
Nicholas DeBoer's Response to Geoffrey Olsen

Dear Geoffrey:

Thanks so much for sharing this work with me, I truly enjoyed walking through it. I really love the way it seems to open itself up through both a deconstruction of the language in use, but also embarks on setting little patches of 'known' to the reader, as sign/sight/unseen. I gather, like most poetry I like, the narrative is something I create upon the words, something I add in the interpretation, but I will say, there is a lot of pain and confusion throughout the piece, one that is from existing, from showing up in this world as we do, with nothing more to go on, but the space of itself.

I hope my notes are fun to look through and I've included in this e-mail my most recent stuff I'm working on, which is a small chapbook entitled *Upturn Cinches*, which dates back to last year and now after a final polish I think it's all game on and shit. Don't feel like you have to go through them all, as that's annoying, but any thoughts would be great. I hope you are well. Ttys. Oh, and I dig the title, this sense of distension to address something gone to the panic, gone to the anxiety, but not as well. Again, that 'de-centering' is really working.

*Not of Distends * Address Panicked*

Page 1

Initially, I get a sense, more than a color with 'blue' and its an easy suggestion to be that of 'depression,' but if we allow 'blue' to stand, as a color we move into this space of a 'blindfold' of the avoidance of sight. Yet, the avoidance also acts as a 'right' (as in the right to be something) altering the 'blindfold' as a chain worn over the eyes, or the body. I like 'they've/splintered though I was wanting/desiring to be there as a part,' quite a bit, as in the way it breaks apart, streaming like colored ribbon in a parade, or that tightness that shrieks to the point of lack, to the desire that registers as a need. There is this wonderful, pivot that happens in the space between 'stanzas' or whatever it is we are to call it these days. This goes toward the 'access' the sun has to response, to dictate the way in which 'they' 'people' ride next to one another.

I think, being that I've been riding my bike more often, I go to a space of riding in that sense, and it makes me think about how my 'regional' knowledge of self, being that of the 'country known as the mid-west' makes me a specific identity that shifts in and out of myself, as gears. '...and a way from here,' which mimes 'to get away from here' but also inflects this sense of 'journey' from this place, and that reacts. I'm not sure how close I am to this image, but I think it's morse code, this 'patterning tin' and how it holds some shape as it is pressed to be in contact.

You have here the most direct cut, where the poem than switches its view, becoming 'the sheep's original/eye organ/locked camera attentive' which is interesting, in that the two images holding 'tough' in the poem so far, is that of the 'blue wrapping' and the 'patterning tin' and this is 'locked' into the 'holding shape', but also a dent, a small little moment encased in the tin. The locked 'aperture' of the camera also posits itself as an effort to form the 'mental acuity' of a 'rapt period' or a space of spiritual that is pointed, or stopped. This runs straight into 'your' response, this territorial surface of the rapture, which is built out of warning and how it consumes and takes off the veil (EzPo feel) as an implosion to the outer world's 'poison'.

Page 2

I really love this image of the 'green rim limb desired rind follow/articulating grieved lost to frontier' which almost shutters the speed of the camera, and posits itself as a part of the 'blue wrapping' but also makes itself available to its own centrality to itself as it transforms to the burning, to the beast being transformed/transferred in this mourning. I'm a little uncertain how I feel about mourn/mourning. Seems like its too easy, but its important, in the context of this that one is not locked in the mourning stage of rapture and as quartz turns (cross-vein ore/passage rock).

Now, does the quartz symbolize that of a 'mystical intention'? It then shows up as party to a responsibility that

dilates, which feels like deludes. This also seems to go towards a harder, more intense metric as we move forward and the poem jumps down into the 'syntax shingle', where the angry people disperse. I like the contradiction of 'their mood/not having that response//folds' which feels to me like this gigantic America apathetic jump-shot of confusion, which registers really well with my Super Marxist leanings. There is a lot of turning on this second page, this 'sound turn', 'turn out,' and 'quartz turn' which all feels like cogs, or that of the machine or that of a machine falling apart, upset and running itself down. This anger then retains itself as the capitalist accumulation (in my mind) by how it 'shields some' and 'reject fields of opening', I'm a big Guy Debord nut, so I go with 'spectacle' par none. The 'spectacle' as asinine, as a solidity. Which is green, which makes me think it is relating to: 'creative intelligence' in a magickal sense. Yet, what it is also interesting is that this color indicates the hollowing of a grasp, thusly a historical reference point for the 'I' as it has already operated here. And in that here, an asterisk resigns itself as the small quality between 'having been' and 'the act of hollowing'.

Page 3

The act of hollowing that is restored, in a similar fashion, to the 'well refilled' or the sense of 'the hollowing must continue'? It's here, in the space of the poem, that we are 'creeping' through the stresses forming, which makes me think of the lack of ego building the ego. The asterisk seems to be between these as fragmented forms add to the stress, to the 'likable/outcome/duress' and how the 'setting/not to be/in it' which makes me think of the horizon as something outside of itself, a kind of 'false horizon' and yet it is painted like a stage background, it's where the detail goes. I'm not sure what 'cleanse meld/warms' could be, I like the sounds here, but it seems to go against the earlier processes of 'hollowing' and moving out of this space of 'false', but it could also represent a kind of 'status quo' that is not necessary of the 'poet' but of the page.

Page 4

This is a really great section, it's fast, and pulsing, just as its images in case the speed. 'who do they think I/represent representing this/withdrawn, responded//breath function,' which seems and feels similar to, 'how did I wake up and end representing things I was not apart of in the sense of experience'. It's a very angry message in the sense of feeling, but it also represents this confusion, that is to be 'of' something. To be of one's time, is to be fragmentary by the hour. I'm not necessarily getting much out of 'insult widely those/partial fictive order/experience something solos/and its soloing though not withdrawn at,' which I think is getting at this sensation of being 'one' and experiencing that fully, which I think could be tightened. I like how, if you could, 'attuned' would collapse into 'last inescapable somehow countering that...' as a method of complete collapse, that last lie of 'satisfaction' or 'desire', this sense of not disgusting the rhythm, and then there is this image, that almost implodes as the hollowing of Page 3 did. 'the red coming down the white wool in thin streams and with the/pulse. a sheep. several people there coughed.' The sheep contains a new image, that of people, of sickness unto death so to speak and the red whether blood or anything comes down this sadness this unbelievable pressure on the person, of the pulse thus withdrawn. One person goes to the door and is able to leave this embankment, how the coming from the week, one is berated in time and the colors dull (like blood turning a copper hue) and MEMORY responds! (Amazing), as roots become frequency. Wow, that's totally amazing. Again, we turn to 'solids' to a 'holding of them' and we wince in our spiritual hoods. Today, as in now, as in the receipt (acknowledgment) of being a WITNESS. And that is POETRY, an overlapping that affects the tone, the response to ALL so removed throughout our time (cut into time, absence). This is a great moment here, that kind of allows you a formulation for what the identity is doing in this piece, that of 'as therefore I am to here's/responding to an outside. Be/ing filled with anxiety about this presentation.' It also helps to showcase how the pages form a space between 'relaxed' notes and 'intense' notes that pass over our eye, or the polis (Charlie Olson note).

Page 5

The eye is attempting in duress to reach something that is 'normalized' or 'centered' thus denoting the deconstructionist underpinnings I've suspected, as the crowd's din becomes noise of 'red/over white' there is this deep lull overlapping that 'now time' that keeps looking bark(?) back(?) to the preoccupation of moments that are relative to the person's experience. I like this kind of ambiguity around the importance of the subject, this now of 'situations', this idea that their are in this world, many things, that a 'radical' is 'not in the same way' seems to organize and complicate this in a way that doesn't close the text, even though in the next line it speaks of an end, a place of faltering to replace this absence. The capitalized 'ERRORS' is totally wonderful and anchors

my own sense of the piece, as it becomes static, that gray that 'turns!' The vocabulary listing you use in the piece do contain that upward mobility of the Steinian 'repetition' that is an 'original' moment but clarifies, or focuses itself with each 'blow'. Which it is, a matter of arising through the hollow, to be a 'cloud' an empty space that is totalizing, but also silence that is noise. The piece grapples with a pretty good break down of duality that only helps register the piece.

'coil this red/immure that crowd' seems to color this breakdown of the two by pushing the burial, the blood thin over white wool and how this walks into the lines about 'passing' and 'obtusesness' are simply the best, giving off that dependence on depression that gets the reader through constrains, but still 'isolated' in the boat.

Page 6

The boat & 'the raid consonant/as gives how remove/recede' seems to indicate language coming, and language absenting itself, this ambiguous moment in between the two. It is then given over to a new color, 'orange' which is the sphere, the sun, the turning sphere. This is a real grounding of, what I imagine to be, the first section of the poem, and the mind 'wresting under passing' seems to indicate a sense of violence that is showing the language, or the body released behind the forward momentum.

Page 7

In the sense, of excitement, I read this page out loud on the back fire escape of my employer's house. It's weird, how the images start to change the beat of the heart in these (as in mine) as I move forward, paralyzed in the place of 'identity' but moving in 'being alive'. It's here, that I am a mere animal, a mere edge/rim that went to work, that as the 'outside' without the ability to 'grief/mourn' I am this thing, I can be nothing else. It's through a single tone that we communicate, it's through that 'I am unwilling to begin here hollowing here, knowing here as here as rim' which might be the most effective line in the piece, be it it's directness or its vulnerability, it shows clear the wincing as it is coming on to its own survival as a page of paper on the hunt for 'food', the 'blood' up ones arm'. We get gravel, denoting pain on the ground and we get this sense of the other, this neighbor is 'yours' a BLUE wall, which at this point has gotten a great effect, the blue wrapping, the intensity of azure tones that seem to shake out throughout the piece like dice cracking against the wall. 'absence/like beach, ocean rim, succinct and newt culture assent to rhyme,' which I think is totally great. I do wonder about newt, as though the reptile or the politician, and it might also go towards the 'small sound' of things.

Death is implanted all around as the body loses its heat, becomes of separate thing, is UNINCORPORATED. 'it is not difficult. /there are tones' that's the piece, that is its center again crackling against the tectonic vibrations as reply, as jagged shatters and then we get this pallor of the two major colors and their joining of one another, as a new point of departure. They become origins/organs of the poem, but it also a place where we don't belong, a place where I'm no longer certain where identity is, but that the polis is a erased space, the multiplicity not beholden to the body, as 'toxic conditions' won't allow. 'after the border is the reprieve/visualizing the fantasy fields//open setting forms a/porous object' again indicates your 'poetic format' and its good, it's real, it feels that it shouldn't exist but does exist, like pyramids sand of time and all that. You talk about filtering, you talk about the line that etches and stretches, and everything goes back and forth into the genetic make-up, that 'hot pool' Darwin espoused as our origin as vague, as PURPLE, as RED CILIA and of the person, the sheep, the blood on the wool as 'simulacra of the real instant/was vaguely aggressive' and this need to do something, to make something.

Page 8

And there is a following, a wedge that moves the occident as a testing of the wedge/movement makes new worlds mourn, mourn their knowledge of the west. The chord becomes hard, a chora wound (i.e. Kristeva/Plato) as grain, as flora gives forth an outward stretch from this observational point, clearing the debris. The west occupies, always filling space, always trying to hold the space captive. And eyes, our, my, yours strive security through barriers, where the Occupier falls, unseeded, private land filtering itself dry.

- Nicholas