

5. I realized if we revoke the poem the right to immediacy of discernment, or rather, if we refuse to try to understand a poem simply because it is a poem, we require the poem to stand for more than poetry.<sup>6</sup> We ask the poem to be more than a tangle of letters and shapes. If we attempt poetics while at abstraction, then we require poetry to lead us out of the messiness of symbols and signs.<sup>7</sup>

Consider writing 100 poems without considering: the meaning of a single poem. It's worthless and confusing.<sup>8</sup> Poetry attains meaning through the clarity of its hows, whys, and whens. Poetry relies on us to make understanding of it, but first, we rely on poetry

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<sup>6</sup> 3 AM I take 536 water color paintings I made for an animation to the alley behind 3045 N Southport Ave #2. Arranging them on fire escapes I let the rains invoking 2016's flash floods fall on work until they are gone.

I don't know how to paint anymore and something about this feels fulfilling—an erasing of material also wipes away the fading lines of their maker.

<sup>7</sup> From the Northwestern pulmonology department I am running out from the appointment's bad news, coughing from another whatever, another reason, another ticking off the list as to why my body seems angry and I am speed dialing my neurologist Dr. Vogel and I am hyperventilating on a step watching the concrete, and feel a throb, strong as beating down bombs, unsure why cars passing by have my skull in so much pain. I'm crumpling on concrete outside the hospital. Inertia-velocity-impact-force-curling-squeezing-scraping-shaking-finally-metal fucking cement, sex scents of fuel & oxygen, an industrial crushing of a person, a scene I can't possibly remember *but* something in me does. Sharp quick stabbing strains strangle small, single, pause, single, pause, inhalations from broken lungs. Dr. Vogel's nurse is shouting what seems to be nonsense, and I don't know, don't understand, can't figure out just what the fuck her words are, and I hurl my phone into the street at the cars to revoke its rights, too, and change nothing.

<sup>8</sup> Receptive aphasia is a communicative disorder indicative of a disconnect between language and ideation. Words are seen but go unprocessed. Precluding the onset of this medical condition is occurrences of various problems, from stroke, tumors, congenital disorders, extending to a car hitting a bicyclist who flies 17 feet in the air, and despite wearing a helmet, breaks the fall with forehead against a concrete meridian. At least that is the origin of my case of aphasia.

However, how much ability one recovers is variable and can be limited. As my words returned from nonsense, I wanted to return to abstraction; a place I used to call home.