

Balm to Bilk

(for two voices)

balm?

balm...*and* buggin.

buggin already, uh?

buggin.

and ‘buggin’s’
‘balm’ too?

barely blurted,
but true.

razzle!

—*is roust.*

roust?

‘razzling’ is ‘rousting’.

wherefrom?

balm.

‘razzling’ is ‘rousting’ from ‘balm’?

boldly blurted,
but untrue.

bilk.

huh?

‘true’ is ‘bilk’.

blick.

blick?

I just blocked that—*blick.*

you can't... 'blick' that.

blick.

'blick'
is 'blank'.

baldly blurted,
but not certain.

look, you live inside yourself like this
the outside *will watch you die!*

ooh—bilk bilk...

really.
but still, how rally
'balm' to 'roust' 'razzle'?
what *ought* the movement
brandish.

'brandish'?
blithely blurted,
but improbable.

but still, any formula
based purely on affect
outside of the realm of
objects, object's origins, relations
logics, counter-logics
nth degree determinations of—

suckle suckle.

'suckle' 'suckle'?

mwa mwa mwa.

tsh...what?...*that*
modernist lily pond
boot sloshing
containment?

tsh...*that*
ethical balm, morally brandishing
splish splash
political razzle?

wuh-ho! *cry* of a tom cat!
a whale of a tail

on open seas...
rallying are we then, sister,
after all?

‘sister’ in brotherhood!

‘brother’ in sisterhood!

sloop to my sloop!

mainsail to my mid-mast!

anchor to my—anchoring!

docking to my—dock!

hey—yo, still roused to rule the gendered roost?

yo hey, still sloshing that
sassy death *inside*
brassily blurred?

some aquariums are just fabulous!
some aquariums are now cleaner and richer
than the authenticist flipped inside-out
luminescent
reef.

my point exactly.
through aesthetics, how *do* we
‘bilk’ to ‘roust’
imperialist ‘blicking’?

that can be arranged, designed, well-represented...
in an aquarium setting. *that* you’re fancying to be
flying fish, *outside* containment, feeding cycles
boom & bust, is limbo bimbo
humble mumble.

that’s so...cryptic...so...*descendu...*

sprung thighs though!
I’ve gott’em
I’ve gott’em—tactics—you know I do!

hmm...that’s true.

—
—

should we talk agonistics?
new kinds of agonistic pleasures
to construct...pedagogic
massified praxii?

sunken pirate ships it is...
hide-outs, fantasy fortresses.

you're likening the movement's
structural potential
to an aquarium ornament?

collecting dusty nutrients...
plus, *effectively*, how to peekaboo
through ample portals, slithering motions
proportionate and changing scales of space
a sectoralized workforce—to de-sect
ready to both *blick* and *bilk*
ready to make *and* take *balms*—ours
terribly fully bodied.

oh...

toy-lers, glimping, glumping, glad to be gloating.

huh?

toy-lers, glimping, glumping, glad to be gloating.
say it.

toy-lers

—glimping.

glimping...glumping...glad to be gloating.

toy-lers glimping glumping galunking glad to be—*wait*
what *is* this?

poetry. poetry for the movement.

poetry for the movement? this shit?

what? not revolutionary enough for you?

nuh *uh*, can't blick me off up like that, I mean,
where *are* the imbedded social demands
in this stuff?

you mean, sly organelled movement
partisanally nutritiated
between roll-calling demands

directed at gang-boss
ain't body-body
“massified praxii?”

uh...maybe we just don't speak the same language.

uh, maybe that doesn't mean we're not part of
the same movement.

true enough...what do you say we stroll to the seaside
catch an evening breeze, and pick it up there.

sounds good. I could use the simulacral teasing
cultural-specific shucking.

ah...that's nice, isn't it...this breeze...it's perfect
not warm, not cold, but cool against a warming sun.

yeah...one thing about the sea is its
flatness, its clarity of shape, its brisk
unabashed filling of everything to its height
(whatever that height may be, at any given time)
then also there's the...how to put it...dumbness...
a dumbness that's...intelligized...by us wanting it...

what.

the sea.

oh...yeah...I agree.
something that's *not* mute
something that's *not* expressive
but something that's very much “us”
—in any language...and depending on the culture—

‘balm’ to ‘bilk’?

ugh.

just kidding.

no...maybe we *should* return to that...
a good time now, and great setting...
wavelets upon wavelets, constitutive
like these waters...

what I meant was...that...
to tend to ‘balm’, that is,
a social interpretive key,
that if being *away from* body-body
is ‘roust’—coming *from* slavers
(capitalist / imperialists)...
is a ‘rousting’ *from*
where we need to be...

tending to a *different kind of...* ‘balm’?

well, not overtly...
that’s a problem too, because
‘overt’ is ‘azzle’
always inviting of another ‘azzle’
...to ‘roust’ ‘balm’ that is...

oh...so you’re saying ‘balm’ (ours) should be
as pure of a...*blick*...as can be?

praise be flying fishes! you’re getting it.

ok, but...can sometimes ‘brandish’ be the ‘blick’
of the hour, in order to ‘rally’ the ‘azzle’
needed to ‘roust’?

boldly blurted!
but of course!

ah hah...*that’s* why the special status of ‘blurt’
can’t have the enemy listening in at every turn.

exactement. when they blurt, we brandish
when they brandish, we blurt.

on the level of aesthetics you mean?

yes. but how do you pare the imperialist
from the imperialist aesthetic, and the imperialist aesthetic
from the imperialist? not an easy ‘formula’ as you say.

yeah ok...*whoa...*you’re a trip!
who are you anyway?

that’s what I was wondering,
who am we?

‘who’
‘am we’...
boldly blurted!

but barely begun.

New York, October, 2004