

# FORMER SESTINAS

by  
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# 1

Remember,  
almost all utterances are unexamined noise.  
Receptivity makes a hole.  
Don't be too proud of your hole.  
The floor  
is fully carpeted. What would you have me remember?  
Please remember  
the hole  
is the noise  
that glass  
makes. Viral  
presences. "HI! WE'RE TOM! Is identity viral?"  
I remember  
1968, when identity held the floor,  
which gave way to a rabbit hole.  
What's that noise?  
Think glass.  
Shag commands the floor.  
Noise  
puts a hole  
in detail. Memory: viral.

## 2

I don't know how to play "name  
that ghost."

Holes

form a world's name;

velvet

appears to give

substance to ghost

tatters. Spirits don't shoot holes

-in-one. Who

knows how to split

the difference between one's

body and

a name?

An opulent ghost.

Velvet paintings host faux velvet

portraits. What's in

name? Banana,

split.

A split

-level house of velvet

shrinks in rain. An imperfect

erasure is known

as a ghost. How

much fun it is to ghost-

write my autobiography. Ours.

Labor still

split. Who will remain

true to a name without

the farce of a signature?

Velvet labyrinth.

Remaining— no option.

### 3

The obverse of sense  
withstands service  
to eros.  
I like sense  
when it's sensible, but names,  
terms of absence,  
don't always service  
or service eros  
dimly. Remark  
the near absence  
of eros  
in everyday life. Absence  
kneads heart into service,  
pulling bread  
from arroz and eros.  
Past the bread  
Food Service  
administers pathos,  
which is to sense  
what overly ripe cheese  
is to bread.  
Eros  
braids a dissident bread.

## 4

Conscious of the unconscious,  
you accrue  
an unwritten flash as though it has been written.  
Not unlike the first draft  
of an obsessive sex act. Its sole focus:  
a fleshed out mouth.  
I do not have enough mouth  
to make my focus  
public. Step outside of the draft  
as it was lived to be written.  
Any pronoun is its mouth.  
In the early seventies, the draft  
was being phased out, but it made us conscious.  
We want to accrue  
bits of pleasure for the unconscious  
One repeats oneself to find focus.  
Do you mind being written?  
So it shall be written.  
Anyone interested in remaining conscious?  
Learning to be written.

## 5

I don't know about  
the rhythm  
of the authorities  
on TV.

Then you are off the hook!

Praxis

is the Greek word for action. Praxis  
isn't about

anything. Landing a left hook  
on the jaw will disturb your foe's rhythm  
marvelously on closed-circuit TV.

Authorities

beget authorities.

Praxis

is the Martian word for TV,

frequently about

rhythm

as hook,

not information. Is rhythm  
your realm of praxis?

I'm not talking about

TV

(television). I'm talking about TV

(travestism). Is a prosthetic hook

gendered? She thinks about

the hem within them, the authorities,

an unseemly meta-praxis.

Her meta-praxis got mad rhythm.

Rhythm

is Venutian for TV.

Praxis

is just another word for a button or hook.

Rhythm

has been jostled by holes or eyes on or about TV.

Hook for a living? Look at the new authorities.

## 6

Wittgenstein's ladder  
is a cue  
to better posture.  
Permission  
to doubt some cues.  
Wrong ladder?  
Least ladder?  
The wrong telephone  
number?  
Permission:  
a telephone  
that appears on cue.  
I want permission  
to build a more serviceable ladder,  
telephone  
to intimacy.  
On cue,  
I'm changing into a leopard print.  
Permission  
for flagrant posture.

## 7

Are accountants comfortable in their hotbed?

Is one's net  
worth a host  
or a parasite?

I like to cite  
the stock balloon.

I like the sight of any old balloon  
flying high above my hotbed  
of free radicals.

I sometimes feel like a parasite  
in a hotbed  
that I thought would be a safety net.

Accounts of balloon  
payments circulate throughout our hotbed  
of parasite  
culture.

It's hot, so each balloon  
inside the shirt pops. Net  
loss: a deflated silhouette. Net

gain: a parasite  
that makes something visible enough. Cite  
seduction: host  
in a hotbed.

Hardball or balloon?

## 8

A slice  
of encomium, an Apple  
for the data wonk preacher, a Singapore sling  
for Ms.Thing. I'll try to be free  
as a seed  
not yet patented by Monsanto. Volume  
is a leading indicator of noise. My hair has insufficient volume;  
if you take a slice,  
be subtle. Did you say seed  
(s-e-e-d) or did you say she'd (s-h-e-'-d)? Not seen.  
It don't mean a thing if you ain't got no sling.  
I am content with a single apple  
seed  
deciding the legacy of John Doe Apple Seed.  
The thing-as-such is a sling  
heaving a Kantian apple.  
Am I free?  
Am I going to seed,  
and is that generative? A slice  
generates memory of the thing-as-thought-such, memory in a sling.  
She wants her volume  
of vignettes to be edible. No apple,  
though, is the apple.  
How much trouble I've seed.  
I've seeded a whole gardenful of discourse with my mouth in a sling.  
A slice serve can be more dangerous than a cannonball.  
To fall asleep and to fall in love are as close as I've come to feeling free.  
Memory of a seed slowly opening inside of a dissolving sling.

## 9

He wants a job  
feeding culture.

Please allow me. To introduce  
myself. I'm the man in the rubber suit.  
Let's talk method.

The thing-  
in-itself may be out of a job,  
but phenomenological method  
is to couture as culture  
is to a suit.

Culture  
puts the meth in method.

Doing your own thing  
is onanistic, no? Who's hand's on the job?  
Don't sully that suit.

Wearing a four-piece suit,  
my track coach said: "Do a job  
out there." Where? Introduce  
me to your horizon. Culture  
is an overly serious guy in a clown suit.

The thing  
about method  
is how difficult it can be to find the proper clown shoes. Please introduce  
me to a job  
I cannot blow. Culture  
clones repertoires.

## 10

Don't catch yourself being a stooge for the decay  
of others' plots. Negative  
capability drained  
syncopations  
of their most cartoonish boundaries.  
Boundaries  
are sequences of decay.  
Syncopations  
salt those sequences. A flipped  
burger should not be drained  
of its epistemological potential. Did you locate the negative  
of your negative  
boundaries?  
The drained  
basin hides nothing..  
Give me syncopations  
that forget boundaries.  
Don't let me forget negative  
space. Marius Escher and Al Held flipped  
boundaries.  
Thoughts and perceptions decay when drained  
of syncopations  
(that said, they'll decay  
anyway). Carefully drained  
boundaries  
resurface in bared market syncopations.  
Negative  
personal equity may result in instrumental decay.  
Waiter, I'd like this narrative flipped.  
Do you never feel drained  
of syncopations?

THOMAS FINK is the author of eight books of poetry, including *Joyride* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2013). Fink's work appears in *The Best American Poetry 2007* (Scribner's). *A Different Sense of Power* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001) is his most recent book of criticism, and he is co-editor of *Reading the Difficulties: Dialogues with Contemporary Innovative American Poetry* (Univ. of Alabama Press, 2014). His paintings hang in various collections.

TOM BECKETT is internationally known for his work as an editor, publisher, poet and interviewer. In the 1980s, his journal *The Difficulties* was instrumental in the promotion of Language Poetry. *Unprotected Texts*, his Selected Poems, was published by Meritage Press in 2006. More recently Otoliths published three volumes of *E-X-C-H-A-N-G-E-V-A-L-U-E-S* interviews curated by Beckett, and a collection of four long poems called *Parts and Other Pieces*.

