



# DOOM CUSP

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Argotist Ebooks

In Memory of Wallace Berman

# DOOM CUSP

30:ix:05

Munir Bashir's 'ud alone  
in his Baghdad studio  
1987

'Music is one  
We're all human beings  
The same family  
Music is for everybody'

The past that won't  
catch up to  
the present

History makes itself up  
until others  
make it up

'acute homesickness'  
Greek: nostos  
'return home'  
algos 'pain'  
Nostalgia

The retrospectives  
the catalogs of old photos  
of young lovelies

ME: 'harm, oppress'  
Old French, grever  
'to burden, encumber'  
ME: 'hardship, hurt, sorrow'  
grief/grieve

Burden of past  
Weight breaks  
Down early grace of  
Supple unknowing

Grow to know  
Death's musk  
On the cusp

Edge of Chrysler  
Deco edge  
Film loop  
Eternity  
Freezes

Stuffed w/ death  
a glut knish  
unable to wish  
before or beyond

Mourning is memory  
a 'withering away'  
as if there's a choice

Greaves  
death's dog food  
also  
bait for fish remove

Worm into words which  
Wallace the bookworm  
warned me against

Am in the ozone  
no zone liminal  
fat w/ past  
bogged down  
in tense present

Sink in drink  
expand & shrink  
(spine)gone

detoured to there  
where nobody's here  
unless they're dead

almost there

•

taqsim  
nonmetric  
out of time  
improvised  
sound calligraphy

riff & ruins  
run changes  
the art part  
afterwards  
in words  
nobody understands  
music still

moving the body beyond

everything offered  
out of heart  
or broken being is  
devotional  
the holy holy  
Ginsberg wrapped  
his rapture in  
essential unavoidable  
connection w/out  
limits or borders  
out of here in flight beyond

•

Pre-mortem  
apprehensions  
This Is Your Life  
side & slide shows  
collide & elide  
divide the flow  
into slices  
chapters dice-thrown  
across the page

•

Pre-Mortem  
This Is Yr Life  
Sally Field

==

peer -- late 16th c -- as she peered through the gloom --  
partly from shortening of appear -- from L. 'equal' --

--

disappear  
is how we appear  
before we  
vanish

Present  
not necessarily a gift  
stuck to clock hand  
refusing to stop

No blessing  
a mitzvah  
to honor

to pledge chaos  
as the circle  
certainty spirals into  
Bermuda Triangle  
nobody survives

•

we're laughing  
Nan's got pancreatic cancer  
metastasizing everywhere  
yet life means more  
than death  
even in dying  
life won't quit

•

The 'it' that's death  
end of the line  
last word

•

Kind age curled  
in death's rind

•

To the dark  
a lyric spark  
easily snuffed out  
trapped in type

•

Neither lost nor found  
displaced  
& askew  
& who are you?

•

Dead in an instant  
others write it

•

Everything gets clear

Clarity is everything  
Muddle's also joy  
Despite all the sludge  
A life moment  
Is tender & kind  
Raw & ruined  
All ways

•

Rain tapdance  
telegraphy

•

Sometimes grief is all about imagining yourself -dead

•

see you around

gotta get my grub  
already, I smell, burnt

so much  
too much

all the yes  
& no &  
in between

the trotting hots  
& forget me nots

the noise  
& ploys

still open  
still a closed book

an open instant  
a shut door

my yes  
my no

but the vein pulse  
of love beyond

•

this is where we are  
neither lost or abandoned  
nor found or retrieved but  
dumbly stuck in stasis  
molasses of unique idiocy

•

of 10,000 children sent  
to Terezin  
only 150 came back

•

The absent presence of God

•

History makes itself up  
until others make it up

•

The death flow  
goes  
nowhere

•

Second hand smoke  
second hand life  
third hand  
reality

•

Found this in the whirlpool:

To see us then  
resistant &  
glamoursly young  
now dead or dying

to see is not to be  
to be is not to see

to know

is another problem  
altogether

•

know no way  
but hobbling along  
onward  
inward

•

fortune cookie profound  
an easy gig

•

my love  
releases me  
realizes me  
as I release her

•

& we  
beyond all union  
won't quit  
reaching out  
to each other  
gone in morning  
arriving in night

•

lover  
I've never loved  
but you  
beyond me &  
within me

•

magma  
burns out mouth which remains  
covert in the forked tongue hiss  
& dismiss & remiss to the constantly  
battered beloved

the acidity corrodes

what's left of the fullness

too easy being angry  
too easy

[for Chris Moody]

•

Emily D writes in a letter  
now released as a poem:

There is no first, or last, in Forever --  
It is Centre, there all the time --

•

Time of edges  
even beyond the snapshots  
face falling fattening  
in each continuous sequence

but how chronological  
is chronology?

•

no start no end  
quiz kids know that  
whiz wits  
death defying  
life denying  
multitudes  
know what remains  
unknown &  
what's up w/ that?

•

psychology of biology  
each lung stunned w/  
certain pain & deep load  
of who knows what  
cancerous phlegm

•

Imagined death

incapable at the moment  
to greet speechlessness

•

Dark ain't doom  
Light ain't hope  
Blend 'em into mud

•

Create  
not destroy

Affirm  
not negate

•

have done nothing  
measured it &  
it doesn't add up

•