

Lineation Treatise Excerpt from The Singing Bullets of Soft Secession

& here it is Jan, about the composition by field approach to poetry lineation. Space = time. Gary told the New York Quarterly in 1973 in “an office building labyrinth somewhere in Manhattan:”

“The placement of the line on the page, the horizontal white spaces and the vertical white spaces are all scoring for how it is to be read and how it is to be timed. Space means time. The marginal indentations are more an indication of voice emphasis—and, as Pound might have called it, *logopoeia*, some of the dances of the ideas that are working within your syntactic structures.”

McClure calls poetry with standard left-justified lineation “lawnmower poetry.” I did not ask him to elaborate, as I had a sense that one could come up with a more creative lineation than the guy who cuts the grass up one side and down the other.

& Joanne Kyger says: “I always try to write my line so it reflects some movement of inflection.” Also: “There’s one really good essay that I’ve never been able to find again, I think by Williams. He says, okay, let’s get all this down: a period has three breath stops; a comma has a breath stop, a semi-colon, a breath stop and a half. Empty space means nothing goes on but breathing until you get to the next word, etc. You’re scoring your reading. Otherwise you follow this boring convention of the straight left-hand margin, kind of a cookie-cutter block stamp.”

& just before this she says: “Trying to ‘score’ it as closely as you can on the page. I’m always amazed that this isn’t taught more. How to translate the voice to the page, to get the little subtleties of breath and tone, or change of tone or character emphasis.”

& Jan, just at this moment
the Kingfisher has something to say about it.

“The kingfishers!
who cares
for their feathers
now?”

Once you begin composing
by field
you see the materialization

of your thoughts on the page
your thought trains laid out
for you to re-experience just how
one syllable organic followed
another & feedback's sprung:

Feedback loops are systems where the output of an action is fed back into the system as input, influencing future actions. They play a crucial role in understanding how systems behave over time, revealing patterns of stability or change. Feedback loops can be categorized into two main types: reinforcing loops and balancing loops, each with distinct characteristics and effects on the system.

The system is you
& your dialog w/

well, you're the philosopher...

we wdn't say god, cd say "the muse"
the single intelligence, the mechanism
of perception, Yeats' spooks with their
gift metaphors, footsteps

of the
descendants of Chief siʔaλ', the divine life force

your own genetics
the architecture of one's lineage

whatever, something beyond ego's
what were after. Something of the
nothing Buddhists believe's
at the bottom of all this.

This dialog,
this feedback loop

when practiced, it deepens
the you of your daily Kingfisher-
noticing, tea-drinking, August sunrise
basking self
& whatever it is
the juju that's not you

& it becomes a practice of
intuition, of noticing, of perception,
of prehension

& it's a skill we employ
each moment, while driving, while
making love while practicing the Latihan
while taking an alto saxophone solo, while
adding paprika to the stew, while watering
the zinneas, while massaging the Cortes Island
kitten's neck, you know. The cranialsacral therapist
knows it. The pre-google maps cab driver knew it.
You just go on your nerve says Frank O'Hara.

It may be
a nerve, this feedback loop between small "s" self &
what's available beyond ego. Am convinced after about 31 yrs
of practice that this feedback system begins to inform yr life.

Poetics as Cosmology

You start to get out the way of your small “s” self, or get the small “s” self relegated to its grocery-shopping, shoelace tying, social mierda scrolling self. Am convinced it keeps you

off the arterial where the drink driver’s careening, out of the way of the stray drive-by bullets & back into the realm of postcards & work-stoppage. Cascadian Sentences & heron-watching. The good life.

7:33am

