

**Interview with  
Heather H. Yeung:  
Entlassen. Thinking  
with Poetry**

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**We would like to begin this interview by raising a rather broad question, namely one that concerns poetry and temporality. The question is, rather generally: what kind of relationship do you see or think exists between poetry and the present? Is there a possibility, a necessity, a need, an urge or something of that kind at stake when poetry relates to its own or more generally the present (time)?**

It's interesting that you should start your question raising the problem (or question) of poetry's concern with temporality (or is it that you ask of temporality's concern with or to poetry?), but then you modulate, to a 'relationship' (visible or thought) between poetry and the present, and finally to 'the present (time)' of (or in?) poetry and in an almost chiasmatic shift, also poetry's relation to 'the present (time)'. These are all quite different, and it may be that you are trying also (perhaps?) to avoid asking about the 'now' of/in poetry, but in this unpicking, I hope that what I'm already showing is how I see or think this concern or relation. However, it may be more prudent to begin (once more) to answer your broad or general question (or questions) somewhat differently. So, I'd like to attempt to draw out poetry's concerns with the time(s), including its own (often this latter is problematically hermetically philosophised but perhaps we will get to that later...) as related through two (also)related phenomena: the count, and the line.

Now, it is a poetic line\*, empirically conceived, in which one encounters the count, and thus the measure of the line. Subsets of these may be the beat and the foot, or the rhythm. Also, subsets are effects which are more syntactically related or underlined such as suspense and such rhythmicities which are sonorously created (a primacy of line and count is true indeed for fettered, freed, distributed, performed, and concrete verse alike; in which problematic encounter one also must politically engage, but probably more of that later - suffice it to say here that I'm not using those highly problematic 'f' words without due and difficult weight). A poetic line, to return to the point here (which is a work towards your question(s)), is of course at once not empirically conceived and also is absolutely so. The line is the possibility of the formation of the poem, but also carries with it all sorts of difficult senses of count and accounting, of medium (for purposes here, poetry) and measure (for purposes here, time). The line is formed of the (or a) count, which is its accounting, and so poetry, or the poetic, makes (or marks) time. How one draws or holds a line, how one makes one's mark, and how one breaks a line, and effaces or remarks, is then a question of the count, and in such an accounting of aptitude, or effect, or governance, or force, or responsibility, or injunction, or gesture, or difficulty...

None of this is new in terms of thought, or of ways of thinking how poetry thinks, and some is perhaps rather hackneyed, but when you ask

about poetry's concern with time, and ask then what is at stake in poetry's relation to the question of time (and of the relation of this to how time is established by and in the poem), what is at stake is the first principle of how time or temporalization is thought in poetry, and only then can one begin to establish any relation or concern between poetry and time, because one can only then start simultaneously from temporal (qua, I suppose, time as philosophical or political or mathematical, etc) and poetic-temporal predicates. To read a line takes time (etc), to accede to a poetic-linguistic-sonorous rhythmicity is to be forced to take account for how one counts (or, experiences poetic time), or, to take account of a different mode of accounting. This is not to fall back on a (quite apathetic, in fact) model or cliché of 'poetic' or 'lyric' time as a state of 'exception' or 'suspense' or even 'suspended animation' (the idea that in reading one removes oneself, somehow, from the 'real' of 'life', only to subsequently 'return', 'changed'), rather, to make the point that poetic structure and effect precisely do have a mode of temporal interaction that question, or are concerned with, or which bring us to consider differently, time. All of which is of course contingent on the poem itself in its specificity: its count, its line.

A different way to have begun to answer your question(s) (which are in themselves interesting to remember and answer in interview form) may have been instead to draw out this question of specificity, and how it relates to a supposed universal of a 'line' or 'count' (on both material and figurative, hence also metapoetic, registers). And with the 'line' and the 'count' one perhaps then turns not to 'time' but 'timing' (when thinking of poetic 'timing' I always recollect Elizabeth Bishop's totally incisive essay on timing in the poetry of Hopkins, where she links it to ideas of co-ordination within a series of momentary durations of an action within an overall action, or poem, or poetic action, I suppose); this becomes a question of technique, of the reading of measure, of drawing lines (making lines), of counting and accounting, which also perhaps does say something about (the) time in / of poetry...

I've been saying all this gesturing to many well-worn ways of thinking (nothing new), and with a certain naivety in a sense in the consciousness that abstraction, on formal or conceptual or otherwise levels regarding the question of poetry and time is pointless, without a point (or punctum), that all these expressions really work to give an overall sense towards, are a working towards, the reading of any given poem in its specificity (what is the titular injunction of the recent book by Stephanie Burt, which is delightfully provoking -- *Don't Read Poetry* (read poems) !), and also in a manner that is both conjunctural in various ways, and with a sort of resonant and respondent consciousness of the metapoetic temporal registers built into poetry itself (or, well, any given poem itself, but in radical, oblique, ornery, even absent ways -- think about Keats's 1819 odes or, a totally paratactic move, the so-called 'Misty'

poets and 'Bei Dao' (趙振開)'s infamous 'Answer' ('回答')) which answer and play out questions of time in ways often absent or impossible within plainly denotative prose, or political, or philosophical discourses. So to circle round and address (回答!) your question again, there is, I'd say, a certain urge or even urgency to the way I feel it's important first to address the modes by which poetry 'marks' time, before then turning to the idea of the ways in which poetry 'relates' to (its) 'time' -- these things are enfolded, condensed, and many of their aspects are (think simply, of the Norse kenning, or how any compound word 'compounds' as well as condenses; or of how the caesura might at once mark violent rupture and give a breathing space) entangled to the extent that without a working attention to poetry's (in)visible and non-lexical temporal markings we run the risk of not being able to adequately read how a poem really does relate to or comment on its 'present (time)', irrespective of the explicit content of the work!

So in a sense a question of 'time' and present-ness (or presence or prescience) of and in the 'time' of poetry, is rather different from the sort of 'now' and 'present' in a question of the contemporary or contemporaneity, which I fear is absolutely irrelevant to the 'now' of how I am formulating an answer to your question and yet... So to return (回答...) to the terms, at least, of your question, what may be at stake (amongst many at-stakenesses) of a or any poetic writing is perhaps the claim of readers to the poem's analeptic resonance (its expression of the historical conjuncture, of its time or times of writing and circulation) and its simultaneous proleptic resonance (the expression of the poem in the socio-political conjuncture in which it is being read), or, more concisely, the manner in which poetry can encourage the comfort of bad anachronism...

And here, of course, is a caveat. This is poetry considered from a particular perspective, almost as a vacuum-isolated phenomenon (chimeric), which, of course, it is not. So, the important gesture now we have addressed in some ways the question of time and the question of the present: if not explicitly documentary, monumentalising, protesting, witnessing, or even commissioned (or banned!) as a particularity, this is to say poetry which is written out of an impetus to absolutely, occasionally and conjuncturally mark a time, or poetry which expresses itself as so doing ('Good Friday 1613, Riding Westwards'; 'Butcher's Dozen'; the growing reams of presidential inaugural poems; the writing of the 'Democracy Wall', rather than 'On Sitting Down to Read King Lear Once More', but already the possibility of a thousand objections can be raised not least concerning the place as well as the time of circulation\*\*), this is a poem that claims not 'a' time but Time and the action of the marking of time through its timing. The problem this and all other poetry faces is that it can then be incorporated in (thus made somehow incorporeal to itself) or annexed by 'history' (more accurately, historiography, where the

'count' becomes an historical count and so the poem becomes document, evidence, questionable on terms other than its own), or rendered more crassly a 'symptom' - in Rosetti's words taken grossly out of context, a 'moment's monument', in which the 'age' of the poet is read through the poem qua symptom. Both of these moves made singly or in conjuncture automatically place 'the poem' as poetic 'symptom' and as document or symptom of a Zeitgeist (generated outwith the poetic claim of the poem in itself). Which matter generates an 'urgency' (your question-terms) because such moves allow for the possibility of (mis- or un- or partially) reading poetry in the terms only of a particular sentimental-conjunctive-material mode of diagnostic encounter.

Poetry, of course, can, too, be forced into this ridiculous and sublimely depoliticized de-formulation from its internal conviction through various more or less problematic external economies. Check your reliance on prize culture, on blurbs and endorsement, on twitter, on Nobel prize culture on the one hand, and on your knowledge or otherwise of material, verbal, or digital samizdat circulation and the stakes (I refer us all again back to '回答') of these in the assignation of 'living' and 'dead' value on poetry, the poem, and poetic production. There is a 'not only this but also' relation with and in the poem whose appearance is not always lexically substantial (and even then may wrest irony from the grip of direct speech), but reliant on mobile forms of resonance: 'I cannot (or will not) make this explicit to you 'now'; you must be able to hear it in the work, or at least hear that the possibility of such resonance exists'. Such, perhaps, the temporal message, or instruction, of 'the poem'. And in all this time I fear I have only approached and not answered your question... Perhaps with the next I will manage to manage better our present 'time'...

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\*The emphasis here is on the line in the language in which we are speaking, but the question of the count and its simultaneous subdivision and accretion, alongside the question of 'holding the (or a) line', are perhaps when poetry, or the poetic mode, comes closest to the or a universal.

\*\*Circulation rather than publication is appropriate here and elsewhere. Do I need to expand on this? I'd say (politically at the very least) the necessity of such semantic quibbling is obvious.

**The following three questions might just be sub-questions to the previous one. Nietzsche once coined the formulation of philosophy having a necessary relationship, a systematic relationship with biography and more recently Alain Badiou has taken this up by modifying it. He argued that philosophical thinking is on some level always linked and in some form the condensation of transformative biographical events that lead the philosopher to think in a way that thinking is the thinking of what changes (her or a) life. These**

**accounts imply a peculiar relationship between philosophy and the life of the philosopher, more precisely: a link to what in her life is more than just her individual, particular life. Is there, for you, a link between poetry and the present of the poet? And / or is poetry's temporality a temporality of another kind - as your work does seem to emphasize this link in a unique and singular way?**

Might we start rather than with one of these three questions with an aspect of your preamble? I'm really taken by your reformulation of Badiou's reformulation (or modification) of Nietzsche -- the recourse or use of the image or figure or concept, even, of 'condensation'. Laughingly so, as I am conscious of a tendency to run on for too long in prose (and prose 'condenses' differently, 'breaks' and 'continues' differently -- what would happen, here, if the call and response of an interview were formulated poetically? A different sort of dialogism, or flyting, even, - even a different sort of (un)even-ness -- may emerge), and also a quite different set of problems and misprisions, jokes and gestures, co-respondances, condensations...

With condensation, do we begin, indeed, with symbolic bathroom windows or microphonic recording devices, battery alternatives or refrigeration devices (all of these relevant of course to poetic thought: the screen/site of inscription, the voice and record, the power or charge, and energy transferential effects)? Or, do we remain unrepentantly literary: with condensation a part of my mind also turns to the infamous horrible German in chapter four of Ezra Pound's *ABC of Reading* (citing Basil Bunting, and, as usual, sloganizing himself) 'Dichten = condensare': to write poetry is to condense across cultures, languages, phonemes, a method or charge which for Pound is a part of a personal poetic economy which is carried over and changed by Bunting in his 'overdrafts' (or, translation-versionings, demonstrating an aerated palimpsestic writing-over as well as loan taken out against poetry or promissory note to an ethical realm that is perhaps being momentarily ignored). In the case of both of these poets it is their very contemporaneity which is a charge levelled against the poetry, which brings to the work a different (difficult) tenor, of course. These are of course two poets whose 'present time' (the 'present of the poet' of your question) and the idea of the (poetic) word (condensation) which 'changes [a] life' is played out with and against them both in their own sloganeering impulses as well as the impulse of a readership towards extracting and decontextualizing from a poem a quotation which acts as a slogan for something (in a sense here we're back to an even worse idea of the poem as symptom of an age): 'make it new'; 'take a chisel and write'; 'Du mußt dein Leben ändern'; '我——不——相——信！'. Then, how much of this is ultimately even, any more, to do with the poem, the poet, or poetry?

If contemporaneity is a charge, of sorts, what is excessive to the life but which may enter into the work, which then demonstrates a mode



meanders and floods

the pulse overwriting itself, or what is

metronome, silence

... poetry changes its observer or voicer through its speculative force (note I do not call this fictional), in a way (as the future projection of the vers[e], or turn-and-towards of the line, becomes the turn, subsequently, to the retrojective), and leaves them unchanged, unmovingly moved and/or movingly unmoved (delete as applicable; re-read; repeat!); a sort of listing manoeuvre without unending parataxis or overly vulgar wishing or desiring towards action ('whoso ... to hunt...') or listlessness, but where 'listing' looks back to hlyst-ing and listing (by art, by cunning, careening quickening, dis/orientational), perhaps... (a phonoaesthetic logic).

**We refer to your work in terms of singularity (a term which is philosophically, poetically, but even physically quite charged – this is agreed), because we wondered if your own approach does something that is paradigmatic of poetic operation in general (and thus displays as something singular a universal dimension). In your work on the *Archipelago* (for example [here](#)) you indicate neither only the singular nor solely the universal element but rather a move, a movement of and also between the two. The true singular-universal-ity could then lie in the singular poetic form of expressing but also making visible this move, movement, as if travelling between conceptual islands, the pass(ing) from one to the other. Put differently, would you agree that poetry condenses, it (ver-)“dichtet”, to the point of and where singularity explodes (and thus multidirectional moves) into something that is so singular that it becomes universal and shows, articulates, brings to the page this (great) leap (not simply forward)? A great leap to the side, maybe?**

Again, a richness of question(ing)s, so a question again of where to begin again... Certainly not with the idea of a claim (either for the singular or the universal), as almost surely the move to begin so is to favour the possibility of the fall absolute without allowing for the dance (or, sorry, I leap ahead of myself -- without allowing for the challenge or call for, and then potentially even the action of, the jump, or proof of the (or any) boast (or claim)). So let's begin with quite another associated resonance (the determined un-singularity of the crystalline phrase which is too complex, one hopes, to be fully cut loose into the realm of sloganicity!): the island, or the movement in which the island is the obstacle or measure: hic rhodus, hic... - up! The boast, the challenge; the phonoaesthetic-metapoetic logic of wilful prising and mis-prising (in this joke of course poetics politics and philosophy meet each other), or of paracoustics

-- the hearing of two (incompatible) modes at the same time which moment or conjuncture of hearing-simultaneously forces condensation -- a paracoustic translingual doubling of your 'ver-' which makes the very move of the 'ver-' poetically possible.

Reprise: we attend to the island (jump over Rhodes, then, or as far as you can...), and forget that the island (of roses, of snakes (the snake or worm or ver(se)) is what is meant to be circumvented in the jump, if the jump is successful. That is to say, that if one jumps over Rhodes -- the winning fulfilment of the wager -- one of course lands in the sea rather than on land; has ones feet pulled out from under one - reorienting oneself from an environment momentarily airy to one that is watery. Only the failure to achieve the wager (or boast) means one is landed. The achievement of the jump is to be at sea. Quite the opposite of the Icarian, or at least the Icarian within its most infamous poetic mode -- the Audenesque, whose sensibility is precisely the starting points of your question, of poetic (human) singularity, self- universality -- the 'doggy lives' of dogs which are not the be all and end all for or of the poem, rather are the sense, internal to the poem, of where the poem has already ended, and thence the singular-universal gesture ('something amazing') is -- if not jokingly at least in some jesting manner -- made; all too and only human in its poetic echolocation.

In this flying jump we (un)land not just in any sea, but, the ur-Archipelago of the Mediterranean. Which is a space as contested poetically as it is philosophically, politically, such that any claim to either a particularly or a universality immediately exposes the faults in the claim. And it is a space that challenges paradigms, effects their shifts as well as giving many so called 'traditions' a dangerous sense of a 'womb of origin' or foundational stasis; a space more watery than islanded. A space where thought in a sense cannot but be at sea, and it is this rather than the islands which are quite the opposite in this metaphorology than the conceptual stopping points your question seems to think of their being. Sure, the island might be the punctum in a sense, but there are many of those, and the sea's the expectation or modus or method; the whole process is combinatory, but a whole process whose expression is only in condensation, symptom of competing weather-fronts.

All this to say, yes, okay, let's think about *Archipelago*, which we have already thought about over the last few minutes, as this shift is precisely one of the questions the poem (a long poem ever evolving in multiple sequences) is trying to pose and answer, answering of course in layerings and mis-steps, mis-takes: the jump potentially through the obscure that lands you on not even uneven but no ground at all; a quite different orientation (where 'ground' is the measure of failure) begins to be essential; your (great [impossible]) leap (to the side) effects not a side-step but a 90 degree shift as the jumper becomes not a dancer but a swimmer (or, simultaneously a dancer and swimmer). And the

archipelago is at once geographically specific and any archipelago (a comparative paradigm). For me the most resonances currently rest between the Mediterranean, Orkney, and Hong-Kong for reasons of exposure rather than bias. The question 'archipelago?', and of the leap as/or answer, is conceptual, formal, lexical, sonorous, and in-between, condensing these things. From suspense to suspense (an investigation into thinking as form of suspense, or a pass(ing) in to, and of what allowances we must make for such a mode to be possible without falling back on or into itself... To misprise (bad) Pound (badly): Ver-dichten = condensare (obviously!). And somewhere the thought of a jump.

**Things and thought(s) in the "Archipelago", already in its Mediterranean ur-form, immediately seem to become multi-dimensional (is this why you call it a "space"?), but therefore also quite disorienting, or they complicate the distinction between orientation and disorientation. If there is a "Ver-" movement that you describe as taking place in poetic form and thought – there is not only thought in parapraxis, but thinking is always also parapractical, a hic-up, hic...hic-up –, there seems to be a "Ver-" movement even in any "Ver-" movement itself (therefore multidimensional and dis-orientational), a movement in more than one "ver"s, or: movement in "Vers", if you excuse this Germanisation (it is only a minimal step to the "verse" from here). Would you say one lands in "vers(e)" if one to the risk to leap (and thus to think) poetically? What role does the sequence of poems play here (you will notice, we are trying to ask you the impossible, to ask for locating the impossible "point" when and where we started to "swim")?**

Your question itself seems to enact this 'Ver-', circling back and reformulating itself in a manner or method I guess you might claim for a dialectic but in whose formulation my ear would rather pick up something ode-ishly Pindaric, and a 'weather eye' might mark instead as something syntactically resonant with the movement and interaction of weather fronts or oceanic currents. It's in archipelagic spaces where one might observe most brutally, distinctly, excessively, or quickly these movements of 'Vers' and re-'Vers'e (for might we wager they are all formally cognate somehow?), but in which observation the passing-over of these movements can also be badly decontextualised in a form of picturesque style, or, (almost the same thing I suppose) the catalogue of observed forms (the tourist's 'snap', the philosophical sound-bite, the poetic cliché xeroxed a thousand times and sent out post-haste across the waters). And there - misprised - is your paraPraxis (paraTaxis): the slip (up) becomes list(ing); the boundaries, which may not have anyway existed are in some ways broken, or, one has created a different mode of

(dis)orientation and/or dimensionality. Hence, I suppose, 'space' (as you parenthetically gesture towards in your question).

To reverse: this paratactic-practic is the danger, also, of such an 'Archipelagic' rather than the singular is/landed mode of thinking movement which in many ways forgets the question, even, of the leap in favour of the landing. The word's dimensionality is, through mis-taken substitution (a hiccup!, which forces in itself a jump and interruption, a different relation to breathspace which is a part of the animate force of poetry) something, in all senses, of a 'leap' in thought

-- the piper's pied, cast	double-reededness
aside. petrify	old stones by singing
a wild dance wilder.	bent foot first forward
takes the trip, the tang	of iron on cut
tongue brings whistling to	whistlestop life. jump
over desarts, just	ify (you did not
'til now know stony	habits).
	watch io
dine-ripened wavespume	break in roseate
forms	
	and watch scentclouded pressure bring
	weight.
ask (if you know	how) whether such sea
sits glassy or crys	talline. It is the
solid that dances,	the glass that flows.
pay (pied) the play	of piper-plied trade
tripping your lines half	held or heard condensed
in rows cry future	waves or stones or sound --

I suppose an example of this leap is precisely the leap that the previous answer alluded to (the 'hic rhodus'), a question of (in)authenticity surrounds its (mis)use, born in a way out of the sloganicity of the (in) famous two versions (Rhodes/jump = rose/dance) of the line. But does this very sloganicity invite infinite substitutions? How do we hear them and how do they think?

Well, the paracousis poetic listening demands (even across languages, certainly across the literary and otherwise time of a single language) is a form of (and formal) dimensionality, and also a formal mode of equivocation (para-cousis is equi-vocalic). It also involves, of course, form, and what we sometimes call 'space' (viz. where for the most part there may be no text), as well as modes of combination and of refusal of combination. The 'Vers' demands attunement within and outwith what anyone might consider 'poetry' tout court ('vers' containing multiple possible resonances within itself and as a prefixal marker). I'd wager, perhaps, poetry's prefixal region, as much, punningly or side-steppingly,

as it is the 'Vers', is often the 'para-' (which we have in part addressed already): the prefix does supply a certain 'orientation' (or dimensionality), but also contains within itself resonance and internal modification. It's however dependent on what is suffixal to it, which it, retroactively, or in a simultaneous forwards-backwards suspended move of reading, modifies. But in beginning to read a word which is in part prefixally constituted, we leap into an unknown of meaning (until we know the suffix we may not know which form of the prefixal meaning is appropriate), of rhythm (or syllabry), and form. It is not a compounding, however, which is an differently orientational verbal effect of condensation-crystallization effect through a double-directional internal meaning-modification (both elements yoked together 'mean' equally, and modify each other through the, often neologistic, re-placement as a singular, or dual, word-unit), and the compound (horizontal movement)'s vertical analogue -- the pun. Of course much condensation may be simultaneously both: both are a sort of condensed paratactic mode or feeling; all is highly conjunctural.

This leads to a problem with logic: what is logical, but condensed, if it drops, is either finally crystalline OR glassy (which is to say supercooled, not solid but frozen - fundamentally a-crystalline - a real virtuoso act of temperature-control or substance abuse); can be petrified... can easily fall into false economies or gimmicks or elicit the hermeneutic-ist's paranoiac fear of the (in)joke, which is often more politely cast as a 'secret', whose obscurity must be exposed leads to a too-much of the accusation of the personal which is the mistaken misunderstanding of conjuncture or specificity. What is conjunctural is not personal, but its formal modes and gestures may not be lexical, or may not have a specifically linear or grounded mode of internal orientation. So, to return to the start of your question ('[...] complicate relation between orientation and disorientation') we are bad perhaps at articulating this complexity in prose as the form infrequently allows for the same moves which the poem may make with deceptive ease, for the line is never simply a line. But we may have to work to get there, realising we may never get 'there', or even realise what the 'there' truly is. This is the para-; the suspense paradigmatic to the poem, which works with and against the 'vers-' (condensation-tension), in all, the leap. And this perhaps answers, too, the final part of your question -- perhaps this is the role, multi-orientational, of the 'sequence' of poems in itself -- the form becomes, then, a part of the question. (Did you start to swim yet?)

**Poetry and the paralogical are thus aligned? Hegel once claimed that thinking is as if to jump as if into a borderless ocean. Which simply means that some things one does are irrevocable. Are the irreversible and the paralogical part of the same articulation for you?**

Let's avoid just for a moment thinking jumping (again) as we've addressed already questions of the jump (or leap) in terms of the line and its relation to questions of suspense or, if one were to push the boat out a little, of negative capability. Through the 'island' or archipelago problem. Of course it's related, and, attempting to remember the start of this, didn't we begin somehow with parataxis?, but it might be interesting, rather than with alignment per se to the drawing of parallel (or otherwise) lines – the co-respondent simultaneities which provide a certain sense of poetic logic – to think through what the 'paralogical' might be at this moment (in the interview, so, our poetry's 'now'), or what it may mean to avoid the usual pejorative sense which implies always the relation of the 'para' in the paralogical as that which is *not* logical. By nothing more (and therefore more) than a prefixal relation the para must needs be defined by its relation against and with what comes after it (the logical). Attend to the logic of the 'para-', rather than the 'paralogical' as more commonly (mis)understood; the latter, that is, as a series of 'leaps' in 'logic' which are unconscionable within a framework given to 'reason' as they are non-conforming to being as if, what was it Virginia Woolf called the redundant logic of narrative forms of/and life?, a 'series of gig-lamps symmetrically arranged'. If the suffixal logic of the para has not moved beyond the symmetrical or unidirectional gig-lamp stage we are in trouble, indeed.

What sort of trouble? For almost all modes of literary, writerly, philosophical, or political 'realism', contains at its core a profound paralogical wager which is almost, although it goes against the function or form of the modes, a speculation (were we to think betting on the outcome of the dice-fall rather than the fall itself were in any way more 'realist' an attitude; which of course it is not – the jump is real, yes, and therefore so too the logic of the jump). It may be attended to with resignation, comfort, horror, as it may be that of a 'realism', or of a 'mimesis', or a 'concretion', or 'abstraction'... the list goes on, with each so-called positive mode also bringing with it an equally positive or positioning move 'against', and after some time the same thing again 'anew'! The list itself is another para- (parataxis, whose slippage into the Freudian Faultline we've already mentioned). And pre-fixally, each para works with and against itself as non-self-defining act (or, a cliched substitutional parapraxis, *art*): the para modifies what has not yet come, prefixally, what comes then modifies the mode, suffixially, of the para. So what does this then say to the (non)-self, and how does that articulate itself? In a different sort of speculation perhaps (on the jump?) perhaps even the indifference to the result of the post-jump-fall until it has happened: an avoidance of such predication as can lead to a dangerous cycle of narcissistic performance or world-building claim. The claim of this issue of C+C seems to be in part that 'poetry thinks' and is thought *of* rather than *for* by what is not poetry – thus it also seems to mean that poetry 'speaks' (and indeed it does, even as we speak of it) – the fact of

such 'thinking' and 'speaking' being in essence a substantializing of a movement toward 'truth' or a 'real', which may indeed work paralogically with *other* ways of thinking. But in itself?

This creates a series of different problems, really, than one of an alignment or otherwise between 'poetry and the paralogical' (can these two things really even bear formal relations with each other?) and thus bears a different relation to the second part of your question, the articulation of 'irreversibility' and the paralogical (which I read as the question of 'irreversibility and the paralogical *in poetry*'). Which is to say, that although poetry – outwith itself – may be paralogically read (viz in 'commentary') as co-incident 'evidence' for event(s), it is also in itself making claim to 'event'-based temporality: when we simply 'read' poetry. And in doing so can we think of the 'paralogical' as a counterpoint? We must attend of course to lexis, syntax, figure, form, and conjuncture. Each of these things (and yes, somehow, I find myself sounding rather like a very standard undergraduate 'close reading' assignment, but there is a lot of value, as with the same way of thinking in and with music, in its demand for a technics of reading-as-interpretation) operate under their own internal logic and combined may be something that appears to us as poetry. Add to this resonance, or translation, or a certain ekphrasis of medium or mode, and there is no hope but to be forced to think, as it were, paracoustically (or to follow a suite of simultaneous logics and the moves between them), 'in' and 'with' poetry. Out of this and on the question of 'irreversibilities' then, well, perhaps it's obvious: each 'reading' or interpretation will be a further 'now' in itself, and un-doable, but of course the poem may again be returned to and re-read. Against the principle of the *translatio imperii*? For poetry in some way, always. A re-vocation, still? Yes.

Some things are irrevocable; these things may also demand (or even command) to be also multivocable. With due attention there will almost always be more than one thing going on, and each new move demands some form of shift in both ana- and pro-lepsis we've already talked about in order that the so-called 'line' (or lines, interwoven) successfully correspond and the overall effect is convincing.\* And of course once we've learnt a joke or the metaphorical ground, or the kenning-source, in a line, we can't but hear it again and often for a while see it inappropriately elsewhere too; this way the paralogical works, and also what seems the irrevocable may leads to a multivocable which provokes, irrevocably – an accretion and condensation of meaning-making effects – which is nevertheless also a revocation of a singular previous state. Why should we pretend ignorance to this?

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\*the way that syntax operates a-formatively in Chinese poetry particularly attests to this: characters provide the logic for sound and meaning of other characters in a way that is impossible in most Western poetries

except through the ways grammatical logic may ensure that the verb or noun of a verbal noun is emphasised, or one meaning of a homophone is emphasised. This is not really however a functional analogy at all!

**So, let's make the form part of this question: could we venture to say that poetic practice, practical poesis – and what you make us think seems to force and necessitate this differentiating repetition that goes somewhat against Aristotle's neat distinction – is therefore explosive as well as condensing? Moving into two directions at once, in two different ways and modes. This obviously puts – condensed condensing – pressure on the poetic form, such that starts to become difficult, if not impossible, to say where it begins and where it ends (the notorious critiques or appraisals of what was believed to have been proclaimed as the end of art might have already pointed in this "direction").**

Another multifold question, then, which looks to an aspect of the antepenultimate moment left suspended – the question of form – and which seems in a sense to be the form of this interview overall, which is to say or play or perform in thinking, in a sense, that mode and form are somewhat interlinked, yes; to use your expression, simultaneously relatively simple directional move in its act of 'putting pressure' (on) the poetic mode [I'd argue this is a more-than-double pressure; it must be to provoke a condensation reaction. This is why I modify you and say not just form but mode (language, sound, form, punctuative denaturing, combined as under pressure – therein lies perhaps your identification of 'difficulty', albeit only superficially a difficulty, ultimately, rather, a form of outstretched ease)]; as well as an act of allowance for what is perhaps an unanticipatable condensation, explosion, 'pressure front', *storm*... and the associated caesuring release (entlassen) – for that is what form does: releases, obviates, but not until it also has exploded, condensed... Thus we move again somewhat towards the meteorological as figurative mode (and figurative *affirmation*). Had we more time we might talk about the move between the poet and the philosopher of being (thinking) as the storm in themselves – an explosion-expression of a-poetic (perhaps too frequently read as 'poetic' or (at least Romantically) a-phoristic) of the Nietzschean mode, in itself a further possible enactment of your question of form (or 'differentiating repetition'). But then things must become specific, whilst also calling to many resonant modes. A productive destruction thus constituted must needs be the sort of paralogical irrevocability we already spoke about which leads you, then, to ask more about form – that poetic materiality – in which the *para* and the *vocable* are part of an agglutinative method which (because it agglutinates) neither fetishises nor underplays the importance of the explosion-effect as well as the condensation-effects. So.

1. To parse out of the form (syntactic suspension; multivalence) of your question one question: of poetic practice as explosive as well as condensing, sure. With which comes an injunction to *hear well* (responsibility) to, in not *forcing* writing (writing as lexis, writing as soundwork, writing as transumption, writing as form) and thus allowing it its *force* (taking responsibility).
2. A practical poesis as forced explosion and forced condensation which functions on a multiform 'ground', demanding simultaneity, thus constant re-orientation (the 'jump'; the wager), of taking a 'stand' (sta-- as a multilingual suffix we have not time to address, which is a shame), writing such a 'stand', as a catch (your breath) and release (entlassen). Yes, perhaps a double-demand, but also a multivalent one as it occurs multiply within the same 'form'. Not really a removal from the 'real' then but a way of thinking, suspended (suspirating).
3. Such a poesis (as you read, translate at will) is
  - a. moving in two directions at once / moving at once in twos
  - b. moving in two ways at once / moving at once in twos
  - c. moving in 2 modes at once / moving at once in twos

We must thus end, or return; allowing poetry not only to demonstrate, but to think; to speak.

### ***If there is something breathing***

after Ibn Arab

شارع الحمراء June 2022

Amari happened. There were Cedars there. There was a name cognate to the cedars and yet it was not and was not here and yet nine places were and now no longer are and now there is a monument which cannot grow but yet exists. We do not see. The landscape lives with lime, and orchids in a will to fuck protrude. Bonelli's eagle swoops.

We are not there. The sky burns (as the sky will ever burn, no claude glass puts it right or more precise than that or this) and we know that this burn means time has never been as such excepting that it were a sop held soppishly against the form. The form persists. We are not there. As Leila sings then only we might sing; as Leila sings to nothing, nothing sings.

What mines exists. The mole explosive mode as metaphor screams addled from its gloom in future set in stone and petals fall. The sepal, stamen, stigma sit and fall. The thread is frayed and tattered loses force through force unbound yet is. What's stray has strayed already and what's lost is lost. The weave is warp. The warping warps unseen.

The pressure building in what gap there is is avidly avoided, unapproached but pushes a cold front indifferent in praise. Of what? Belief? Or faith? Of course the libido then screams but what is left to hear? Some ill-formed ideal of a long-lost light? Some postured precedent? The resin burns with a white gas the flame's colour unseen, but were we there...

All's left is that black nothingness of star without apostrophe, without what's with, and yet what is remains as pulsate thing within the all-too-human-heart. A precedent antecedent to a fact. A fact aligning precisely with what's not. A fact long gone. And in the stores the what-nots shine, absorbed in your black-pupil-gap of sight.

One dies. Too close one sees that sight occludes. The petals fall. And petals. And a fall. The foam is formed of scent. The eyes occulted close. In square blue-green horizonlines light blurs or purrs; the cedar stands. Oh ancient force of nothingness arranged by phyllotaxis and the last; the kiss

(we deal in liberation (what we believe that is)  
the much as force or sense or boundedness)