PARADIGM OF THE TINCTURES

Poems
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Images
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Revised and Expanded Edition

Argotist Ebooks
PARADIGM OF THE TINCTURES
the view from here

At 4pm Dante starts editing his copy of the *Anti-Dühring* as a thought carries him to Mozart composing his last symphony in Vienna.

Via the metapoetics of illogical space the sound *daffodil* becomes intangible caught in the fact that “the rose was obsolete” is now obsolete. The train once standing at sentence three demands a reader’s temporality exceed the speed of all operative systems aggregates

(Dachau however remains the single doorstep into Shelley’s essay in defence of poetry)

There are rock doves in the grass alas combines the sum-total of allowable inter-textual relationships to modernism and marriage (maieutic theory must be cautious here at the teleology of Maryland but there still is daylight savings time in the *Booke of Margery Kempe*)

In the attic the Soviet dominant gathers artifice anarchy embraces sentimentality as concern switches from napalm to cholesterol and Saddam Hussein changes his name back to J. Alfred Prufrock.
oedipus meets the abstract machine

I love you too if I’m
endorsed by global information
all these little jobs of enjoyment popping up
so much ancient wisdom in marble
meanwhile, back in a poem
by Clark Coolidge™ I’m Johnny Greendoors
the clam chowder savant clean out of entelechies.
Arthur Danto enters, orders
a regular recent Chardonnay then spills
Philosophy on his corner shirt.
Guess South is East for him
in his sort of sheriff’s pants
or maybe not
when toe’s got a footnote for a footstool.
Smells like a huckleberry Nissan up
your nose. Nope, I’ll try again
through ethical theory. Maybe
someone’s elsewhere’s happening out there right now.
Seems the image turns out to be
an odd text full of reception theory
and that’ll throw a challenge to
the salmon samplers. Develops I’m told
out of the nomadic Synagogues, want some?
it sure beats ekphrasis in the throat.
Better ask the reindeer salesman in
next door.
Now that’s what I call style
and a human action explains it.
the case of the resurrected cannibal

Either I’m happy that it happened
or else I’m glad
that I’m gone.

Equipollence of argument, but

join the dots to arrive
at Pythagoras, the city

not the person, on a map
of assertions in

Cantor’s correspondence
with Hannah Arendt
the person
not the name spelled
in an unknown direction

between
the lost thoughts

of Diogenes Laertius
and Gilbert Ryle’s

The Concept of Mind.

The concept
in case the mind telegraphs
its thinking between

paragraph and paradox
the word

not
the movement to
some supplemental
snapshot

of a light gone out.
the figure: viewed from the back

It’s the other side of Summer
in a blown-up world

behind it there’s Caspar David Friedrich
copying the paintings
of Old Masters, sturm und drang with
a pair of scissors for comfort.

What a splendid air of security!
The writing that knows the lovers of strange landscape
is hardly visible,
    shivers to the shape of
a disappearing allegorical vocabulary.

Let’s go there and be read
in a morning fog

ask a tree to dance with us
in the sentence

“I have to stay alone.”
precise image 23

You see behind me I truly am the Person from Porlock
weaving a caramel screen around the history of opera
(whatever that is at the reckoning).
Dogs bite me and Coleridge invents me,
cats know me as a versatile colleague in the food-chain
threatening the discount food banks
superceded now by mass extinctions
courtesy the insular scripts.

Apart from that I’m real like you, over there,
two words, untitled, a figuration and a picture
across from who I am between two similar scripts
for a dream.
In a tremor to resemble that
of the entire Ossianic movement

Democritus intuits gravity from
the downward fall of atoms in

a movie about two poppies
on a tricycle heading towards

an unknown birdbath on an airplane
and that way extending the pilasters

onto western walls maximized
to thinness via

a proposition by the Master Glazier
of Notre Dame all the way down to

the head of Newton’s emanation
eating polar logic for breakfast.
Writing eliminates the need to write.

Or so I was told by the guy
with the switchblade mugging me.

Or does writing encourage
the necessity to write?

I queried.

Full stop, here at 1.00

And clearly terrified
he ran away down a dark alley
of old prose.

Or so the elders say
in their tales and legends
about an older America than this is.

Where plants think aloud
and animals talk to their
enemies in pure Cantonese
in part as a result of their hibernation
in a sack of philosophy
at Princeton.
Imagine a delicatessen subtracting at every instant with the rhythm of a yeast infection. Now you see it now you don’t until predictably Calypso-Fada meets Lord Kitchener and in Tombstone

Polity rides mother earth with spittoon, while reading Lolita in Kabul. To simplify his thoughts on longitude Sir Isaac Newton buys a house in Dewsbury which Lorca insists is either Salamanca or the hip-hop capital of Spain.

It all adds up to the meaning of “true equity” but it sure ain’t rocket science or a solar anus.

A passion for the real stops short of having it now more honest than a fingerprint beneath the grid

Khlebnikov refers to grasshoppers as “nodes of the future reflecting on their poetry as on reflected rays of the future cast by a subconscious ‘I’ upon the sky of the rational mind”

Sound, a honeycomb grown silent leaving speech as a five-finger exercise:

1 (is mythological): the antiseptic image of Orpheus pleading with Death.

2 (historical): Dr. Strangelove on his horse Enola Gray and shouting

Hi ho Sylva!
correlata for a cryptogram

It looks like California outside
the mudslides of pure mascara
but it’s been said before:
you can’t give an inch a new nail.

Curious, however,
the return to the mystic writing pad
for just the briefest scribble
of top-right Celtomania.

Around these parts
simultaneity in claws is
the puma’s best form of disappearance
just follow the arrow from the national diagonals
to reach the correlata for a cryptogram
around the throat of America

the way milk escapes the entire history
of its blackness.
in mnemoriam

Hey, this isn’t Sarajevo
it’s Anomaly, Wisconsin
we’re on a Scrabble board
that’s missing an E tile.

These arrows are pointing to the corner of
a hidden treasure
locked away by an independent artist
circa 1873.

There are mild shifts in the symmetry revealing
the shadows of hobbyists leaving Copenhagen
on a rainy day.

This is what mimesis wants
in its chilled travelogues
to knowledge,  perfecting
a portrait in a biographical nation
guessing
death’s what happens when worlds collide.
normative imaginations

Croatian electric— a map snaps
but schnapps,
   at this point
argued across
the green analogy

to a manifesto for perpetuals.

Reduce it to this diagram and a path
emerges into a classical landscape:

by Claude
   with the screams of a shepherd
ycleped Leroy etched as
   shadows in the bandage style

of earlier Rococo
crime scene investigators

cross-referenced to the frontispiece
of John Bulwer’s Philocopus
by the deaf and the dumbe man’s friend.
the poem as a thing to see

Somebody here got married in vitro
but why is mass being held
for a million televisions tendered
as deluxe facsimile ready-mades?

Perhaps a microbe’s forming a Gordian knot around
uncle’s breakfast demands for a family rendition
of Krummacher’s story of the worm in the apple.

Shadows above the scratches of a language?

Or do we have the virus as a new archangel?

Either way it’s modernity from next door
with it heavy-metal flamenco out
of focus

a slanted flower and indisputably
a cryptomorphic entry into legend

(The fate of the book sealed in Flaubert’s
famous letter to Louise Colet
but nothing
happens
when you

plan it
in absentia

What separates Instanbul from the petty thief in his summer cough? The success of any co-efficient of weirdness depends on the virtuosity that comes from a generic shaman’s childhood terminating in the closure of some surprising etymology.

Curious though, the premature meddling with impatience that marks the difference between inquisition and inquiry. Here, in the meander, it seems the proper thing to ask, being the “first fish” before the term “digestion.” At least, it seems that way as an object of concentration or even a concentrated object, stuck in a word like “haleutic” or a cultural angst known as the dissociation of sensibility and the willful suspension of disbelief before the paregoric hits the parrot.
ephemera

What’s this? Looks like a millennium for maximum embarrassment and quite proteiform in its lack of politesse to the new philosophy of counter subterfuge but whatever it’s doing it’s doing it in secret perhaps it’s just shot a pragmatist through an organ of transmission, or got hired as a transitory hieroglyph it looks too paranoid to have never read the Bible or is it an island shy enough to not become an archipelago or perhaps a genetic mutation right in the walls of the divine city. Imagine it saying that before it came to grammar as a microparticle of order it was a thought in the head of William Blake. Reverence always beckons emblems to its New Atlantis to reconnoiter the several incapacities that seal a fate as noise.
is a schedule
or Moigedishu comprising
phraseology in defeat.

The length of shadows this employs
to shrink its resurrected problem
sober, but joined to
a popular legacy
a tongue found tense below
the principle angle of shrapnel.

Later
being extant through anorgasmic infiltration,
bodies emerge in Spain to situate as protocols
then reinscribe as stanzas in a theorem.

Ice recollecting is description now
a growth conceded to
the February mental pattern arrived,
at last, in parachute complexity on T H A S
as a line
cornered by all the death-squads
outside a well-kept stalemate.
the week that was

It could be upside down for all I know

unlike the Genesis initial (Fol. 4r) with eight medallions illustrating scenes from the Creation (by the Master of the Gerona Martyrologium).

Or perhaps
due to psychic, paratactic abnormality it’s really present day Boston superimposed upon the Treaty of Versailles.

Turn it sideways, nothing happens.

“Altar and oxymoron, bars or certain spots”

“a constant ebullition of impingements detached from the memory gland.”

“The Seven Deadly Sins
spotted from the air in a Connecticut landscape in Derbyshire diagonal to

a recent
croissant franchise.” These and other quotable possibilities.

Yet from it all we realize that moving sideways is

an alternative to being Saturday.
a child’s history of rhetoric caught as it happens

Is it still as heavy as last week
with living tissue over metal
ectoskeleton? No,

it’s elephants on roses intertwined with
Walter Pater’s Renaissance and seems
the perfect cipher for the verb.

Yep, old homilies call to other disciplines alright
a wasp at vespers escapes illumination
in a Book of Hours when Time is not.

But is Plotinus
always right like that? Seemingly so.

How patinated history is, emblem of
mutability rearranged to accommodate
a severely silhouetted perspective
on a sinner saved.

Just as I grow old you grow old
and those prudish identities
retreat.

Industrial polygons recall gadflies
to materiel and that way
culture rewards us with stability.
landskip domestica

At a small distance from a represented canvas
your narrator has placed a chair
overshadowed by an edge
of hawthorn paint

snug

in the catgut of guitar Elysium
(properly at first) a cane
at the back of the missing porch
of a tall house saved for later

by the church
in view of the silverfish.

So the hunted colors
expand what we cook
whenever the walls want
two beds
their involution to velocity writes light
the chairs within speak weeks
and from this mentioned motion
each breakfast provides
a line-stop

through its hole.
moon shine

I’ve worn this T-shirt for decades
a surrealist sandwich
brought it to the edge of someone else’s
destination

S

notice the meander
the same old features in the word “Sublime”
held hostage to a thought on tomorrow
torn language or a concept of “beginning” in
a phrase universe fastidious in its eco-tourism

“moon” “shines”

(herrings above water)
A repetition is a present act in *jetzeit*
and consocratic to the platonym

ephemeral syntheses in monads of sediment
the existential cherubs subtend into derelict spaces

their concertina cities still unfolding
local news reports of regional clinamens

a random shooting, a surprise confession, an unexpected
sports result. This city narratizes itself

as a series of deviations, swerves.
It is framed either in Braudel’s “individual”

or else sub-social time. The shooting in Glendale retains
a picnic consequence in marriage

proximity to death here
is spatial not temporal

the latter wrinkles folds into

a Pacific Palisades of discrete territories:
rooms, memories, anti-mirrors, faces

buzz words along the style guides sky potential
when all the laws fall quiet

within a calculus of incalculable recombinations.
Is there a context in this classic?
precise image 27

How does a poem relate to its portrait
respond as a tone in
the brain-phrase continent?
How does 2 become two
yet not quite a “we”

with all its interactive game therapies
caught, an error’s echo
to delay in words [?]
as at
when if
a furtherance

from a portrait of experience
ostensibility, a tone
two voices listening
to a face?

Now everything is opposite
to what is said.