

~*n*~

~*in*~

~*scrabble*~

[matthew andrews]

n
in
scrabble

matthew andrews

[norwich / soviet district / 2020]

OTHeRWISE uNpUBLiShEd PoEMs

oct 2019-march 2020

N in Scrabble

‘When we've all finished talking, there's something that never utters a word, but goes right down through the earth, plumb to the centre.’

a. c.

Diegetic Invisible Moments

Speak to 'agora! agora!
then the whole coming-down
 (sudden coming-down)
of an oblique punishment
for theft. Every temptation
is to reveal. She, for it is
 always
a 'she', gives as much as she
takes, though it does not look like it.
There is more here. There is
(and if only this were *true*)
something other than that which
this could sometimes, possibly,
be. 'Sometimes, you know, I'd
like to try something
 like this'.

Sometimes — not the same sort of
sometimes — there's need for a
break, to feed, to in a sense do a
consume. It gets silly now. It makes
noises locally. There's trying and there's
just repeating with different words.
The movement. Cracking up in
 refraction of the
all too clean, the bastard and
unseen. Making it all hang about
long enough to do a double mean. 'Hearing
(and only hearing) is the hardest thing
to be'. When found in such trying times
 just taking time to *see*
is enough of a something
to require a second to breathe.

Double Articulation

‘Then carry nativeness
To a conclusion
In suicide.’

— George Oppen, ‘Of Being Numerous’

Mark Francois shits in a bucket and
calls it art / and as if you have a choice
asks you to eat it then with mouth full say
‘politics’. The moment without the
moment as symptom of a
perceptibly airborne illness /
in fact in the ground and in fact itself
alone not enough to prove itself to itself or
you or to itself again / persuading itself of its
own health and worth like some sort of
John Donne metaphysical CBT / a soap of the
mind in method and immaterial.
The soap hangs on a rope and
suddenly so do you /

the soap with force meets the
snaggle-toothed hole of each
and every other writhing body on your
pay scale / in turn and interred / the
machinery of whatever is getting
louder, like an earthquake / but
this earthquake is in fact the earth
and this time it is the
lion alone slouching but with, and
even without, each rumble
and yawning of the
/ archaeology of knowledge /
there is nothing to stop you squeezing your eyes
tighter, swallowing, and saying: I am happy /

happy / happy / happy /
at least not dead
in the back of a lorry.

Given to You

Thought's presence, its
mode of presence, becomes
(and sometimes almost) this
kind of 'bad aesthetic', and
that's when you know /
overflowing, to put a
point on it, consummate
to the point of avoidance
and 'perfectly serviceable'

sometimes too. The
festering, the worth
of it all, comparative
to both a predecessor and a
student / 'sad transmission'
is what's to be done, for
(and here needs a little
forgiveness) there's
nothing here

that wasn't here before.

Library Poem No. 412, or 'Forcing It'

The fabrication, three ways, of
knowing just how to begin, plus
the self-deprecation of
repeating oneself —
it comes in the dark, or
rather like the dark, never
with a name beyond its
own announcement, where
(and of course) “all possible
meanings of nothing” requires
a black kaleidoscope / whatever’s
been used to cut this to
carry out the promise of its title / and
the *etym* of present history to be

held up not to the light, but
to be the light, leaving only
the need to look away to
new beauty in flying backwards against the
wind, even when clemency deigns us to pretend.

Extraordinary Talking

see: Wyndham Lewis

Silly-man deserves a suspended sentence
hanging over to be reclaimed for the
definite article of novelty
situations, the christening of all
things in to the blooming sanguine lunar
unsatisfied *question and answer for-*
mat which, and if, and wheresoever it
demands a step back from the *Aufhebung*
but *don't talk falsely now* you've looked at it
the wrong way on purpose and mistaken
the object for its *mood-music* moves and the
once again excessive road to the full
purse cut from ears and if the romantic
gesture based on imitation happens

how can anything stop spinning and say
anything other than *I don't know what to?*

Music by Day

‘...’
— R. D. Laing

Possible to annexation, begin
and with haunted voice
do not sing but
expression /
and one may say, this is
commensurate to nothing
(commending only itself)
yet
— and do not think
‘returning’ during
interruptions, just a
big old pause —

structure and event are
easily mistaken
for a process; the
spike-prick symptom
is all passion and
at this point very
little technique. Exception to good
impression, that “toy of reason”
fucks about, mops up its own
ends, does *speak* (and remember)

to try it on, the mock-fruit
fat anarchist dream of crossing counties.

Two Things At Once

‘... Vortex, dispersal, throw it at history.’
— Pound

The lake moves out of time with its vista —
there is a pond by my
 grandmother’s headstone
that moves much the same.
Doing what we can with the
books we have brought here,
waiting to become part of our century, writing
 what has been written before
by other (I dare say better) minds, or
at least those treated kinder
by posterity. ‘More kindly,’ I suppose, though
now it’s done,
an error soon to be forgotten for
some argument about
 ‘flat-earthers’ and phenomenology,
Kierkegaard
and what it means for absolution — — —
an overshadowing seen in a
 scene seen before, an
image seen before, and
out of use for these things
I turn to the sun
wondering what this ragged
synthesis has to say for anyone
when the water starts *lapping*...

We leave always before the
 job is done, and
separate an idea of these means
from the associations at the
site of this shared institution.
Missing you is not the same thing
and the piercing is not a piercing
of a congruent ‘image-complex’ (not least
 because it’s actually very simple) —

the way a cellist (or bassist) makes it
seem when they
 move to 'thumb-position',
a distinction of technique necessary to
maintain a parity of application,
efficiency, the avoidance
 of hesitation. Analogies
have the potential to anaesthetise,
even when used to empathise, and
one wonders whether
 that is indeed the point.
Forget the place but
follow the light,
following back to
the disturbance that first caught our eye:
what seems a *meniscus* is just the
 swell
of ducks doing what they've always done.

Starting Out

Commerce to definitions, avoid prime
to speed (here is, and, to with) house
of plurality, now and then, a
speak yes eventual recourse to we —

meat find love, for each and
comfortable (fuck sometimes comfortable)
speech in here beyond, space meets to

be, in, and around, hence so mighty
cunt and it's gone, blink and you've
done. Injection thought
impossible, typical point of insurgence

the catch up referees, mad pilot
prosegment, bound and up into
verse: the precordium, the worth.

Making Do

Because it is always too late, the
grope for something red, the
notebook or the cap of the
vodka bottle — and then
the lights go out, and
as if by magic there's
release about the place, pre-
requisites of making a
place, knocking about and
'hearing itself for the
first time' it makes

a whole new business
out of the game, the
'wherefore's and the names
put about so needless(ly)
with exposition held up to a
frame / and then the
futility becomes apparent, the
contingency of many
faces, when all that's to be
done is to *adumbrate a
future* then colour it with

history, foreclosed with
nought but the allure of guilt //

Baggy Trousers

'love's function is to fabricate unknownness'

— e. e. cummings

'I refuse to delegate my responsibilities to time.'

Sea image, moon image, tide timetable.

Sorry — I REFUSE TO DELEGATE MY RESPONSIBILITIES
TO TIME. *Apparatus irrational* making mincemeat
of what's

hidden, *tell me where and why*

it's to be if it is to be,

repeating until a trace amount

looks just like our new *orgone plasma*

just scaled down;

a pocket mirror universe

offset by wanker's cramp,

an explanation for

negative space where

everybody understands

Hart Crane's Legend. 'Stand

with your mother

on the *edgeless girth*

then push her

presence into the moon?'

the shadow in Poussin's

Et in Arcadia ego

would like to

concur with the previous speaker.

Sapphic this may be

not, but more truly now

than ever, this *abstract act becomes*

a transmission requiring you to

leap on its behalf, take

every step for the sake

of itself and the *one thing*
it can never
be.

Ghost of Electricity

‘just let me grow my beans’
— Crispin Best, ‘Don’t Call It A Dream’

‘Do you ever write poetry
about anything other
than the difficulty
of meaning?’ I
was once asked and may
now be as ready as ever
to answer: ‘what is poetry
if not a difficulty
of meaning?’ I
am inclined to believe
some truths are too simple
although ugly enough
for poetry. One day
I hope to be proved wrong

and beat poetry /
and all it means to me. //

Same Again

First and, inevitably, could have
been other hence, and to each, when
and forever proposes, double to a
name and each stop (in feeling,
to close)

only in containment, bent
double to sense and, being the
impossible, see with now early
in the belated, to space (who
single, to where)

full of, and avoidant, speak
in whole and close, here with
the entry and, so to whom, ends
on a tight, being thus (to here,
to suppose).

Nietzsche @ Basel

We have not found the
very limit of things, yet the
very limit of something has
found us;

trapped, and in our
own making, a sort of hopeless grope
for an answer. Here, as in nowhere
else, yet as in everywhere at
some time (or even there, as in
everywhere else but at
no other time) is all we
have to work with —

that is, excluding
all but the *impossibility of*
hope, a black certainty.

I do not know what that will
look like, though some say it's green.

Ripe Well Before Time

Contentious invention marble makes us
dirty tricks department measuring the
curtains in Downing Street and Fortinbras
is everywhere at once and now we
say 'cheerio' to make space for buses
(a whole 'steeled cognizance') of capital
fucking for the first time by some green bins
behind the Amnesty bookshop (*it's so*
good what they do) and if only Arthur's
boys upon catching would offer to suck
in return for providing such nice myths
such as they could pump or craft into *such*
interesting times (we live in) if piss
versus water excites you as much as knives.

Collage Bandwagon

Talk to you soon, *fear*
of it, and the verb shakes
on the stem of else, and there
where it's to be seen and
yes the very same *sens-*
ible young in that
depth-of-surface in-
habited by the photo, also.

Six of each and then
to the tapestry, a very
look over there and
'all that sort of thing'.
It *steps to the one*
and the one is singing

'sorry if you felt that'
because it dare not show.

Fuckabout

There is a question of articles to consider,
heavy under the cast-off all too lightly
and making cheap work of the rejoinder
reminding the eager of the
 specific nature of trees,

where we, and with a hardened sense of
we, cannot be said to conspire
but step aside and here in a certain light,
where it all looks too much like the
 particular incident now recalled,

give some quarter to the run-over,
the bleating and the (I suppose)
harmed by not half an answer
never resolving but enough to
 forget what seems once an end.

What's Today

'in empty time all one has is space, and he does not have very much of that'
— myself, somewhere else

a state of
drinking oneself into
disinterest, yet not
drinking enough *to forget*
how interested you once
were. 'The goal is for the
child to be alone in the
...?' [moving inside from the
springtime morning cold] '...
presence of the mother'
(that's Winnicot, possibly).

Avoiding the obvious and
oneself both *with and by*
making every concession of
speech, not wanting the
sentiment to be consumed
by the gesture [yet
not before changing the
situation] why's it always fucking
Wigmore Hall there's not even
anything fucking happening
because of the virus / 'crippled

states are
holy states.' This is not life
(this is just poetry) yet neverthe-
less it's made better (or could be) by
a little bit of effort, *essential yet*
not all of it, yet without you it's presets

(and that's why it
feels wrong but like the

old sort of right).

The Minute of a Non-Poem

I.

We (sometimes more than we)
place the circumference of us
 around the zero point of silence
between the casually competitive skateboards
and the packing up of the market,
 if it is not too much of a
contrivance to say such a thing
about two images juxtaposed
 by nothing other than time
involving the catch of a moment's peace.
Psychogeography does not begin to cover it.

II.

A point now reached yet also a place
part and parcel of all
 that have been here before,
not a lake but a broad
yet in either sense ripples
 will not suffice: it
must be a spiral intersected
by a line, every return and
 memory a crossing of it.
The labyrinth (if it can be called that)
in the cloister was closed.

III.

This was not expected: some
sort of bungalow or something
 (though her pronunciation was
off, perhaps). The point is,
however, that not all
 contradictions need to be
resolved dialectically
if you can believe that. But that cunt
 isn't here now to be argued with
over shift patterns or that sort of banality.
That has no place here.

Never Had The Balls

This but not this instead this as this half of the face of your side of whatever happens to be at the point of all possible points as this least obtuse angle given at face value and called here for no other reason than itself at this chance moment taken without giving a toss about the chance of this being anything other than this or so to say a kiss regardless of duration in which your eyes could stay closed as indefinitely as the indefiniteness of this.

[nothing (\emptyset) operates $A=B$ or whatever as it operates on itself and only symbols can say that]

That which is expected makes predictably the mistake of seeing formlessness as anything other than a form confusing and conflating freedom here as that which will take your hands wherever you choose to put them and give unlanding gestures to respond and reprimand that and only that pointed out as intent when it is in fact denied and reassuringly so with the same movements that caused the wave to swell against which you hold all that is not that.

[making the level best (\aleph_i) feel like whatever \aleph_0 means necessitates a healthy Platonic confusion]

There has all the charm of a song about a product of circumstance at the window to anywhere but there knocked upon and taking as much time as it needs to reveal the full recourse of its tension and greeting between you and the essence of there calling and marking itself not as itself but as the time and movement which one might call vital which it has been everywhere but there as the place you want to stay yet keeping here with all the thereness of there without the map of the mother leading you and keeping you there.

[worrying whether domination ($A \subseteq B$) is actually $A \subset B$ or whatever is the definition of fiddling]

Then becomes and beckons both the consequence and cause of each and every possible place of possible place and cliché which as then as now presents itself not to itself but to anyone but you and then refines the means and desire to the same

precise misdeed as memory then settles for the sofa where now and then a cliché of a cuddle could occur taken as a picture then developed into then.

[asking the same question of marriage $(A \cap B)$ and happy-place $A \cup B$ is more like it or whatever]

Though among many others it and itself are though part of a group of many others impossible without this though this and here are very likely possible without those others but to call the irreducible love without stopping to think is though perhaps not quite the best you could do though it comes close and perhaps the point and the point of you was to call it love and after the fact want it to be so and though it hurts to do violence work out what the name means after it's stuck but getting stuck in the first place is harder than it looks though.

[don't mistake falling blossom and streaks of flayed skin or whatever for anything profound or essential $(A \ominus B)$ they're most certainly $A \times B$ and everything that might entail now just get lost]

A Borrowed Clause

You peculiar trajectory in every
sense by guilt but of circumstance,
now forgetting itself divested of all
process philosophy in the

place *where replaced* comes the face of a
man nobody can be said to very much
care for very much if only up to the
point we get carried away,

seeks blunt allusion to another
frame story and the sound of our
peers coming together,
in the idiomatic undergrowth

of every colour you could imagine,
an amalgam of historical forces
entirely of angles in their space
looking back for the *beginning of terror*.

Come Again, Duality

Resentment of the word, you woman
gold as gold or gold as the Sun
as a necessary violence, or
one possibly avoided by a
spread of the sum (of
definitions, et cetera). We,
and you know it, can only ever
lose the game if we
call it such, not this, not else,
and here and not even here
only, wonder a wry smile while
all the while taking it all too
seriously, not even as a
defence, a martyr-speak,
a wound response half closing and
waiting for permission to heal.
Resentment of the word, fuck off.

White Wine Allergy

'They that have power to hurt and do so
Should not be blamed by Shakespeare or anyone else
For hurting though such is the race of poets
That they will blame them anyway.'
— Veronica Forrest-Thomson
'Cordelia, or A Poem Should Not Mean, But Be'

'I make a pact with you, Slim Whitman' —
Law of Genre is my new house and
whatalot is found there ho ho ho /
everyone needs their limits and
to be lord of their own sorrows, symbols
and mutually profitable
exchange of books and material;

writing-through working-through starting-gate
(donotpassgo) and so on and so
around and around the point until
frayed string and time *does its thing* / the do-
ing is in the detail and maybe
eventually perhaps the crux
of whatever will MAKE UP ITS MIND

about whether self-containment is
self-reference and whether whether
whether the thing should be about the
thing or content itself with being
just a demonstration piece of some-
thing (clue: it is neither / 'The Widow's
Lament in Springtime' is his best work).

The plan failed as soon as the idea
became a plan / however much you
might want to go on about the plag-
iarism of 'Heaven on Earth' it's
done and done and done is done although

being not-quite a love-poem is
just what fits [rest of this line left blank].

Two Steps Removed

After John Wieners

Suppose you've seen
magic little schizoid
farmboy, moving the
memory further from the

dream, and the dream
no longer touching
the night. It
demands (though less)

and you can
ask it all but
one question, the
tower being broken,

elevator working just
fine. You filled
your hole with something
now that something

has a name: knowledge
(though cut with), illegal
and in its way the same.

For Tom Raworth, Maybe (it was for a girl)

Twice now is a funny phrase
made a phrase
by making it stand
in the corner of the sort of
architecture you can get away with if you're
just trying to get by,

pointing out when it's
just like music or something
and concerned to the nth degree
with the exact angle of the angles
into which you are backed,
just as I have backed

myself into now. What a
silly move, yet sometimes
(fuck it, all the time)
the only move is
better than
not moving *at all*.

A strange sort of emphasis but

we can't all know our
Laruelle as well
as you do. As if
you know, you know,
but you've said as much
and the second lesson is it is

better to believe
and proceed as if you believe
in order to reveal,
plus it avoids an argument
for the sake of something...

worse? Sometimes — yes,
sometimes — the risk
is easier
(and, therefore,
proceeding thusly)
than the reward

and that's what you get for landing on and.

Too Much / Not Enough

in a minute there is time etc.

There is a moment of
and made of frustration at
all that is not of or able
at this moment's moment, and
(not too tentatively) we'll
call this moment
'poetry' — I'm
not sure whether this should
be an essay I feel as if it
should / I'm not
sure if I need some
French poet as my
antecedent I feel as if

I shouldn't. There's a
place for this somewhere, but
without a form before it'll
really just have to make do

with itself.

the 1990s, the 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.

The 1997 Health Insurance Law was a landmark in the history of the Japanese health insurance system. It was the first time that the Japanese government had introduced a health insurance law that was not based on the principle of self-insurance. The law was a response to the growing demand for universal health insurance and the need to reform the existing system.