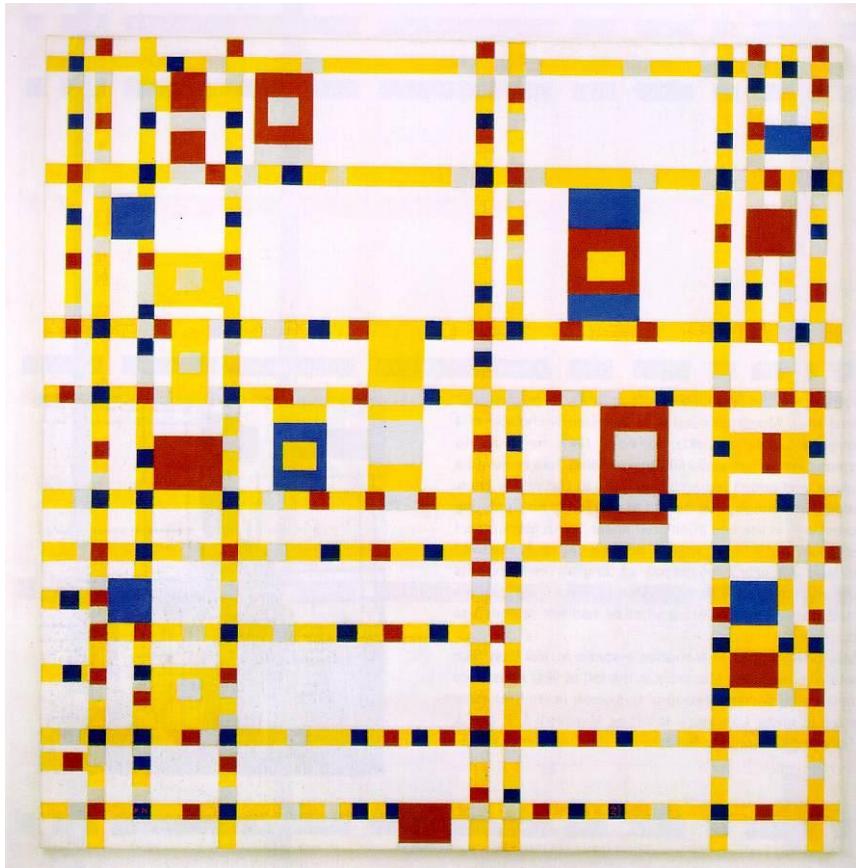


# Adam Fieled

## “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 barista 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.

