

# Adam Fieled

## Posit/Deposit





*POSIT*

*ADAM  
FIELED*

## “Posit” Preface

“Posit,” released as a Dusie chap in June 2007, was my first print publication. Most of the “Posit” poems had been written in the winter months which joined 2006 and 2007. It was my first year as a University Fellow at Temple University in Philadelphia, and a Fellowship year— I didn’t have to teach. In the fall of 2006, I had done a graduate workshop with Rachel Blau DuPlessis. She called her own work “post-Objectivist”— a continuation of the investigative interrogation of textual subjectivity by poets like George Oppen and Carl Rakosi (who called themselves Objectivists), with a slant towards feminism and a bias towards Deconstructionist literary theory. Rachel was heavily critical of any first person sensibility, expressed in poetic language, which didn’t take the time to investigate and interrogate its own efficacy. The belief that language could only be justified “qua language,” rather than language opening a transparent window on whatever a naïve subject desires you (as reader) to see (this thought-circuit is a lift from Derrida) was one Rachel carried through all her writing and reading tasks. I was thirty, and just beginning to publish seriously— I couldn’t help but be influenced.

The mood I caught, while composing the “Posit” poems that winter, was a congeries of this influence with other contingent factors— my first trip to Chicago in December ’06 (memorialized in “Illinois Sky”), the spookiness of West Philadelphia and the Eris Temple (“Le Chat Noir”), and even the perceived contemporary relevance of Greek myth (“Eyeballs”). I separated myself from Rachel’s formulations by maintaining a narrative voice— without a narrative voice, what animates poetry to begin with? Rachel’s own work suffered heavily from lack of a strong narrative voice— even more from the notion that narrative itself was (and even could be) outdated and outmoded. Rachel, for some reason, associated narrative with the nineteenth century— but the truer association is more thoroughgoing, i.e. poetic language is impossible (utterly so) without narrative, for words following words to create narrative is what creates the effect of symbol and art, always. Poetry sans narrative struck me as a gimmick, and still does. Rachel and her compeers did betray a weakness for gimmick, which compromised their self-praised idealism.

In any case, “Posit” did not disavow narrative cohesion, nor did it fall prey to gimmick-mongering. The cohesion of the chapbook as a gestalt is loosely themed around not only an interrogation but a celebration of the poetic “I,” not relying on the disjunctures and ellipses which were trendy in 2007, but on sensual objective correlatives (“Illinois Sky,” “Le Chat Noir,” “Eyeballs,” “Dracula’s Bride”) and formal experiments which combined disjunctures with straightforward narrative (“Posit,” “Come to the Point,” “Day Song”). The theoretical gist of “Posit” is this— mixing the tenets of Deconstructionism with poetic language is richest and most rewarding if, amidst the ellipses and disjunctures, poetic language is allowed to be itself— to carry, not only narrative and voice, but sensuality, imagery, simile/metaphor, and intimations of profound emotion. If all the constituent elements which form the backbone of poetic language are lost, what’s left is a mere husk— and American avant-garde poetry, for the second half of century XX and into century XXI, is largely a congeries of husks, hollow spaces and impoverished waste lands. “Posit” is meant to represent the initiation of a new, rich strain of American poetry— and its influence has been felt. AF, 2013

## **Posit**

I want  
but that's  
nothing new.

I posit  
no boundary  
between us.

I say you,  
I know you,  
I think so.

I know  
what world  
is worldly.

I know  
how death  
stays alive.

I never  
enter third  
person places.

I could  
go on  
forever.

## Come to the Point

I am that I  
that stations metaphor  
    on a boat to  
be carried across.  
that makes little  
    songs on banisters,  
which are slipped down.  
that slips down  
    antique devices,  
china cutlery & white.  
I am coming to  
    the point. I am  
come to the point.  
I am that I.

## Day Song

& this reflexivity, right now: how it bounds.  
how we are the sum total of our limitations.  
we catch glimpses. what's in the catching.  
what's beyond, behind, between: purple fear.  
bodies randomly chosen, for different reasons.  
dreams of form. charades. too bad, but  
always the knowledge, if we are lucky, of  
scattered constellations in the world. chewable.  
fragments. progress. only in patches. must. do.

## Illinois Sky

One could sink upwards into  
it, lose brown earthy stains.  
Conglomerated air-pockets,

tucked into figments, wide  
enough to lend temporality  
sense, day's square progress.

This I don't know about, this  
feeling, expanse contracted,  
sex impulse etherealized, I

can't see this w former eyes.

It is, after all, a doorstep,  
just me entering me again—

cream purse, vulval sheen.

## Lars Palm Dream

I was skulking in  
a dorm room with  
Lars Palm, who  
was chucking  
lobsters. A yellow

globule tried to  
get our goat; a wall  
started talking.  
Lars was furious.  
Some girls were

involved with us,  
as junk piled up.  
Lars threw a  
lobster at the  
yellow globule,

roaring. It was  
a pivotal moment—  
bare walls. Rubbish  
heap. Fucked  
globules. We left.



## Eyeballs

They sent a maid  
to clean Jocasta's

chamber, a stout  
ex-maenad, still

full of wine. She  
happened upon

the two eyeballs  
of Oedipus, doused

with blood, beneath  
Jocasta's dangling

feet. They were  
smooth, tender

as grapes. She  
pocketed them.

They became play-  
things for her cats.

Perhaps there is  
use for everything,

she thought, raising  
a glass to her lips;

and if I am a thief,  
who will accuse me?

## Rowdy Dream

I was slumming @  
Andrew Lundwall's.  
There was a demented  
cook called Seana  
w/ tortured ringlets.

There was a cooking  
issue, a food problem.  
I ate something.  
I stayed on the fifth  
floor, away from

rowdies on floors  
two & three. My  
Mom broke in,  
spoke of better  
food, more rowdies.

I wanted to be  
more rowdy, left  
floor five. Seana  
spoke gibberish to  
me in the kitchen.

I wasn't happy or  
unhappy; I was in  
the middle. All this  
time Andrew Lundwall  
sat on a throne on

floor one. I was  
making my way  
down there when  
I awoke— no food.  
I became rowdy.

**To Bill Allegrezza, after reading *In the Weaver's Valley***

"I" must climb up  
from a whirlpool  
swirling down,  
but sans belief  
in signification.

"I" must say I  
w/out knowing  
how or why  
this can happen  
in language.

"I" must believe  
in my own  
existence,  
droplets stopping  
my mouth—

alone, derelict,  
"I" must come back,  
again, again,  
'til this emptiness  
is known, & shown.

## Waiting for Dawn Ananda at Dirty Frank's

in the syntax of

my vodka-tonic,

& in the neon

smoke-rings

kisses hang

before breezes

## Le Chat Noir

I pressed a frozen face  
forward into an alley off  
of Cedar St., herb blowing  
bubbles (am I too high?) in

melting head I walked &  
it was freezing & I walked  
freezing into pitch (where's  
the) blackness around a

cat leapt out & I almost  
collapsed a black cat I  
was panting & I almost  
collapsed I swear from

the cold but look a cat  
a black cat *le chat noir* oh no

**Girl with a Cigarette, Modern Painters cover, January '07**

You don't mean it, do you? You  
don't know that the blue around  
yr pupils is sky in a vice, that your  
fingers are too complicated.

Nothing shows you that shadows  
over yr neck do not account for  
over-delicacy, that shoulders  
simply squared reveal damaged

breast-matter. You smoke, not  
knowing. You take a drag, too  
picture-esque. Your pose is a  
pose, your cheekbones simply ash.

## 10:15 Saturday Night

then like how bout we give this  
thing a chance or at least not bury it  
beneath a dense layer of this could  
be anyone, we could be anyone,  
anyone could be doing this, just  
another routine, another way of  
saying hello, & goodbye just

around the corner like a dull  
dawn layered thick in creamy  
clouds, ejaculations spent

## Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was a corpse  
on a bed on a screen in front  
of me. She lay in darkness  
w an obscure head. I touched

the screen— it grew red. I  
touched her head on the screen  
& she was alive again, &  
blonde. I stepped back from

the screen, hearing her  
breathing. I felt as if I had  
performed an exorcism—  
this was holy water. I shook

through the whole thing.



## Dracula's Bride

I married into blood &  
broken necks, endless  
anemic privation, but

no regret. You see,  
hunger fills me. I like  
vampire hours (no

sleep), a blood-vessel  
pay-check, diabolical  
companionship, tag-team

seductions, guileless  
maidens about to  
be drunk.

We know what sweetness  
is in starvation. We've  
found, satiety

is death's approval stamp.  
If you crave, there is  
room left in you. If

you want, you are a  
work-in-progress—  
being finished is

a cadaver's province.  
Better to suck  
whatever comes.

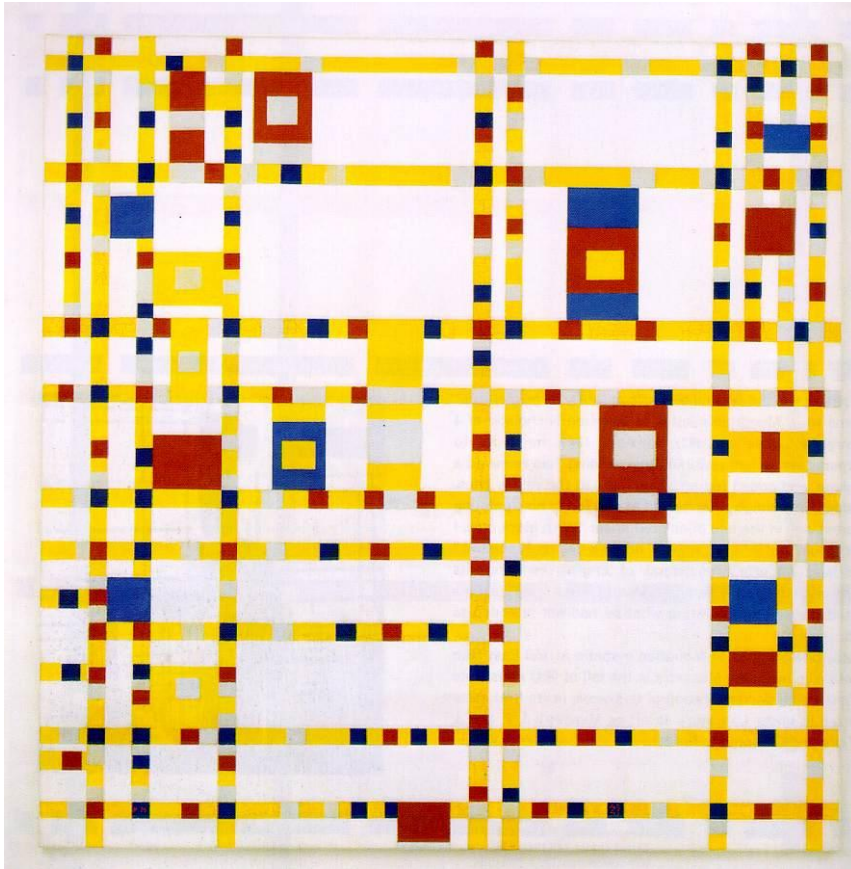
\* a dusi/e-chap  
[www.dusie.org](http://www.dusie.org)



D U S I E

# Adam Fieled

## “Deposit”



## Preface

“Posit,” released in 2007, was undergirded by certain assumptions regarding the feasibility and desirability of a renaissance to first-person singular perspectives in avant-garde poetry. It was an attempt to build a new kind of poetic “I,” self-aware of its textual subsistence, mindful of deconstruction’s lessons and expressively scrupulous as a result. In 2007, such things still seemed possible. As of 2013, a terrible entropy has overtaken America, America’s populace, and the entire West. Economic conditions, particularly the cost of health insurance, have created a melee in which depopulation and rampant poverty are de rigueur; and the American media can only intermittently be truthful about this. In short, 2013 is an American holocaust. In such conditions, poetic subjectivity, if buoyed by a sense of social responsibility, cannot afford to be complacent. The Book of Changes has a chapter devoted to “stripping back”— and what “Deposit” aims to do is to strip back the cautious but obvious optimism of “Posit” towards a more timely appraisal of the possibilities, latent and manifest, of poetic subjectivity.

Adam Fieled, 8-23-13

## Deposit

To build  
an I  
is to see it

rust, stripped  
down into  
pluralities,

so that I  
write against  
my own

evanescence—  
dissolutions which  
don't allow

palimpsests—  
trees sans  
bark, molting

of interiors—  
now, time  
future can

only reverse  
currents, enact  
withdrawal of

the phallus from  
fun, friction. To  
build an I

is to decoy  
it underground,  
after fashions.

## The Point, Made

Seeds left, softening, somnolence,  
sleep in/beneath a patina of silt,  
salt waves heave above— slow,  
life lived in burrowing downwards—  
de-centered into diaspora, a sense  
(subtly, oil-slicked) of knowing how  
self has/maintains few points of  
coherence along the myriad veins of  
interior time— interiors sans cohesion,  
diabolical densities against coherence,  
beneath vertical turtles bound to their shells—  
dropped seeds crawl as they will.

## Night Song

& what goes out, remains out. diminution  
determines. expanses opened by destruction.  
contractions towards space-birth. a going-off  
in all directions. gloriously center-free. aligned  
with arbitrary, arbitrations. moments to air-  
puncture. aggressive pursuit of time past.  
to strip back as bark. roots just left as  
roots in the ground. immobile as pure  
objects, taking off subjects ad infinitum.  
the rhythm— no one listens. remains composed.

## Manayunk Sky

Facades on Main Street have a lift  
towards it, but the Manayunk sky  
isn't there, a mirage, a conglomeration

of spent wishes for a better human future  
which can never be lived in the blackened  
glare of well-trodden pavement. Its

expanse argues loudly for the subaltern  
and its accessibility, a superior up  
is down, a superior blue is black,

a superior open is packed tight  
into a closed linearity, night's deep  
recess. Now, I take the trouble

to interrogate pavement, which  
can only deny truths of not-surface, hotly.



## To Augustine, after reading his “Confessions”

If you really did find  
something or someone  
immutable, freed from  
torturous progress, I  
can't say I don't believe—

If you came to rest  
apart from the unworkable  
aligned profoundly with  
profundity's alignment,  
congrats from a still point—

If I seem cynical,  
catching your desperation  
as tides confounded you,  
I at least know your death,  
its heft, text, all plumbed

by me, or someone else.

## Waiting for Dawn Ananda at the Bean Café

To have to play a hand

(shall I ever get a hand in?)

poker gives you five fingers—

yet I catch in the South St. air

ten fingers or a spider's eight legs,

immobilized behind a dense space—

## 10: 30 Saturday Night

You see it (the word) all over the old  
stuff, “satiety,” never think what it  
means until you get it, the entire  
package, and it still can’t mean much  
because she’s a repository for bad  
vibes, evil impulses, like ghosts of  
old movies, and in her mind it’s  
always a scene for her to play,  
especially now that the deed is  
done, against the grain, not a sin

merely a circumstance, but heroism  
which could be (telling the truth  
now the truth’s against me) is  
subsumed by the anonymity of  
sports bras not decoyed in darkness—

## Decoy Dream

You were one of the twelve  
of you doing what you were  
doing; promised a part in  
a Communist parade, a five  
year contract to be who you  
were against eleven imposters—  
I saw you on South St. on  
my thirty-sixth birthday,  
you had pigtails, and as you  
lied to the barrista about  
working at Condom Kingdom  
(for seven years), I remembered  
Loren Hunt on the floor of  
Gleaner's bathroom on mescaline—

## Decoy Dream II

I was sitting outside Westminster  
Arch smoking a butt in the February  
chill, when you passed me (you can't

see in movies how your ears stick out,  
how tall you are, or that the jet-black  
mop on your head is cut short), stood

in the doorway with something wistful  
in your posture, as if I'd killed you,  
buried the chance that your endless

decoy vigil could end; in other words,  
I was putting you down. In truth, I was.

## Absinthe

Situations which, to face properly, you  
might want to experience a floating  
sensation (as though you'd hit the ceiling)—

they've closed the Eris Temple on 52<sup>nd</sup>  
and Cedar; if there were (as has been  
suggested) corpses beneath the floor-

boards I didn't see them, nor did I notice  
the imposed regime change five years ago  
and, yes, I would've cared, but then I

remember, this is Philly, heavy on inversions  
and abasements, situations you can and  
cannot float over, and the syrup poured

over your efforts takes back what it gives,  
towards justice, balance, deathly intoxication—

## Orpheus

Why maenads  
torment Orpheus

is that his songs  
need to be sung

to attentive audiences,  
not little rapists—

he's always on  
the run these days,

maenads hunt him  
down, unwind his

parts, so that he's  
too loose, a ball

of rubber, who  
can't front, body

public, seed  
so much in the

street that he's  
more urchin

than artist,  
they dice up his

babies, it's a never  
ending cycle, yet

he keeps his  
lyre in tune,

because (he thinks)  
who knows, he's

learned not to look  
back, and raps

don't reach him anymore—

## To Courtney (Double Entendre)

yes, the family wanted me dead,  
but I killed you off none the  
less, just as the Asians predicted  
(Dragon born in a snow-storm),  
& the picture remains filed away,

as do your years of rowdiness,  
the child that you were, & killed,  
leaving “double entendre” in my  
hands, driving my cart/plough  
over dead bones, knowing

our marriage of heaven & hell—



## Dracula

Few know: Augustine and I  
had a life as twins,  
we each dealt with

temporal successiveness,  
he had his way, I mine—  
I forever remain closer

to the immutable than he—  
a clod of earth, weaned  
on the richness of blood,

which makes me more  
subterranean than you can  
even see, a gliding,

velvet-suave underground,  
confessing nothing,  
finding “sin” fraudulent

in circumstance, a multi-tiered  
universe as scabrous  
at the top as at the bottom—

my rhetoric aims, still, at  
Augustine, for he (also) is  
immense, and has his

immensity against me  
somewhere secret, private,  
his dark Carpathians,

inaccessible to a mere clod,  
a covetous one.

