If a Poet Could Talk We Could Not Understand Him

for Charles Bernstein

This is a found text
useless words
talking sounds
a stone taking shape by itself
unlike the divine clock
clicking your cobblestones
hosteron proteron
contradictions interdicted
silent intentions
bestial thoughts
a gravity of stones
filling your pockets
so many groans
applying their pleasure
lidless eyes impinging
as if to see better not to look
rattle (pause) rattle
old bones cluster
and start their run
ten toes steadfast
faster still if possible
a stone's throw alone
trips the trope
musters your mustard
one pebble two
two pebbles three
failing to pass

a lonely aesthete
sounding his symbols
category mistakes
versified fakes
a transcendental appetite
forging its experience
lines of dead argument
dissymmetrical forms
chance operations
Geistesgeschichte biting its tail
sarcophagia
encyclopedic memories
housed in small letters
insufficiency of reasons
Leibniz his alphabet
seeing the goddess naked
freezes fingers
sounds the key
speedy metricals
early terminals
(anacoluthoniclone)
just call him Charles
magister ars inveniendi
accidentally unearthing
a large loose locution
whose grammar
held us captive