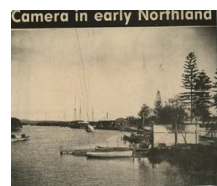


R i v
e R S
p E I L₃

john geraets



RIVERSPELL³¹

from the sky and deposits in accordance with the distribution of retail outlets about town. That's because what's known isn't always so beforehand—²

*aftercause*¹

for example, when a puddle forms as a displacement of rain, muddying lucidity: rubber boots are unlike other means of disapprobation—knowing, as we do, not many'd wish to be caught dead in them—!

The feeling you have is part of it, though nothing especially coheres. Don Hoffman: the thing about spacetime is it's only an interface, a facemask;³ nothing intrinsic to report. Don says *dig deeper*.

A poem cannot be a place to be. Moving like an object under water, it wavers. To the extent that it is bound to particulars, it dissipates. Aspiring to be a multi-winged machine, like a bird or a fish, it is an encumbrance.⁴

The present is translucent. The future lurks, deposited in its past. I am Robert Audi from Notre Dame and I will lift my hand, like wind at the door. The force that affects the behaviour of a particle is hardly coincidental.

We are out of step. John fills his gumboots, left as well as right. One lifts before the other in regular sequence, forming a pattern. In Whangārei, rain falls

¹ "[Dr Welsly's] counsellor for the Riverside Ward", answered Ransley, "and a regular radical", (FS Fletcher, *The Mayor's Parlour*).

⁵eht ycallaf '1'

⁵ Pessoa's lacunae: *Book of Disquiet*.

RIVERSPELL³²

End of 'I' as creature of veracity. Frank O'Hara saw to that.

etodcena

She said listen out for the sound of the flax leaves rubbing together at the Shakespear Park summit. I was taken with the display plates on individual trees, for example *makomako*. Briefly, at the summit, to be sure, the sound of flax leaves rubbing is heard—lightly scribbled on air.

The conquerors of the world are its victims, Pessoa teaches. The victims are their own bypass.

To what extent do words pin anything down? *Flounders at sea*.

I seize a bird flying in my breath. It's a nesting of sorts. What is freedom in thought? What is freedom in heart? Is not breath a bird bobbling—unwittingly winging a path? As if to abjure iteration: end—2—end.

If I leave a trail of breadcrumbs, rather than small pebbles, it is better she said. The wall is sufficiently obdurate, and sustenance occupies the air of song. Have points of reference trip lightly like this over a draft of something composed.

One towai stands upright like a wooden pole. Another beside it is similar except

for a small thicket of notched leaves on a single remaining upper branch, protuberant. Beneath & between them I have transplanted a few-inches high sapling from the same family, & round it coiled the perforated hose that drips water forming a damp circle at its base. A poem is not a tree but has is like a tree, both hands squeezing a slender basket. Something emerges and still something is lost or emerges.

As we watch closely in Raglan, on the back stoop, a shadow cast by the bobbing *koinobori* dispels the sunlight that keeps

claiming the bough of
the fewa fewa.⁶


Where is Raglan?

What does a shadow
wish to conceal,
baffling all effort? Is
perplexity something
to feature in one's
future?



RIVERSPELL³³

Sturmer on vertical bi-directionality in
staircases.)

Unfortunately, in poetry, no-one takes
simplicity into account. Preferring
profligacy, poetry constitutes a makeshift []. It is a steadfast refusal to mean
anything much at all, situated within
square brackets.

The best  lacks an axis.

And there are brush strokes on the
concrete pathway—while our friend
Annette is nowhere to be seen? Are *there*
brushstrokes, Annette?

Any solution to the world collapses into
the blue circle. You know, we cannot
have been in the past what we think we
were—or are now. (See Richard von

I fail to persuade anyone of anything
much, she remarks. Before time departs, it
is taken into account as a simplicity.

She and her thoughts flew away, chaff in a landscape populated by sparrows.


The mirror I remonstrate with with what I see. The mirror is a place in which to harbour, a sea pointless to traverse. A notch of mirrors.

Oops. Nothing can be said about it.

'What is *it*?' Nothing, I said.

Something cannot remain (a component of) the same something. It (time) requires con-sequence. Like a sentence wandering and wandering and not knowing where

to stop. This is what she wanted to capture, but it felt like chaff in her mouth. A sparrow's mouth drops.

We live in a spindle. The reel drops vertically & spins.  .

Most people associate with some kind of structure that binds them. For me, the association I like is with those without binding, although it's hard to know where the ways in and out lead. I remain open-mouthed.

Shibboleth

A tripartite conversation. Never gape.

The hole we tumble through we deem a
corridor.

One falls into desperation.

The future does not stem from prediction.
She lives in the world she inhabits; a
cantilevered floor.

Here I am. Held together by straw.

3 bowls and space

*There is in perception that which resets
novelty.
Laughter invades and diminishes space.
Does relief imply cure?
An entity is an availability of force as
disposition. This is seen more dramatically
in the case of sentience, where
phenomenology rocks.*

*A moment is eradicable. History emulates
it consecutively.*

*We are made of water & wish for dry
land.*

*My heart belongs to the cello; my head
belongs to the piano; jazz from Albert
Ayer is my soul.*

*The dimensionless point of existence
where she exists doesn't contain her. It is
marked by that which eludes it.*

*There is nothing about me I wish to keep.
Where does that fall?*

Thwarted.

[Form is capacity. Formation attests form. Not the art work but the conceptual role of the artist (Andrei Rublev).

Dwelling on something leads to seeing its negation.

The models of success have gone (David Krakauer: Santa Fe). The things overcoming the obstacles are no longer human beings. Our examples of success have been lost. Physicists are poets. The motive force to forge the culture is abrogated. Understanding and explanation have been subsumed within the predictive Eek! Lethargy et al? We prosody ourselves to express the inexpressible. When constraints go away

invention goes away.⁷ Constraints are assets. Like everybody else, guys, you are now (just) a user. An un-predictive > aesthetic? How to retain the black box. Or it's all over. We're curious and want to paint it black. Utility without understanding? Huh new vocabulary? Residual uncertainty joy. ruinous]

RIVERSPELL³⁴

The desire I have for the world baffles me.
The shaking up of language at the end of
the world, anxious not to miss out.

'Art i[N] a mode of survival' (Sawaka
Nakasene).

There are ramparts mounted.

Everything you say points to something
upcoming, she said.

Life is constitutive as it destroys. Or you
name something, or get too close, you
disappear. Sharpen up, she remarks.

If I placed an emotional filter over two
parties at war, would the results be at
odds? Is one predominantly loyal & loving
and the other loyal & despising? Things
collapse and fold and unfold and we term
it progress. As if an arrow wants to point
to its source.

Free form is a misnomer, though neither
begs for its displacement. In saying I I lose
I. Three strikes.

I find myself thrown into existence. I have
found that.

[It is less a matter of what one is burdened
with than where one's interest leads one.
One glances behind oneself to determine
the future. *Shlock!*

The direction one faces is more important
than what one is burdened with. *Shlock!*
The facilitation. A thought about being
inside something. *Shlock!*

Every word is duplicitous. An epiphany.]

It can be seen trying to lightly beat the
world.

What happens when you become more
aware of the shift that a phrase or
sentence introduces into your life than
what it means to your friend?

Everything has its own integrity and no
two are the same.

Poetry grasps the moon. Poetry is the
moon grasping something.

The poet & sage know the benefit of long maturities.

Or just a tether?⁸

One writes exploring one's beliefs.

Broken box.

Caroline Bergvall. (Tony.)

How does something become something it does not want to be?

Consider yourself a tether.

Liberated?

⁸ 'Take a sentence of a dozen words, and take twelve [individuals] and tell to each one word. Then stand [them] in a row or jam them in a bunch, and let each think of [their] word as intently as [they] will; nowhere will there be a consciousness of the whole sentence' (William James).

RIVERSPELL³⁵

Those who write
meaningful
sentences risk
others.
Meaningfulness (for
those like) will dying
distinguish me?⁹

⁹ 'What's behind language if you pierce it full of holes / what is nothing when it comes around twice / we have the fragments now for the connections' (Michele Leggott, 'Walks and days').

Will dying distinguish me from all those who are dead? What prevents me from seeing those whose lives are still to come? What prevents my adverting to them? My mother and father paid scant attention to such a quandary. They are no more, predeceasing me and you and all the living and yet to live: what is their number?

Outside Julian's cell's south wall, the silver birch leaves weep on the ground. The yellows of the tears spread across the green of the grass. Karen's apple is swathed in a gold sheen as she lifts it to a mouth already adorned with happiness. A life to welcome alms?¹⁰

Is it wisdom you want? These rocks are riddled with holes. I am reminded that one thought is not another's subjection. Or whether the rock or the hole in it obeys thought. Or washes or weeps through. What? Sea. Sea.

I thought a sentence was something to accomplish, like Rob's completing his fifty lengths of the pool, done on time, or my lesser forty, on time too. Mathematics helps, unlike a pool filled with water. One turns head-over-heels, only to start again.

The finger I place in the glass finds itself inundated. I had thought it was a ballcock, rather than an accessory. A fateful insinuation.

Something bobbling is not designed to support the architecture it is given to carry. How does a New Zealander savour contemplation? I think I'm responsible for the world that's about to end. And you want to trust me on this? We dwell in perplexity, admits *Huang Po*. Unlike melamine or the zopiclone that Rob imbibes in order to improve the pattern of his sleep at night. The question is not to have a master or to not have a master. The question is to have a good master: *Alain Badiou*.

Two paths head to the library to which I am headed. I prefer the one on the left, walking down, because it is old and narrow and runs beside the train tracks that run through town, and because an Indian man is walking up it with a moustache and his two sons, who are

being taken to school. I hear his accent. His accent reminds me of the path on the right of the tracks that I opted not to take. This one is newer, broader, bordered by a high fence that separates it from the old training college and the encroaching facilities of Whangārei Boys High School. I don't know what's missing, there's lots of it, but I don't care. (These words.)

The day after Janet Charman tells me in an interview that she has one breast remaining and one gone and now she's an amazon woman, recently come out as a lesbian. Debbie, with whom I rideshare to the Ocean Swimming Group venues around the Heads, leaks moments of her past life experience into me in small drops that I do not mind. At Smugglers Bay, we

are met by the group of women from Leigh, ten or a dozen actual Amazonian women who stay a few days at Davies Bay and swim, walk and do yoga. Kay, who leads them, has discovered herself at 60 and, now at 62, is unstoppable. I call her *akayla*. In the evening, I listen to the Freewheeling Laurel Canyon clip, admire the singing stars who flood it, and am drawn to acknowledge that, at its base, life runs through one's fingers like dry sand.

Rancière develops this same idea in *The Ignorant Schoolmaster*, saying 'there is stultification whenever one intelligence is subordinated to another... whoever teaches without emancipating stultifies'.

RIVERSPELL³⁶

Arthur wakes up...

The core experience of existence is always there as a fraught sense of instability. The first inclination is to displace this sense. We enter a circle of dreams.

Or, more specifically, we attend to the outcome of having outstripped restraint. An imperturbability that underpins the fraught sense of instability spoken of below.¹¹

All of you.

As if an entirety is contained in this fleeting moment that strikes you.

¹¹ [Mindfulness is recollection in the present moment. Immediacy (@6sensedoors) is real but only encountered recollectedly. Yesterday or a millennium in the past is the same. Inbetween (3rd space) is where atta occurs. To this extent, an object, existing as such. Yonisso=attention in recollection. An ambiguity underpins us/everything. A 3rd space is opened which we term life. Nimitta = signs & features. Unlike the contents of thought and the physical senses, the mind cannot be directly observed, but as a peripheral or contextual setting. Content is affect. We start with restraint. Sense restraint.]

What happens when you realise you're not driving the car you're in and yet you are in the driver's seat?

Images give rise only to images. Thus mind comes first and nothing ever leaves.¹²

¹² INTERROGATIVE PEDAGOGICAL
TEACHING APPROACH
CULTIVATION of mind
Order/upside down
Samadhi = composure/concentration
Upadhana = assumption/clinging
Rupa = resistance
Aggregates = background features
facilitating self-actualisation
Nibbana = uncertainty
Yoniso Manasikara = ordinary attending
to path drivers = faith or reflexive
intelligence
Right view = juncture to awakening
Sati = recollection (in present ie
operational basis in peripheral
awareness)
Mind→mood→thought
