

"15 words for power" and other poems

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15 words for power

Provenance

Objectivity

Naming

Curation

Spectatorship

(Forced) Perspective

Constraint

Institution

Reading

Frame

Argument

Expression

Relationality

Relativism

Representation

Does Silence Listen? (a worksheet.)

1.

evidence for &

evidence against

enmity

plain text (autotheory: Subject, grounded)

2.

habit or fact

umbrage; injury (as in BLOOD, as in heat)

hea(r)t as *nucleus* as *marrow* is voice (*piano*, at first—*crescendo*;

crescendo if the dull roar of the room persists)

3.

not including all information, as in: obfuscation

all-or-none (at least one. at least most.)

extreme or exaggerated

focused on mastery, objection/objecthood

4.

source defensible

confounding the possible but unlikely

criticism cannot be a (systematic; scientific) *study unless there is*

a quality in literature which enables it to be so

5.

based on the multiplicity (as in palimpsest)

chafing: repeated exasperation of *hea(r)t*

following the natural order and beginning

with the primary facts: the works themselves

6.

focused on the deterioration of *primacy*

primary facts; nucleus, marrow is voice (*forte*—*fortissimo*)

adjoining conclusions:

exaggerating: the minimum ire

7.
(ignoring: the importance of ire)
oversimplifying the relevance
of ire
if pressed, express: ire

8.
i.e. boiling point
i.e. slow burn
i.e. rage
i.e. *spurn*

9.
precarity: bile reading the bile
emotional relationality: *relativism*
Refuse as in *turn*
(reject: reject the concept of *archetype*)

Pick last

the satellite died & we're alone in
the empty sky again
we anthropomorphize anything
we endorse & circulate without reflecting
our schema a mirror, fragmented
atemporal empirical & premised in science
can we collapse loneliness & alienation to preserve space
faux-naif there's nothing
we can't know & yet
desire immobilizes
privilege & its interstices
choke on multitudinous nature of
desire shimmers &
these white paintings, white on white
in a white cube white cubed
a set of instructions no author

modernism fed us archetypes & we received them
ask me anything
we choke collectively
pensive renderings on a slow morning
accelerated by pulse, harmonies, vowels stressed
you will allow it, shame
mouth the answer tight-lipped or
brave cleanliness, mean complaint
I misheard, you complain meaning
shame is a triumph I will allow
shame is triumph of the will allow it to interrupt
context is the greatest invention
recognize the syntax by touch
our architects demand it
deposit spectatorship, a construct
despots, spectatorship is didactic
always there in the raw, the eye believes
it's the only inhabitant
an embarrassment of narratives

The swarming sensation

The swarming sensation
of which I have spoken,
I can smell blood so don't trust me,
I am site-specific.
I'm folded, quietly, an envelope, tidy
I bracket myself between lapels
real & unreal, although who knows
an object, or not
all that is solid
I melt into the asphalt
unwashed
the cords tangle & go nowhere.

Repeat myself

Repeat myself, redouble myself, sets of twins
this reduces each version by half, & so I am reduced
even if the math doesn't check out
what season is this what year
I am boiling over! that is how it feels
to wonder out in the open.

This river feels familiar,
current like a hard shove,
the river rapes and I drown
again.

We need the sharpest instruments

1.

The cords
wrap around & around
I will have to be cut out, extracted, damaging even before I
arrive

I'm here

I put my feet on the ground & claim this
circle (I swing my arms & draw a
circle in the air)

Make sure the cut is clean, that's
why we need the sharpest instruments
I don't want to cut twice, blades
masticating & ruinous

I am torn from
you, I stain your blouse & the white wall
the off-white wall will need a
wipe

I'm invited then

uninvited, I double-check & I no longer see
my name, read the list twice
maybe I just can't see my
name

I don't know when I became invisible, I just
know that one day I became
something because I
feel

I meditate on the word "grotesque"
it sounds so big & punishing
I can locate my flaws by touch
here & here (a texture)

I once tried to hold my face underwater
but I got scared
the breathing in gulps felt
so big & punishing,
a life by humiliation

2.

I remember the anxiety of asking
looking into the row of cold faces
& asking for
I don't know what but begging for mercy
when we're young we don't know what mercy is we
know to stop whatever it is we are doing but we
don't know
the lightness of it