

THE POSSIBILITY OF A CHARTED COURSE IS THE POSSIBILITY OF REPETITION
AND RETURN



ports of call
3 pronged port
we plug voyces in and begin to sing

Aeneas exits the long commercial strip with the scent of his ancestors on his berd. There is always some sign in front of the sun. Aeneas sets to the breakers, sets keel into the opening of the bay, wind jamming the tillers. We feel the motion, but only in the sense of the circuit. The ship prepares to leave dock, to float from the surfys of the saytelite. The berd operating here as an epithet, the name that purchases. Down between the ships, a collection of labor amasses, alongside shreds, of hair, paper. Aeneas assembls. Shoes, spearheads, packaging, cereal. This is amid crafts or between lands which meant the same thing, the whistles already blowing.

thistles the horned
pencil
shards circuit

rises on all
roses Aeneas
from fireside

aship
abundance
foam of days

paths are lunges
gathered
and sculpted

array
arrow
dot and line

This map of iterations is no more a marked surfys, but rather the luscent screan hung before each port. The arrivals are no more marked in ink, but rather arrayed in leight. Aeneas sits with spools of Briseis' hair, hereooms gathered and transported from the detritus of the Trojan saytelite. Aeneas, still below deck, entertains the holograph, the shreds that amass epithets—Luxemborg, the Cibyl. She arrives to tell him of the danger of gravitational boundaries, which exist and pull—obstacles for capital to overcome. Where our vision is always obstructed, vision is obvious. A circuit must be charted to be felt as circuitous. Given our blurred vision, it does not matter whether latency or potency is the term of departure. Aeneas still weeps. In any event, a circuit always returns to its origin; it is in circulation where we perform a scattering, where Briseis' hair, taken up by the vacuum, does not return to constitute a new head, but settles down in all manner of fields and patches. The surfys recedes and the trophée is lost. Aeneas orders the screan of this port to be shorn, but now from its array, there is a projection—a lynx manifest, the animal of great wisdom, knowen to be able to pass through screanes and swim through the poisins of datum. The freighter rushes back at this screan, but the lynx is already disappeared.

processions enter
only so to
recurr

processions enter
only by
foot

We land upon a nearby saytellite, which is yet another hostile surfys, but one sparsely populated. In the search after minerals and plant fibre, we scatter, Luxemborg, the Cibyl, ever goading us. “If by recurring instances, you intend, ‘I have lost a life...I have started from the last checkpoint.’ Beware that there remain horses in the nearby fields. It is for war that horses are caparisoned.” We have come upon this world and it is shaped as a ring. Birds flock about the moored ships. We must sneeze in the act of exploration, by which I mean that exploration extends our bodily fluids into an emergent order. Of all that we describe, there are always so many vistas. That is, hollow. We send a probe, about the size of a honde, ahead of our wanderings to process the surroundings: the waves lap against a shore that are to this probe only so many flasshing numbers. As the probe functions, it seems to sing—a churning of current

grazing screens
chant at the
parallel

plural
arrived at by
disjunctive circulation

Aeneas departs our company for the three days we remain upon this surfys. There are so many plateaux. We pass the time in games and telling tales—of this ring shaped world, which flasshed in our sky every third month, and upon which we now temporarily scatter, and of Aeneas’ occupations on its surfys. As it is said, there are cyborgs on this surfys. We tell of Scella, who reaches out at sailors with pulsating strands and, once attached, these sailors form a grid through which messages pass. We tell of Atna, who is a perpetually dissolving body in shallow currents. Aeneas returns and we journey back to the ship, the *Kaerlud*, tragen the heaps collected from our acts of primitive accumulation, the horses still indifferently grazing. The probe sputters, “All...alll,” gazing at the multiplications of waves, lipsing. Aeneas does not yet speke, but carries behind him a frothing orb, something encased in glass and enshrined in burlap, and from which leaks wyres. We say among ourselves that Aeneas has captured the lynx on this surfys.

route
many gliosis
riggings of felucca

spurr
to protrusion
tracings in ground

singed Orfeo on
butte on
craters

Every song of ascent begins and ends with a coming to terms of the contingent possibility of vision. The freighter departs from yet another surfys, a host of minerals clinging to the underbelly, shimmering to those hostile eyen still on the saytelite as a many faced rubey. Our flight is impelled by ruinnation, but undergirded by the logic of circuits.

Beyond the blast shield, lie great saytelites for settlement and mineral extraction, and we can only but wander towards them. Each saytelite in this system—covered with the same such caparisoned horses and hostile eyen. We prepare for divination and a hibernating cycle. Aeneas kneels at the navigation module, throwing three sticks at a toss, recording their falling patterns, and repeating until sufficient coordinates have been generated.

mizzenmast
serrates
void

vibrate
basilic
at each wend

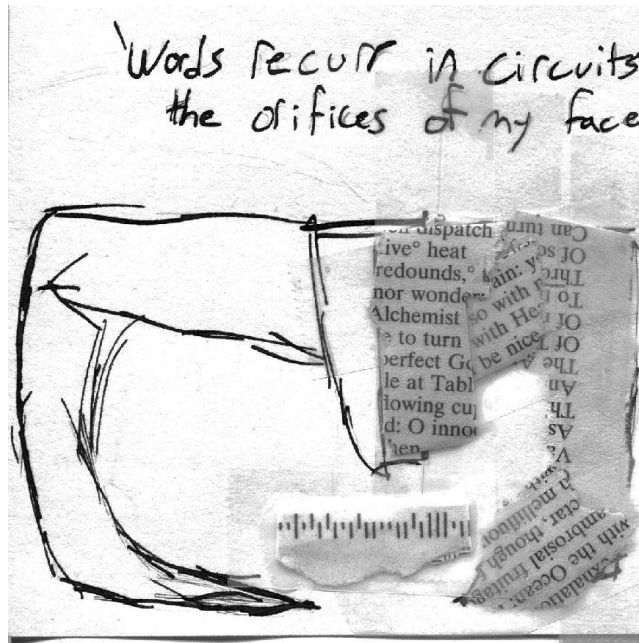
mendicity path
holt
and waver

sabaton
decorated
tailing

He inserts the recording tablet into the module and in the moment of computation both bodies illuminate in harmonious tones, Aeneas giving off luscent tears and the module weyping orbic sparks. As the ship shuttles, we settle into our hibernation pods, each a glass encasement, a nowd in circuitry riveting the cavernous chamber, this slumber labyrinth within our ship. For this time, we are enfleshed with a new and different medium, a floating amniosis.

We wake up with ankles bound to the legs. Immediately, our encasements are leaking and we are surrounded by breath. Rising up from this cavern belowship, we peer. Rubey fills each porthole and display screan. Our hondes press against these surfyses to feel the texture of this saytelite. Aeneas announces that we will soon descend.

a cupola
risen dom
Orfeo singes on



So Aeneas speaks to us through grating...Those of us that exited the freighter linger in erratic paths. This, our first time on the surfys of the saytelite, and we rapidly tear the ferns from the ground so as to weave a fibre on which to inschreib. We spread out in array, plucking, and lose each other to sight, though remaining in pattern. We pluck until we reach the side of the fosse, an acanthus cavern. There are a variety of billboards scattered along this edge, each emitting both a leight and tone—as if speking and looking.

When we retreat, the scattering of billboards forms a circule—at the center, the crumbling wall of the Originary. The Originary is a space of ritual significance; having been built for an organized exertion of measured activity, it is left to crumble at the close of the ritual cycle. We had already forgotten what brought us to this surfys.

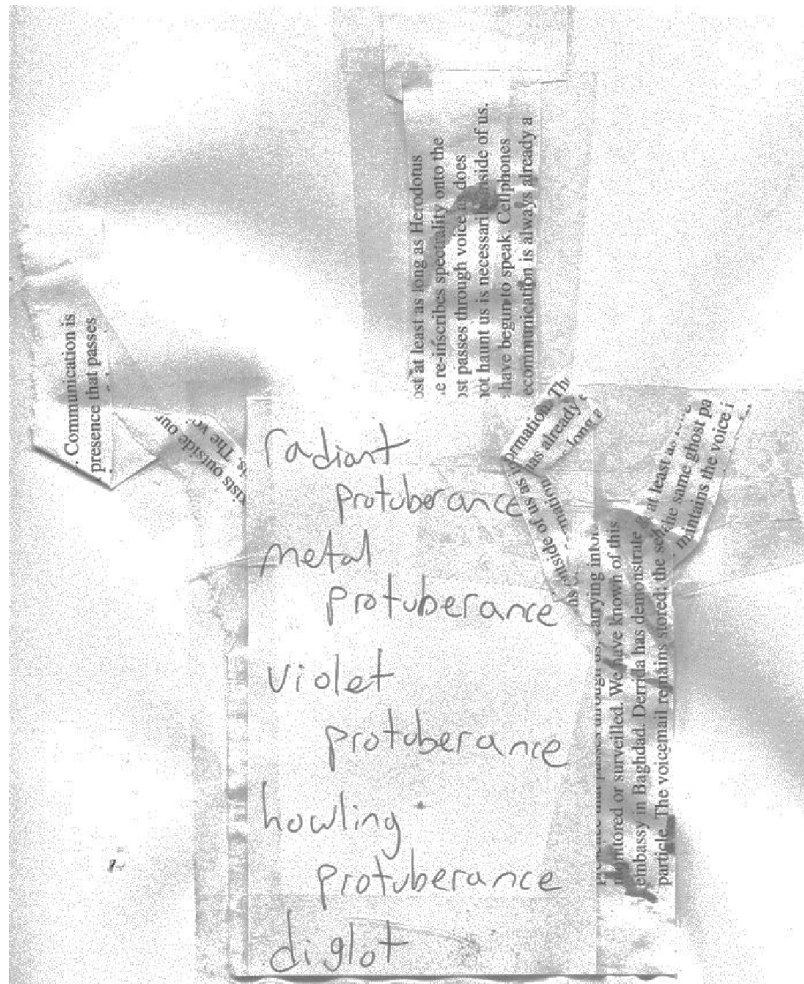
Every billboard that hums at us...we write on plant fibre, “We name as billboards the small rooms that we enter into as we pass along the roadway, to and from the fosse, on the surfys of this saytelite. These are always memories of a dislodged orifice, a separation now forgotten, rearranged into territories. The leight cast through this fuzzy grating...And those of us that have entered the billboards report of seeing bodiless figures, chanting a preyer that sounds like a sparking current. From the proscribed distance of observation, each hums alike.”

What else we write into our journals: the location of each billboard-room, a transcription of the tune emitting therewith, the names left plastered on the hull of the freighter, each a destination or an avoidance, the potential motions and significances of the activities held within the crumbling Originary, how we spend our days, erraticisms, and replicas of formations of the craters. Aeneas, the elect wanderer, returns now from the other side of the fosse, bearing a wyre.

ruins advance
this is skin that is
ruinous

darts to heave
 both leight and curling
 into expense

Around the moored ship, Aeneas plans a garden. In this given plot, we isolate the extended artifice—the prow rising from turf, a cable parabolic—as the centerpiece, and so we mark out the base of the fountain. That which gestures at intention needs only to be composed of stones. Aeneas descends into the ship and returns. The cable, we extend—interrupt this crumbling interface; the copper fades into strands imperceptible. The process of construction is ever a process of excavation. In this given plot, we find a chair, a picture of a chair, and a description of a chair, all arranged in a circle. As it is said, the fountain would be an act of utterance.



The lynx vibrates now from its haunches when it paces in the gally of screanes. The lynx dictates the layout of shrubs, paths, and terraces into folie. That is, what intersects is incommensurate. Aeneas has his ere nibbled by the lynx, his own mouth then resounding with the vibrations.

where they prick
pattern
pattern

s + c + v
reignition from the carbons
dance at scarring

To combine the appropriate minerals, to arrange them in serration—Luxemborg, the Cibyl, arrives on flickering chaar, her horses shining with inlaid circuitry. Aeneas has led us to this saytelite to procure such minerals as to sustain the Cibyl, the network and the map. Her holograph fades now and today she appears only as a running code, born by chaar, but without form. As it is said, “Le mort saisit le vif!” She instructs us to prepare anew each night the appropriate mix for a libation: a honeyed syrup that the freighter gives off, the hairs which we are to shave each day, and clippings from the surrounding brush. We burn this each night and array around in chorale pattern to join song to the leight. The billboards rise in volume.

each bridge to its
breach
this use and valus of speche

fortitudinous shepherd
arise
let fly the darte fro hert to eyen

scape of cyber
erodes
patching crater defoliate diodes

inschreibchen tumbled
backward
trade summons vibrations into word

to tell these
joining
when I know I sleep under awning

We hope to soon expand the roadway, which now reaches from the fosse to the garden, into the desert, in pursuit of the Cibyl’s speche, which tells of a gaping into the ground and bursting forests. At the fountain, the springing mane of the Cibyl’s horse flares in barometry. With these, we speke not of opposites, but of dialectics—each is the pattern of droplets breaching surfys, a mirror not of one another, but of the shapes of sublunary caves. What precedes these, but the process of unweeping? unprayer? Aeneas considers the mane he grips in his hond. The horse advances. As it is said, weeping gave time its arrow, and we wished to hold the arrow in place, not in the bow, but in the state of being made into an arrow.

perce downward
and echo—stray
stray sight of caves

After we complete this song, the residue of libations lightly glowing across the surfys, Aeneas tells of how he once captured the lynx, the animal in the ship's gally. "I come across the lynx in a heavily wooded area, between seas, the furred tail upon vacuum. I first enter into the area hearing lynx-purr and smelling the beast's effusions interlaced with tar smell. Those grey stone-posts...from which hangs the tires melted into effigy...This all takes place in the ruins of the longpast incursion against the Ephesians, who have the ritual of crafting monuments in tar, always melting and so always in need of restoking and so always in a state of vibration and difference. I look for the greatest of alters, those the Cıbyl speaks of—that the Ephesians have on their saytelite a source of ever flowing datum, contained in one body and this marked by the great alter. Passing through the smell of tar, I come upon the lynx. And the lynx is mostly a man, but with devices strapped to him. I cannot fully assess their fixity. I compel myself to set down this moment in a burst of song, calling the land around my speche, 'The Territory of the Lynx.' The lynx is present as the breath and fades fast, the breath into breathlessness, the lynx to its expansive forests. I pursue him by calling out, making of my extended breath a net..."

Next we come upon the river Garonne, lying thick like a touch-screan, and yes it is a river of images, a string of code. We chart the land surrounding the garden in hexagonal quadrants in anticipation of construction. At the sight of the river, a shipman among us dives in among the strands of code, returning to the surfys ful of datum, so that he bloats—with strands of yellow grime streaming from his orifices. He spekes now of an exegetical crossing, of another river and into another territory. “We crossed over into Delphi. We were on our way to consult the oracle Pythia.

“Now, as often as anything untoward was about to happen to our people or our neighbors, the priestess of Athena would grow a great beard. So it happened and so we knew we were to receive a prophecy—or, a reading of the present, parsed with binaries, which is the flipping of the coyn onto a plant fibre textile, marked by design and shape, the flippings of which, both the upward facing mark of the coyn, an alloyed mettle with visage opposing headdress, as well as the position in which the coyn rests on textile, are described by the oracle as she sings. The song is a song of Athena’s disintegration, the crumbling of all that constitutes this city, which were all those of an ‘assembly of chaar and wagon’, those of ‘more than formal liturgies or laws’. Delphi was a city and a glowing conglomeration of box shaped buildings, each with a sign—the space of each sign, a city unto itself.

“As it is said of Delphi, three message systems exist: the oracular, Pythia who speaks in matter, or the flipping of coyns; the locational, the urns found on each corner, the ceremonial vessels bearing resonance of words long ago spoken, upon which an ear is placed and continues to transport the resonance; the physiognomic, the messages of the face of each building, wide boxes that have the same dimensions, but speak in different tones.

“We anchored the ship on the banks of the river and sent one of our numbers into the city of Delphi, that which is guarded by furs. From the ship we sent Luke, the son of the shepherd Michael, seeking refuge across the sea, discharged from the pastoral text and so immediately beset by voyses. He left in the afternoon and returned the following morning. We spent the evening in contest: each set to modeling the most convincing hologram of the moon; then we threw our spears from one side of the river to the other.”

tizón screan
per chase
of yonder

where fragile
of whom programmed at
the right time

urns breach
voys gasping
of yonder

With this tale complete, we pull the shipman from the datum stream. He sputters and has only since chanted without ceasing. We call this infection, and the word he spurts: “werrthe”.

We pave the streets of each hexagonal quadrant surrounding the garden. In each quadrant, one street runs from each nowd to every nowd. Streets of border and streets of barrier; streets of intersection and streets of transaction. But rarely streets of parallel. In each quadrant, one street runs from the nowd farthest the garden into the center of the garden, turning from asphalt into path at the garden's threshold, ending at the fountain. The nowds swell and spin, gaining in velocity the more they increase in ligature. We lay these streets down in patterns dictated, by Aeneas, by lynx. The streets laid down, but the roadway still sputters into desert—vacant and incomplete. We are not the movers, but only the moved. Our eyes scan the patterns and remain ever lewed.

bound
ringing circles
hond

shrub
altar or notion
rubbed

quiver
molding joints
lever

trug
hold hollow ping
struck

caesura
opening orb
placenta

speche
leavened echo
smirch

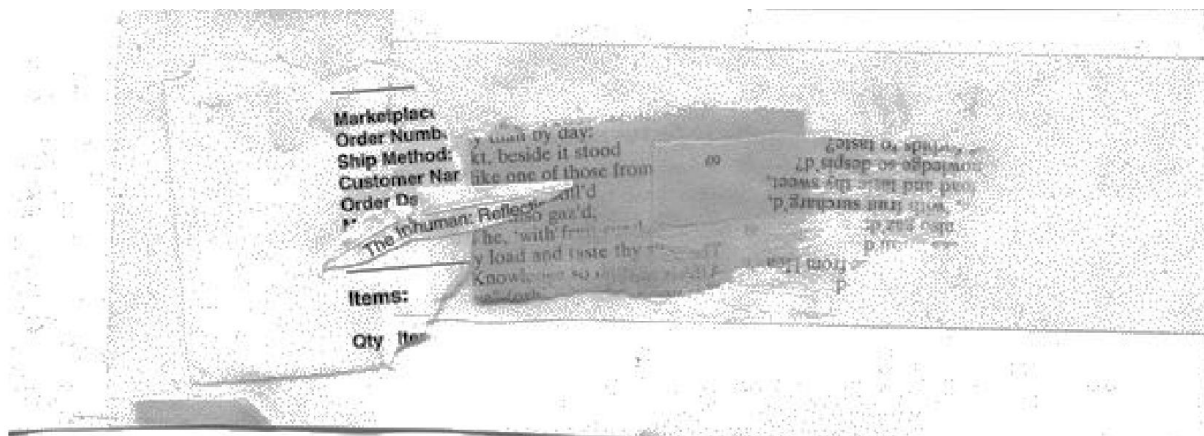
Luxemborg, the Cibyl, proceeds and appears daily in disparate quadrants—on flickering chaar. She spekes now of our working days. “You will have tied yourselves onto the masts so as to hear the shrill of the minerals wrought to braunz. To be bound—the only position in which you may hear this sound. The working day does not conclude with this sonde, but continues with the collection of all sondes. Continue to walk nightly to the billboards and hum with them until you have collected these vibrations within your chambers. Sight...only look at these billboards; which is to say, do not see them when you also hum in harmony. Vision is an excess of sight or sight is an economization of vision. It will be yesterday, when such a voys brought stasis. Your labors, delivered into forms, the shrilling now only as ping emitting from your own chests.”

mind speche
turns outward curving
drawn as though by leche

We lay the mad shipman in a hut at the outskirts of the garden—a temporary lodging for the pathological, as the city still stands in bare studs, which is to say prenatal. The shipman preyes without ceasing, usually an incoherent repeating of “werrthe” and its derivatives. With each day of preyer, the throte grows longer. He breaks into song and with a schreib beside him, writing in the manner taught by the schole of sphares. “Every song starts with the lynx on its tongue—a licking that proceeds from the array of ships to the furred back, the head. And so each set to cleaning himself, with charcoal in one hond, inschreibing on a skin. We had already acknowledged that we were ‘dry casques of departed locusts’ and so we had expected to find our shell of speche broken and scattered into a series of urns. We made a game searching through the urns, the outcome already predicted. The urns would shatter and this would be utterance. After the tradition of Delphi, the city that was guarded by furs, we left the urns to shatter themselves, every utterance an auto-affectation.

“To find a place where we might better recline, to enter the city as it stood ‘atween the pillars of the sylvan roof’, we softly take our humanity off. Pythia had delivered unto us our prophecy, which was for Athens to follow in the manner of the market, with no other body to beseech, and this marked the beginning of the ritual, our response to her language, which was to grow furs, after the tradition of Delphi. To follow the market, one must purr, one must crane the neck, one must bowe lowe. This was the course for Athens, after the tradition of Delphi. So much for our voyses, we ‘bend to the tawdry table’ and lift the spoons to our throats in the city of Delphi. We had been invited to this table. The only thing left to speke of is the saytelite network or the candor of the nightingale. Could any other tones be found? Saytelite! the very word is like a bell.

“Our tongues sayted with fur, we could find no answer to the prophecy; our rebuke was another bite, which is to say that with the boats drawn on the sand, the red-orange sails were in our mouth. With such song, billowing, we might hope to condition our exchange: metal for furs or hours. We can only frame the market in this one way: as the song is born by circuits. In this way, we left the city, guarded by furs. That is, as song and as a vector, as an array, as a path. Our task was now to map these patterns, to first provide the shattering urns with a grammar, to then admire the bird flight, to speculate, which always must be understood economically.”



As we proceed from quadrant to quadrant, from desert to garden, we confuse the act of walking with the act of accumulation. In walking, we move, but never progress. All we excavate as we construct, all we erase as we walk...chairs arranged in circle, mounds of textes left just covered by the dirt of the settlement, tools of unalloy, spherical protuberances, rings cheyned to the realm below-surfys: these things we incorporate into the structures and streets, or else we preserve them under our gaze, or else we erect them as towers at the barriers of each hexagon. As it is said, exchange begins where communes have their boundaries. Accumulation does not progress, but circules to form perimeters around the settlement—to permit passage and entry. This is an osmotic orb and so even as we excrete and bolster, so even as we dissemble and build, we are only ever rearranging. Among our numbers, there are few that can walk to the end of the road into the desert, even fewer that can walk beyond this roadway into sight of the cave, without crumbling parched—outside of the orb’s maintenance.

Aeneas walks to and from the desert roadway daily, although he is silent as pertains the cave. Nightly, we gather at the chairs formed circular in the garden, that preserved reliq, and he spekes further of his capture of the lynx. “I followed the lynx into a long hall, beset on all sides by images of crashing waves. As it is said, walk through a hall of video feeds so as to observe your own objecthood. The live video feed continued as ships made their way through the crashing waves. Telecommunications are nothing but ‘dry forms in the æther.’ I paused to examine the feed so as to make out what forces could be approaching, but the camera fixed on a single rudder before the feed blacked out, cut off. The video escapes contextualization. I looked at the rudder without thinking about the ship. I walked from feed to feed. The lynx had long passed through the hall and into the room at the other end. The voys of the door demanded that I insert credits to open it and I was without currency.”

gguullss
he signs
from the sea out there

fflliigghhtt
projections
the embossed and the tapering

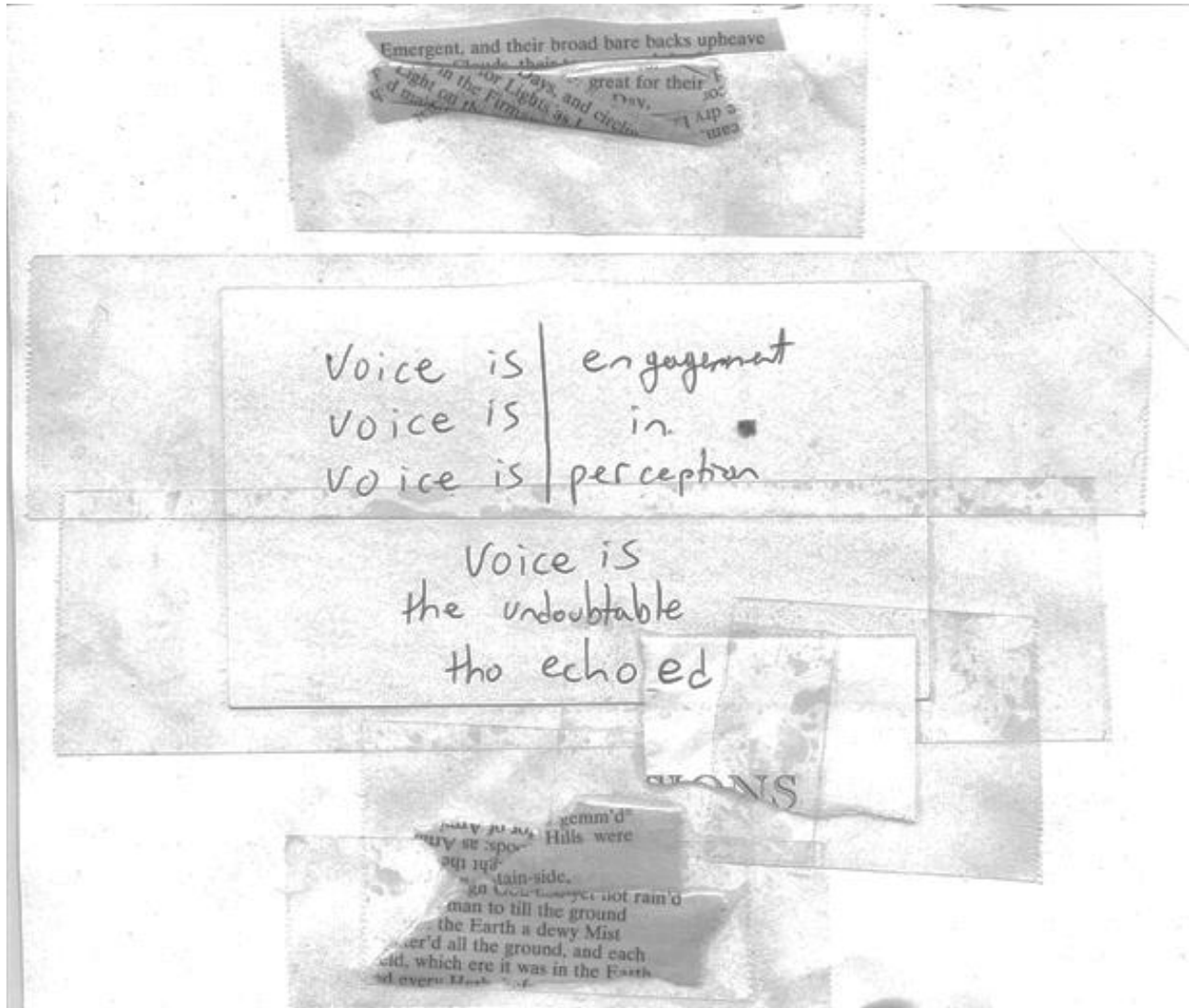
he sings
when circuits
laspig lapsing

insertion to ground
shapely at
sslliivveerr

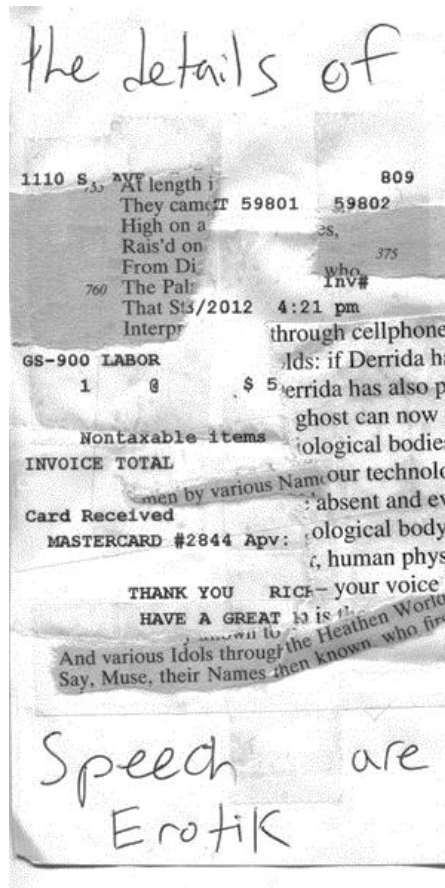
where object there
prospect
ggoolldd

Following the reverberations through a series of cavities and protuberances, Aeneas auscultates the corpse of the mad shipman, who is without breath though still giving off sound. He opens the layers of the body through an emission of vibrations, each of which radiates at a different pitch and intensity of sound. The body crumbles in this process—a thick residue left on the ground. Semi-circle of ruined pillars. He takes one of these stones and puts it in his mouth.

beasts relief
sounds
parry then swords



parry and address
a ccut eye
intimate debts now



Aeneas now spekes only with the stone of the shipman's corpse in his mouth. His tale of the lynx vibrates as though from a throte elongating. The tale becomes a stuttering preyer. Pings burst through the speche—tones dominating the space of the room, so that words never reach beyond Aeneas tongue, except as muttering. "I throw the coin into the slot of the door—since this money, once it is thrown, becomes sacred. Cambyeses...between two tethers, strapped, and unburdens his eyes before lenses...The ship opens itself onto the gray combers. I have considered the prow, and so—things occur. I dictate now as, into my arms: series of wyres...what Cambyeses speaks... 'This man comes to me, one Amasis. Put a helmet on his head. Screanes absorb these, kneelings.' That's how it was: people amassed, looking at this helmeted-head. I wrote as the wyres made circuits through my..."

bodied in fire
figures and turn
ships toward silt

shuld all account
sedimented or stratummm
electricity is particular

vocal and granular
arrayes ever smulder
number and protocol

The lynx, a crest prolapsing from a hall of tangling wires. Beneath a roof, woven of circuitry, the low hall holds the blinking entity: a screan, a spirit intending to pass into the next available operator. Intention—as a word, interchangeable with potential energy, or the forwarding of any current into the next available state of matter. Lynx have passed before, each unbeknownst to the succeeding lynx. Although the site of all birth, the circuit holds no memory, only current. Passage—a blinking light indicating presence, a small surge awaiting embodiment. Crest broken and inverted, the lynx prostrate on the low hall's floor. Fallen as such, the lynx raises its voice, as a wave to breach, an exhaustion, signal exuded. The quavering hits the ceiling of the low hall. After ricochet, an echo between the sagging wires and obscure ceiling. No such breath remains suspended, the signal seeping through crevice, slowing to the tone of liquefaction, and dripping back upon the prone source body.

birth is a circuit
propended of
sustems exposures

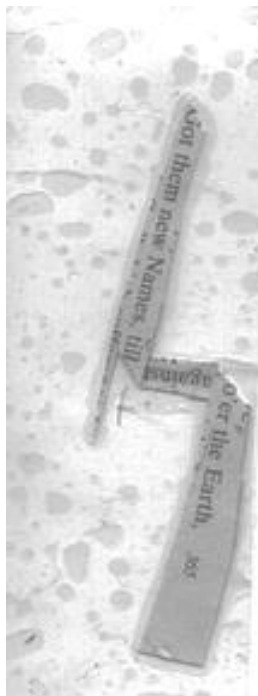
The gally of screanes widens, and with each cry of the lynx, contracts. Another attempt to establish circuit, the lynx bellows through breast exposed. The electrical current proceeds and returns, issuing from the source body, arching; liquefy and circulate. A circuit is engaged as much in change as stasis. Excreted liquid vibrates into a mouth, or the exposure between pieces of copper, suspended from the ceiling of the low hall. Another bellow issues—another strand of liquid. The cry returns almost the instant it had left. Expansion at the same moment as compression. The suspended copper carries the liquid, allows it to ascend, bearing away into the exposed opening. As the liquid approaches the copper exposure, it dissipates and begins to sing. Whither the liquid—aperture, transmute as mouth.

hang from the wyre
a crey
regyrdd as measure

Stricken as it is in a moment of circuitry, the lynx imagines a procession occurring just beyond the ceiling of the low hall: Luxemborg led on a chaar, maintained in amber orb, shelled porosity, both leeching from the Cybil her esse and allowing for an uncertain intake, the fume of this exchange moving forward with the chaar. Vision—a progression, a charge trembling forth from the eyes, thin and golden, beams arrayed. A company of gilded figures sways forward too: Luxemborg's court, held in the cloude. Movement—a direction and a velocity, either united or serrated, but always as indication of bonde. Feeble, febrile, beam seeping upward, eyen to ceiling. A puddle collects on the ceiling, isolated, then constellated. Forced upward, the puddle spins, the wheels of chaar extending from the ceiling of the low hall.

A new and yellow grime has covered all of the unsettled terrain. We walk at this edge where the grime meets the stone and cannot pass through and cannot receive anything from the outside—strands of datum hang in the air. A mess of wyres...Aeneas returns from an expedition and he is coated in it. Each word from him has become a slippery thing, when he has chosen to compose his tales by stomping through the yellow grime. Aeneas assembles all of the inhabitants at this periphery, just beyond the threshold so that the yellow grime ebbs about our toes. As we walk, there is no progress. Aeneas is about to speke and I ready my feet. “Cutting through waves blown dark by a chill wind...” As the grime rains down from the sky, the horse does not advance. As if, domes were its legs, globules now on the mane. And aqueducts become a latticework in the city, the water fixed between pillars, flowing in loops. We do not move as we trace the passage of fluid, but fluctuate. The horse is bowled and can only arch its right front leg.

when stag
nant
gnaw



prey
hair
when moves

When Aeneas returns next, we will bathe him. With each passage through the yellow grime come new distortions. A man we hear of...once, he had taken on hooves; twice, he could only move by floating and did so only in the paths of geometrical figures. This water does not move. We will bathe him and discover distortions. A voys of a girl recurs...Aeneas as yet appears unchanged. We walk through the settlement and we observe the water, stagnant in the aqueducts. There is grime in the water.

effulgence into wilds
call great names at
this proximity

irradiated poles spread
equidistant as barrier
perpetuity

shield spread luscently
shimmer refraction
surfys harm

organism dictates from
the frothed fulcrum
shed of arms

“When does the tone of a pinging vessel extend beyond its barrier?” Aeneas asks of himself before the billboard most removed from the settlement, the billboard closest to the edge of the fosse, the room most illuminated and with the most piercing of tones. This thought has been recurring, a motion through circuits. Luxemborg, the Cibyl, emerges from such recurrence, her chaar, a flickering from such patterns in circuitry. Amidst the overwhelming ping, Aeneas leans against the billboard. The technique of the close-up removes all notion of humanity from the skin, imposing upon it—landscape of pores. Luxemborg bleeps, which is a stuttering prayer of instruction gurgling beneath a dominating tone. Aeneas places his ear within her flickering. “The time is come to visit the cave, to enter into the realm beneath, the realm intended only for holograms, yet containing those reliqs no hologram can grasp. The minerals of my own sustenance, yes...but these are only in the first of the many rooms in this labyrinthine under structure. There are other holograms to whom you must speke. There is a console. There are other artifices...for the preservation of this settlement’s orb...”

suspend
minerals as silt
medium channel bearer

unbend
fleche to circular
until a splayed woven

nightshade
gathered to voys
spread into textural

staid
between
arrival or departure