

ARC TANGENT

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The cover features a diagram by EuYu (<http://math.stackexchange.com/users/9246/euyu>) which is part of his response on Math Stack Exchange to the topic 'Get Angle to Tangent that Intersects Point' (<http://math.stackexchange.com/questions/205640/get-angle-to-tangent-that-intersects-point>).

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Arc Tangent

*For first must dwelling pass away,
and order, and become deformed.*

Friedrich Hölderlin

*In the redeemed world, everything
would be as it is, and yet wholly other.*

Giorgio Agamben

How close I am to a question.

Every time I dance, a gift of a painted object arrives. In it is the world, condensed like one of the shorter sonata works for cello, and like it covered in darkness. The wet flesh of the inner folds beckons to me. Into it I plunge in hopes of losing all that which has been collected and become merely a burden to me. That which is remembered and not understood. More and more so the empty crates lining the orchards of the home. The dry place. Objects seek me out. The hand come to resemble itself in the moment, in the dance of the lost appendages. The immense, spectacled features of the composer. He died and lost his hand. As in a book with no letters read out of the memory. Like the objects that speak in his dreams, he is swift to leave. Of their own accord they reach out and grasp him. The usual process of making a painting. This is the moment in which the shadow of the dream resembled the shadow of the poem.

The grasping hand comes to be itself. Grasped. In the process of making. It comes to resemble itself. The shadow of a hand. Hegel speaks of the movement of the absolute as the movement of a name that is only a meaningless sound. Whoever experiences disgust has in some way recognized himself. But only insofar as it was in the voice, that is, insofar as it always already belongs to the past. The faults are inseparable from the substance. Repair or alteration is often a process involving pain. The sense that the truth of a thing has been somehow violated in having spoken of it. The subject which is not really a subject. The rift between self and world passes in turn through the self.

It bears witness to neither one nor the other. What cannot be stated, what cannot be archived, is the language in which the author succeeds in bearing witness to his incapacity to speak. But what does it mean to speak in a remaining language? Often it seems as though one were like another. They have always been there. I do not look at them. The passage between the outside and the inside. Now the twentieth century will be emptied. I do not exclude machines. Machines mean complexity. And then there are the advanced processes. Thus the higher terms in the equation diminish more rapidly than if there were no obstacle, but the beginning terms are unaffected. Accordingly, the terms in the summation diminish on both ends. Everything is already broken off

Outside the sentence
Rain is falling
As if a porous film
Set between waking and sleep.

The parched mouth and
Uneasiness of night remain.
It dissolves. The sickness does not dissolve.

Always the expected visit
The order to awaken
And selection

The water mark
Mirror in my sleep
Measuring the presence of light.

So in shame we are consigned to something from which we cannot in any way distance ourselves.

The slipper Artaud held in his mouth at the moment just before his death.

What remains is physical sensation
Physical memory
Connection to natural landscape

The priority of the whole

It is as if we are being told that it is only through the distortion of normative reality that we are capable of reaching its underlying truth.

Nevertheless, he confessed his only recurring dream – a darkened room and a window's broken shutter through which an intruder attempts to enter. The enclosure. This time there was a complexity to the interior – many hallways and turns . . .

As levels are added and topography evolves, resembling the profile of a cityscape, the difference between the most positive and most negative features increases beyond the depth of focus.

The light is softer now, oozes honey-colored onto the myrtle and emerald ivy. Before the face, I find myself exposed. This indispensable circumstance. The meal again becomes complex. The words abruptly following one another.

But there are other factors, other voices

To explain nothing at all

Since the product must vanish, either or both of the factors must be equal to zero. Setting the first factor to zero gives the equation of a circle. The second factor gives the equation of an ellipse.

No longer is there a fabric
But merely division
At the very place once occupied
There is now fragmentation

The fact that in it
Nothing is immediate
The divide
Everything is refracted, significant,
Withdrawn.
The rendering indifferent of the material
The moment of distress in the later period

Where longing itself is changed as it plunges from the dream into appearance. Let us consider the observers moving with constant relative speed. Or consider a plane electromagnetic wave whose space-time dependence is of a particular form. The apparatus mounted on a rigid support that can be rotated about a vertical axis. That one lives in confrontation and is yet removed. The conversation. We speak to him only when all speech has ceased.

What are the words
That are spoken
Lighting the candles
Covering the eyes
The sun sinks
Voices rising
Out of the silence.

These are the generations
Every plant reaching
Its form
To each thing its name.

The work of sleep
How can we see what we no longer see