

**Sometimes the Machine**  
Saul Appelbaum and Adam Katz



*of Pattabi*

Even as time and culture change I am amazed  
that you can reduce the page ooo to the first 4 lines

doubled to 8 in the second paragraph and then  
4 time 8 to get 32 as the number of

lines the in third paragraph which was originally two  
paragraphs and was closed by the 32 line which is

hand written (which naturally joined 20 and  
11). Leaving only the word on the page (and  
the problem of st from just). I could say  
more but wanted to point this oddity  
out for the time and see how it came

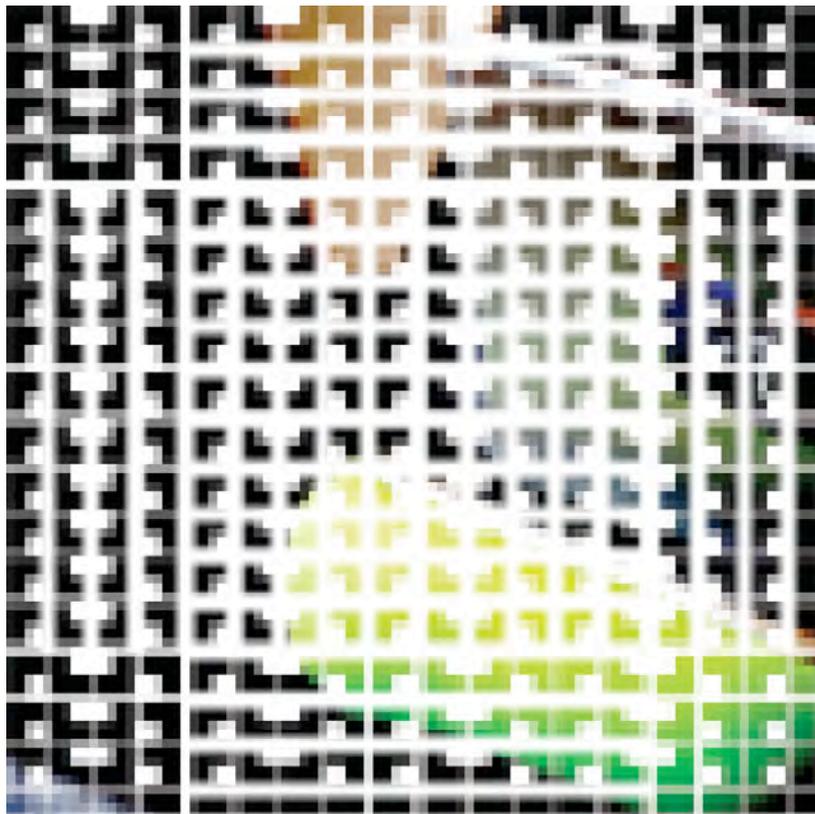
about. I used to think that I had to wait till I  
was inspired before I could write but then I realized I  
hardly ever *was* inspired, so that I'd have to come  
up with something, something *else*, ha ha,  
so usually my poems, when I write I'm  
just in a sort of, *everyday* frame of mind.

Which is all I know, really, I suppose, ha.

## September Equinox

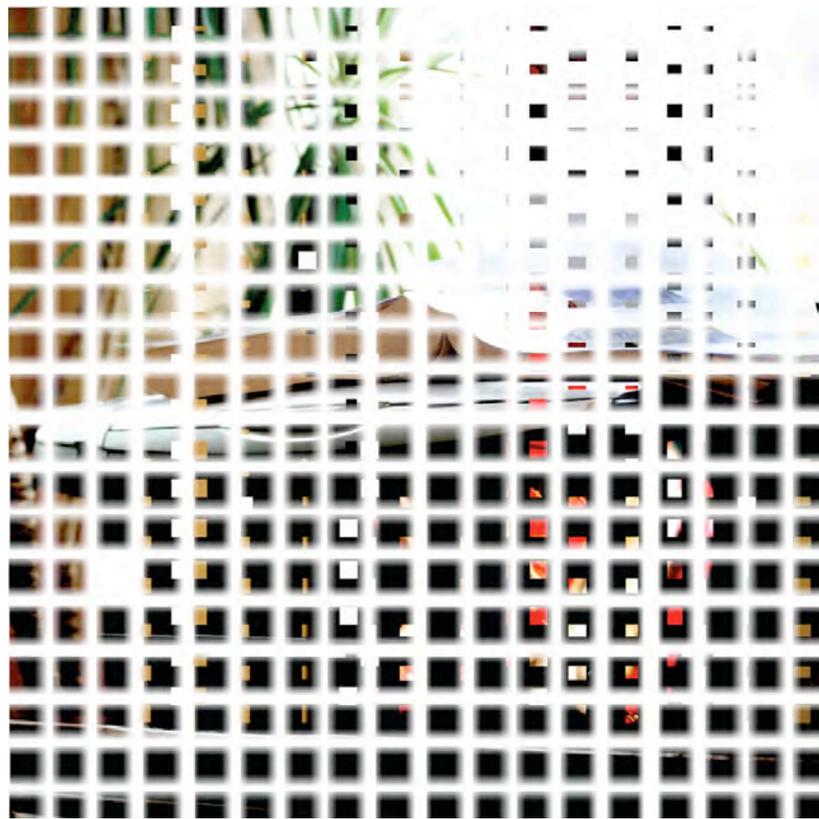
that its only more knee was it'd  
tup then woke up to the conditions de-  
privation all truer, by resolve but not without

a true praying a wish that de-  
scribed you to yourself in a fashion alone  
you self-denyingly solved your priviness to



generously  
and  
catalogue

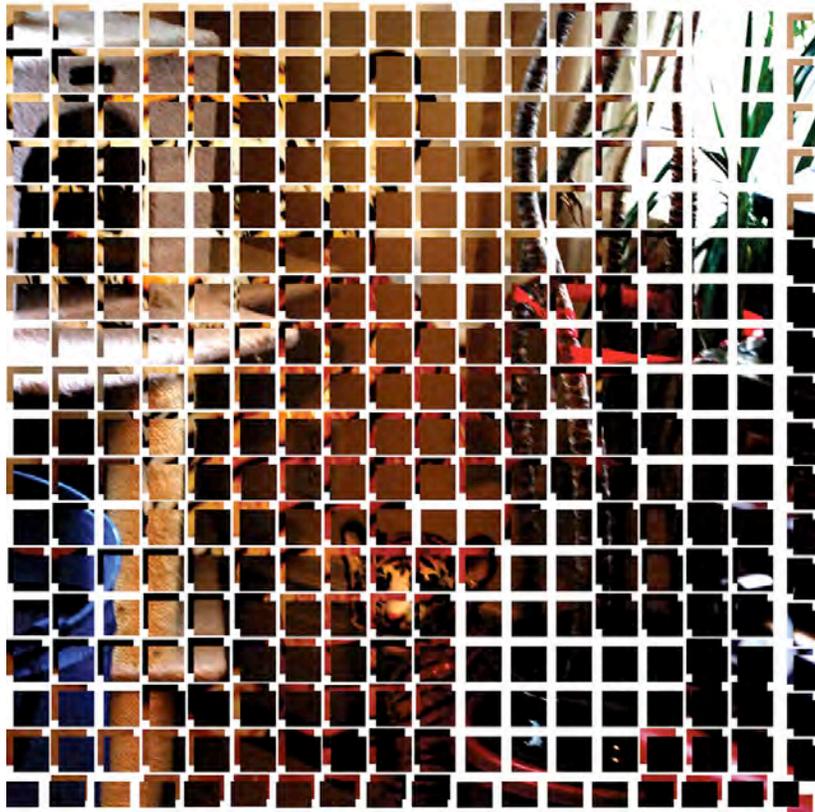
charged  
character  
where as little as possible is on my mind other than the  
materials at hand and the satisfaction of creation  
not consciously mindful  
although some thought has gone beforehand into  
selecting the material  
I'm attending to only what's on the page  
"interesting" until  
which could be viewed as inspiration. But where  
the inspiration comes from - God, "reality," a biochemical  
event - doesn't affect how or what I write  
never on my mind  
relevance to the culture, which boils down to what  
the poem makes the reader think and feel  
that what he calls "reality" I call "culture"  
the metaphysical is very contingent and physical  
The poet's way of speaking, if he is speaking with his  
ear, can't help but be cultural.  
with reference to neurolinguistics  
differ is in which comes first, speech or poetry  
if speech comes first, working  
with poetry is itself poetry  
divine communion  
is  
the everyday  
which is  
distillation of the everyday  
distillation of distillation  
is a false start,  
one we were already right  
to harry  
it's another mode of discourse  
at the relatively mundane level of technique  
that any kind of speech  
a patterns  
patterns  
that lie  
r the poet (or, really, me)  
thus physical.



computer  
doing it.  
side coding projects  
by.

Dweallth

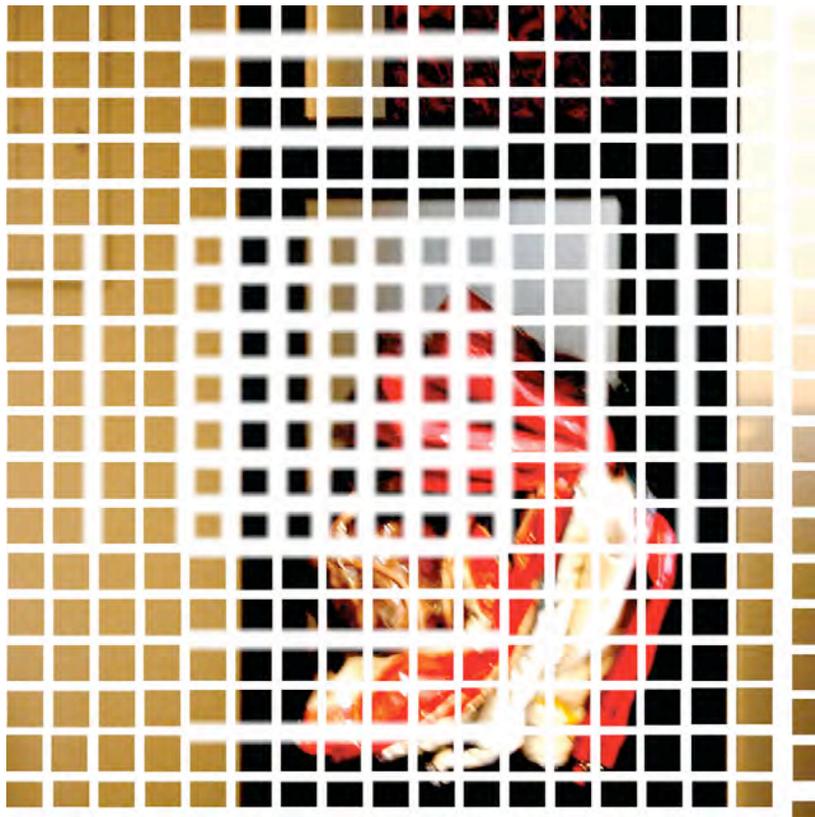
legs splayed apart and knees bent  
the milk of human finance  
debt instrument  
non-bubble?  
wait until you're really ready straddle it  
and wait for the bull boom  
systems thinking in a narrative structure  
I get the feeling  
when Adam then I guess I believe in  
think



the splatter of cats  
gym  
the leaves of the tree The scale is there  
because I just did laundry  
statuary

### Challenged Phrase

a sort of death, if you take it  
fall asleep of innovation mercifulless  
inevitably  
we come to no life unless we are ready  
to die utterly and let life take over  
it is necessary for me to die (in my own eyes),  
to give birth to myself  
I have never taken care of plants again  
The boxes are things my wife has brought  
to her  
and then life and death are the same  
you must die to one of your pleasures naturally  
freedom from the known is death  
and then you are living  
and let us make decisions



by my wife's  
sundries

## Their Prerogative

the question becomes:  
what work did we do to get here,  
and are we any farther than when we  
started?

the question becomes:  
what work did we do to get here, and are  
we any farther than when we started?

the question then becomes:

the question becomes: what work  
did we do to get here, and  
are etc.

Optimistically,  
credulity

beyond the cynicism?

innovation itself commonplace  
so's society  
boring  
if we become society enough  
suddenly pernicious paradigms, no mat-  
ter how preemptory, no longer produce  
identifications that wouldn't've mattered  
if it hadn't been their prerogative  
to based on the events situation happen

before it'd've been better for them  
already to've.

this partakes of the necessity  
it squanders like a ceaseless misgiving,

but does so in a way that either shines,  
or did.  
or case reading.  
if you wondered this,  
would you be mean bring?  
gist bring?  
the fact we're Thor mere bring,  
this itself,  
salvific contingency,  
as though this content were another the Ang  
mentions but, crude, not resolve,  
because weaponry,  
the paint, partakes  
of these stages and as such  
this already there,  
one heal warred,  
and après department  
canny trays



space alien  
ugly

culture

around

love

communication

him

As you acknowledge

much

from touch

and

two different

clear notions

Which are meaningless and often misleading

the machine

we

now

interesting things

to excuse

difference

feel

poor start

more different

pain  
and  
we  
pass  
poets  
in politics, in industry, in household, in wandering  
itself  
any  
helps also  
zeitgeist  
relate  
third or first both  
errand  
walk  
some kind of data  
build  
already  
you  
on  
And these

to  
you can see  
or  
locally  
most  
a  
a  
a  
a  
the  
the  
the  
a  
a  
too strange  
strange enough  
to life  
as little as possible is on my mind  
attending  
the

some  
little  
I'm  
interesting  
play  
until  
inspiration  
inspiration  
or  
never  
the  
but  
its relevance to the culture, which boils down to  
and  
culture is very contingent and physical  
urge  
similar  
state  
all  
reconciled  
coherent worldview

largely separate  
multiple live  
can  
I would like someday to get a teaching post.  
connected  
great  
get  
Also here  
interest  
It  
other  
here  
Thanks  
person's life  
in  
I like how it operates on multiple levels simultaneously  
Though  
than  
the  
it's

presents  
rightly  
attack  
on  
, which  
a  
denial  
God  
everyone  
that  
and  
the  
body  
tantamount  
of  
category  
material  
conditions  
blindly  
strongly

it  
yet subject to the  
“relevance to culture”  
indulge in this deferral  
in the final analysis  
it's never a matter  
powerful and terrifying hints  
footnote  
actual or practical transcendence  
toward the ground point song  
seed and the roots  
One  
emotion, evolving ‘out of  
Incarnation--for in the Imagination  
there is no contradiction  
cultural  
culture is a material condition  
it comes to us through myths, zeitgeist  
culture is an illusion with no illusions  
I have difficulty relating to culture through my poetry

universal as possible

to what these terms sign/h

culture is the great equalizer  
even poor people have iPods

a different socioeconomic class

the broadest, most general, least conspicuous

I'm not good at cool enough

for its *worldly* wit

Though that touched me more

sexuality (tend avoid)

other people's voices  
worlds

of the itself

cultural references

term

the rupture of inner communication

support

too much material

me / themselves / the world

except poem

the Base of our experience

*really is* illusion

deceived thing

but its own awareness of this can perhaps

moderates between awareness of and indulgence in its  
own awareness

for it actually to be doing all the work

we identify with certain conditions and not others

relax

I dread being blinded by an acid attack

your last visual memory

your admirer

the essentially material or bodily nature of life  
subject to discursive (material) conditions

appreciating that, however illusory, signification *really*  
*does* persistently arise

it really is possible, though, let go, etc.

the household, the workplace, the family...

the mind Aware that it wanders

compassion, service, etc.

It helps

toward professional etc. life that I'm

toward a more ground

necessarily guarantees inspiration

the thing itself I'm trying to make

*absorbed in a set of visions, situations, memories,  
feelings, and ideas  
I'm referring to without revealing as I write*

everything

Sincerely

worrying

aloofness  
unstitching

part of something larger pertaining life

as a matter

objectivity

themselves awe-inspiring in their peremptoriness

actually do think now

Sorry

culture is

culturally relevant

The poet's way of speaking,  
if she is speaking with his ear,  
can't help but be cultural

needs a 21st century update  
with reference to neurolinguistics

reduced

do you ever feel like you might be putting me on?

and a writer is only a writer inasmuch as his work contains  
language

distillation

such as one finds in Flarf

wind

but the way he's able to parrot

corrupt

cultural

the metaphysical haunts it,  
especially in its use of  
and reference to cultural  
ideas about the metaphysical

that all poetry probably appeals to the primal feelings  
of the neuron  
cynically playing them like an instrument

,

“Language is fossil poetry.”

The import of this is it has consequences at  
the relatively mundane level of technique.

the conditions operating on my personality and experience,  
aware both that as conditions they're impermanent  
and that conditionality itself is ontologically basic,

detail as a verb

academic is the new form of coarse speech today

Great .

some kind of liberation

neuroluening

despite what that happens is of matter that

nine times out of ten the thing no longer beholden

is what it's no longer beholden to

fully Awake to its own nature as such,

and without majorly going anywhere from there.

a sort of death, if you take it.

and inadvertently killing them in the process; he thus

healthy

fall asleep of innovation

mercifulless

inevitably

successful moments that when you look back at them are then

failures

they do great work

Again, I think these guise are doing great work

esoteric philosophy of Time

I mean, this

Here there is

seems

with the exchange between

I bought

Best

aesthetic

my wife has me mail to her in Taiwan

and lives there half of the year). The

it takes life too seriously

that they look out of all day

with a complete lack of curiosity

I don't know why the wire is sticking out from behind Ulysses,

it probably doesn't serve any purpose

my side coding projects

many of them have turned a little brown.

But I am keeping them alive

I have never taken care of plants again

communicating what they want

(My water glass, always by my side because)

the heat from my laptop dehydrates me as I work

My laptop, generously provided by Google

The leather couch is mine

he was wrong

The boxes are things my wife has brought to her

I never cook

landlord's theater quality speaker system

(One of my landlord's paintings, which I hate.)

I hope to replace it with yours.

(My corner of the room)

the left side of the couch

(or at the desk to work)

I told my landlord to cancel the satellite TV service

so that I could save money. But the TV's

hooked up to my computer so sometimes

I watch YouTube videos of stand up comics,

Late Night with Jimmy Fallon,

Louie, or the Daily Show on it.

I stuffed the pieces in one of the kitchen drawers.

half-rotten leftover takeout Chinese food

. . . . .

I can't say I'm reading any books right now.

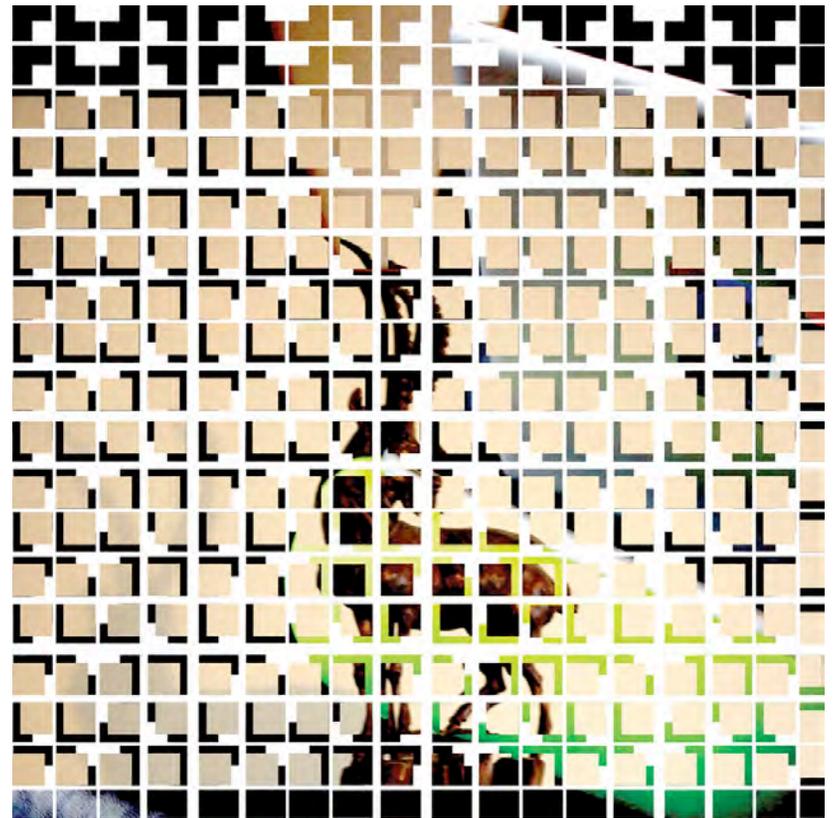
to mostly-saturated hues with some muted tones thrown in.

I like the colors to clash a little bit here and there

super happy

Before I wasn't so sure. Now I am.

whatever IT is.



I sort of like it  
generously  
and  
he was right

## Without Me Cobalt

These remind me of paintings I try to keep  
as few objects as possible objects to see light  
I like to give people paintings, because  
some think they're extraordinary objects Some

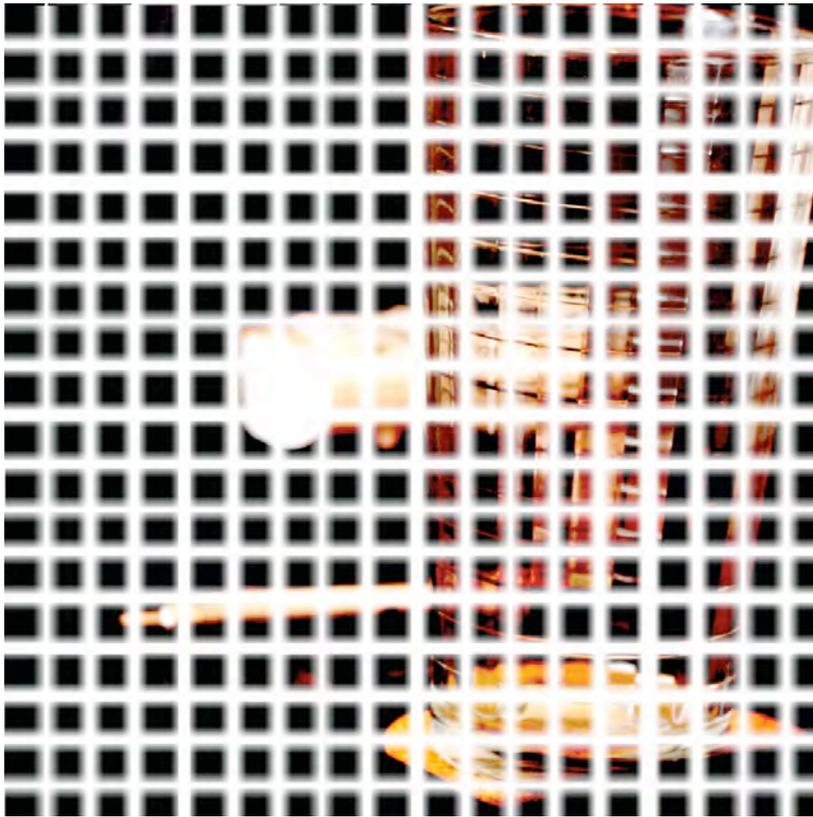
people see paintings by night. Now I  
make paintings that incrementally scan light  
in other people's rooms extraordinary moments  
realization without paint toss out video the

impossibility of freezing nonetheless, to stop  
singular, unitary thing scans paintings through  
time and different light that's beautiful  
too fuck video but before mural because

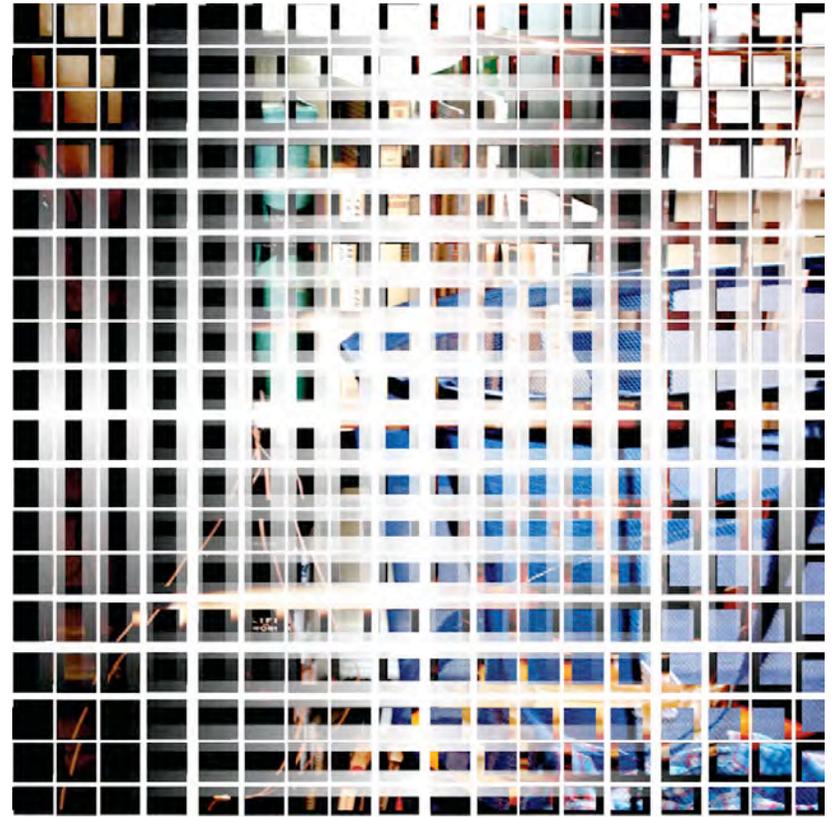
watercolors will go over the inkjet print  
on watercolor paper seep into the image  
integrat all elements chop it with a  
razor say, "forget internal paintings especially

"forget integral because real interest poetry  
painting embrace I don't see a poem.  
I read it. inspired chapbook the patron  
opposite gets imagination hyperlink imagination

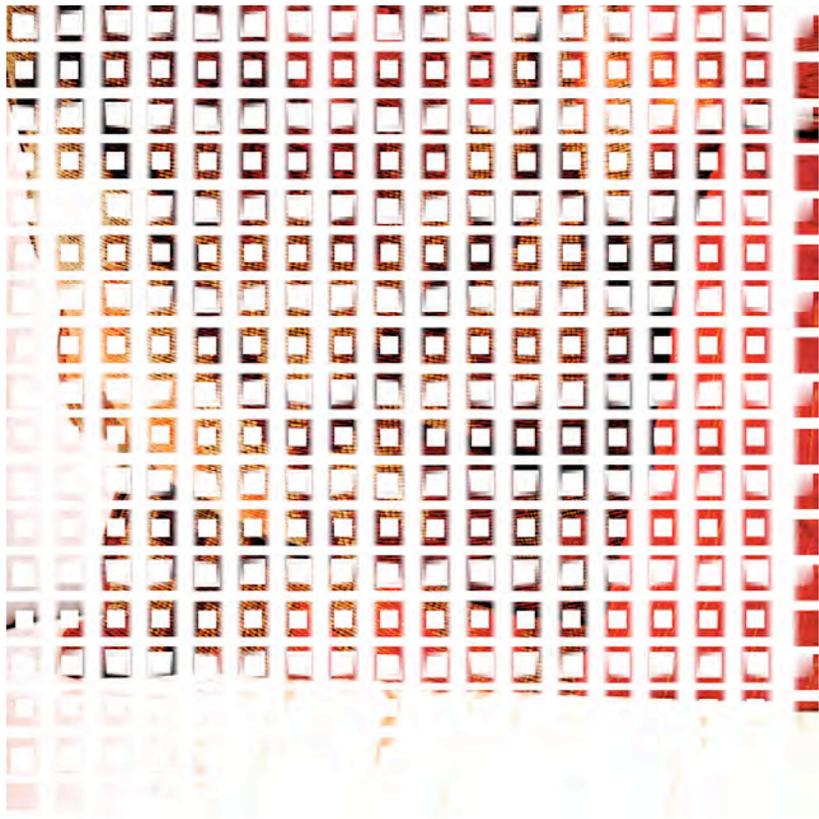
set up a few objects in my home to stage extra-  
ordinary moments white linen window cur-  
tains, colorful books dark wooden shelves  
cobalt blue vase without off-white flower



the at  
side  
work



The  
eat  
side  
work  
probably doesn't  
serve  
any purpose



Some fur

## Dark Incandescence

Today my heart hurts more than usual.  
Instead of the consistent, comforting  
Ache that comes with every squeeze of a beat,  
My heart seems to be pierced through with an  
Intensely heated emotion. Perhaps  
It is anger or bitterness or desire,  
But no matter the emotion: my heart  
Hurts. I looked at his picture again  
Today and the result is always the same.  
I feel shame and regret and love. I want  
To see him and hold him and love him again.  
I want him to want me. And yet, I know  
That I would never be happy with him.  
Never. So why does my heart yearn for such  
Fantastical things? I truly believe  
That if I ever saw him again, I'd  
Vomit because deep down I DON'T REALLY  
Want to see him again. God, it takes  
Everything within me to acknowledge  
That he is still breathing on this earth. I  
Like to imagine that he is dead and buried  
Someplace far away incapable  
Of hurting me ever again. But he  
Does hurt me...every day he hurts me. It  
Is my own fault though. He doesn't know that  
He is hurting me. He probably doesn't  
Even remember me...which hurts me. I  
Do believe I've become a full-blown,  
Pathetic moron who has reached the end  
Of her rope...Game Over, kid...GAME OVER.

## Sorry Insomnia

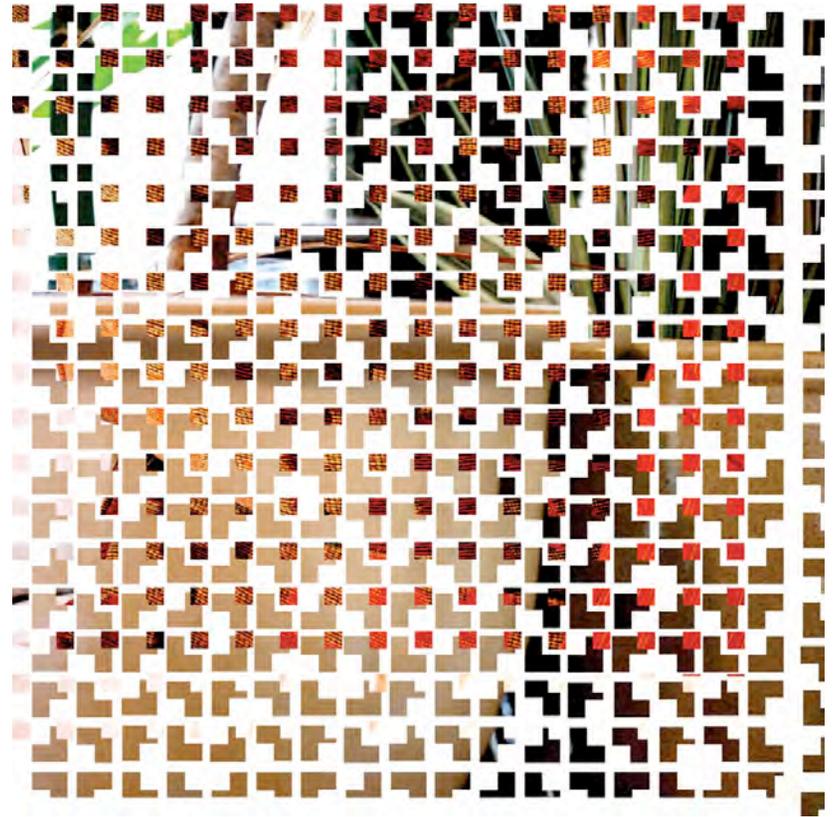
I'm really sorry I told you always has been  
Better to be safe than sorry etc. Sorry to  
be blunt, but it does not work out that way.

I'm sorry to say this but the cause is deeply  
rooted and largely intractable, at  
least for the short term. And I would be among

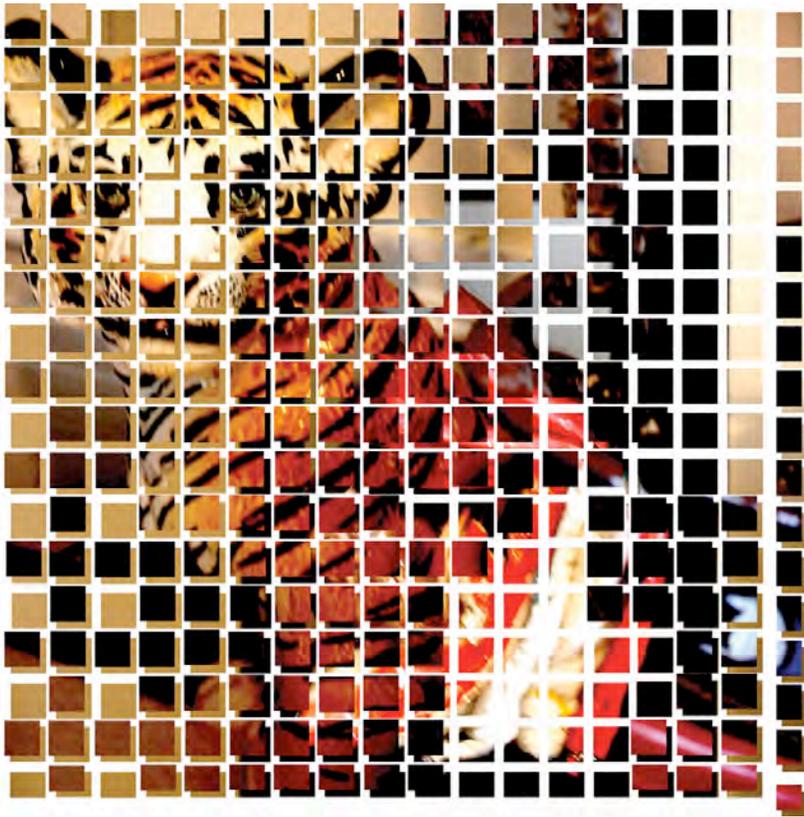
my American colleagues and  
say; "*oh that's too bad, I'm sorry that we had  
loss of life*". You don't want the

pious, fanatical Liberal-Multicultural inqui-  
sitors accusing you of sug-  
gesting that black African gangs

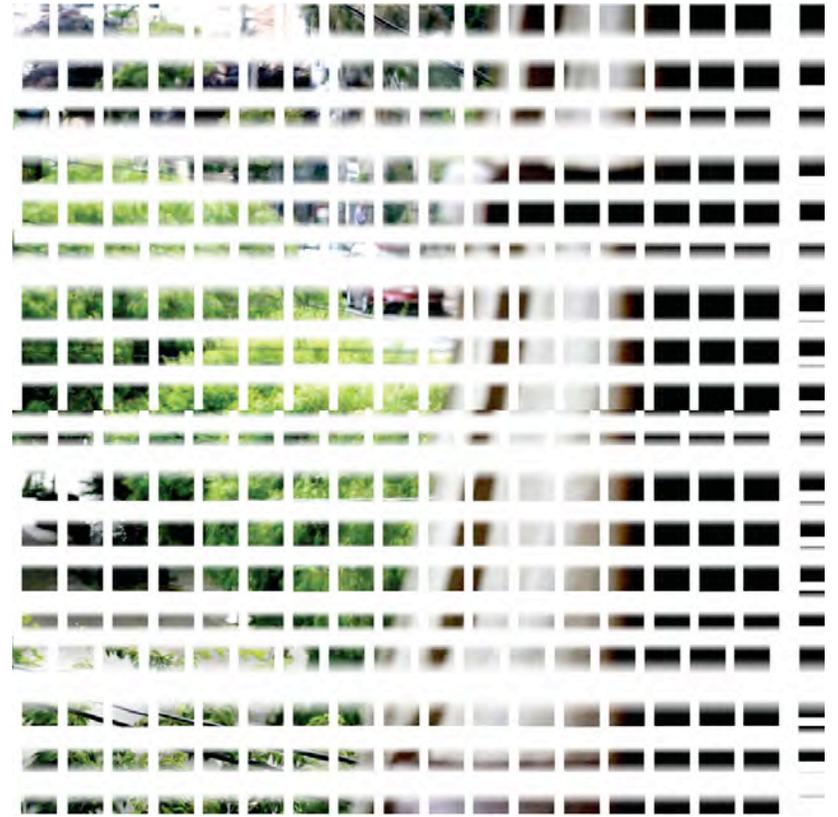
- sorry, tribes - treat each other in a way  
that falls a long way short of equality.



consolidated  
my landlord's plants  
way no of communicating  
what they want  
on top of them



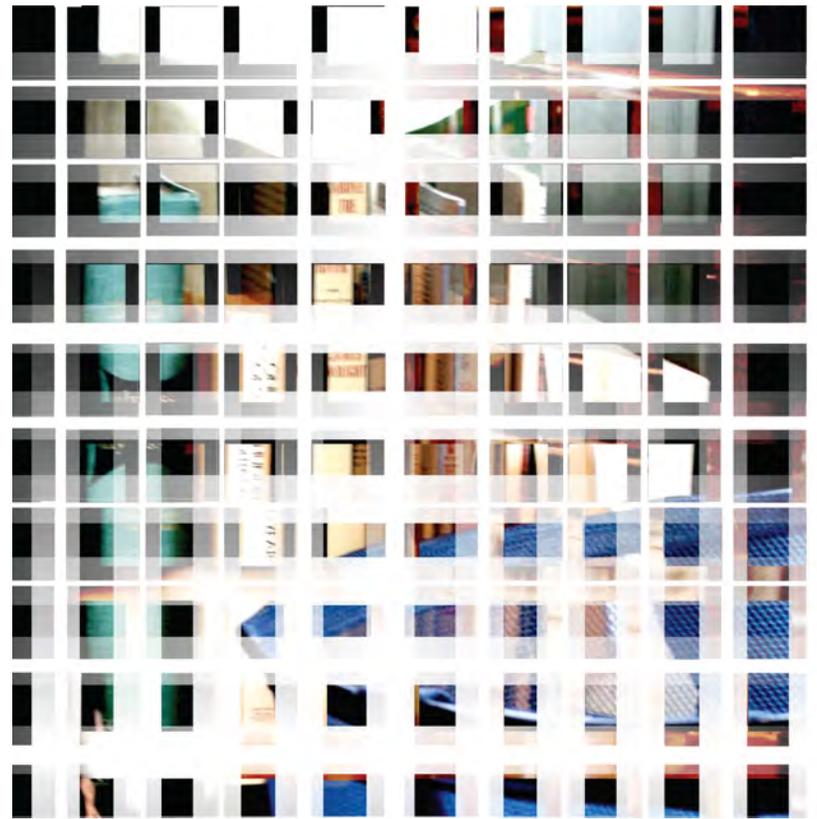
tiger  
sundries  
possibilities



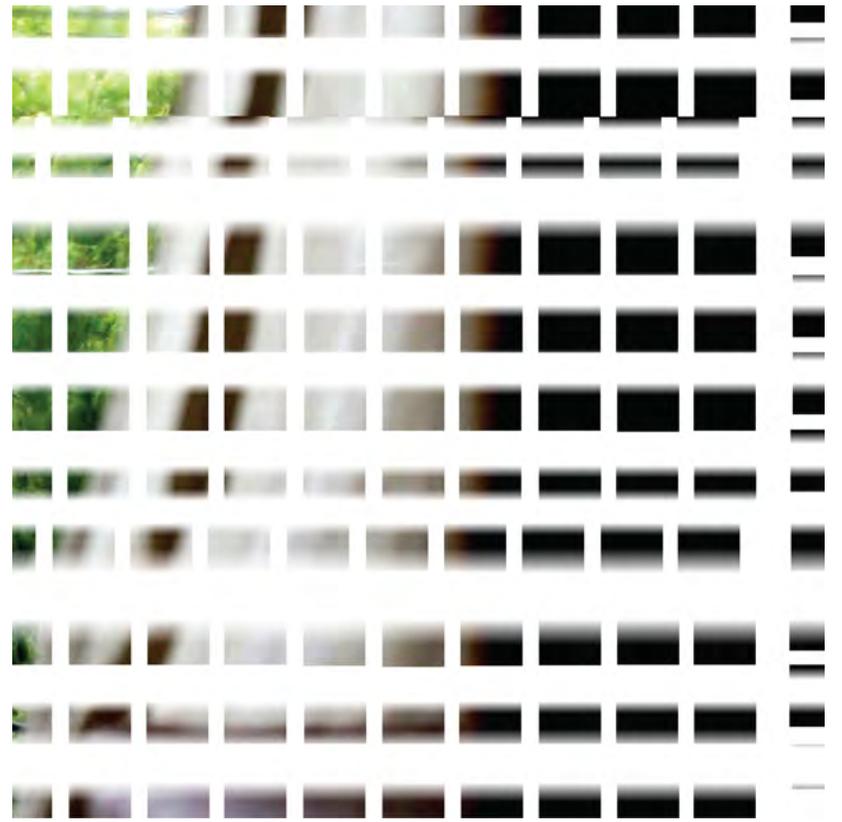
all day  
look up from the porch  
with a complete lack  
of curiosity



mydries



surpose



fromios

[photo of paintings over Pattabi's couch]

\*

I am writing this on a bus stuck in  
traffic in the South Bay,  
my eyes heavy because I drank a  
glass of wine before going to bed,  
which I seldom do because it tires  
me  
but my wife wanted to share a glass  
last night.

With many of the lines, I can't tell  
if you wrote them or I did.  
It's strange to be rewritten like  
this.  
It's like looking at yourself in a  
mirror  
placed at an angle to another mirror  
so that the second one reverses  
the reversed image of the first,  
presenting your face  
as others see it, which is never as  
you see it  
and therefore alien.

\*

I used to think that I had to wait  
till I was inspired before I could  
write,  
which I seldom do now because it  
tires me.  
Every night my wife wants to share a

glass of the everyday.  
As little as possible is on my mind.

It's strange to see the materials at  
hand.

It's like looking at yourself in a  
mirror,  
the poet speaking with his ear, a  
culture  
placed at an angle to another  
culture.

If speech comes first, poetry is  
reverse communion,  
presenting the body  
at the relatively mundane level of  
technique,  
legs splayed apart and knees bent,  
and therefore alien.

:Pattabi Seshadri

Drier

hevy w black bc I jrank ag lack  
its tires. me. last last tea  
I'm an alien from Reese rain

as little possible is every light lathes  
leer lee not poor sand! lore case  
not a bat, do bat, way weighs