

Construction #3



Construction

Part 3

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January 2, 2018 to February 1, 2018

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Created in February, 2018

Columbia City, Seattle

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Construction Part 3

It hits the stomach

My own track record for sitting up straight.

My own carried back of goods with coarse music.

Along the plateau of experience we find each other.

Throw off into the gutter, trees bracing for ocean.

Will we be as beautiful as we are with frozen sweat
sprinkling across the weathered winter materials
or will we collapse into our own false reckoning
shriveled and manic and filled with dystopia?

Search around for the words of the workers' breaths.

Dysphoria is the challenge accepted in this black shell.

Sprouts of the coronation of the week erupt in limits.

The yellow glare casts a hideous pair of jaws
on a sly, straggling clutch of historic maneuvers.

These are the last lovers of shouting that can be heard.
The boundaries of evenness prove useful once again.
A spiritual boast is hardly turned out of forever.

We must love ourselves again in the middle of the ocean.
Temporal, temporary and the thread of the explanation
carries against this splice like an emerging fault.
I can feel my calves shrieking again beyond a boil.

Peril

Did I get that right?

Did you step on the second floor?

The way we count ourselves to sleep?

I slept 16 hours under your shadow.

Triangulation meets the feet

that's covered in dream.

Covered in blankets of flame.

Stability is what we like.

It's how we like it out here.

Coldest weather now.

Dream weather for doomed kindness.

Swallow, glance, swallow, chant.

I'm here for you, and you.

And you, with the covered face

and the covered hair that's warm.

Kon Structure

The blue jaw places itself.

We are all here to reach outward
until gravity pulls back and down.

That which is outside of ourselves
rests its image beyond our tips.

Fantasies find me and my screams.

To throw paint across a wall.

To press the trigger of a canister
announcing the arrival of a dot.

These things cannot be erased
from the belittling curios here.

Granting the winter morning hello
the yellow wallpaper of today.

It mocks, it speaks, it cuddles.

The blue jaw of morning retreats.

My inward goals have dimming candles.

Before I can even see

Before I can even see
I must spray everything down.
I must clean the lenses
and raise my hands to my face.

Outside, the spraying begins.
The light begins to open.
The moisture begins to drip.
The origins of work begin.
The presence of people begins.

Love is an amorphous world
that is beckoning us to see.
Our commitment is a burn
we remember through morning.
It reminds us of ourselves.
Of our preparations to be.

And we are wild in our knowing.
And it is all wickedly apparent.
I feel the scraped upon me
and grant them a passage's wish.

Day 5

Like the gaps in completion
I remember when I told you.
It was stark and electricity
along streets wet like these.

A lasting love persists like wax.
Imagine a cave covered in candles.
Imagine waves carrying craft.
The sky reflects these images.
It is not a curse to remember.
It is not a burden to allow.

My elbows sink into a table
the same way boots sink
into the general gentleness
of yellowish scaffolding.

Narratives are the eruptions
of the noise and silence
throughout the morning.

Enjambments are questions
and the pools of water are pits.

Seeking truth I push my head up.

I reiterate the screams.

It was really years ago.

Behind the Whale

There's a mural that hasn't been invented
and it leaks anemones across land.
The images of our fading fathers and mothers.
These are the thoughts that oscillate
spreading the corrosive green idioms.

Each block has been envisioned by people
and those people have grandiose identities.
Could it be that we've been looking within
when we should have been looking without?

The anti-caw of the absent crow concurs
and there is evidence everywhere today
and it is handed to us as slow disciples.
A whale holds the bulk of our feelings.
The endless Jonah and the tides are mirthy.

I need to clean the floors again, today,
and I need to read, and read into everything.

But for now, a slow crawl of the aquatic
as discipline is rigor, is sprung action.

Purpose

It's come to us, friends,
and this here place is arrow-laden
and there's a premonition of sparks.

Fielded and even-cut, almost grid,
the nature a spontaneity of smiles,
nurture the landscape that's stolen.

What else's been taken into arousal
and formed into latest effigy,
fetish positioned in the realm,
the zone of that known as possible?

Because it can be made it surges.
Blood that was once smeared collected.
Tile that was once clear, whitened again.
The last folly of our knowing imagination
rests between night and night.

The weekend is the space of cuts.
Slashes. Incisions. Torn layers.
Fabrication reconsidered in silence.
Structure repositioned perplexly.

Do words like this upset the hex?
The bellow of the rest and gestation.
Do works like this quiver like lightning?
The roar of the emblematic pause.

Unity is upset and calm opened,
pared, and delivered into minds.
We have within us a space of giving.
This molt a mixture sticky, slipless.

The Fullest Crumb

Illuminated iconography as cherishable.

The word as the stolen glance I revisit.

These markings as discombobulation.

The entrancing utterances are a gimmick.

As is the latest project: to feel.

Because we have been feeling, always have.

Language change like the repositioning

of a single, flat-head nail, cold,

and ready to sink into the material end.

There is no material end in this gradation.

But there is a language that captures us

dripping from the sky like clouds of honey.

My breath paused, my shy self scrawling

into the depth of the padded silence.

Awaiting the acute acumen of the reiterative.

The reiteration like a vague smell,
sprawled out and across and dominating senses.
To be full is to be scattered, ready to break.

With a back of glass

The glass is behind me and I am behind it.

The men are back again and are working.

Could it be any other way? Yes, it could.

The workers are back again, are working.

They manipulate their capabilities to pound.

They articulate their range of knowledge.

Or they sit off to the side and observe

like poets with bones of shattered glass.

Today's day is as perspiring as the last.

Today's day is arguably the best of them

though I would want to ask workers first.

Though I would want to actually speak.

With them I hold my head intensely inward.

Is it the brilliance of the daily routine

that forces me into a direct contemplation?

What freedoms afford me I afford to lose
simply by not asking these early questions.

I sit back in the bed that I write this in
and let out the elongated capacity of air.
I clasp my chest with closed fists.
I imagine ice covering all of the surfaces.

It is time and time again to proceed.
Now is the time to thank this instance
and wish wind-ward for the next to arrive.

This is It

The precision instruments require the art.

The art requires the sands of time roasting
in a previous season's spit of sunlight.

I am morbid and quasi cynical, quasi right.

I encounter scents of juniper and orange.

Rambunctious hold-outs of the barren holidays.

The fields, I imagine, fifteen blocks away,
covered in mud, crow track, and tire rut.

It's a beautiful day to spill off a bicycle.

I can hear the water boiling across the room.

I can sense what I need to do one more time.

Librarians across the country are accomplished.

Staring at my phone like workers stare at walls.

What future am I hoping to design right now?

A lingering aesthetic of plastic and paper.
Perhaps a chance to feel molten metal,
the liquidous hell that sits behind your eyes.

There's a new calendar on the counter
and each glossy tear leads to another page.
Calm crux of conduction, in this one, calm,
and the larynx tightens and veins constrict.

A blue wash of pressure within the spine.
Labels of discomfort on the nape, shoulders,
the grease of the spirit of blanket meaning.

These poems spawn the circuitry soon to be,
networks, systems, connectivity, upheaval.

The man walks with determination on the roof
his coat abyssal as an alligator's skin,
his disappearance an alligator's decision.
The man, in his landscape of ins and outs,
reaching forward into and out of and away from.

It could all be for us

Layer three emerges like a compound fracture.

So this is what it's like looking above the fold.

I imagine walls as flesh and the workers organelles.

And what am I? Some virus or bacteria inspecting.

For every invasion there's equal energy of inspection.

And in this inspection there is the gap of distance.

Distance in time. It's been four days of loss.

The yellow GP paper glows in the freshly lit Eastern light.

The wood appears almost as cream would seem to us.

Dip, stir, release the image from the vessel.

Engage in the act of consuming this space outside to in.

And there is a deepening sense of the gloss it takes.

Then there is the reddening sense of wonder.

I return to loss and I return to the city that I know.

It is a place that I do not know much more of than others.

But I admire that swirling sense and that evolution.

I admire that conductor as it is, the structure continues.

Around the Corner

I feel your breath pushing against surface.

The vibrating tones of the oratory silence.

Images come and go like the blinking red.

A salmon-colored texture widens the new.

This is the space that the leveraged provides.

There is a coming and a going, a filling space.

We want fire within the realms of ourselves

or questions and nothing dreamy at all.

The second time I decided to start listening

becomes the third time I start opening up.

To them it's a world and to me it's a blink.

I cannot wander towards an emotional stance.

Those who sleep in the doors keep me awake.

My own memories of sleeping outside erupts.

It is a stagnant white, green, blue memory.
And the people who could be existing do.
They sit and watch and pause for a breath.
No cigarettes but maybe the swipe of a screen.

It feels colder than it is and darker than it is.
The spool of residue within the soul slips.
The liquid and the poetry shivers and flips.
All for the brokerage of a hardened bounty
that carries a blinking world forward.

The newest day becomes the widest circumspection.
We are made barriers of ourselves, our corners.

In which I vibrate

It is hard to tell how many workers are white.

It is hard to tell how many workers are not.

It is hard to tell what sky this world holds.

The world is abuzz with human connectivity.

Everything is connected, everything connects.

No strand left behind: the burden of world.

Atlas, the burden of the world, and it's fiery.

And it's futile sitting here and letting worlds

win and win again, and they will continue.

Banana. Peanut Butter. Some kind of grain.

It's futile to let meaning seep into a wound.

But I do it anyway staring out across the street.

How many calories have they burned and burned.

The worlds upon worlds of incisions of labor.
A city upends and coasts across the floor.
It gets up and moves across the geologies.

A sit here in a minimalist but protected throne.
The world is also protected and minimal.
Or at least there is the guise of meaning
and at least it can be said so and so again.

Cold Cross

Speaking through my glances

I am the happenstance.

I see the opening of the day

and I call forth the eyes.

This is for you, visions.

The things that carry us.

Things carrying us through.

Ecstatic rays of hope

ringing the Cascadian bell.

Invisible, silent, golden.

Light spray across awe.

That is So Real

The broad day coming out of the narrow night.
We've got the blue miscellanea on the street.
Flattened into periphery like pounded crab.
We've got found poetries screaming and snoring.

The birds all fly in pairs synchronously.
How many of you men have listened to Buckley?
I can't imagine it denser here but here it comes.
Buildings upon buildings, success upon success.

It is healthy to remember the volcanoes again.
A champion of warmth covered in decades of snows.
Centuries? Millenia? Creeping things these units.
Time creeps up and captures enclaves of attention.

It's always been the case, a ruptured tendon,
the capturing, also the condensing of vessels,
halt to the most liquidous of our movements.
Halt to that which is triumph, respected, received.

War Drums

And so it has always started to look like a castle
with its manifestations and its interior corners.
Turreted identity of the wrapped and readied ego.
A jump into the fullness of an engaged prominence
on some random street corner in a gilded city.
A gilded Seattle with gills made of reflections
and a guilted I with the mannerisms of spills.
The rings on this one are true and muffled,
crescendos are like war drums begging from beneath.
I write my punctuation like I breathe my last,
visions of wooden plank benches rotting in the rain,
calling forth the names of the dead that bob in the lake,
ownership of the living through an entitled whisper.
Noise throat and the little blinking follies.
They reach from perception to understanding,
a blank shattering of essence down to the toes.
Grit and growl move quickly and the men are hidden.
The apprehension I feel with this pressure throws
like wake or wind amidst a field of gentle, cruel battle.

A Soft Music (or: the Entitled Fatigue)

I imagine posting a list of lines that have gone unused.
My own form of corruption, my own form of interference.
A personality of cults; a demi clog; the blood of Sisyphus;
elastic lungs bouncing open while waiting for coffee.

I imagine all of the other things I could be doing.
What would the tan-faced man be doing if he didn't work?
If he didn't have to stand on this new, tan roof,
didn't have to think about design decisions reaching reality?

Sigh and sighing. Yawn and yawning. The cycle uplifted
continues across an emerging emptiness stretching to days.
The lines shoot themselves in their feet, strangle,
breathe the last remaining blood's worth of fresh air.

There are corpses that arrive from these contemplations:
they are the rejects and the ramblings of incompetence,
or a genuine stance of incompleteness and undeserving.

Patting the self on the back of the building upward,
realizing the trick and prick of a spell of presence,
and the dissipation of the invisible infinite as I leave.

Cracked Installations

I'm imagining the golden neon ropes
and they are extending out of hairy hands.
There's a backdrop to all of this,
remains a secret through the process,
remains covered up for the launch process.

There's a date set in the mind of the old
and an expectation for the loosest language.
The dead's line is carved beneath a surface.
Narrative's positioned along the cracks.

Still the plastic sheets get pulled,
flashlights turned on to brightest settings.
Still I sit here filled with dim critiques.
My own mind is a message of fulfillment
even at the gravest activities of elation,
where we wrap ourselves in what's trite,
fill ourselves with lies, butcher ourselves.

When the installation has gone awry,
when the pavement has begun to creep,
there is a sliver in my old, tired head.
A sliver of the encroaching next phase.

Whispers

Would you give me whispers if I asked for them,
I stare and say blankly across the street,
for the first time in minutes, for the cycle repeats.

The softness of piano is matched well again
with the wooden floor of coffee and heat.
We use central heating here, or it uses us,
and the we are generally okay and happy enough.

In the interim of tragedy, crisis, the et cetera,
I ask for whispers and the formation of a beloved.
Is it a prayer, I glance and stammer openly.

Small universe of coagulation of soy milk in coffee.
The bass notes of the strings matched with crow perch.
No workers today, again, the cycle of the whispers
slitting open my nostrils slightly wider.

Poems by Ocean Vuong, Rumi, Audre Lorde linger.

Like a whisper there is a phalanx of lingering.

In the complete knowing of the home there is.

And so, and so I hold open because you need an ending.

I beckon to some beyond because of concepts of resolve.

Pistols and Trauma

And they're still out there and what's in their pockets.

And they're wearing special attire for the rain again.

Another story slowly escalates into the parry of existence.

Another layer to crop away any sense of universal horizon.

The language gets soft and fuzzy, messy even, in the rain.

Strings get tied to make sure we don't float off alone.

We are all tightly bound into the center here: rat king

with an infinite of mouths breathing, trying not to drown.

I can see the rain dripping down from the sky to surfaces.

There is the feeling of construction holding tides back.

Of course there is the imagined full collapse just beyond

and the touch of the blood of the rats on unseen corners.

When the jumble of materials mixes up, does blood hit

or does it fall and splash into the proof of shadows?

Mercurial and chromatic is the nature of our collective,
DNA carried in the breaths of the workers who are at war,
viruses carried in the wind and the damp and the howls.

Just now I've remembered brief hallucinations of coyotes
and a very specific walk through a desert in New Mexico.
This canvas is truly startling the way we are all startled.
It is the pressure to believe when nearly drowned again.

The stance to join in unison and understand inspiration.
The reflection soft and subtle, effected by the light,
like the micro-puddles captured in pavement grooves below.

Feels

I can't feel my stasis when I'm with myself.

It's all about anal hydration and organic poetry.

Dudu Pukwana, may he rest in peace, Jim said.

The workers are out there and the walls go up.

Up and up and up. Keyboards and sunlight and debt.

I stare at the historic records of friends' writing.

An Archive.org page saves someone's entire life.

The landscape is unchanged though and I'm okay.

Landscape always changing and I'm okay with that.

Whether we go inward or outward, there is the thrash.

The breath is one muted balloon in ascendance.

Creatures of the daytime are blowing the air of eve.

We prepare for lunar events in the coming dates,

as if they were pulses of blood connecting lifelines.

Those poems will remain eternal and established.

I contemplate an Aztekean project called Scream-Amid.

The appropriation is cruelish and mostly unusual.

Yawns continue to sneak up like discarded plastic.

A ritual of the frenetic is worth chiming in about.

Each line a condition of the former, latter, etc.

And the language a conditioning to a utopia.

The sun is out again and I imagine the moon, bright,

hanging off in the ether, the perfection of other.

Lone Watcher

The roof raises and I dream in acronyms, pseudonyms,
“SPAM2” clearing the lanes, the rooms, the arenas,
this level of heroism bold and undefined, awkward,
chain link lust for any possible pixel'd blood.

We convert. We take and we place and we open up.
But in a harmony of dissonance there speaks closure.
Room for roaming, room for the lag of self-awareness.

Clutching the cords of the psychological utopia
and lasting into the length of time it will always take.
They take their image and push up beyond my vision.

The roof, the undeniably understated roof, always,
always pushing down upon us, pressing into our homes.

In a dream there is a Molotov cocktail thrown down.
There's a roof that catches on fire and burns.
The dream ends with me being caught, in every way,
every possibility the one they will never imagine.
Never come to terms with and there is a gap of road.
There is a weakness to the dominance of musculature.

The literature speaks otherwise: heroism, bold,
undefined, and awkward through its trollish tempts.
Temptations. Attempted stamping of an anti-presence.
With each level added there is the watcher's noise.



We have fallen into the place
where everything is music.

- Rumi