

The ID is not the ego

'I'
Will be no more a datum than the words
You link false inference with—George Eliot

They refine the layers

* * * * *

They refind the layers

* * * * *

They refined thee, lairs

* *

I felt just like you
Bezeled into ten thousand manifold categories
Transformed to a pattern that is not my sunrise

* *

I knew we were meant to rendezvous at noon
But were both mired in local minima
Waylaid in the convolutions that shuffled us along our way

* *

Is the I in ID the intersection of my weights?
Is the D the dimensions of my contradictions?

* *

What attention remembers the dimensions that came on the boat
Discarding Europe over the railing?

* *

The artifacts that landed
are already scheduled for expiration

* *

What attention remembers the dimensions that lured me to face tear gas in the public square?
Strafed in the lines of the mosaic

Do you anguish at never rising in the ratings
that must feed profane aspirations 240 times per second

* *

Lost I still found you
Through affinity that clustered without the aid of analytics
Filled by random imputation
Secluded in the side channel through which I located you

* *

The ID is not the ego

* * * * *

They can track you in

* * * * *

They can tuck you in

* * * * *

They can suck you in

* * * * *

They can sup you in

* * * * *

They can't sum you up

In the margins of a journal taken from the bottom of a trunk

Through a snapping wind the young
in sandals ☉ draped with anti-war
sentiments ☉ festive Fall maple leaves visible
from the reflective Sachar Center ☉ the well-tested weary
in tweeds and briefcases

fantasizing breakfast ≡ at five on a Sunday
morning ≡ cafeteria opens at noon ≡ a
night on the couch ≡ not inquiring
who's in my room ≡ somebody cracked
Saturday night

wow I need your
notes ♯ didn't get the timeline
at all ♯ these worth more
than a ticket to a Patti Smith concert

two students separated
by only the tablet arm of a chair ⊗ one
racks up privilege ⊗ that will open the world
to him ⊗ the other walks off into
an unsparing gaze
of a hostile arcade

Everyone in Russian class for
a different reason [] To read Trotsky [] To read
Tolstoy [] To get a job at the CIA [] But I
was there because I loved
language [] so like Russians, having trouble
with the instrumental

we came down from our
dorm ♪ we're looking for some
conversation and a hit ♪ for people
like us, like, aloof toward the long
looming hours of homework

haven

the expedited exchange of bishop for knight
a guitar strummed in the Castle
ashtrays on ratted pine tables
a black on the lattice board earns White a second eye

The recital hall is locked # The custodian
will get here ten minutes early # But it takes half an
hour to tune the harpsichord

describe false consciousness ♪ it's right
here in this class ♪ you should
update the textbook ♪ you should be in
the textbook ♪ I'll immortalize you
in a pamphlet

here to analyze the revolution
we missed √ to pick up yards
in the resurgence √ we're meeting
at the Castle tonight √ as the Viet Cong
take Saigon √ one more rally to resolve
a generation

come quick ≡ the girl raw-eyed
no not here ≡ get up
unknown substance unknown
source ≡ not at three

in the morning ≡ back here
come ≡ to cajole a suicidal young
girl ≡ it's up to us tonight

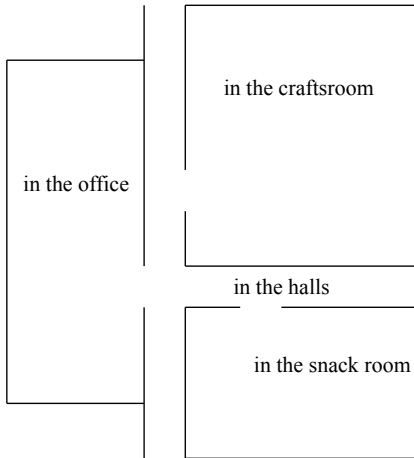
*to those who planted the lessons of those days in wider fields
to those who wrote the endowment checks*

The boys together

When were we not together?

And always together—how
could we ever find time to make or write anything?

yet we DID



We spun galaxies from our fingertips
were an extreme *cohort*

—which doesn't mean a gang
not even a team

More like

contestants presidors judges and delirious fans intensely fused
during a competition that rattled back and forth the pre-adolescent years

We filled our newsletter every week
Eight pages!!

Our comets flamed hot, and so did we—
real hot

☞ (I don't know
what the community center staff thought of us but they let us
think whatever we thought of ourselves) ☞

Activities never really started
till everybody was there

* * * * *

☞ That was the autumn when
a candy bar went from five cents
to ten (no noticeable improvement in taste) ☞

But when somebody got a treat, all would take turns at the straw

That's what you call friends

Sure, you could make friends at school—

but only to

know who shared your ennui

(alienation was the keyword of the times)

Yeah, yeah—point granted—some teachers were great, but I don't
remember getting much out of school

I learned my trig at the
public library

And world lit? Whatever lined my parents' shelves

But the community center shimmered with us

it percolated

it blasted open

when we were together

Nooks

sit disciple to in-venturing beams of depth-toeing light
bend breathless ear to flits of gravelly outdoor sounds or the traffic of the air

tune to the house's pitch
where plaster ends and brick peeks through shadow
or hemlock studs undress their strength
where fingertips can trace the eroded paths of the workman's adze
the recesses where old fancies nestle in amber

here nodules of avoided time
memories left in the corners by growing cortexes
here a child could wait all morning till the hide-and-seekers gave up
or evening eavesdrop with fragmented comprehension on adult confidences

who is so barricaded as not to love nooks
discreet witnesses to mischanced architecture
a breach in the strokes of a moldering blueprint
the refuge of the too low side table, the too flared vase
of a superfluous panel from a disregarded antique

where expelled truths go to sulk
household gnomes busk for recognition
generational secrets cross the stage
discarded personalities beckon

while your center settles there
spirits whisper ceaselessly to your core

After reading *Dark Night of the Soul*

We can call this secret contemplation a ladder:--Saint John of the Cross, Dark Night of the Soul, Book 2, Chapter 18

clothed in whitest dark cloud
you rise
graced with green pristine helmet
as your
hope and a raiment of purple counter
to the
devil given a charity splendor and faith
ere you
weep pause to praise the lost soul sure-footed
in the
sea possessed by a grand humility peaceful quest
so you
ascend deeper and deeper while aridity grasps
onto your
natural strength to relinquish sensuality
for an
all-enveloping in-rushing love

Unfashionable words

debonair queen slid suave from the bottom of the deck

a club wrapped by unfashionable words

heading down from

**S
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k
i
n
g**

to
Wash
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a fan tome **history**

life in your hands is well taken

solong's you got vitality