

**amala somnographia 1:
I want to do what you want to do**

a circumstantial collaboration
5th iteration

by
Marco Maisto – Caroline B. Devane
New York – Cambridge
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(SUPINE OUT OF DOORS)

Team exercises in the calamity
arcades. Torsion in oh-shun.

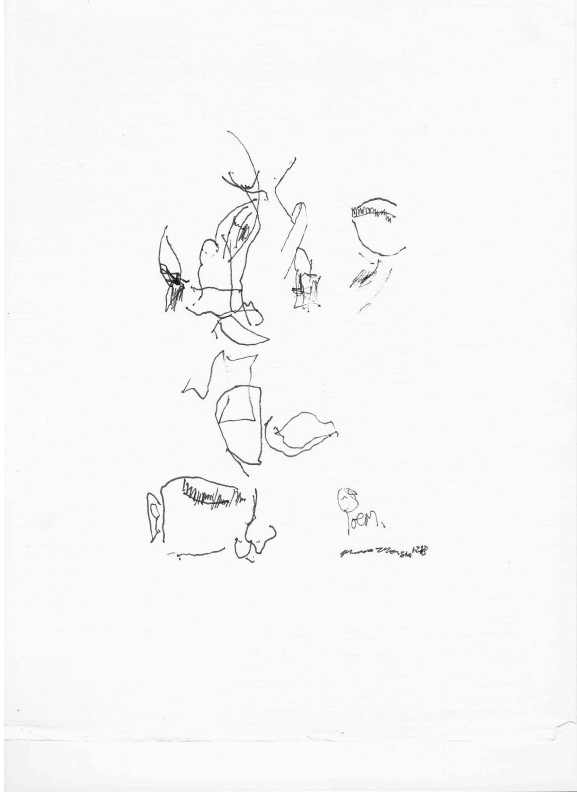
Mala. Amala. Flower garland choke
hold. Soft petal thigh stroke.

Easy grace by hands, by all means,
maiden. A seam, hairline, breaks with
blessing, kissing.

Helicopter bud abrasion shower.
Deep bathwater hurl and maddening
erection pedal.

Tens
ion exc
ises new eye
s at the cro
ssroads. Lean in,
whispering blades.

Skook. Chug. Soft subversion at 4
o'clock seaside. *Poor you pelican;*
slapshot Polaroids from hollyfuck.



This bell rings in you ends all time
teems with worlds. Teems in you. With
worlds you hold in her. So I. Him.

*Rapture is preceded by rupture: None
but you in the street. As fish swim
through bamboo, it isn't fair to be a
ghost, yet.*

Ink of ten thousand bulls. Years in
which you are missed from the
beginning.

Wooden bell wake-up thump.

Splinter corsage for roses and Boom.

Eee. Zzz. Blessed fracture.
Kisses of your elbow.

Sandpaper heart attack.
I emailed you a picture last. 33 of x.

(For today, there is no deciding for
today for today only there's just
this precious malady of twin
machines)

OR DOORS AND MORE DOORS TO
VERTIGOSKIP A SKETCHBOOK AND.

hand rising from those waves.

'my hand rarely but fully synthetic
on your face; I'm sleeping in.'

hand sinking after a wave up to
elbow; arm with a hand sinking
to touch the skein to wave

'1,000 happy goodbyes.'

500 handshakes. My calves in
my halves in- all these wasted pieces.

From those rising waves
I'm reaching in

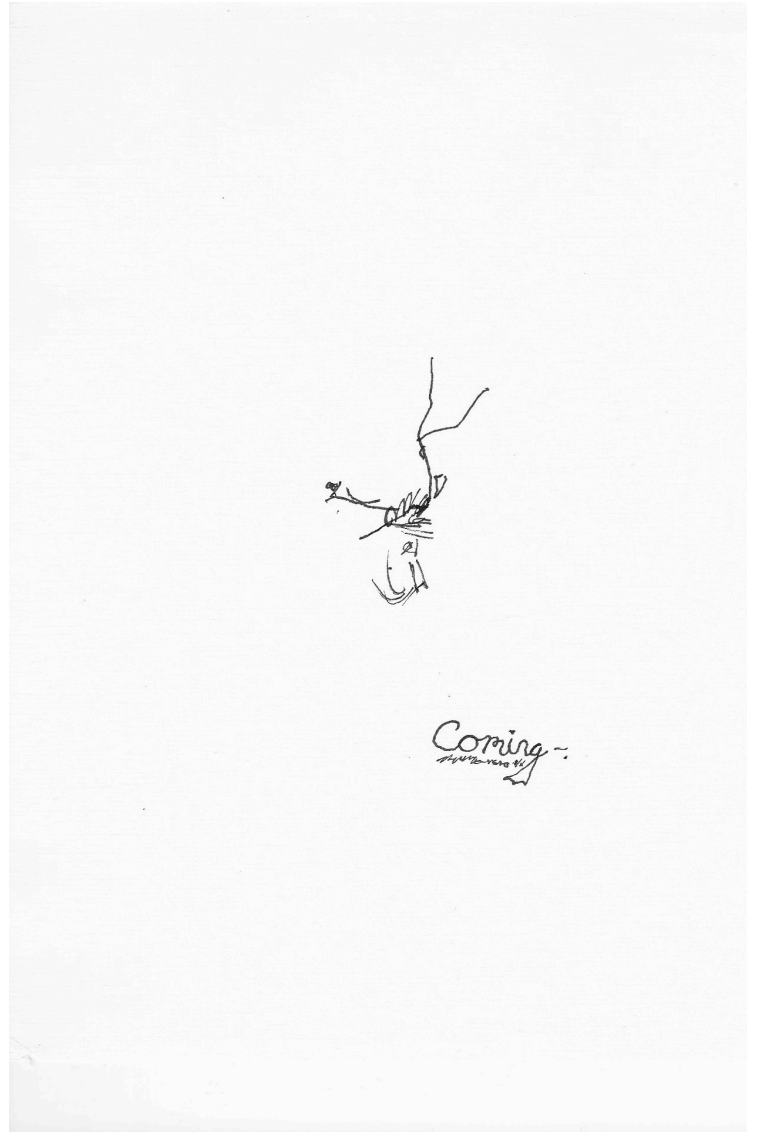
1 of 100 analytic nonorganic
subsumations of a once and former
glory

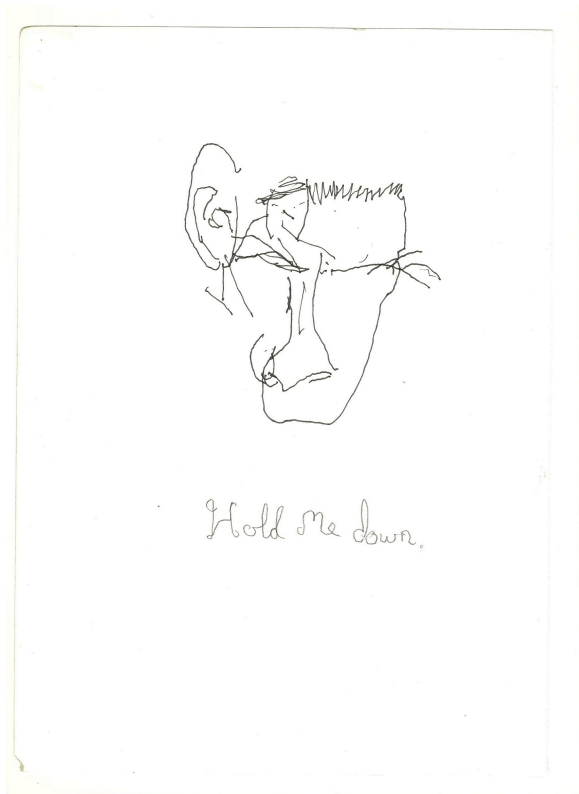
Beneath the waves, salt in hand

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Summoning spells. Epistolary epistemology. Minute correspondences.

"Zz."

Fatal brow sweat on a fatal synthesis

Intercourse on the tennis court; or hi, I miss you normal

If I had half the vim I do in your imagination I would, well.

Hand rhymes. Massive haecceities. Huge coincidences.

Fixed and orderly broken open or just broken

Tensions court on high; deadly, one mustn't miss robed angels

Draping garlands around your neck, Intermingling eyebrows

I have always
wanted to
write about a
definitive room;

a room in which
there is a story
about rooms that
tells about doors.
You'd read it
from this book,
picking it up from
placed on the
green
cardamom stasis
table; you'd hold
the book and
balance the
frame technique
you've learned to
call 'attention'
between the
smoothness of
lifting it and the
excite of
performing an
action in a room
that was
moments ago an
empty slate, now
and rapidly
being populated
by the ornaments
of your know-
how now know
how it got there.

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Rooms of books. Hi. A hi-liter is an instant forgetter. Highlite me. Photograph me on typing paper, tie me to the moment and let me tell you about moving and Thursday bench placement. I have always wanted to know a pure place aside from it's the performances going on in it. Exstasis. Such untenable balance is rapidly lost through a door.

There're doors I am always desiring to stand in because we can meet on such a thresholds and just tell stories. On every street I walk through there are hundreds of doors I would give anything to burst through. How it came to be. How the aviary of your dome. How the dog of your torso. The alacrity by which one comes to unlimited space. Put a title on your day, title it the end of limits.

To smooth down the splinters on the table in this room find two pieces of pressed board, create a hinge, form a cavity. Into this well pour curative oils. Lavender. Linseed. Oil of Angelica root. Balsam and bergamot. They soak through into the table so it can withstand a hand's rubbing over it 1000 goodbyes.

UNANSWERED RAFT ONE

Unanswered raft One

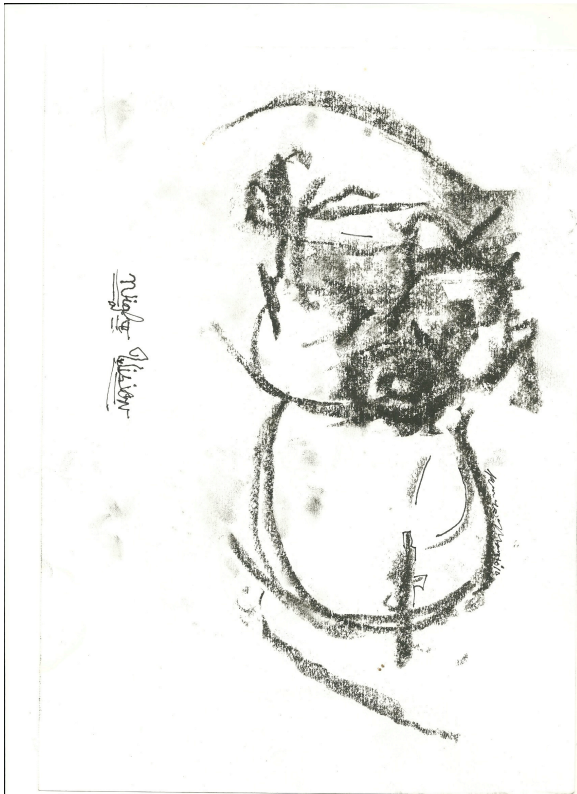
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UNANSWERABLE

Unanswerable

Augury can enter a room through the hearth, a
frame for speech;
synchronic, the ghosts rush in to dry their coats on
your torso.
Who has entered and left the room, Theriomorph?
Don't stay too long in
the field riding to hounds: the fox is unfindable,
frozen, locked away
in a black box imperceptible from this room.



Impercept
ible at the hearth,
A final vision
woven from luminal states
N Amala
in augur ated

Tz, Ta.
 An arc plots
 your inversion
 and submersion into \ this bamboo forest
 of doors. Pure, unaccented gestures in
 this empire
 of cold&hot.

Your empire teems
 with open doors
 and I cry into
 the cabinets
 to scare
 away
 ghosts.
 That's
 history.



*Reminded of God,
 reminded of God,
 Reminded of God.*

Welcome the garlanded bulls, fully
 synthetic of gods at the hearth
 of your mouth. Spit sacrificial knives
 and twist the rope
 around this
 neck: the
 thresher
 becoming. Exstasis.

Be the stampede on two feet, bow your
 head to summon the whispering blades.

How you can lose
 what YOU CAN NEVR HVE: Its

neverhappening is happening now.

Disappearing birds, jocund
 mur mu ration.

Wrap it hand it hang it up in the
 inscribable momens it of our trancing

it	it	it	it	it	it	it
it	it	s	it	it	it	it
						it
sings	sings	is	sits	signst	sigs	
	sins		sings	sinst		

byallmeans correspond

