

THREE FROM AN ANATOMY

"for that call'd the Body is a portion
of the Soul discern'd by the five
Senses."

-- Wm Blake

MOUTH

It is cruised by our less palatable habits:
white sugar, nicotine & alcohol
poetry & kissing

EYES

-- for Lance Gravette

The chief practitioners of seeing
these days are cultic
Most rigorous in the finesse
of their cultivation, they are
our only true epicures
but awed by their inexorable pursuit
of more exact discrimination
we forgive them this excess

For the rest of us the eyes
are a neglected function, largely theoretical
made gross by xerox
& the instamatic clickery
of photographers, who are without doubt
our least interesting seers

They remain useful
only as a kind of starter
for the profound narcosis of tv
& like the nose
they will soon be sensually obsolete
a life support system
unnoticed till it fails

But by then
there will be nothing left to see

HAIR

The hair is our last link
with the animal
& that it no longer
reliably announces gender
gives in some circles
cause for alarm

GOING THERE

Do not think that you can go there. That would only be fooling yourself. You can never go there because you can't know where it is you're going. The only thing you will ever know is the place you're leaving, and you'll never know that till you've left.

If you go there, be careful. Be careful that the regret -- your suddenly recognized pleasure, perhaps, in the place you are leaving -- doesn't transform the place you go to into the place you will have left. The chance of your transforming the place you've left into the place you're going to is relatively slight.

When you are there, it will seem like you've always been there, & the place you're at now will seem like a shadow. It is that, a shadow cast by the place you will be, flickering on the barely discernable screen of where you might have been.

If you go there, say Hi! to the people you meet. They'll say, Hi! So you know Dave James. How's he doing? Here, where we are, we hardly ever see him any more.

There, where you are going, the flies are thick. They will irritate the insides of your legs. They will be constantly moving. They too will be leaving one place & on their way to another. And like you they will know that all places are the same.

If you ever get there, all your experience will be real. This will be because you will notice that it's specific.

When you arrive -- or better still, while you are going -- drink alcohol. It will cause a gap in time so that the process will appear as an abrupt transformation of the present into another present. Then you will once again confront the relations between time & the mind.