

**Hearing the Caribbean do you not imagine mercantile vessels trolling
the martyrless waters thick with early modernity & names for all
those beards?**

Dan Thomas-Glass¹

(1) @ the border, but not where
you are now—the precision of wood grain against
what you imagine as cyclone fencing—the hurricane gods having decided the 21st would
be their century, imperfect margins of labor, ragged bodies unshaping amid calculus of
value—

 @ this border,
what shapes bodies take climbing cultural product like walls or structures receding into
the sun
 haze words of others. & when you

write, will you describe the distension
of clause as a step in a world without
feet, clawing over gravel tones heedless of particularities of experience? Or is it
the sound waves make: mortgages, eons, the about & the built? This is an affect: sand.

This
is an affect: circulation. This is an affect: for art has desires as we do for nothing. This is
an affect:

 Sonia when
you
are older if the world does
not make sense these poems still will. (2) In dream part
one, waves corrugating air & what, woodsmoke? Ascend to roof to scan for
fear—if there is there must be—seeking edges in the dark. Out amid the
sea's history seeking edges. In dream part one, the house band muddles until the
trumpet, the
 raspy

lead preening
in Manu Chao liberation world music;
we are different in Mexico with the baby—in the senses.
The lighting casts a shadow of drumstrikes on woodblock—dream of a language to
convey not the sound or the scene but the way a moment rubs against history, either a

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muzzle
nudging or grinding
to tiniest grains. In dream part
one, you are a pirate, you are the sword you draw, you
are the argh you speak, you are the ship you plunder, you are the
slaves it carries, you are the timber that built it, the forests that became ship, the
currents
turned routes,
the sea. (3) Five second
history of the lyric: in a
place as beautiful as this, write beautifully. Five second history of immigration: look,
over there. Five second history of the Americas: inner city on a hill. Five second
history of the sea: three stars to the left. (4) Ahoy, capital—did you know the desert was
once an ocean, Dubai’s glittering megaliths
@ their core the bones of fish, parquets of
ribs spearing & marble eyes, Pakistani laborers trundling over the nacre where for
knowing
of extinction the creatures ground sword-like teeth until fragment became fragment
became
 history’s last flowering orchestra of
foresight smashed to an iridescent surface area the size of a PIN? This is something you
eat, she
 said, moving her fingers

toward her lips. Ahoy, capital—as
the Caribbean built Seville, ask the martyrs—their knucklebones
irritate until eventually encased & shimmering they become content. Ask the fish. Ski
Dubai was once as blue. & here under the palapa when the traders came? They give you
a Google map of a point in the desert & tell you the name of the nearest hotel. (5)
Between
 international & postnational we
patted
organized trade (@ this point, the
particular form was masa) to make circles, between our hands
& the routes from ethanol to food prices, played patty cake making circles with
our hands adding one form to another until language told us names for ourselves—
target market, gen. etc.—patting circles in the sun haze words of others, where
eventually we shaped &

unshaped of
circles our bodies, our happenstance to
not be Pakistani laborers or Somali pirates, shaped & unshaped of
circles our century flung to product as waves against dotted lines on maps, shaped

& unshaped of circles where the histories distended our faces lost of self even in the beautiful, our happenstance, our not being our bodies. (6) This is a poem you can write without research: waves a particular shape of energy as it moves, as movement shapes a particular era of knowing for today called the present, a particular era of knowing in which we own more than we earn, owning a kind of engine in the dwindling cast of sun on sea, affect workers & the dwindling cast of history as it moves, moving the off-gassing of derivatives as they spoke & wheel, 1973 the fulcrum, post- hey you & *Hello Dolly*. & when you write, will you describe the distension of clause as credit lines snapped back & writhing, a particular sunset in Mexico, a particular sea? Or is it the shape of energy as it moves, the re-organization of matter in a particular era of knowing? Yesterday's crisis is today's yesterday. This is an affect. (7) & when you write, reclaiming the bold & the beautiful, reclaiming the land gone silt the land washing the land in the wave, when you write & reclaim what irony & surplus value has cost you, when you write will you remember from Beckett to whalebones the bleach of age a carrion of reclamation, the land split back among the histories where the borders bake in the sun haze words of others, the land split back among the wood grain & the century; & if I,
weary

of the ancient world translate "Zone,"
Sonia will you then in the end unportion the
value & the land & the dim & darkless sea? [] [] []