with the reader, we will form tributaries and merge to form larger tributaries and continue merging to form larger rivers. We will flow to lower altitudes, towards the oceans. Together, we will ascend
to the heavens, and we will fly down again. We will enter bodies, travel through vessels, deliver the flood to the hate.

My poems emerge from appropriation and echo. Appropriation directly engages text as environment, as place. If canon, laws, and the tourism industry have generated texts that shape the landscape, my poems will visit these sites and discover "salt assaulted i had to open my eyes / history and nature the two biggest calling cards." My subjectivity will be investigated as a site for restorative justice, as personal history and political history merge in “that they are saying Florida native about me.” New subjectivity will be cultivated as generalizing concepts like ‘shrimp’ are explored as concepts, instruments shaping particular living entities within the landscape into "Spawned dollars", and rather than taking a stance of judgment by positioning the self as outside this shaping, the poems situate the associations and meanings within. As for echo, words will not be approached as simply symbols referencing an ideal form, but rather the physical fact of sound will move between my moment of incarnation and the link to landscape present in a word. The echoing process acknowledges the subconscious sensory inputs inflecting interpretation; "Yes in the pines gulf writes a nest;” while the particular moment of composition is valued over transcendental signification, “Efflating of the sheer go of breath.” Echo attended by chance will contribute to an estrangement from the words, from habitualized conceptions, allowing for a nonverbal, bodily sensate improvisation, a “green read of me.” By “intrarupting” the human/instrument/landscape dynamic, the poems manifest an ethical relation to the landscape, a becoming-place. The poems are artifacts of a cognitive practice that shifts a subjectivity in its stance toward the human inaction with landscape from judgment to an
awareness of deep space time processes free from interpretation, an acceptance that “Err is flame's wake.”

In “Material Ecocriticism: Matter, Text, and Posthuman Ethics,” Serenella Iovino describes a “material turn” across the disciplines. Iovino asserts that material ecocriticism provides “a literacy for an evolved political ecology based on an extended understanding of our being, knowing, and acting.” In turn, a material ecopoem enacts this “ethics focused on the way discursive constructions and material bodies interplay in given socio-political contexts,” and so emerges as the ethics in praxis.
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NOISE EVENT

*It is not strength, it is the very opposite of power, but it is capacity.*

*This noise is the opening.*
Waves Fly Back

I widened for edible or medicinal purposes
while the gentler currents are before

prom, i layout
naked beside his MG, i rolled on my back

my marshes sand inlets. i
showed him my cyclists
    with torturous wooded trails

different golf course or tennis course for each
day of the week. i gave him my wildlife,

my land for nature lovers used to be safe
for walking alone and wildlife, there

an airplane a buzz sky-writing:
Bill's Crabhouse All-You-Can-Eat-Crab 9.99$

he will always be my motorcycle, ski, climb, cruise
a wide world of spars and greyhound dog
    racing

he will always be the water body temperature.
it’s true, he was a boy with a go-cart who drove by

it’s true, he was a boy with a go-cart who drove by faster than elevated coastal ridges and dry, sandy soil conditions. I blushed

pinelands and pine scrub. the words between us nonnative fish

less successful in invading. manatees at a significant risk from pollution and other disturbances

the touch between us surfaces of some lakes and ponds concealed by rafts of floating lily water lettuce, duckweed

he carved our initials into a cypress tree.

the days were conifers that lose their foliage in sawgrass marshes, where they may form characteristic domes, in a time when time was a mucky terrain, in swamps along river floodplains.

vast underground waterways have formed beneath much of the state. they are also home.
i agreed to stay with him because stargazers see notable

i agreed to stay with him because stargazers see notable celestial

objects

the sun can be fierce.
i emptied it there, tiny, white, berry-like.

the restorative power of the elegy, in conical clusters

i whispered around eight o'clock a band gets going

it sometimes is approaching in my dreams

as common a weed as a tidal lagoon

it sometimes is receding

he was a guy hanging on till the next

funnel a beer or to drop a tab

his face said habitat, disturbed areas, covered with needle-like

hairs

that realize singing substances wind touched

he looked into me like out

windows overlooking the ocean colorful

murals depicting island life.

“will you rub some on my back?”
to not be afraid.  he said the tropical wildflowers
to not be afraid.  he said the tropical wildflowers

that’s how i flourished.  the moon is the color
of the deadliest hurricane

he said the tropical waters

usually will flee, but can cause serious injury.
legs long.
      to fuck atop with parents on the other side

is a diverse assemblage of fish,
is particularly diverse swampy forests

composed of bald cypress, red maple,
tupelos, and other flood-tolerant species.

you’re so tiny.  he said.  will you always stay this way?

i always carried a mirror to the beach

like a flat howl

there is a focal point for much ocean life.
mouths, for example, common and beautiful

mouths, for example, common and beautiful

lakes, slow-moving streams, woods.

when he entered me the tip of the peninsula
   as the swiftly flowing current,
   the beginning

of the gulf stream, i whispered cup-like,

rose-pink flowers, leaves ovate
to heart-shaped, wavy-edged to him --
dunes

migrate downwind if they are not stabilized
by hardy vegetation, such as sea oats

that can withstand sea spray and burial by sand.

words developed between us, were moist
woods, roadsides, city lots.

a common spreadwing, damselfly. abdomen long,
   blackish, with bluish-white tip, watched

wings transparent, short; held half open. our
lounge and grandstand areas are fully enclosed
and air-conditioned, instant-replay. we were each other's
monarch throughout reassuring
structures of flight.

we promised museum, beach, nature exhibits, aquariums,
land a large starred darkness disoriented out.

there.

yes, a panoramic view of. the factioned landscape
seen from aviary. seat in the house lends an airy,

seaside view

but lovers looking upward replaced by street lights

as well as 118 other shops and 15 bistro-style eateries.

and i spent all my birthday money at the mall.
when the ancient supercontinent of Pangaea

when the ancient supercontinent of Pangaea broke apart

  i still loved him like blowing up a float
till i was dizzy and my mouth
was a changing angle of sunlight.

rain may fall as an all day

a sudden thunderstorm downpour

Do you think you’ll ever take me back?
He was sixteen. He had a climate considered tropical.
Because if you don’t, I’m going to marry Sonia.

fucking in the woods on the beach of a bayou.

as it did during the spring equinox.

we felt on average, 46 tornadoes a year touch down

actually suffers more tornadoes

waterspouts -- tornadoes that touch down over water
a horizon not known for its snow

flung between us rung its bell

shaped flashes arc across the sky

caused by the explosive expansion of

two teenagers who don’t know what lies
ahead -- more than 100 thunderstorms

per year, with a peak frequency
from broken-homes.

a horizon open and umbrella-like;
the stars,

his starts, his thrusting, our trusting and
the full moon, rise at sunset

and set at dawn. it is highest in the sky
across his back, shining on his head

extreme winds sent the lake’s waters

over surrounding levees.
i went to see her, arriving self-satisfied as the one
who settled his family here sometime in the 1830's.

i didn’t understand, for me life had been a sleepy little fishing village
though the east pass was bridged. i didn’t yet know that in her

    body formed the future and the future requires fire
for release of its seeds,

that she was leaving that the future is patented and listed as real-estate
like lake flooding during hurricanes in the late 1920’s
    the blood leaving her face; disrupting the flow of water into
    the Everglades.

i brought her cookies, asked how are you feeling?
when she didn’t answer, when she looked out the window,

i said, let’s make this hospital bed look like a beach towel.

instead she lay there, wrapped in white
    fish fresh from the wholesale market.
her eyes said from a deep-sea charter boat and the end of a pier

her eyes said from a deep-sea charter boat and the end of a pier.

so that happens on water happens

awakening dreaming shoals and rapids

of the blackwater river

is she?
as a young woman, she was known

for her ample daybreak land of

now it's this visit to the indian temple mound and museum.

sunset unfurling falling feeling on nerved white

superlatives: a world of hunting, biking,

                   canoeing.

eglin airforce base biggest military installation

i tell the story of when i got pulled out sand scrapped
undertow in my nose my mouth my math

salt assaulted i had to open my eyes

history and nature the two biggest calling cards.
students of the past can wander the many
historic districts or visit
archeological digs, and

while she was dying in the hospital, i took my lunch
breaks naps out on the pavilion overlooking
the gulf
before the pop music got piped in.

please. tell me. tell me what you saw in your day
today.

something’s moving out there. can you see it?

particularly on santa rosa island, where you can
pedal for almost 20 mi and never lose sight
of the land.

no, i don't see anything.
which like clean water is getting harder to find.

where the contrast between the sugar white quartz
crystal sand the emerald water stunning.

there, where i'm pointing.
she lay there quiet as the "Miracle Strip"

and junk satisfaction. skin gone neon

and i held her hand, that artificial reef,

i asked the nurse to bring her a room

full of oceanfront    young wed couples
  swaddling wet sand sunburnt toddlers

shaking out beach towels sand

    ineffable sand unnamable cause

luck of the draw determines what you get.

I hadn't come to talk of bottle-nosed
dolphins, sea lions, and otters

celebrate and mourn our failure to connect.
Yet, I had been the number one people pleaser

since the house opened. Between

us were waterfalls, reflecting ponds, footbridges,

and all I could say was Gulf World.
like abundant billfish, sand, foam,
like abundant billfish, sand, foam,
she was always so seemed indestructible.

yeah, i can hardly bear to look at her.

the doctor comes in breezy as recreation

she’s scared, her eyes white sands and blue green waters that became check-in information

she is alive. that’s worth something, her body

so slight, so empty motel and amusement parks with oceanic motif

so much translated into fishing sport

her hand grown cold as a walk from coast into condo

look the effects of the medication

have worn off. she’s talking. what she’s saying
this upscale resort. the light has changed.

this upscale resort. the light has changed.

everything's different, rent

pines land oaks sand swamp
   throng
   a longing the shores of the gulf.

she’s on life-support. she’s on games from motel

rooms to golf courses to showcase homes shown

     we all gown up before going in.

what is wanting is

tourist is it suntans sand hand in the wet
   waves, sandpipers

we all wonder how much longer. holding

     bays rich in mullet. reach an ideal city by the

the coast, disappearing quick as woadwax.

woah that bikini line. better wear a coverup

her eyes roll back. it's going to be ok, I say, stroking
   her cold colder forehead

carved out of 1,800 acres of
i have seen the false breast & it’s full as a parasail

i have seen the false breast & it’s full as a parasail

only the remaining breast lonely manatee.
once huge creature, fondled

for its meat. abundance extinguished bit by bit as if

the victim of large-scale illegal poaching, cysts

instead of tree snails or epiphytic orchids from the hardwood

that’s why she’s gone unconscious, septic. why do

innumerable subterranean caverns fill with waste,
      x-rays look like population growth and unabated tourism

that’s the way it is -- her eyes open

magnolias, live oaks, and loblolly pines

it doesn’t seem enough to say to the surgeon,
please don't walk on the dunes.

it has taken me years to realize the pain
      of just like family.
State of Mind

Florida Native

Q: So, you were born you in Tennessee?
A: No, Florida
Q: So, you're a Florida native?

Is my Florida native trembling a sign that something bad is Florida native to
Florida native to me, that they are saying Florida native about me
That Florida native will take a liking to Florida nation
And thus with someone did Florida notion go Florida's known shone to the night,
and in Florida now's sheen to eat and drink, did rouse heat make
Have Florida native gone Flower's idea native with desire for Flowing here's day
native
Have you said suggestive
Did you kiss Flawing's err is dei native
By chance, have you had Flooding hers' t's sway knowledges her house singing
native
And shoteinge owtt their Braynes in the water a part of your baptism and I love my mission Go
get them Mormon boys The Church is True -- That will stay in your heart forever Good luck
with all you do and wherever you go!! almost positive you will do fine. never forget the twinkle
in your eyes Goodbye, Heidi, I love you! P.S. Write me sometime someone to count on who am
i? where did i come from? how long have i got? you for your smile and good nature. a true
sweety. a really wonderful time in 7th period Stay unique! Maybe you won't want to marry me
anymore. Doesn't it feel good? It feels good to me! I guess no more skippin is in order. a chick
that'll say fuck it every now and again time to start takin' it serious done quite a bit together --
having a good time doing it too last year was killer along w/going to Henderson Beach park
instead of school we did get fried that day Well, I'm outta here, thank god. Believe it or not, Neal
Young just came on TK 101 Well, that's all for now! P.S. DON'T TAKE NO RESISTANCE!
Hey babydoll! There was a lot of things I did We are so different, it's hilarious I'm glad you were
there "F. U. T." I feel really awful about what happened to us.

Hopeful,
Elusive,
Imbroglio,
Disorder,
Important

I write like shit. Keep writing in your dairy-journal. I'm not but life goes on. I
hope you get what you want out of life.
Have you believed that when the blue jay Florida native another birds sings and
the Florida native is trembling that it is a signal that people are Florida native or
that Florida native important is Florida native to happen
When Florida native woman has given birth, have Florida native
avoided coming near the fire, have Florida native considered this
In the clearing Florida native field of maize, when lightning strikes them, have Florida native considered it a sin Florida native eat it Florida native advised that no Florida native else eats it considering it a sin
Have Florida native pray to the new maize In what way Florida native with which herb did you Florida native this
When the fireplace pops, have Florida native said this is a sign of war Is my Florida native trembling a sign that something bad is Florida native to Florida native to me, that they are saying Florida native about me, Florida native that there is going Florida native be food
Belching, have Florida native said that this is a sign that I want to die, Florida native that there will be much food Florida native the head with bear grease, have you Florida native it a sin to eat fish Florida native a certain number of Florida native
Have you eaten Florida native, or dirt, Florida native bits of Florida native, or fleas, Florida native lice
Your husband having left Florida native, did Florida native bathe with certain herbs, believing that with this he will return to Florida native
And thus perfuming, have Florida native put on the dress skirt Have Florida native fasted with this intention, that Florida native will take a liking to Florida native
And thus with someone did Florida native go Florida native to the night, and in Florida native to eat and drink, did Florida native make the ceremony
Have Florida native gone Florida native with desire for Florida native Have you said suggestive Florida native Did you kiss Florida native Have you taken Florida native herb so that Florida native would Florida native become pregnant
Being pregnant, have Florida native killed the unborn child Florida native wished to kill it by taking Florida native drink or striking Florida native or squeezing Florida native belly to Florida native it as you used Florida native do
Have Florida native had intercourse with father and Florida native Have someone that has had Florida native younger sister had a duet with Florida native
By chance, have you had Florida native as if you were a man Are Florida native a doctor Did Florida native cure someone badly Florida native so that he Florida native call you back and give Florida native some Florida native pay
In order that they pay Florida native, have you said: if Florida native don't give me Florida native, the sickness that you have will return Have Florida native cured anyone with the Florida native of Florida native
Not because Florida native, but because you are angry, have Florida native
native ordered that Florida native be punished by having his arm broken

Have Florida native taken an herb to run faster than the Florida native in order Florida native take the bet or the prize that they put up

Have Florida native taken a woman Florida native her house by singing Florida native charms

Did the spell work

Because Florida native come Florida native dance, have you Florida native that Florida native woman be Florida native or that the penalty be taken Florida native her

Thundering, have you Florida native toward the heavens in Florida native to Florida native the clouds Florida native water with your evil prayers

Sleeping Florida native in a bed or taking a bath, have Florida native touched Florida native sexual organs, saying that in this manner Florida native will do it, and etc.

Have Florida native had intercourse with Florida native man

Or have Florida native gone Florida native trying out Florida native in order Florida native do that as Florida native been investigating your Florida native behind

Being sick or in Florida native great distress, have you Florida native wished to die

Have Florida native desired that the chief die in order Florida native become his heir

Are Florida native sorry Florida native not having changed Florida native life before Florida native and being so late in Florida native this

Have you believed that Florida native dreams will come true?
Palm of Palms

Prayer

Bosh fling into the Spore a grew long: fling
On flew the Spore, ol'
Green heard. Fling on

Hue the Spore, stems is same; flew
Earth is ol' vary shone
May to
Play.
Psalm 119

Spawned *dollars*
Highly abundant
Reliquiae, water column
Idyll lunar
Mells LARVAE. Spawned *dollars*
Pink slip
Psalm 23

East free-swimming larvae,
A shoals knot's knot.
Sea's making seed
To bright found
Eon dreams brackish:
Reliquary
Niche hide the quilled flat there's. Sea

Or star stuff my stolid: sea seed of
Yes in the maths of ripe ridged
Surface door is grain's make. Stay
The Oh! tight rock grew the
Ellipsing oval shroud shuck of
Rest, bright will flare nows evolve:
Psalm 23

Puff Engorged as kite
Oysters; Silent haunt. Sea make-shift
Ride dawn wind gleam
Trailers: sea reeds shifting weed blithe the
Ulterior motives.
Gleam reed star shift my
Umbra: gleam sea reeds weed in the softs of
Elastic nest flower is change shape.
Sway, the whole silent the true
Efflating of the sheer go of breath, Silent

Mere now a veil:
Are the now are
Nit weed; shy

Od and shy waft the sway orb arc sea. The how
Free parsec a bubble

Weed verge sea wind the prescience of skein
Androgynes: the how a now triste shy heed waft
Roil, shy cunt plump of flower.
Psalm 118

Milk of tentacled nonce,  
Opaline lanterns. Curve the Luna drift  
Obeisance: candid free form is prescience  
Nave stinging. Nebula that the Luna sea is

Jiggle: tit is sea that  
Erratic motile  
Lush, and noll free  
Lunar cells; free flower whips  
Yolk lull, and the shape  
Float is pap spur. In torpid and too is galactics with the  
Inks sinking, and too is cortex drift laze: Breathe  
Shake lull and too whim, and  
Hibicus shade.
Prayer

Bower for air in heaving, nomadic
Leap fly ray. pry fling sum flume. spry fill breeze sun,
Under's birth as lit is wind's heaving. soar live lush
Err's wets, has breeze

Mere fin throes blue fold wet is again's lush. sand rave lush is dei
Air day leap wet, finned
Roil rave lush dark stressed mass,
Lush breeze bower fin throes blue
Is splash a gleam's lush. spanned the
Noon off the far there, sand the sun. An and.
Prayer

Father rest is the Heart Splinter, home if
Late light purchase sways. Don't stare roam the still
Oh! dare visit hears who don't like long to
Ram a vacation spruced up the future is sick; former
Is a lack-and-blight Deck oh! move ye mouse. Miami
Dozes of build sings, occluding a former ground
And nook spoors, bathing shores are oh! fins make, ahhhh
Prayer

Fish of my flora, Bobolink of my Black Bear,
Lizard of all Crustacean. Flounder
Of my Frigatebird, Owl of my Oak, Longleaf of all
Red Fire Ants. Squirrel of my Scrub,
Isle of my Anhinga, Alligator Flag of all Flowering
Dogwood. Common Sea Star of my
American Redstart, Comet Darnar of my River Cooter,

Bracken of all Beard Lichen. Gopher Turtle
Eggs of my Quartz, Atlantic Horseshoe Crab of my
Arrow-shaped Micrathena, Seaside Sparrow of all Grass
Carp. Cypress Swamp of my Many-Ribbed Hydro-Medusa,
Harsh check, high tee-eeek of my mournful coo WHO-O coo coo
Epiphytic Orchids of all Long Armed Octopus. Black
Swallowtail of my White Ash, Destroying Angel of my Great Egret.
Psalm 3

Rower,
Ihole armary
Vim tease
Eat threw rock hurled flings!
Randy

Odour
Tash a’twitch seizes a morsel,
Tears fish one gulp sleep-in
Eon’s Glide.
Rastle.
Psalm 148

Rod raves the Floor, swallow's patience: Rave's hymn,
Alter's treeful. Floor
This morpheme

Sideness is grey floored lush; swam of truss of the Floor
Numinous
Are's ever.
Kinky
Eve Floor.
Psalm 23

Smitten speed at heat made
Neck, tail hot weed
Arced shells;
Peeper is
Peekaboo,
In the sharp off this puzzler.
Nester into islets with
Gaga egging, and into

This curves with primes: heave throw pull
Untold swim, lag
Rest is aim.
Tornado has gourd; is mere sea is
Liquid has beak; and thirst's trudge
Emergence furrow incubations.
Psalm 23

Reborn as bright shaker; sigh shroud gnat ant.
Emigrated stream
Dew bright dawn wind

Metaphors: me read of stream resided the stellar
Are tours.
Please ray stars of bright
Lull: me read of stream wind the laughs of bright lush yes
Err is flame's wake.
Psalm 23

Bower is my shaper; flight shell knot
And. Green wake of me true flight sounds in
Limb puzzlers: green read of me
Dei sighed the shed pollen. Green

Conifer of my shoal: green read of
Yes in the pines gulf writes a nest
Pollination's ache.
Ray, how flight flocks grew the
Ebbing and the shed oh! and web, seed peal bear
Strew conical, sperm now art gifting; high
Sod grand high soft dei calm fir green.
Psalm 29

Live minute slight *ZREEP*, lowly
Eyestripe, live minute slight *ZREEP* eron
Anorningly. Live minute slight *ZREEP* white eron
Speckled minute
Terra lays;

Torrid flits slight *ZREEP*
Eon’s slight
Raspy
Noisiness. Slight wee slight *ZREEP* *kip-kip-kip* slight sand there’s.
Psalm 42

Cleft and vein from the
Old story
Tongue-muscle, speak your
Treeful, night
Oscillating
Nautical

Mortal canopy
One luxurious in exile
Untouchable
That has the river in
Him
Psalm 136

Call quiver flanks
In flew the Laud, or wing is rood: or is marked green
Cleansed doors of
Are's shiver. Caul river flicks
Din flew the Gauze of saws: or is marked green and's doors
Agape. All ever flocks to the Laud of Lauds: or is marked
Sing and's door of are's fever.
Psalm 148

Comment zing to the Vert a flew throng: zing
On true the Vert, thrall the birth. Zing on flew the Vert, whisp
Mist's claim; flew froth
Mist's rave a shone roam ray to ray. Day clear is
Orgy a moan thrall
Needles, is wanders a throng thrall if fields. Flare

Get Vert is ray, land
Rayed lea too breathes phrased: weed is true breathes
Eared a bough’s love thrilled ponds.
Err thrall the ponds loft the swift shines
Near id lulls:

Deft the Vert way the
A vein is.
Rained blur and
Nesting spree ear-forum: streak and breathe you to
Ear
Real as this this heard this unthinged.
Barking at Clouds

Boyl, those days we've talked about are here!

Boy, those days we've talked about are here!
  pamper yourself with daily maid service

(This is very messy and I'm sorry.)

  canopied two-story galleria

We went to Hardees and ordered one coke.

    This is just a little something to tell
    you I still think of you from time to time

pollution run-off

growing corn, squash, beans, tobacco

Dives from sky  15 two storied balconied buildings

I would like to get to know you better
    "more than a feeling"

        shrill *killy killy*

I was so depressed.
Iris stone day pressed.

Iris stone day pressed.

Boy, those says weave tell about for hear!

Today, so far nothing major has happened.

slurred whistles *tee-you tee yer*

Today, I pretty much sat around and did ... nothing.
   It's like a replica.

15 two-storied balconied buildings

   high-pitched *kleea*

gray angora sweater a pink skirt Pink pearl hair combs
ambitious road building projects
3 million things were going on at once!

Dives from sky

   emphatic *peet-SEET*

Boy, those sways wave tangent about arrant!
Boy, those swerves as stranger about arsy-varsy!

Boy, those swerves as stranger about arsy-varsy!

paper yourself with daily made serious

with the special joy of just being alive
Today, I pretty much sat around and did ... nothing.

    shrill *killy killy*

museum, beach, nature exhibits, aquarium

ambitious road-building projects

Loblolly Pine

theme parks beyond Disney

    you for being there
I hope it can be much longer.

woods, uplands, old fields
one out of every ten rounds of golf

parrot yourself with dilly-dally circus.
pair of yourselves with wily folly circuits

pair of yourselves with wily folly circuits.

Ploy, those swarms as stray wager about parsing virus!
parasite your cells nillifying Sir! kits

(This is veering message and I'm straying.)

high-pitched kleeea

emphatic peet-SEET

Boy, those days we've talked about are here!

Well, I've perseverated enough.

generously proportioned rooms
If you ever need to talk I'm always here.

woods, uplands, old fields God loves you-n-me.

I hope it can be much longer.

under the flannel blanket, on top of the sand
(The is is vary mistake and I'm story.)
(The is is vortex mischief and am stirring.)

(The is is vortex mischief and am stirring.)

Play, the Oh!'-s warp strangle blur an out-pouring veer lust!
   perturb a site your calls notifying shirr fits

(The is is valence mishap and am stridor.)

canonical too statuary gallantry

15 two storied balconied buildings

 growing corn, squash, beans, tobacco

museum, beach, nature exhibits, aquariums

with the special joy of just being alive
We'll I've perseverated enough

Boy, those days we've talked about are here!

3 million things were going on at once!
love! hugs and kisses slurred whistles tee-you tee yer

can own a call true staggering gallivant free
carom a cultural staging galling avantry

carom a cultural staging galling avantry

Plat, theos world struggle bludgeon out-parting verge thrust!
perverse a sign yodels naturalizing old shriek shrifts

(Thesis valediction and ambivert.)

carouser a cultivator paging *Golly!* averting

Wet wert to *har!* dais after word and oratory on ache.

I was so depressed.

  harsh *kak* *kak*

you for being there

canopied two-story galleria
Well, this is half a page.

  Dives from sky     love! hugs and kisses

(This is very messy and I'm sorry.)

  harsh cackle

Wayward to here alter word and horde a tarry sown kook.
Weed word tiller all terra ani heard at airy allotrope

Weed word tiller all terra ani heard at airy allotrope.

Plutonic enounceward gurgle blabber ordinary viragoist!
  pervious assemblages natural liasons weed reach riffs

(Theist vandalism grants ambient yurt.)

caracole a curvature gauging gaily a verse thing

Wed world triller a live error anyward at err ye aleatory.

The is is joke a littoral some ink tootle
  the car, in the woods, on the beach

"more than a feeling"

Things are moving along. It's like a replica.

sandhill pinewoods, for example
Big Kahuna's Lost Paradise

  one of out every ten rounds of golf

    sharp kyik and rattle

The isacoustic aleotory hum brink tousle
Thesis acoustic a letter story humbling to self

Plethora nouns blurred burble blossom orgone whorey verbalist!
   perpetual as sense blatant is natal like songs weft each ridge

(Thesaurus ventriloquism ground is am be land you're.)

carnal a cuckoo glib sing golgotha

Wild words trifler Ah! live here roar manyward utter ye a ye story.

   The cypress a cousin a clatter stirring rumble dew cell
   flew I spill ink Ah! fell funtime to tome.

under the flannel blanket, on top of the sand

pamper yourself with daily maid service. fields of sugarcane

growing corn, beans, squash, tobacco
   Well, I'll go

   these early tribes

flow wide spell plink flaw fool pun rhyme totem
flotsam tidal \textbf{PUSSY LINK} flocule puncheon hymen

flotsam tidal \textbf{PUSSY LINK} flocule puncheon hymen

PLE\textsuperscript{1} there now beard barbed blood loss orgasm horse pistol whip!

\textit{perp you bet your ass!} latent his naval liaisons theft teach rage

(The soaring as venting trilling luck gism grind his ambient bland here)

\hspace{1cm} colonel a cock goo genuising godhead

Wiled worlds trek letters -- outspinner roam many ardent or \textit{Yippie! orgy.}

The circus act rousing aches, letters, stories mumbled, mutual flits aim to daily \textbf{POETESSING} folio skull impulsion hydra.

poly-locution pun of

you for being there \hspace{1cm} large, long-legged, long-necked

theme parks beyond Disney \hspace{1cm} woods, uplands, old fields

in the car, in the woods, on the beach \hspace{1cm} God loves you-n-me

The chicken's way.

\hspace{1cm} snazzy wetbars and whirlpool baths

poly-locus ions spun rough

\hspace{1cm}

\textsuperscript{1} Professional Law Enforcement
palmetto locusts infestions

Pleasure² noll heard arboreal flood dross organism hears pistillate!
      pert ubiquitousness light lent histolysis suns heft beach raves
(The's oaring vasting writing muck prism binds ample bands her)

collateral³ a Coke Gucci Penising gettin' head!

Defiled girls wreck better, oust inner-room and argent ore yipping me!

The raucous pact rowdy ingest, lateral, stolons of mummers, nuptial
Tits! blame totality POETRY TASTING full of school compulsion
    hide you're.

poem motto: loco gusts and fest ions

greening carnal, squawks, teems to brackish Oh!

Dives from sky

      Today, I pretty much sat around and did ... nothing

a sealed down Ferris wheel and merry-go-round, and an amphitheater

condominiums, malls, marinas, resorts, citrus groves,
    "more than a feeling"

careening gargoyle, talks, temporal

---
² Process and's All awe and fierce moment
³ doom wage, to-do rage
core teeming garrulous, tales, textual

core teeming garrulous, tales, textual

Play as shirred nomenclature or real Floridas or again is hymn nears past and lit! part hub-bub itness ligulate this told is unseat beauteous

(Thus orchid as thing rite thing makes prison blinds am's pool and here's.)

cabaalistical gurge pen is sing geyser read

Deflagrator wakes, be her. Ouphe in her ohm and arrahs more skippingly.

There a cosmos past Howdy! in inkjet; at here, all; toll on of murmurs, rupture vial

timbal locality POVERTY TASS fuff fuff schwa come pulse ion idolater.

home mot-mot: longshore gulfs enfranchised iotas
courting garbage roused, taliped, sexual

Lives foam why IS to starry falconry yieldings

I hope it can be much longer. it seems like so much longer

a gift to welcome your new baby girl

sharp kyik and rattle

(This is very messy and I'm sorry.)

15 two storied balconied buildings large, long-legged, long-necked

Life's famed hydra IT told stirrings flagrantly yodellings

---

4 Proximal is a lull's lull pierced morphic
5 mood ways, today rave
Strife's framed drama  HIS tall stirrups flogging ranting ya'lling
(continued)
Place heard tome in clay here oophore ideas orgy aim limericks taste oral it! art bubbles up flitness nautilus at lotus fun's meat freed too lust (The luster hid asking wry hinged maids prying lines ambulance answers.)
cannibalistic awe-urge when this thing goes er ... red
Day as rapture's lakes, beastial. ouija interim animus or skein-singly.

The here a certes pst ... now daimon in kith; other, altar omphalos, rapport vital
simple society VERITY AS chuff-chuff schwasticaka Cum, Piss, Water-Sports!

homing knock knock: who's there? Gulf Oil and Gas fact sheet data is

Day as rapture's lakes, beastial. ouija interim animus or skein-singly.

The here a certes pst ... now daimon in kith; other, altar omphalos, rapport vital

simple society VERITY AS chuff-chuff schwasticaka Cum, Piss, Water-Sports!

homing knock knock: who's there? Gulf Oil and Gas fact sheet data is

carting our bags soused, all in bed, social

Stripped rammed dharma  THIS Total'er up! is flag-waving grunting balling

Lie cold lie forget-thru now you betcha!

you for being there  slurred whistles tee-you tee yer

Today, I might go home on a different bus.

My, Oh My! fare glint total ya' bitch ya'!

---

6 Praxis animal null's unparsed forget
7 move daze, tottle rove
8 a door know; ads -- our now; Oh, dour cow
**Drive-on, drive-thru get two tall liters of**

Drive-on, drive-thru get two tall liters of

Placard⁹ on incline *Oh!* (sports-idiot) or *Gee, I'm a mmmm rich waster-ditz!*

... mart baubles uplifted breasts nipples lo-fat phallusing fried tourists

(They'll bust here mid-aching. Why? he thinged merrying lies. I'm bell askance (swerves).

and a belletristic outburst whom is thinking lover's ... dead¹⁰

Dolphin offshore is *for god's sake, be still!. weevils enter in anamorphosis or skin kin and king.

Theater of citrus puzzles aim thinketh mother, alter of all loss, apt port. It's all sample shown (sighs) *it -- ye~ VERY "IT" -- "YE" AS ¹¹ sluts! sluts! she'll suck ya!¹² -- enclosed and measured fits

'ho! me, I'm knick knack: how so? *Get a foil and wax* fucked she's T&A (his)

farting lores caged-mouse, of a sort, beverage

Trapped roamed harm a TITS motel rump! mislay giving granting all flung

riven, rivet you ghetto-tail betters off "mordant, a felling"

harsh *kak kak*

overhead, a helicopter

"ordinary, a fervent"

---

⁹ RX is canned I'm no animal / purse is cogent
¹⁰ more me craze, title mode
¹¹ unclad *whore 'ho; bad -- bowery cow; Zeroed Here, co.*
"air dinning, of error"

"air dinning, of error"

Lacquered$^{13}$ on and on climb *hot-spots to die for!* for *GM IBM pricks taste their dicks!* marred edibled unlived leasts napalmed grown factoried fallacied poorest

(Hell muster mind a king. Chrysler, his things are ye. Hymen was cunt
(serves).)

bondable hell, a trick, cut burst houses the inking love here's ...
weed$^{14}$

Doggerel assured, this more odd's make, freed will, weave wiles, and here in an am,
more psychosis or kin skin, land's wing.

The ate here, offset rustle. I'm the ink, inketh the here, all there of
this, aptitude mort
ample's sheen skys fitting *ERRING FIT YES* $^{15}$ *salut! salut! shell shake ha!*$^{16}$ -- and clowns and me as her tits

*homie!*, Him all brick brack: who said? *Get off hand job!* fact is she's today's
far thing or she's aged-muse, tough as mort, very sage
aft home -- all swarm -- at this mot tell, missed living, grunt a fling all flame
droves gone droves through gullets all festive with
"they're winning, off at war"

shrined *kill'em! kill'em!*

due to European disease and slave raids

shrive keel *ohm*! keel *ohm*!

$^{13}$ Iraq is man and um poverty is gentle
$^{14}$ mammary maze, tittie ode
$^{15}$ unclosed here ha!; bade -- oh weary now; here ode here, ha!
hive cell hum cell hum

hive cell hum cell hum

Lake queried sun sand sun limn hot springs today's door! flares gee ... umm ... I 'T' as prosthesis!

K-Mart a dappled sun leavened beast a palm-pilot teary eyed faking Paris

(Fell muh sister's made aching. Crystal this sing erring. My mind WASP uh she er is.)

beyondable tell, at Ich, cunt first, rouses the inkling la! of hear ... we id.  

God's girly ass, sure. Is is ion's wake, glee feel, Moonwhile, ambient her animate, roams (sighs, goes piss) Pork her! scheme, man's thing.

He hates her, corsets, bustles. I as thing, thingeth the her, tale tears off the is, a 'tude mart am pulls, She in schemes flitting AIRING: "Flourish" it's so you! so you! She'll take two! land blooms land we as hieroglyphs

Oh me!, I'm allochromatic. Hue spread. Gimcrack Gilravage! Act as sheer as to daze.

facture orra sheet is page as fuse, to love amour, variegate

afield roam -- all's arm -- attempt mutual, message leaving, ramshackling hall-of-name bereft hymn --

raves god raves thru galactic sprawl fascicle which "the here spinning, of attar"

live circumforaneous!

"I" as home deaves process.

---

17 'I' racket this moan anthem poetry ass genre
18 mazarine blaze, ditty flow
19 sun clumb rose hurrah!; abode -- oh! error flow; hurrah hurrah!
NOTES

The book’s epigraph is from Michel Serres’s *Genesis*.

The section title "Palm for Palm" is from "A High-Toned Old Christian Woman," by Wallace Stevens. The poems in this section are acrostics written using a homophonic transliteration of biblical psalms and prayers and draw on various source texts relevant to the name spelled out.

The section title "The Waves Fly Back" is from "Farewell to Florida," by Wallace Stevens. The poems in this section incorporate material from the *Fodor Guide to Florida*.

The poem "Florida Native" uses a substitution procedure and includes material from several sources: the author’s high school year books, a passage from the diaries of George Percy, and a passage from Francisco Pareja's 1613 *Confessionario: A Documentary Source for Timucuan Ethnography*, edited by Jerald Milanich and William Sturtevant, translated from the Spanish, and published by the Florida State Department. Pareja, a Franciscan missionary, wrote the questions in a guidebook for converting the Timucuan Indians, who inhabited much of what is now Georgia and Florida.

The section title "Barking at Blue Clouds" is from Lyn Hejinian’s poem "Happiness." The associated poems were written using various procedures, including a chance-based procedure incorporating texts cut up and pulled out of a paper bag, collage, and homophonic transliteration. The source texts include the *Audobon Field Guide to Florida* and the author’s junior and high school memorabilia.