

Excerpt from *Coil*

Lou Pam Dick

8:17

If to start one step ahead, wrong step, the **nix** is a beginning. I wore my stairs around my neck, **therefore** I choke. Please be legible. What time is it? The door keeps opening. My *protector* gets all wet. I shout, I am my bodyguard! I whisper it inside me. Bare the neck of the child traitor: Edmund. A snow descends. **This** can't get any air now. Red outside, white inside. A black edge to finger, balance on. The fingertip (index **of name**) is split and flapping open. It moves, while chirping indicates a sewing. Secret stitches: red. My *bodyguard* heats up. I shout, I am my lifeguard! I whisper it beside me. Orange to fold into. Light and shadow cut across the things, deform them. To be slathered onto the world, its **convolution of shocks**, nicks, springs. Why won't my hand obey me and be legible? Its lines break. It isn't night, it's day. The rise/ruse of meanings. Please take your hand out of my book. The writing *is* the being or becoming. The life without, detritus. Or that same candy bar wrapper, flapping through: a Betwixt bar. **Two as oneness**. A blackness in your neck. What flickers into nature. The hearing on the grass. A numeral 3. When very slowly. Liquids pouring out of everything. Not a blood envelope, nor a phlegm envelope, nor a yellow bile envelope, but an ink black one. Full of messages. The recurrences. We float inside our liquids or we are them. What Ed dripped onto his paper sheets. He is my seventh-grade boyfriend, Johnnie. I am Johnnie; I have small hazel eyes, dark blond straight hair, small bronze boy nipples, a small slim body. I am St. Johnnie the Small (for God), until I become Edouard Ton Petit, with little mountains. Women have bald spots visible from the view from above. My hair is thinning and falling out like a man's or woman's. The vortex, swirl, at the back of my head. It's **vexatious**. Their fontanel, my whirlpool. A pale blankness of meaning at the center. There is no ground, but there is sky. There are no feet, but there is crown. Skull cap, pen cap. When it does not become language, and the plants are drooping. I smelled the other world, and it unearthed me. Dark twin earth, its evil twin. A jejune frankness plays both sides now. Not the shiny pen that could play Ed Rusher if not the Stalker. The island in the sea, seen from above. Or to possess your own solitary island. Floating in the **oceanic** language. Seen from above, a map, a pattern; seen from within, an amp, a clatter. Or a lung flap. My chest *protector* is a flapper. The things become too moist and shred, turn useless. To be above or slightly to the side. My body muffled in black and blue. White feet of floating saints. Or yesterday's lead legs when running away from the asylum. *This* is the motion in stillness. Girls should sit with their logos crossed. Now picture the blue Erector Set. Its red case. **Or** green manuscript with pink illuminations. Ashes died and had to be buried. Birds bark and dogs chirp. I was a dog-bird once, when I was Mina the prodigal daughter, **but these aspects weren't recognized**. Return to that or **swipe** it. Heat under skin. My perpetual burning, sweating. Johnnie the Humid Torch. Hell as an internal onesie. Or what your metal skeleton can do to you. Why the thoughts hang off you, flaccid thought skins. Forehead skins. A pelt as place to hide inside or pelt the world **from/with**. See stoning. Or the black smooth one, shape of seal, except it had some tiny scratches. Your fate took another place. That was before this. Heresy or tower. After fall down or out, unwrite. *Unground* of Boehme **the Bohemian**. Mercury of rhapsody. Clinical, unsanitary. Sanctity of titties. Free the hair, **a shock**. Do not repeat that? The words keep flowing from my nostrils, like the vapor of bold horses. Anaximenes, Anaximander: pre-secretions. Plato rode them. I have no doubt that there is spirit. Therefore to be spirited away like a Japanese animated movie is a good. Or some *apeiron* suture. Whaddup, stitches? Orange tones layer up. The back of my neck/beak exposed to the elements of Euclid. They seek safety in white mechanisms, numbers. I deny the poem as machine, say it is a

current. Electricity of fluidity **producing** sparks. (*Electricity of God*, or I am an *Electricity girl*, or *Electracity of you rip PDs or Sufferglees*.) I am not interested in mechanical parts or how they fit together. Paint is fluid, ink is fluid. Once they called me Vincent of Go, or Her of St. Victor, or *einfaeh Herlderlin*. I will cut off my left ear when I can't **bear** its ringing anymore. In fact, I already depicted it in an incomplete painting which was meaning as abstracting. **Fracture**. My *secret* name is ineffable, though; I wear it under my crotch. Clothe yourself in white or blue or thought stripes. Some rise and some turn sideways. Not above, nor below, but off to the outskirts of side dishes. Yet truth was an ascendant. Or is it no longer the vertical, rather the marginal/*gutteral*? Detachment wrinkles the hand. Long fingernails and toenails need slip covers, but I still wear them to honor Holden Nils, just one of my **small blond** boyfriends here. Paint under, not over, the nails. Manny PD: a little big man. **A girl cuticle**. I know too much, I am eight years old, I am smiling under my bangs, I am a mischievous smarty-pants, and Mama photographs me. Or else Papa does, while Mama sheds her cleanliness, her prefix. Her smile fell down and broke its shoulder. Do not let the violet sadness flower, beep.

10:28

Between hither and thither. Running yourself into bricks: how the red **could** tattoo you. Putting on your skin in the morning. It has grown baggy, misshapen. Preparing to join the vagrants in the park, not the lost park/childhood, but its darker twin, east of Eden. Is there more than one mountain, peak? Your thoughts become a sex mob, flow job. The paper unable to absorb all the liquidity, or else it stains it. **Therefore** blot it. Inking, marking, snacking. Like Gus of Painting (who, like Plato, loved horses platonically), **not Gus the Saint (who, like Plotinus, loved the One)**. Spraying language over everything? No, world gushes out through hose of language. I eschewed lingerie, but I chewed on lingering. Buster Keaton doing Bartleby. Still, a coiled form, like a snake, might dart its tongue and know things. Coil = girl + boy + speed of light as current. Moving between here and there, between tower and asylum (what was *its* architecture?). Fascination with the forms of buildings yet not/**not yet** systems. Her liquid romanticism. The relation of liquid and vapor. Solidity is *ganx* uninteresting. Fissure, paper, cock. Suture, paper, crack. Don't play *that* pubic game again! I have tics, I have old lie disease. Wearing a childhood that leaves your wrinkled inner forearms exposed. Shredding middle-aged for everywhere. A feral child, an immature old lady. The curled bag lady you keep seeing, who is eyeing you. Her line humbles your dissembling, quells your thumb's drive. This will inevitably lead to that. Reductive, not deductive. Nor seductive. Is that also a tower? The tower of heresy. Of hairy seeing: Gus's conversion. Or the other Gus, or Ludwig. The conversion narratives compel me, but they aren't narratives, they're aspect **shifts**, or if your eyes fell out, and then you touched things. Once upon a time, I had one. It's my secret, I am wearing it as a there-shirt, under my here-robe. It isn't quite a bathing suit, although the sea of air allures me. Then my top, a sort of black bandage, came down, and my **breast saucers** were in the elements. My friend today is Carl Seelink, aka Clink. The clink is also the cell, aka the slammer. The little house was moved to the country, like a mad writer to an asylum: is that my perfected future? The dishonesty of repetition versus the truth of variation, or the honesty of repetition versus the myth of pure invention. The *lie* is how there's functioning. One brick red tower, one dark red tower. Fire, blood? Don't think about yourself as a roaming Ziploc snack bag filled with **two-toned** liquid. But without liquidity, there's only death. The structure (bone, muscle, nerve, vessel) not availing. Electric liquidity **prevailing, unveiling**. It could inhabit another form. So *can* machines think? But it needs consciousness, sensation. My sensational yellow journal to Maeve's **hysterical** red novel. May + Eve = Maeve, as in Maeve Rocker. She is the queen of the fairy kingdom, with the king, her husband,

Ernest Yonder. (All the mad ones such as Hölder need their serious *protectors*. Who protects the hunched old lady?) Or your ear's nest, how it's nesting in your room. How the birds of sounds grow up in it. A tower in the ear is said by rain. Or how it grows, becomes fleshy, gross, revolting. Like Ed Atkins's. His shaved head, skinhead pathos, and his liquids, seeming queerness. He didn't know or hear things. Various cocks I'd like to slide on but keep out of me. Their quivering urgency, their pre- come, their angled rigor. Versus flowing, coursing errancy. My exposed head, no longer protected by my shocklocks or my helmet. She and I have helmets. She is a child queen, except she is much older and my Mama. No. She is a virgin queen, despite whatever enters her. Nevertheless peace is elusive, not a conqueror. So her name is **soluble**. The fear hairs, the few left on the skull, or a shapeless rug flung across it. But it grows from it. Still, it is time to reread the *other* man and to varnish/cherish him. Versus enamel finger painting, its lucid smoothness. Or the nails **again**. A tightness in my underchest (she wrote *overbra!*) from anxiety, regret, or a superabundant surging up of liquids. They were stains, and spilled over into each other, and got called *female*. The girl awakening to find herself *verwandelt* into an off-white stain on the sheet. Of some dubious night-time liquid. A god-shaped pool? A holy pool? A girl-shaped puddle. Therefore it is I, not my brother reading Franz. In fact, this time, I have no brothers. I have said everything I would ever need to say about brothers and etc., yet I keep inking, speaking in pings (if I'm using my Hermès **2001** or my Underworld **222** and not my Japanese red or Japanese black pen. My method is a secrecy.) My compulsive obsessive disorder (a cod piece) keeps making clangs, pings, gongs. **Like** Henri! His plangent slices. There are some with whom I will never be done. The free-form swings its arm. Last night's noise was Japanese no wave/free jazz in Martian-style asylum! Form as liquidity, not liquidity as formless. A formalist infusion. What is the form of truth? The formlessness of Godhead? Rethink the designs of stains, of coil spills. Don't be coy; be coil. A hank like Hank Errant (**homing hero**) or a spiral backnote? Not daxophone or dictaphone, but **helixphone**. One day I shall turn leaf, though. And aloof.

11:22

She scratched my rock, my black rock, my oblong seal rock, my fingerling, do not scratch me! Back then I was a seal, and then my feet were, they were shiny, sleek and black, shy but not unfriendly, magical creatures in the water. Or my sleek smooth small black head and large dark eyes and pronounced snout. Or the seven seals, Bergman and the apocalypse. Or my lips are sealed, so I am a seal on the go-go. They are quiet and inviolate. While Nola (**unless Nuala pronounced Newla**) is my *protector*. Once she was a bear and I was a Japanese girl that balanced on her big warm paw as she lay on her back, holding me up, inside our slowly unfurling, **glowing** scroll.

8:02

Clipped cord, interruption of connection. Movement of the blue sphere of head. (Cobalt or cerulean.) Vibration's space cap. Fitting in to a pre-determined space or making one. Removal of a grid. The rumblings at various frequencies. Whistle of the bird work. A gap a cat could fit through. White dots on orange square, increasing in size while rising. A foreign language wafts leftward. Words hang down from the balcony. Lines transect a void. Could you write from joy again? I am a black seal, I am shiny! A tall man's calves. One nuzzled a teat. The black sheep not metaphorical, it's little. Horse in facemask. **Blue** and **yellow** walk together across a street. Humans cannot bear the brightness. A hot sweat of the spirit, from the inside. One way street walker. Closely shaved head. Hands that **dangle** out of shirt sleeves. A sleeve tattoo could be a form of knight's election. Flowers

or higher powers. Not to be burned at the stake, despite my clairvoyance, cross-dressing. A woman limps. The mechanical is close to the organic, biological. All the girls with bangs. Reunion with the deer/dead found in a dream. I dyed my hair yellow **with** black roots. I didn't dye it, I will never dye it, I am too lazy. Also the school blackboard that was my governess/nurse told me not to. It was God who dyed it. To be a vagabond for God. To **be St. John the Small** or a book lady. But the word *lady* is repulsive, unless appliquéd to **Nola**, my *protector*. I was planning **to become** a small bent Chinese man in my old age, **now the something will not let me**. There's no *permission* to be joyous, but there is an *obligation*. Contradiction! Violet trickles down, green spurts up. The one who sang of birds on a wire warbled close to here. He was a cone named Lionel. No, I am a coil named Lionel! Death gently fingering the petals, their pale whitish-yellow. A certain coldness could keep you away. Or the dualism of the language of some horror stories. Being *tested* in your youth with Rorschach inkblots, for precocious signs of insanity. No thought is now writing me. Once, a doll's house offered tiny boxes of dry cereal, tiny desk lamps, tiny **carpets**. To be a building versus to be the humans in it. I do not feel human. I was a building once. I was two buildings. They were Modernist. Red and pink **pieces of** cardboard also fit into each other to create a temporary dwelling, as if for all the immigrants. The childhood is more real than the adulthood now. I slipped through a fissure in the now-plane, went to another now-point. All times exist at once as **plies**. **They're** stains, are layering? The most complicated colors. That lady painter and her husband painter. He philosophized, she **stained** things, they said. My left hand has been amputated. I lived halfway in a fairy tale that ran with colors. Please reread that. There were always two companions, now there are two companions. Like the two birds here. My eyes hurt from trying. My eyebrows hurt from forgetting. Metallic planes clang, and the flock streaks. Nervousness stalks me. My stalks waver, I am growing up nervous. I did not grow up, I grew sideways. Now I am a blotchy manuscript illumination on the world book of God. I am a marginal doodle, offering no deeper insight, no pointed instruction. I am a coil, looping around in a Beatus manuscript, or some other. I would like to be blessed for my design, my special formal properties. Is such innocence permitted? People laugh at me or they disdain me, I accept that. Can an experienced girl still be a holy fool? I **grow sidelong** more foolish every day. I forget things. I no longer understand things. When I replace my parabolic watchman's cap with my conical dunce cap, God will select me. He will click on me to give **select's erection**. Foolscap is a kind of paper that's stained with a liquid mark in the form of a dunce cap. My name is Johnnie/Lou Marker. My folio remains inviolate, unshown.

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10:10

It was the yellow-green of light, **the** beacon. Now I am deinstitutionalized. The hydraulic lift of my ladder is still sleeping. The climb into Plotinus. He was small, black and green, his corner folded just like mine. An organ opens. What to make of the flow of mental traffic. The speed bumps in my way, my oath. They said route, I said truth. A shiny black fly on the edge of the phenomena. A phenomenal array that is a clothesline **with wet adjectives**. **Interchange of** sensitive or bodily currents as epiphany. With Hölder, Ed, Eva, Nola, or etc. The **sideways** slant of my attention, its indecency. Or diagonal unguent. Coils lighting up now, sparking hot! The back of **your** head flames, and the back of **your** neck flames, and there *is* no past.

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10:20

Noise that slices through. Why are they always cutting things? I removed my nylon sheath, my prophylactic garment, my nervous system's condom. I said it before (I have said everything before): the sole worthy system is the nervous one. Orange cube of the past stood on the other side. I could no longer fit/feel into it. It wore a white yarmulke and a white mouth guard. A tall man such as my father went into it to drive it. It **stands for** ancient fluids, obsolete ways of maneuvering. A dulcet clanging lies at my feet, its paws extended. I am alone; others have company, but I have this constant ringing **on the left of me**. To jam something into the ear or to be fucked there. I said this in *The Prodigal Daughter, aka Parabola*. Is the One too small for me to fit my current **swollen** head into? It's time for another tonguing. I learned to play the clarinet so I could become **a moat's art named Wolfgang**, then I turned into a lacy crown **named Steve**. **Some number** is a black code on a yellow dickey. Yellow appears everywhere; it is *the essential*. The black arrow points down on the mountain, as if to say descend first. But the icon is a combination of spread thighs, sharp cock. I am a hermaphrodite, my name is Hervé Rocket, that is quasi-sonic, I am not a quiet writer. A rocket combines the shaft and head with the slit, goes beyond mere distaff. Lack of testicles a boon. If I were lying with my legs spread and my small penis erect, upward on my belly, it would look exactly like this arrow with its base of pronged tail (**snake's tongue**) on my dark Plotinus book. Is he my green/black mentor? Is he empty or a mountain? The mentor is the shaft between the head and the tail: >mentor>. **Flames are arrows**. Fire of iteration at the back of my neck, the **groundwork** of my skull. **Heraclitus says the origin is fire**. The vulnerability I always try to protect there: it is a heat. I am a new American library or a unity in Montreal at the disloyal collection. A free mangirl translates the Vorsokratiker, I am a post-Socratic fragment **unless a thread dipped in unguent, a yarn dipped in tallow, Descartes' wax flowing into this, but** now it is time, again, for Søren Kierkegaard, and this little book was first printed when I was about to become one of the One. My rightness is not reserved, my writing is copying, and my essence is a dubbing/doubling, **enhancing bootbling, sequins of sequences**, and the essential is the return, the greatest pleasure, and my father's signet ring is the one I kiss repeatedly (*he* is my mentor, but I am the mentality of my mind), he is Barnabas and I am Antigonix, I am a non-representational treatise or set/series of treatises from the unneeded, and my *protector's* name is Nola, but she still lets my neck burn. Now it's time to bare my arms.

11:01

The park across the way is Unedenic, not the twined square nor the washed square, not la jeune minx, but it is the set of **singletons, idiolectical** azures that are soaring, and I **hover** at its edge, not inside it, but slightly higher and observing.

Men's voices enter me, and it does not hurt for once. They reposition their metal pipes, their metal structures. A **lost** language arises in bursts. Do not let the beauty burn you so it hurts. Must I *still* protect myself?

9:17

It waits and waits, then it erupts. Why can't I *see* things? The feeling of inadequacy is furred. Something **judging** me. Yesterday's blond man, facial stubble but small puffy Jesus tits on his husky chest. The joy of playful Carl. An emptiness billows out. The whole Erector Set unpurchased. The structure (web of nodes) tearing from my **anxious** fingers/figures. Harlot's web, **but** the *true* madness was a lack of phonic wordplay. This is a lie which I pasted to my yellowed belly. No label means the

self does not create itself. Against German Romanticism's circle, her mad romanticism's coil. **Its** abject errancy. A stem of cell. A lie and a sadness. Madness wandering, unable even to specify a foodstuff. The phantom of the 1001 plateaus. Take apart the cheaper structure. My backward glance against the wall. Where is my breast plate when the bullet points are shot at me with their uncanny powers? I dress up like a *bodyguard*, a detail of security, but all is thin, uncertain, even the shadows tremble with fear. The past flattens me, and the fissure in my chest organ oozes lava, pre-come, spit.

My life as shining veil over abyss.

My notebook slaps me.

2:04

A bent light vibrates. What sticks the ivory pages: a mistake. As if a stem. Colored spheres coalesce. My bare arms get held back. A little girl sobs. The information a dissimulation. Thoughts cluster under roaring militancy. The bursting thought balloon. Inside the void, a hallway. Cornered subjectivity. A girl is causal, claustral. Thought of the German collar turned up. The names crawl across the higher plane, individualism flowing under, at different speeds. Perched in the childhood chair (orange and silver) over the *Unground*. Intensity frays the crotch. A collection felt stifling. Incompleteness of how you demand to be left off the list. Then mathematics haunts you. A curved, knobby spine in off-white vulnerability. Obscuring the sign with foliage. Why can't this expose the meanings? An improvisation droops. Green, red, yellow, white. **Green** time skirts the crystalline. The voices coil around. Inside the blossom of sexuality. Pale yellow stain on green of newness. I felt *unglaublich*. A secondary sex character spills over/ into, like a language. The hair stands up when it ends. Parisian breasts are pastries that have spoken. **Streetsmart Sainte-Catherine** whirled away the time through **paraphilosophy**. What does *cat* say? Chantal Akerman called me feline in a hallway once. A **calico cat or fabric** lay on its side, extending **holy** pauses. Let the nib gently touch the rectangle, the silver annotate the black. Without the rose of lining. Or the ruse of living. A one-piece philosophy that was called a leaper. To read would be less vacuous. The cables cross in perpendiculars but also in diagonals. Parallelism in Spinoza, parabola in yourself. To philosophize **through a surface**. A false frontality around my neck, a falsely thrusting forwardness. To choke or hang yourself (with hanky pain key). What is absent from your truth-shirt. The truth/death that still pursues me. Truth as dybbuk? **Haunt, honte. Frank shame of -phone's translation.** While the abstractions do not make it past the **ants** today. All instants of writing are antsy twilights, *pure* night or day stays silent. Transvaluation of tones' chest valves. Or a vulva drawing. **Though** St. Paul Klee could teach me now, or Sir Josef Albers. **Then** my disheveled alp hair plays shallow ditties, and Hermes von der Alb was an **otherlocus**. Is the being collared by a new German girl a sign of **former** Inga? Or is the new Eva/life still a possible value of the x? Arranged domain. What doesn't function as connective tissue falters. All the nodes as if a net, but I still say the form of spiral. Looping forward or around. Or gagging on one's ending. Once I wrote *The Folie of My Marker*, but I wasn't truly mad yet.

7:05

Lost an hour to the dream of a man in a movie masturbating (in his pants), then full erection (still in pants) aims at camera, about to ejaculate onto lens, I woke up, climax. In real life a woman

performer on a stage: a dancer. What? There is a different bird near me. No, it's gone now. It was a dusty brown dove, I moved slowly so as not to frighten it into flight, but the erection scared it off. I lost the dawn hour, is the day ruined for me? Yesterday was meant to be Chinese and natural, how the painted ones retreat to cubes on mountains, but it became about the viscous physicality of paint, dissolution of the safely human in the Austrian **alien**, all is tactile energy, and how the colors splat, dissolve you. Yellow, pale green, ochre, rose, dark purple, a scratch or two of black. What is a body? The normal modes of being, communication now repulse me. I became dirty in my lubricants and boisterousness, my upbeat words and **handwriting jobs**. I want to find another language, quit my joking. A black vertical semi-circle strolls down a street. The world gets delivered in black and grey, with pink Latin tying its hair back. That assertion is stupid, meaningless. How to become truthful again? The sunlight hits the window down the block, reflects and blinds my eyes. My day is now posthumous, with **precocity**.

7:27

Could you raise the world in a New York minute, or does God raise it in the **blurred out Instant**? I spent 40 seconds in the desert, being flooded with lights or doubts or human temptations. I keep trying to become like the others, but I think I am not human **anymore, I am parahuman**. The downstairs dry cleaners today made their car into a silver lining in the blackness: how is that possible? There is so much I don't understand. Prince Myshkin minus the **constant, beautiful** compassion is just a klutzy idiot. Return to the idiocosm? I am not in the mystical stage because of lacking the divine charity, the prerequisite. A woman was begging for meaning, I shook my head before she had even finished her question, I felt her disgust, I am disgusting, while she is still a hungering. Therefore God subtracted his shimmering, tactile, painted Austrian epiphany from me. A band of grey, a band of green, a band of lit-up pink, a band of baby blue that emptiness might **reel**. Too much sensation and not enough thought can kill a girl. But mostly they're killed differently. Do not be at the address of that, you aren't worthy of it either. But is my truth mere fantasy? Trash and voidville *sans* connections, glowing separately. Then a new banner of pink meaning, **a hanging signcloth**. Now paint the leaves of yellow particles. I am trying to ampersand yet to withstand, to sidestep almost everything.

7:10

If to burn in fingers.

How the yellow goes too far, then it must inch backwards.

The birds all on one side now, with the singing. While my eyes blur.

Do not look down into the void/abyss you border.

Men's shorts/shouts do not stop time.

Too late for quiet.

White moon against pink cloud, blue sky was cancelled.

Putting on, then taking off the vision.

Curling your back.

The birds **as** apex, not foundation.

Or the roof is the foundation. Of God's mouth.

Willful one-sidedness of my approach, when the truth must be two-sided. Or n-sided?

Rhythm of larger containers among the smaller.

Blueness grows. An olive man as manuscript illumination.

Exposing yourself with one tit and a foreign language.

Last night's dream of the building (an auditorium) shaking, about to collapse, and you had to get out, climb out, but then as if through a window in an adjacent building, and an Eastern European or Slavic little blond boy was helping you, telling you how. (Your body an enigma, hindrance, **an** unusable.) Fear, and looking back toward the trembling building.

You cannot *acquire* the Holy Ghost, take it in your hands. It has to take you.

Liquid trash conditions adjacent to me, in droplets: they splash onto me.

I meant truth conditions.

The cries of birds indescribable **in adjectives**.

The tree across the street, with its naked body diagonal, leaning over the street.

German birds line up on the scuffed matte blackboard of the cornice. They chirp, *Ungrund!*

Underground lockers for implorers only. Or was that the ground floor? Many corridors infect/infect a schoolgirl.

Write the *other* dream, the new revelation. But that would be to miss the brown leaves falling.

The clouds like diagrams, to show topologies. But I am **nowhere with** geometry.

Through the window's **stitches**, its slit screen, I see the surface called *the world*.

