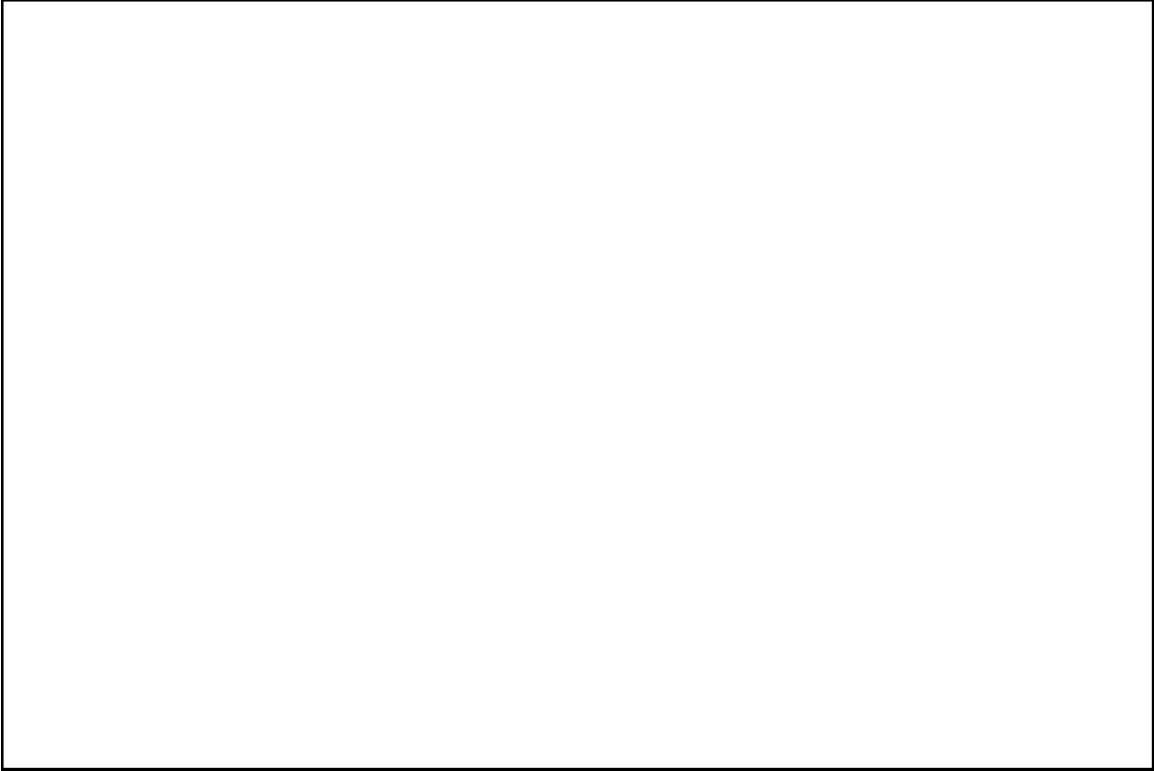


(ENDPAPER)



[plate of card tables and side chairs with leather or rubber strapping where color: provisional, perspective: peripheral]

...

SETTING

In the month of May, at the end of the poetry party, a double crossed hybrid form of both a loaf of cocol bread and a rhododendron bloom drifts into the center of the room and recounts this, thus driving a wedge between us.

[clocked authors are described here as flip-flops]

...

THE BREAD-BLOOM SPEAKS

In a preface, it is customary to explain the goal which the flip-flops have set for themselves, the circumstances of their writing, and the way they think their work relates to other earlier or contemporary flip-flops' efforts at treating the same objects. But in our text this custom seems to be not only superfluous, but, by the nature of things, inadequate and contrary to its purpose. For what would be appropriate to say about us in a preface, and in what manner? Roughly, one would give a historical account of the work's standpoint and tendency, its general content and results—a conjunction of assertions and assurances made here and there about what is synchronous; but this cannot be the valid way of exhibiting our poetry. Also, we flip-flops reside essentially in the element of collectivity which contains the particular; therefore our poetry gives rise to *the illusion* that the matter itself—even in its accomplished essence—is expressed in the goal or final result, in relation to which the process would have been inessential (a don't-care term). Yet, even in the common image one has of, say, anatomy—roughly, that anatomy consists in knowledge of the body, considered in its nonliving existence—one is convinced that the matter itself, the content of this poetry, is not thereby possessed, but, in addition, one must take the trouble of dealing with the particular. Further, in such an aggregate of cognitions which has no right to the name of poetry, there is no difference between a conversation about the goal and similar generalities, and the historical and Conceptless manner in which the content itself—the nerves, the muscles, et cetera—are discussed. For us, however, this would give rise to an incongruity that consists in using a way of discourse which we ourselves show to be incapable of attaining poetry.

Similarly, to state how our work sees its relation to other flip-flops' treatments of the same objects introduces external interest, obscuring that which is important in the knowledge of our poetry. The more the current opinion views the opposition between *the synchronic* and *the false* as rigid, the more it expects that every given collective synchronic system should be either endorsed or contradicted, and takes every explanation of such a system to be only the one or the other. It does not conceive the diversity of collective synchronic systems as the progressive development of poetry; it only sees contradiction in that diversity. The bread disappears in the eruption of the flower, so one could say that the flower contradicts the bread. In a similar way, *this speech* declares the flower to be my false existence, and steps forward in its place as my poetry...

...

[Having said this, the hybrid bread-bloom begins to boil briefly, at which point, we, lying belly-up in a circle, are thinking, in some fashion or other, in relation to a

future task, this spring will last more than one spring]



(ENDPAPER)