

THE BOURREMAN COMPANY PONDERES
THE MNESIC
REFINEMENT OF
OF TROUBLESOME WOMEN FIGHTERS

given the well-established dangers entailed by free
love in the streets of the continent
dark is the air and lucid the gray glazed ways
of our pie in the sky condition stumbles on
the keys to hélène baril's cadillac pink black green
displaying a mechanical pulse lubricating apparatus
like a flame
leaving aside artificially stirred up
hélène baril and me and claire finch and rona lorimer and
laetitia paviani and mélanie blaison splendid
derive
our dreamy thoughts affect
the slaving stones and daytime columns supporting
the mnesic of the plaster roughcast followed by red
bridges whose large fruit fills the mouth
with a taste of furtive honey and bitterness
but where would we go says rona lorimer if we
were free to reach the memory
of thought-landscape or masteries if not imputed
to our sphincters well I remember
said claire finch in the absence of sharp representation
of our swiped beautiful forms
of historical appendices why
not infiltrate the complete poetics
of saphic uranism
I've been too long hanging around hallways too much
eaten apricots not to say language
I'm soft today or triple if
to stretch out in conjunction and astride
renders the tissues unto the breath of the skins
no need to be wearing leggings to realize
that the bourreman company got the apricot wrong
colleagues I have spent years doing

the housework I know exactly where to begin
(behind the doors) etcetera
and if I had to moreover I'm not especially sleepy
or maybe my body is putting me on the impression I
could spend my life being angry that
it comes like that like amaryllis on the right side
unexpected of the pit my itch
it's woven sex pleasure piano fingering at the autodidasker
having always held in contempt speeches
and prefer the elastic of boxing rings
here's my forum at the social pit

I have seen the great
cities liquefy
and cons
truct the liquid walls of
the mobile
continuity of
power
declining all

mobility as fluid as

mobile

against the

calm patient infiltrated

nearly transpa

rent presence in the

bright and grave

city

enveloping

each

presence in

the continuity of the

visible in

separable from the

present I saw the

present

transformed into a

solid

into rhythm into

a layer of

transpa

rent gestures around

blue

buildings

of the blue

street of traffic

pumping the
leather of
the night in
the blue race of the
public
spaces cur
rently
I suffered from
Belong
ing to the obs
cene cosmos
of anonymity
patted my

self in the arms of
troublesome sharpening
their tongues against
the denim
wearing
the black t-shirt
like
nobody and
as inexperienced
as ready
to use their
memoirs
like

phonebooks
of cops against
anyone who
dares kneel
putative to speak
of reason