

chain of minuscule decisions in the form of a feeling

Also by Sarah Riggs:

Waterwork (Chax Press, USA)

28 télégrammes (tr. Françoise Valéry) (Editions de l'Attente, France)

60 textos (tr. Françoise Valéry) (Editions de l'Attente, France)

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SARAH RIGGS



REALITY STREET EDITIONS
2007

Published by
REALITY STREET EDITIONS
63 All Saints Street, Hastings, East Sussex TN34 3BN
www.realitystreet.co.uk

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Front cover photograph by the author

Printed & bound in Great Britain by Antony Rowe Ltd

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-1-874400-37-0

My grateful acknowledgement to the many writers in France who have opened the possibilities for such experiment, in particular, to Omar Berrada, Marie Borel, Oscarine Bosquet, Stéphane Bouquet, Isabelle Garron, Emmanuel Hocquard, Virginie Lalucq, Jérôme Mauche, Eric Suchère, and Bénédicte Vilgrain.

Acknowledgements also to the editors of *contrat maint* (France), *Electron Libre* (Morocco) and *1913 - a journal of forms and reading between a and b* (USA) for their attention to the appearance of this work in sections.

Thank you to Lisa Robertson for spotting this work, and to Ken Edwards for inviting it across the channel.

Sarah Riggs

For your lines, horizontal,
curved, extending—

Brenda S. Laws

Montreal—Florida Keys
1921—2006

&

Frieda W. Riggs

Nebraska—New York
1907—2000

Dili

*Ti jos, Dili, ta li cassis
a plòuf. I cians si scunéssin
pal plan verdût.*

*Ti jos, nini, tai nustris cuàrps,
la fres-cia rosada
dal timp pierdût*

Pier Paolo Pasolini
(early poem, in Friulian)

DILIO. Look, Dilio, how it's raining on the acacias. The dogs cry out
by the green plain.
Look, child, on our bodies the fresh dew of lost time.

I

chain _____ in the form _____

comma, _____
_____ round _____
_____ be, flat _____

_____ . how _____

covertly _____

scrapbook. _____

(where _____)

_____ the leaves _____

_____ the main stems, drift

out to sea. _____

_____ Is _____

_____ function _____ / _____

to worry ____ ? _____

_____ I will _____

_____ go _____

_____ a counterful of cumin _____

_____ ward, or _____

_____ when _____

_____. _____
_____ I train
_____ to listen. _____

peculiar _____

back-drop. _____
_____ often

_____. _____ for tea _____

_____.Yes

_____ inhabiting _____
_____ a bit _____
_____ drops'

_____ all those books

_____ outside
in there _____

_____ found _____

hinges. _____

_____ will

_____ coins, and

_____ strawberry _____.

_____ rearranged _____

_____ plants in _____
_____) _____
_____. _____
_____ further draws
_____. _____
_____ not butterflies _____
_____. _____
_____ *perforations* _____

_____ with butter. _____
_____. _____
_____. _____
__ beet. draw _____
_____ hold. _____
_____, __ turnicut
_____ sail _____
_____ (all perspective).

_____ far

questions of _____
middle distance _____
_____ held
_____ in
_____, _____

_____ Cameroon. _____

letting _____ go _____
_____ grams of
sound. _____

_____. John _____

_____, _____

_____. _____
_____ so many
_____ whales.

_____ how
and things _____

B lives _____

_____ wisps. _____

_____ entirely _____

V _____

_____ .
sort of fell _____

_____ juice _____

insisted _____

yes? _____

_____ to

effect _____ plum _____

_____ *mint, hanging*

in the plural _____

_____ *altogether*

_____ uncertainty _____

_____ spilling _____

Our _____

_____ *zazate* _____

2_{of}

minuscule
decisions

1 comma, alone with yourself
2 there was very little you
3 out of this place altogether
4
5 the main stems
6 how to open doors with
7 all the possibilities at once
8 Here, underground, with this
9 strawberry in the asphalt
10 Encounter X. Gifts of water:

11 . Further draws close

12 choices about buttons:

13 Ghana, or Cameroon.

14 There are feline methods

15 deposited in the ocean
16 things. Nouns are whales.
17 B lives in the clouds
18 highways and dishes.
19 That autumn khaki was
20 as with elsewhere, includes

21 tea twig, mango.
22 Clarity came through
23 *measure of mint, hanging, how much*
24 Walls are windows
25 spilling out, over, in excess
26 core nut, the seed, the heart.
27 And I read nothing well.

28 and the bookcase will
29 named Havana.
30 The land does not stop

31 commas become excla-
32 *Have I discovered your hair*
33 how its topography of
34 And that building a mouth.
35 like waves: she was after,
36 and solitude in 2007 B.C.
37 elegance of handmanship
38 deafly or blindly (not both)
39 Zadkine. The year is 1066.
40 Like cooking I invent each

- 41 These leaves swaying (and it
42 *The present a question.*
43 persistence blinding you
44 delivering itself. "John."
45 cheese and duck paté. Alcohol
46 and reversal. The birds
47 sand you with the experience
48 reverse us) the Hudson
49 stop). Hand held out to you,
50 in construction: women.

51 In Morocco the entire carcass

52 *just as the body catches up*

53 the soul? To. At. With.

54 run to buy bulbs—light—

55 the news curves back at us

56 headlines that have nothing

57 the cookies, the little slips

58 and the leaves are all wanting

59 a counterful of cumin

60 about the W-drops' house

61 The addresses were all mixed
62 with you. Is this the beginning?
63 and I can never enter Africa
64 everything will change.

65 a sense of time going forward
66 crumpling, altering. There is no
67 city on winter nights
68 and lately, a few bracelets

69 a toothpick comes clean

- 70 do ponds distinguish from lakes?
- 71 "I didn't know" cradles
- 72 Uganda Uganda Uganda
- 73 everywhere, diesel, spirits,
- 74
- 75 populated, blank: both.
- 76 *interruptions of hand*
- 77 disoriented destinies, unsure of
- 78 what you reach for is the sheer
- 79 leaves of thyme lately it was like
- 80 the sky responds to us personally

3

FEEL

The birds couple. I wasn't sure they come back, Ann said they were the last to come. The materials of life sift through fingers, sand you with experience in your eyes tell me (no) fruit (no) kind (no)

some. I'm sailing on my feet, my house is a stairway my study a porous space of crossings and you are waving. How will they come back to you (generations looking for mirrors, adrift and rooted). As those rivers

that swell, reverse us. The Hudson trains thought. We are together in losing. The way those two use the planet. The books stack up (Penn Station next stop). Hand held out to you, delivery and flow.

The systematic materializations of a frog, a future. Landed categories and calumnies, thick resolve. Deliberate sustained tension (then released) in my thoughts (delivery). Something rings in construction:

women. The chop of the chicken into pieces in France. In Morocco the entire carcass on a hook. In my country, the invention of nuggets. What again, duration, language, form, melting spoon, truck stop,

working line. Far from and so clouds, crushing thoughts together, time, pieces of perforations. Now we have a meatball, a marble, the curvature of an eye. Okay. Toxic, aluminum, falling: the mind

catches up with the body, and the soul lifts off. Deleted these, our tense. Verbs pile up on top of one another, forming a thick noun. So the preposition is the soul? To. At. Of. With. And these

are adequate proof of existence? How can I deliver my hands free? Delinquent drawing. Those are the people who are alive. The others are dead. A word may be heavier than an experience. Though how are we

to know? A persimmon. Alphabet. Also, underground, amid a tendency of thoughts to incompleteness. Coins, and continuous streams of laughter, cars. Kinds of fruit in the asphalt. Several conversations swept

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thought. Infrequent explosions run rampant in the heat. Movement toward and away. Further draws close-up. The completed thoughts toss out. To some species, not butterflies. Emmanuel or Michael. Again

that hollow, where no one could go.

holes in Europe, or perforations

No end to them. Deliberate. Solitary. They were wise, or slender-fisted. Their fudes brush the untranslated willow. Here are detections, melody, and pollution, the incomplete exhalations, radishes

with butter, a choice. A sensation of seeing words in exile from themselves. Squares of beet. Rose, mer, eee, three beautiful syllables this spring. Hold, hold to the hollow, as you tend to.

Unwound, the turnicut makes a drape or sail, and the missing limb magically present (it's all perspective). Birch bark wrapped around the goat cheese. Just soft under the rhyme. Tomorrow, a chain of

megalomaniac choices about buttons. Freelance. Around the corner murders far away. Questions of degree. The middle distance is hard to fathom. Curiously, held in the silence. Artists in Ghana, or Cameroon.

There are feline methods for smooth decisions. Letting go the frank questions. Operating by photographs, videos, installations with sound. Almost exclusively. The words creep in through the back way, we cannot

help them. The names have been named many times. America. Has many. John John John John John. And the diversity of cleaning products, each one in the ocean between them. In France one

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words move

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though certain combinations of the sexes seem to press in a predictable direction. But I am always headed elsewhere, I can't predict it. Names drift on a horizon. And khaki has become a color. The catalogues

have a transforming effect, though plum remains a fruit, along with elsewhere, includes tea twig, mango. They insisted on reordering colors, white red blue, to page vermilion sea. Clarity came

through the joints of recognition, what is it, again? The ideas of heros linger long after and cause confusion and bumping around and down of expectations. No great hopes generally, but hopes for hopes anyhow.

measure of mint, hanging, how much

Each movement in the direction of deaths. Also toward the word life in the plural. Turns into lives, something altogether different. Walls are windows, she said, and when she said this it was so.

A kind of Mount Sinai.

She would begin letters to people named Ann(e), and not send them. Some uncertainty about the e. Now women named Touria or Kenza were dancing and renovating spaces in places named Ouarzhazate or

Azilah. Was it a way of leafing out, retracting, spilling out, over, in excess of meaning? Or the very core nut, the seed, heart. It was unreadable, a kind of code, also to her. With yourself, comma.

The world keeps being round, not as it used to be, flat. I discover the inquisition late, make an equation, subtract oil under there (and I seldom drink it). I miss when the theories competed. Not that I was

there. Now everyone except some others have agreed to dislike capitalism while covertly getting away with everything possible. Balks at this plurality, brakes at the syntax. Lemons and leaves, the

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named Havana.

We live in there

Far from clouds, crushed together pieces. The land does not stop curving. Those who are commas become exclamations, and eventually all names are cities: Havana, New Haven. Have I discovered your hair,

how its topography of knots cries? And as I was thinking this bookcase will not fall on me, "he has to construct himself." And that building a mouth. All rooms have cavities. Have. Not. She reads next

to nothing and she reads nothing very well. Her intelligence (along with his, two decades later) under offices of olives. We live there, in the idea of a party. No one at that party was ever invited again.

She sifted through people like waves: she was after, what was it. Do you recall the scene in *The Awakening* when the woman just walks into the water. Woolf too. One choice, among many. Have you noticed when

you arrive at a horizon, how banal the dirt is. Watch a new one open up. And how have they been, the contours of time? Time enters through and out, over to you. No one can come, citing solitude, and

psychosomatic diseases. In 2007, B.C., blind calling. How do they feel, the contours of time? Detailed, actually not as endless as I thought. In 1285 time keeps passing, it enters through me and out of

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deafly or blindly (not both), it was touched into me by braille at the Musée Zadkine, in 1066. The petrol when it runs out will be turned into something renewable, I heard on the radio, far more

sanitary. Like cooking I invent each time. The time to eat keeps coming around (how does it feel to you?) Tallied in the background hair, their angle and dent, the fructifying rosé, the limonade,

questions of how to spell it

Especially the boys needed to be loved. These leaves swaying (and it is enough) the breathy remembrance, relationships of pringles, callow, the gashings, stairway into the river and these people who

were tempted by you, by something beyond you that's not really you. And when the access stops: heat, and fear. The present a question of whether to keep being caught in order to feel free.

Or cold. In a dim organic delivering itself a stubborn dive to break through what is known and understood already. This persistence blinding you to some of the basics, what most people know and

understand. Since our focus, energy, attention, are limited. The authorial glance of collapsing attention. Landscape of dawns. Mellow fruitfulness. What we know we know (trying to recreate it).

And the coming of the feel of things. Mere hollows, the train is stopped now we may or may not go back along the rails of a thought (or was it an emotion). Fast-sinking motor the gift of water

delivering itself. "Madeleine." Madeleine. Ricochets in the mouth. And again, the sheep cheese and duck paté. Alcohol would be something simply you didn't try, and the need, the human needs,

where the rooms were, arrivals at the lighthouse so much less than the longing. Our heels sink into the mud. On that hill they must be merely hedge groves. Full generation slip. String of reversals.

of 4

||
a

heat
|
movement toward

Ann said
|
cars |

incomplete | thoughts

and

mirrors, trains
|
the flow

categories |
|
released

entire
|
a hook

duration
|
clouds crushing
|

|| |
perforations
|
a marble lifts off

|

a thick noun
|
So the preposition

||

is existence?

|

Delinquent drawing

a frog

|

or future

|| |

Thick

|

resolve

||

|

|| sustained tension

||

my
thoughts

|
delivery

||

|
Persimmons
|
or alphabets

|
also, underground
|
Coins

| |

Kinds of fruit
|
the telephone wires

Gifts of water
| |
Plants in

Movement toward

|
not butterflies

|
that hollow

\
holes in Europe, or perforations

|
slender-fisted.
|
untranslated
|
radishes

A sensation, three syllables

|
hold
|
hold

the missing limb

|

around

under

|

corner murders

|

curiously, held

smooth decisions

the way

|

those two

||

use the

|

planet

5

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Maurice Scully
Robert Sheppard
John Shreffler
Peterjon & Yasmin Skelt
Hazel Smith
Valerie & Geoffrey Soar
Harriet Tarlo
Tony Trehu
Catherine Wagner
Sam Ward
John Welch/The Many Press
John Wilkinson
Tim Woods
The Word Hoard
Anonymous x 8