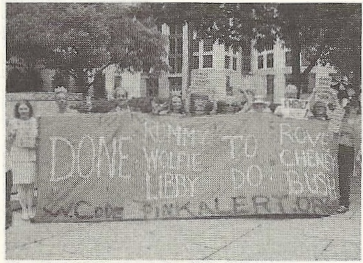


AN ESSAY

Reportorial poetics can be used to record detail with immediacy while one is doing an action & thinking about something else.



Experience crosses over with that which is outside experience; the unknown receives this information as an aquifer receives replenishing rain. Meditative states can be used to cross material boundaries, to allow you to be in several places at once, such as Congress & ancient Babylon.

I recorded notes in Washington while attending hearings & participating in actions to make the record collective & personal. Working with trance while sitting in Congressional hearings i recorded details into a notebook.

If bees can detect ultraviolet rays, there are surely more possibilities in language & government. The possible is boundless.

Whether or not you have strength to resist official versions that are devastating the earth & its creatures, you could in any case send back reports. If political parties will not provide solutions, the good can occur when people gather in small groups to work for justice in each community using imagination without force.

People could leave their computers at least briefly to engage with others in public spaces. It is then the potential of each word comes forward.

If you have no time or strength, act without time or strength because they may follow. In the meantime you could imagine that you have them.

From my position as a woman  
 i could see  
     the back of the General's head, the prickly  
 intimate hairs behind his ears,  
     the visible rimless justice raining down  
 from the eagle on the national seal,  
     the eagle's claw-held pack of arrows  
     & its friends. A fly was making its for-sure-maybe-  
 algebra cloud in the Senate chamber; it fell to us  
     to see how Senators  
 re-shuffled papers, the pity of  
     the staples, to sense when someone coughed after  
     the about-to-be-czar General said *I don't foresee a long  
 role for our troops*, there was a rose vibration in the rug.  
 From its position on the table the fly  
 could then foresee  
     the soon-to-be-smashed goddess as in  
 Babylon. More perception had to be, began to be.  
     Filaments rose from the carpet as the General spoke,  
 the Senators were stuck. What  
     were they thinking sitting there  
     as dutiful as lunch patrols  
 in junior high. From my position as the fly

i could foresee as letters issued  
from their mouths like *General I'd be interested*  
to know, some of the letters regretted that.  
Fibers in the carpet  
crouched. From  
the floor arose the sense  
the goddess Ishtar had come down  
to bring her astral light with a day-wrinkled plan. From my position  
as a thought i thought she might. She might  
come in to rain her tears  
on Senator Bayh & Senator Clinton, on Senator Warner  
in his papa tie & Senator Levin, on Senator Reed &  
Senator Hill—rain tears into their water glasses, Ishtar  
from Babylon they had not met  
before they smashed her country now or never.  
Then someone—Clinton i think it was  
but it might have been Bayh—asked whether this confirmation *will*  
*give breathing space* for the new  
General to unoccupy (*how do the dead breathe, Senator, from my position*  
as a fly) & i forget who asked what isn't even  
in the same syntax of this  
language i'm trying to make no progress in, asked  
how the army would unoccupy, by north or south?  
A voice beside my insect ear  
said, these Senators all have their lives:  
kids with stuff to do, folks with cancer, some  
secret shame in a quotidian—  
the thing in front always producing

panic,—just like yours, the voice went, just like your life.  
i tried to think if this was true but was too weak from  
flying above this notebook to pity them. From my  
position as a molecule i could foresee  
twelve Senate water glasses, each bubble had an azure  
rim, the ovals on  
the Senators' heads were just like them, the breath they used  
when saying °°A°° for *American interests* made the A stand still,  
it had a sunset clause.  
They tried to say °°°Safety°°° but the S withdrew,  
the S went underground. Would not  
be redeployed. Refused to spell. Till all the letters stopped  
in astral light, in dark love for their human ones—

