

iNTO tHE dROWNEd WORL_D

Also by Ryan Kamstra

Late Capitalist Sublime (2002)

INTO THE dROWNEd WORL_D

... my transparent fame...

poems for a future, poems for a film....

ryan kamSTra



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The fifth rider of the apocalypse . . . forgetfulness

— Jane Jacobs

for MadoNna

thE m@rQUEE

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Part 1:
From the film dairy.

I want you to think big on this one.

— Richard Nixon, alleged, to Henry Kissinger, on use of A-
bomb to win Vietnam conflict

NOTES TO THE ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

1.

in the workshop

Madonna, that pale rose magic you do is hobbled, hard and it
hardly works.

I tried. Harder than hard. So like hard-hard.

Harder than grandma wolf and her urinary, red handlings of
bedding ghosts.

I dropped the needle on the photocopier
in the bowl-glass of winter oranges. And hid.

After work, winding inward evenings

I'd chugger home with a tree.

Upwards fallen buildings of lamppost-curls. Snowflake.

Twirlers.

Missed much good television, producing indoor wonders by
the projects.

For the tree-rings of many close packed years,

as the gambler's hour stole from nighting day and noisy out-
door luminance,

and my incumbents' knuckles would brush, cut away, recut,

lady, gander-shaped smoking jackets for my squeakers, my
tony rodents.

On the pocket watch there's this gummy stuff, type of crud;

it's been 12/31/99 for as long as there's been memory

and dampened atlas of this episodic, settling room.

Revision, sentimental reproduction and a vaguely, softly voic-
ing dependence

pawing like private sob stories over stacked draft shadows of

this cobbled tower of a specifications manual.

Head scrapings, overstock, sweater odour, that is,

until the slapstick nickelodeon of my bellissimo first theatrical
company
often buzzes and tawdry rattles narrowly in excess of my de-
pressed feather-brain.
Clumsy in furs and canny-adorable like the unassigned, sea-
sonal rites
upon a gnawing, wind-spirited, maple-key blousing-riot.
Barely unbreathed, pre-summered, lapel bachelors
propped between dropping boom, photo bulbs,
undiscovered, wavy lovelies, deranged tall or shorter
over the discontinuous crystal stairwells.
There it was; my loves, they're there; now it is always this day.
Sometimes a little closer to finishing. Sometimes a little fur-
ther.
On rain days, strike the sets and a change of light bulb.

2.
the waiting room

Madonna, cabaret checkmater; hustle puppet;
archangel with human odour:
I'm still pining, disquieted, roped as a boy,
discomposed snow globe with tiger-paw-rose bouquet
in tinsel-lentil antlers dirty bath garters:
for your funding for our sleeper, real knees-slapper
of a future underworld resonating chamber
the singing desks above my broom a moony, knockout first
feature film.

Madonna underdeveloped, underperforming
underwater, untamed . . . deserted North America.
There are Post-it notes in each drawer. Either my regime's
been changed or else I colluded.
My ass is missing. I really don't recall.

Between hunger or adoring welter, another interior hunch-
backing to another interior.

The crucial updates only:

There are a series of outstanding waiting lounges into which
I'm now departed.

A turntable made of only more but ever smaller dreams.

Orange slums beyond metal cities.

Cities barnacle the empire.

No matter which floor, it's repeating like this.

I'm going to level with you: my fiancée, our speedboat
courtship,

silty skunk-hat partings, wintry wonderland redacting in muffs
and pure puffs, industry development grant,
all is gone, thickly drowned in a brown bag, pawing struggling:
lost.

Her cap, huge shoulders. Kissing-me make-up. Hollow ciga-
rette tubes. A few darkest opals of novelty ice, champagne
wine.

To cancel the transaction of our sedimentary cul-de-sac and
transatlantic, brooding daughter.

To decay, like the international space station, on the orbit of
lightest beeps.

Tired of protests, upscale party grills, readers in Western
metaphysics, negativity, by a pulse.

I was born until I found my stubs thus attenuated. Often
when filling out the annulment fields in the form, I'd feel
myself slip-sliding into the alluvial corduroy of eternity.

Other than that, I've been sleeping on street fragments or in a
shimmering file cabinet.

Staying up to whittle buildings and sea-beasties of Toronto
Two.

Otherwise lacquering my snappy administrations 24/7 on a
bleary, quickly clouding crowd.

3.

at the auditions

Stocking feet stamp ceilings like a spear-rippling poinsettia.

The administrator, dog-head, manages the international choking sign before crumpling.

For among other frowzy, fusty moguls down at the heel, there's grumbling, round-the-clock chomping talk of not using the stairs. Which are followed by split infinitives, humble giants of collegiate, collagen, brightened stairs.

My colicky colleagues and I hit seven to nine shattered turnstiles running. I walked or walked fast. Windows became tungsten-spirited doors. Doors became deflective brunch menus.

God went mad in face-sticky projections of grief then fled seashore-heaven in a devastating, waking dream.

Rays and upside-tree-down diffraction, its creepy atomic dullsville networking where quilt-tidied zombies and humps bump and enter into the rooms.

The reception of outstretched gills here was abysmal. The remaining few key portfolios out on the submersible, collapsing dock of a building.

Madonna, no longer do we care to be bartered with upon that point.

You press your sore buddy aches to each other's slim-slimy bodysuits,

twin dame towel-tops, then close the sheeted stall.

But in the leathern macaroni novella resulting, again the building falls.

Madonna, I'm determined this time to stay my hand.

This morning I straightened my saskatoon necktie, put on washed trousers,

seated a stainless steel, sneezy, Italian .22 caliber Beretta.

You play with sea lips, you get burnt.
Sure. Life is a mystery.
Madonna, you sit beneath closed rubble.
As to the gun, it speaks belle Anglais better than any of my
meatball companions.
They are small, lookers, crumblers. This whole set may be too
small.
Master or fool, to be sure,
matters can't get any much more than many.
It's been the same day now this whole tiresome century.

4.
outside for stroll

Madonna, I'll level with you. Every morning the same
brings newly designed a glamour gill gals set by breakfast.
The stairs further from my storage-room mattress.
A greater model on the table.
Outside, lowered from mirrors on shoestrings from heaven, ti-
died-up and empty,
a global mise-en-scène; barely repeat day; another subjectless
awe.
Bringing yet again twenty-one centuries to rubbish crisis, fur-
niture pushed to one side of the compartment, flaked
coral. Hindsight.
This is the future. The stacks. The foamy heights of our mes-
sages.
Madonna, sleep-away at the bottom of my safety deposit box,
two hundred timid pockets beneath indexing red robins
and wizard's bobbins
may draw combs and oil pompadours among the gaunt
Chevys the stocking-inlaid pillars of Paralysis Park.

And I'll make a chart. I'll hit and run.
But unopened, the intimate, overstuffed poverty of a wondrous scripture just so,
our each single cameo supplanted, sleepwalking, hemmed in,
four street walls, sandy lifelike, rubbing, overexposed,
maybe it is natural
that one should starve while I clock my hours and sleep.
Maybe natural to feel so numb in a darkness.
Maybe it is nature, out here, this.
Maybe it's natural.
Maybe it is to be like a tree
that I've no body left, for example, not a single survivor.
But for an energy over outcropping ledges... linnets and pins...
Cubicle, I am still. Let me touch.
Even out on the la-lune-faced garden of this too dark emerald
building
where I'll again wait on your team of stopping, moving, hobbled representatives.
I'll watch breathless and helpless as creamed-up bones scatter
once more from overbit broadband of your bright, spacious, executive suites
a mile in sky and 30,000 leagues below water.
Mechanic sharks, maned sea-girls in gold-pear nylons, what
else is there to look at?
I'm in the navy, figuratively speaking; and the drop is
leviathan.
There are no international beacons.

5.

the pledge (from the producer's desk)

This I have assembled; your uncertain rush-seaters at the
drawbridge-claw; a residual cast of glum-bums, flapping
bag-heads; a cuffed tramp crew.

Once beautiful, the most otiose, untrained, useless troopers
housed on any gilt particleboard over any unsure portion
of the sorrow gangbanger, planet Earth.

Anxiously foretold by the restlessness in the pleasure seekers
at gloomy Niagara.

Murmur of the punk rocker sea-porcupines. The music barren
of mother, serious business, spooky.

The big, spring-locked, poppycock, hurdy-gurdy, lottery-dead-
ening noise.

But for their diminutive, imitative, miniature souls alone
could I have this singularly laboured, transparent and mud-
died,

furnishing shirtless and cut, in your air-conditional offices for
untold hours,

innumerable overviews, testicular tensing, crossword-acrostic
puzzles.

And as on one providential day of the anticipating summer-
time before this showbiz it always is by and bye

when my hometown's air-raid sirens, misled, perhaps,

by the thin air, the summer clothes

whorled out before the spackled, bluing funnel cloud of no
fallen H-bombs.

The long lineup for the unisex change rooms on that prema-
ture judgment day,

girls and boys comparing ariel doctor's gazes and elbows.

Another such skip of the heart and slender trauma, I'd barely
mention it,

as with antennae-bobbles, hangers, back-shells, glow balls,
the rhinestone-granite gears turn hard and we inch lightsome,
darkling to show.

In the startled, sanguine, resumed current of my submerged
corner grocery-store offices,
my desk glassy with doubloons, socialist dioramas, glittering
eggplant gonads, birdseed,
the unfortunate truth has bewitched no dusting of a bothered,
single breadcrumb.

Or if it to spell out a trail, say, a tasty-size tick on the recalci-
trant crawfish, scuttling-backtrack, cubes of incandes-
cence, almost pebbles, specks of mites on a crust,
partly for moments playful but viewed through this buckle of
rubber curtains only.

The final curtain struggles upon a tidal wall of system, light-
ing, picture, sound.

To sum up, I started.

I find I don't remember anything.

I'm trying to find a way out, or an eyelid.