

THE LOST COLONY

Works on paper with mica, a dialogue across time:  
pregnant woman in a hotel bathroom & years  
in an endlessly dizzying repetition of interconnected computers, men with helmets,  
women, high altitude directional arrows, xerography, ultrasound, invisible ink,  
words on a television screen, woman imploring the heavens with both arms raised  
Denver, 2010

—after Dean Dass—

(in the hotel bathroom)

Finally, what you love is what your skin needs.  
What's the action? A pregnant woman,  
at 12 ½ weeks, in a hotel bathroom, at a conference, in Denver,  
high altitude directional arrows, at 10 o'clock,  
begins to bleed all over the bathroom floor,  
so much that she can't even clean it up.  
| When she gets to the ER—what's the price?—  
the entire hospital goes on security lockdown.  
| We've had multiple gunshot wounds tonight, the attractive nurse says.

~~——“Private Thomas Dooney, Troop I, arrow hole in region of stomach, thorax cut open, head  
cut off, and right shoulder cut by a tomahawk~~

One minute you feel like you're getting somewhere<sup>1</sup>  
The next, the hotel room has been entirely constructed, finally, around you.  
An attractive woman on the television screen  
(*You're lovely* she says)  
mimes a waterfall with her fingers

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<sup>1</sup>You can look right through them but you can't tell what they're thinking because the people evade their very own lives9:01 PM Sep 23rd via web from [Weymouth, MA](#) · Embed this Tweet

down her lovely glowing face.  
How would you describe the motion you see?  
Sad.  
How does it make you feel?  
Like a member of the kingdom.

The Lost Colony. (A love story)<sup>2</sup>:

This was mystifying in the extreme  
In a late chapter

~~—“Corporal Harry Mercer, Troop E, bullet hole in right axilla, region of heart, eight arrow wounds in back, right ear [cut off,] head scalped, and skull fractured, deep gashes on both legs, and throat~~

~~—“Sergeant Major Walter Kennedy, bullet hole in right temple, head cut off,~~

her complexion being fair, her eyes

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<sup>2</sup>Through which the people advance in little corpses & starchy hospital beds & plastique figurines moved around the chessboard by a little girl

blue eyes  
and her hair of a bright golden hue  
she presented a marked ~~in region of stomach~~  
immense territory [of the valley down the ridges of her spine]  
Little Raven,  
so unlike the settled and cultivated portions  
as my eye beheld it  
a face strikingly handsome  
a sharp clear blue eye  
which stared me straight in the eye when conversing  
almost bullet-proof in the eye  
What's the price? Fifty twice.  
What's the price? Very nice.  
What's the action? Satisfaction.

to so husband the powers

you could live in those white amoeba-shaped clouds  
you could almost have been born there  
you could have died in that white amniosis of noise  
before you could even so much as crawl out or be pushed  
and the children  
dressed like little landed gentry in their waistcoats pulling up weeds  
or spinning a hoop along the green  
with both hands projected skyward, arms spread  
I'm going to cum she said almost like an extension of breath  
or a gasp ~~Virginia Dare~~<sup>3</sup>  
pulled in around a small sound she was making  
in the back of her throat

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<sup>3</sup>~~Even though we're tempted by this godspace to rise~~10:41 PM Sep 19th via web from Framingham, MA·  
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## ~~CROATAN~~

This was accordingly done  
with a tree full of birds in a hotel, at a conference, in Den<sup>4</sup>

ver. After hunting Indians all summer but never finding them just  
desired Comstock a free License discover their Gold  
ing with the Blood of its Inhabitants and this  
p roperty belonging to the people of tye United States or to persons  
therewith” and that “they will never capture or carry off from the  
ous an Expedition is a *modern Colony* sent to

People

vision but

About noon the women and children  
b eing in rediness to move the Cheyennes nu,bered about two hun  
dred record the fact: such events hhave taken place before in America  
not m ore than four or five hundred signed to a common grave  
concerning this immense territory alone increases their grandeur –  
of Kansas to Fort Dodge on the Ark n sas When we saw them  
beheld their lifeless mangles remains  
to attempt to paint the sceneryas my eye beheld i t to dash  
suspecting victims we found an easy exit  
Ground Left Hand Little Bear and Little Bull  
p ony is lead beneath the platform on which body of the warrior

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<sup>4</sup>Quite simply, the people would be forgettable were it not for their painTue Sep 21 2010 19:39:53  
(CDT) via web from Framingham, MA · Embed this Tweet

rest and there strangled to death

[The baby keeps turning backflips in the tiny screen on my iphone<sup>5</sup>]

~~“Unknown, head cut off, body partially destroyed by wolves.  
in region of st —.~~

This satchel of gelatinous droplets is my default name  
a drawing of a bullet hole in an arm then an iris blossom  
some cardiovascular tissue in nineteenth century pen and ink  
a leaf, a root initiated with scientific code  
and what looks like an extinct bird. Here  
the source failed me====

[It took me an hour to find the baby's heartbeat]

~~“Unknown, head and right hand cut off,~~

a xerox of an unfolded cardboard box

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<sup>5</sup>Today I sat in the café licking MSG off my fingers & feeding chips to this animal working its mouth as I wrote this, which I find sadSun Sep 19 2010 02:34:13 (CDT) via web from Framingham, MA · Embed this Tweet

scribbled with what looks like an inventor's design  
bluebird feather in the engraved cold clay a heading  
half blurred away at the beginning  
at the edge of the engraving:

~~KIDDER MASSACRE~~

Did you know that in the hospital it costs money to turn on the tv?<sup>6</sup>  
That there's this much blood in the palace?  
Only it's not a Greek play, it's a bathroom, in Denver, at 10 o'clock,  
rising into a kind of bloodmist from the tiles,  
one minute you can't clean it up, the next it disappears.  
In one story the heartbeat is texted to my own personal screen  
*If you want to get to silence, you gotta go through song*  
*If you want to get to silence, you gotta go through song*  
*If you want to get to me, you better sing along* in one story  
all words are off  
In one all the letters in my poems turn to \$\$ signs and evaporate  
In one the enormous lips on the television screen are moving

[You trace along the screen in soft signaturessssss  
like a figure on a television screen]

blurred xeroxed closeups ~~in region of Virginia~~  
little vapor trails of careful calligraphed coils\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$salamander tails

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<sup>6</sup> This man throws up his arms/a woman screams/cut to 3<sup>rd</sup> face/a train charging head  
on/desperate piano music crashing behind the muted action  
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clearcut forest growth on a mountaintop removal site 2 years grown back  
pine forest stubble ~~are~~ clouds  
There's a special green light on a helicopter<sup>7</sup>  
that can look through your walls  
Just like the glow from this box  
looks through my eyes  
It soaks the walls of my heart in that special green light  
to the place where I might turn somersaults  
I felt like a father in a sitcom that's taken a serious turn  
*What's the price?* A dollar twice. The nurse in the ER saying  
"We're going to do an ultrasound to see what's left of what's inside of you"  
*What's the action?* The baby there on the screen inside her  
turning little somersaults and doing its other little baby stuff  
once they did the ultrasound perfectly alive

This is our New World. This being  
our Lost Colony. A window at the bottom of this page  
out of which a lost starling peers with its beaded uncloseable eyes  
I too believed the heart's purpose  
was to solve mathematical problems  
["I'm surprised you know that" the attractive woman on the television screen said to me]  
*What's the action?* That white shape spilled in miniature  
onto her belly like liquid gelatinous clouds

[You can come but you can't come inside me Those are the rules]  
~~ear cut off~~ region of \_\_\_\_\_.

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<sup>7</sup>The people have blunt features like a composite sketch or a bubble rising in cheap champagneTue  
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drifting along the imagined sky in these satchels of cloud  
Cloud bellies Air cricket, Air cricket Grass Rabbit Dare

I will befriend your tiny collapsible soaked purse  
hidden in the horizon between you and you  
That's another way of saying that the writing along her spine baffles me  
She texted an X to my own personal little screen

Unseal the indictment

When I close my eyes  
There's a tiny screen glowing and floating in my mind<sup>8</sup>    Read it  
and this makes me calm The secret  
folded-up rains  
They shall slip quite quietly through your fingers

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<sup>8</sup>The people have a camera implanted in each eye oh yeah, & they steal these tangible pictures of a world we can't reach Mon Sep 20 2010 17:57:44 (CDT) via web from Framingham, MA · Embed this Tweet

until

that woman reaches inside her piano  
to thump me on the inside of my chest by the ear  
*What's the action?* [It's so hard] That tense knot a little to the left of the chest  
slowly untying itself into the slipstream what's inside of you  
*What's the action?* Couple, enlacé  
*What's the price?* These pressure systems inside of you  
once the blood hits the bathroom floor,  
loses its reflection, evaporates

I shall ride you like a squall  
I shall collapse your tiny soaked piano  
with a dive  
until it fits inside this silken sea-purse in my tongue  
where gray matter and the rains shall commingle.  
Most likely the region of your stomach had been sealed off,  
forgiven, undeciphered, in a hotel, at a conference, in Denver.  
I trust you implicitly the way I trust a birth canal  
or the shaft of an empty service elevator

~~cro~~

Pull open the tiny red door the size of a human being  
the sliding doors open with an electronic chime Disappear<sup>9</sup>  
I too shall unseal the affliction with a long living

*Very nice*

The tiny lips on the screen move in dayglo

*What's the price?*

The enormous lips on the television screen glow as they move

They make huge words out of pixels and noise

*Very nice*

*Very nice*

The lips on the television screen were making these words:

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<sup>9</sup>You give yourself away to a deeper noise inside of them, like the score of a silent movie Mon Sep 20  
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