

Fragmenting body etc

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*For Sharon
& friends everywhere*

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[Fragments from Fragments for a History of the Human Body]

Parts One, Two, & Three

Part One

the direction of animals and automatons

should be left in their [hands]
though language fail the direction
of metaphor an androcentric pathology

'I'm getting out of here now'
some scientist could be saying taking
direction from no one but taking
a new direction of thought not
for the first time

but who are these automatons (we can
let the animals go if only
there are any left) there
is no automatic answer to this
question watch it
& the order we began with
haunt the dreams of newscasts

he is entitled—in short, his value, his price, his

very name are economies who
is this body in time

in place the title given the site
of one so young now gone
all 'into the world of light'
opera — a singer once in mediocre
tenor or

vehicle how it moves
us to where
& what it costs
that counts

already described. The Mother is the seat of a process

always carrying on

her body a procession it might be argued of
philosophy made flesh unknown
to the man writing it through the centuries

she could die young becoming
the Mother she could even
ascend to Heaven richly embroidered
glowing roundly all gold part of a wooden
doorway or performance
belief insures against her own aging
hopelessness — where
do the children go finally

& that is never (what) it
seems already described

is established between the male sacrificer

& the woman now crying out for justice
on TV the radio those journals some of us
might choose to trust
trusting these rhetorics as a rare
kind of truth

any communication
of the bodys whole or
at least some desires

as viz for
justice that
she be heard
saying what she believes
she means

she believes what

months of the year, inhabited by the

days move on

there is snow then
it keeps falling 'beautifully'

until someday it melts to green
to fall in yellow browns to
snow again

here in the north we call this
seasonal

 & it is recognized as such
in more than english
more than once

'we' (whoever we call ourselves to be
inhabit that

is a loss of one of the very similarities

between us enough to shut
down all forms of conversation
or will other economies persevere &
to what end

in the end it is the largest similarity
must make us listen
hear what the mirror
stages for our lasting benefit

is anyone else paying
attention heeding
the cost

 these abstractions
are the cost perhaps the body
politics taxes us with
the loss of heart we will wake up to know

