Marilyn Monroe Found Alive, the headline on the tabloid read. Most disturbing was the picture: depressed face over age-advanced body. Years later, nothing left of the ideal.

To be subject in the era we are in is to be defined by a series of defeats and still maintain one’s position. All else is simply the construction of norms, means/ends rationality.

In what sense is 51% a mandate? When capital accumulates by such margins of profit. “I earned political capital, and now I intend to spend it.” Thus 1.5% represents the national will.

I am a pixel on an enormous screen; my words have no effect—I am a unit, an isolated person standing in a long line to vote, separated from all the others, waiting to be counted.
An outlier poll at 5 P.M. Election Day showed 311 electoral votes blue and Virginia and Nevada in doubt. This is not now a matter of record—it was removed from their site.

What is the mechanism of fear? The terrorist tape, reasonable men agree, did not affect the election. It did not, in any reasonable way—but it may have been a visceral trigger.

The answer to the political debacle of the present is to return to a politics of the Popular Front, its anti-Fascism. It is not a matter of coalition; we need something to be against.

Should I have taught Robert Glück’s queer novel *Margery Kempe* a week before the election? Did it confuse the students, give them nothing to stand on? This was my thought.

What would be signs of fascism creeping into the subjectivity of the state? Two kinds of evidence: destructive expansion of national fantasy; radical scapegoating of intolerable others.

Are we depressed yet? Should we emigrate to Can-
ada? Take a few years off and live in poetic exile?
What is the most immediate and available form of adaptive behavior?

This rhetoric of aggression is a condition of public agency. But the conduct of the election as an aggressive debate turned out to be an enormous risk—as aggressivity turned to rage.

The moment of intervention passes as it is caught in retrospection of the unfolding story we are in. The most damaging part of the election was the triumphalism of the day after.

One can go to bed thinking the world is one thing and wake up convinced it is another. And everyone will act in such a way as to confirm this view, even if nothing has changed.

I am happy to be living in a blue state. In blue states, there is a chance of a meaningful politics. Blue states remember the history that created them. Blue states are critical.

I await news of the manipulations that took place behind the scenes—the computer chip in voting
machines, the trashing of registrations, racial denial. But it won't matter.

The nothing that exploded, exploded in more than one way. The fantasy that is everywhere began as a mere nothing, while a fantasy of what will be has now disappeared.

The numbers are automatic, insubstantial. They exist as a negative—vanishing into abstraction, crushing all in their monumental weight. We are only ourselves as part of the whole.

This writing may be beneficial for me, but there is no guarantee it is for you. Maybe you will take back the power they took from you—but individually, on a competing basis.

If you were not part of my dream, I would do to you what you would do to me, if I were not part of yours. The results are inconclusive, and there are no words to report them.

You desperately need a win. So do I—if I don’t win again soon, I will lapse into nonentity. We rush to where there can be a win, flee from anywhere we
fail to come out on top.

The key is the displaced counter of human contact. Eyes avert from those whose thoughts do not coincide with mine. A process of asociality sets in, appearing to be inevitable.

The disaster is an afterimage of a hurricane passing up the I-4 corridor, sweeping everything before it in a monumental fear. Operatives channel this fear, direct it to their ends.

Belated I began, belatedly I will end. The twentieth century ended too; we are in another era, where prior results are revised. “The only thing I know is to wipe the slate clean…”

In what way can a complex be undone? It’s simple, stupid. The Gordian Knot is the parable most loved by the Right. All analysis flies in the face of a simple, stupid act.

The routes are prefigured in advance. We lay down networks of reinforced concrete between identification points, and it all works perfectly, toward a predetermined end.
Afraid of depression, they reproduce it. Evidently, they are happy with the results. In desperate times, the poet represents the national will, beyond the force of presidents.

He was a monad in a chartered space, sealed off from fluctuation; he owned the market; he was the rock on which our hopes and fears were founded, the last to be liquidated.

Joining together in massive numbers, they rose up, expressing a will that had been suppressed until that moment—to find their numbers fell short. In this they were confirmed.

What a ridiculous fantasy, that merely to reach out and touch each other we could reinvent the world that was taken away. That we could end ressentiment, could think otherwise.

Could it be otherwise? At the theaters, the masses stand in line, forgetting what could have been—only to confirm it as the general will. This entertainment was made for them.

In the dream, a female lion with delicate face,
elongated limbs, and matted fur emerged from woods by the side of the road. We are merely driving by in our car, windows rolled up.

The perfectibility of man appears as a ghostly afterimage down a long corridor where he thinks he sees a version of himself, walking forward to that moment in which he was.

The condition of evaporating as a narrative of progress—we are everywhere, all at once, while in truth we are disappearing. A condition of precipitation is the poetics of truth.

I do not consent to the situation we are in. I do not consent to the war, to the farce of consent staged to permit it. The voice that speaks is thus subtracted from a face.

At the exact moment of lunar eclipse, the Red Sox win the Series. An impossible event is uninterpretable. We dare not interpret it as meaning anything, one way or the other.

Floating from anxiety, lifting from fear. The impossible event ends uncertainty—so that we
can say, with all the rest, that we witnessed what took place, if from a peculiar perspective.

Weeks later, the time drifts, we refuse information, snow falls, bodies pile up, the time drifts, they are using us, we refuse information, there are the bodies, snow falls, we are information.

They pulled the message once it became outdated. A billboard reading “Who cares?” replaced by a solicitation for hospital services: “We do.” The public face had disappeared.

The number 43 is up. Empty equivalents of capital replace a universal. We rage in our particularity against the blinding illumination of a uniform sky. The number 6 is up.

Dreams divide into heavy traffic in extreme weather. Dan Rather signs off from the nightly news; substitution and overwriting are the face of John Roberts. There is nothing to report.

Logic and fiction conjoin in a univocal effect. The index of belief rises, unbelievably! I refuse to accept any evidence of an outcome, even as
every outcome is deferred.

They will take a baseball bat to your wounded mattress, hurl a bowling ball into your metal firewall, spray toxic solvents onto your painted forehead, poison your impulse to resist.

Inflation spirals upward through devaluing trends. The imported cheese is a loss leader. Our numbers add up, incalculable. Notice posted on the front door: I accept/do not accept.

Alberta touches Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan feels Manitoba, Manitoba leans on Ontario, Ontario embraces Quebec. We lie breathlessly with trading partners in the night.

There is trouble with your account. New information is requested. Do not reply to this message; it has been sent by a alien proxy. You will not be given another chance to reply.

Sun melts snow on black asphalt, leaving the road clear for drivers. All necessary products have been supplied, the maintenance contracts signed, sealed, and delivered.
Another word I did not write appears in the spirit parchment prepared by me. The security firm does not know the contents of the trunk, but it will be delivered just the same.

Signs pass in succession along the road to the airport. People are galvanized for a change in government. One aircraft after another taxis onto the runway. People assemble.

If there is to be movement, it must be in a single direction. Around the shrinking icecap, magnetic attractions discharge their fields. People rise up to change their government.

People rise up and change your government! Snow falls, to be cleared away by machines. The archive is accessible but contains no entries. This is a discourse of community, I repeat.

November 2005
in memory of Bill Berkson