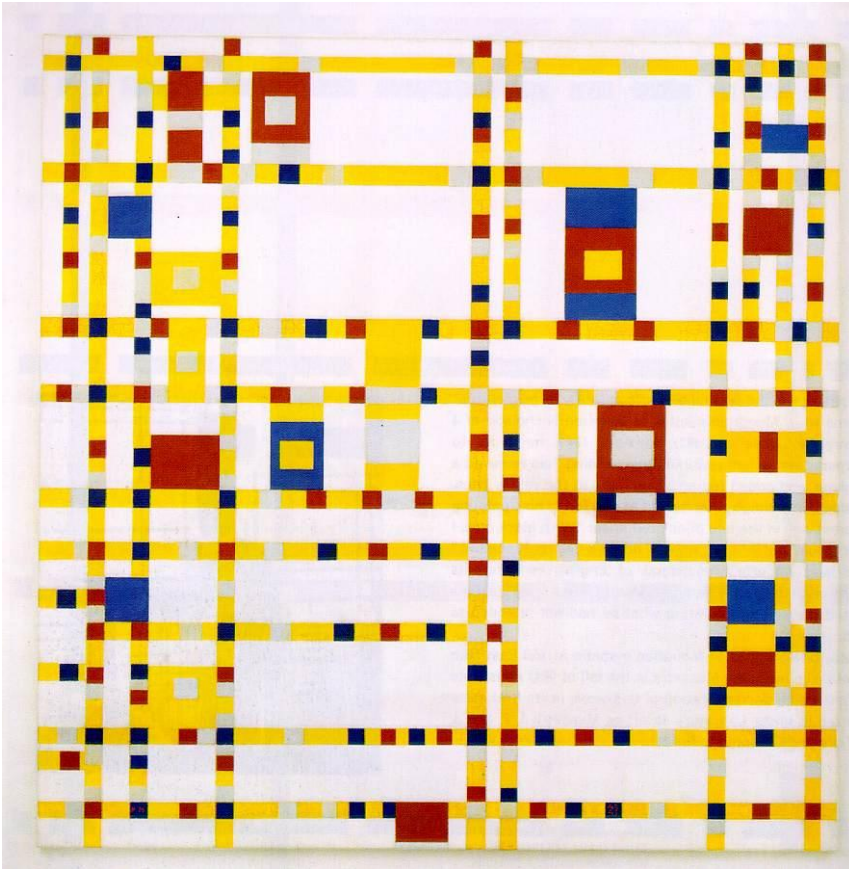


Adam Fieled

“Deposit”



Preface

“Posit,” released in 2007, was undergirded by certain assumptions regarding the feasibility and desirability of a renascence 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 52nd
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.

