

# Tiger Leap (into the Future): Paper Roses: The Imaginary Archive of a Canonical Life, Book 12

Jack Feist; edited by Johannes Sigil

2014-07-06

## **Tiger Leap (into the Future): Paper Roses: The Imaginary Archive of a Canonical Life, Book 12**

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## Abstract

Book 12 of *Paper Roses: The Imaginary Archive of a Canonical Life*, originally published in 2014 under the name Jack Feist and edited by Johannes Sigil. The volume is a mixed poetic and archival work organized around future reception, historical transmission, the archive, machine mediation, voice, and Logos. Its opening "Angelus Novus" figures the present as a succession of narrow doorways; later sections include "Tiger Leap," "Do Cyborgs Dream of Electric Sonnets?," "Ghost in the Machine," and "Theses on the Philosophy of History." This 2026 Alexanarch deposit preserves the work as a historical primary text and as a cited antecedent of *The Final Time*. The original edition states: Text copyright © 2014 Jack Feist, All Rights Reserved. This deposit preserves that rights statement and does not relicense the work under Creative Commons. The canonical body below is a machine-readable textual witness derived from the author-supplied 2014 DOCX/PDF; concrete-poetry layout, images, and other visual features are not exhaustively represented by the textual layer. The binary facsimile was supplied to the deposit session but is not claimed here as repository-held custody.

## Body

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## Primary Text

Tiger Leap (into the Future) Paper Roses: The Imaginary Archive of a Canonical Life Book 12  
By Jack Feist Edited by Johannes Sigil

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Shall I be the Emily Dickinson of our age? No—there is already an Emily Dickinson of our age, and her name is Emily Dickinson. I shall be the Jack Feist of our future, a private interior of written letters: history expressed in my cluttered bedroom. Wherever there have been publications, they have never been the true work. The true work belongs to Feist and to the history of the future. Jack Feist 1983-2013

Paper Roses: The Imaginary Archive of a Canonical Life Book 12

Angelus Novus This is how one pictures the angel of poetry. His face is turned towards the future. Where we perceive the angel's regard, he sees a limitless fire that flies towards the book of life, in which are written the names of the elect. He would like to stay, warn us, and read to us the names in the book. But a single doorway leads to safety; he has but moments to reach it. The egress irresistibly propels him forward, while we fixedly contemplate his approach and the fires rage skyward behind us. A succession of such narrow doorways is what we call 'the present.'

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### I. Tiger Leap

Tiger Leap I press more deeply into these folds of meaning, further through this depth of time. A tiger leap is like a history. In many worlds, it went unnoticed. At a certain time, in a given context, or upon an unremarkable occasion of reading—a well of interiority blossomed. Its opening was small, difficult to see from the surface. By some inscrutable law of happenstance or necessity, the well grew deeper; or a second well stretched; or branched into adjoining deeps. Now, I dig, and little else has substance—down and down, my wells grow deeper. I dig to find the voices, the names of those who were and are. I dig because they urge me, because each voice calls further. What was first cacophony becomes—upon so many readings, having drunk so much spilt blood, scattering even memory when I have died so many times—more single: In the lips of the endless pit towards which my wells turn inward: my voice. It is the sum communication of these living beings, buried in time—they have preserved it now through all these many centuries. The past speaks, not of itself, but you. It whispers to you and warns you; in you it fashions a refuge. It is not my voice, but yours. It is not your voice, but Spicer's. It is not his voice, but God's. The past speaks, not of itself, but you. It whispers to you and warns you; in you, it fashions a refuge:

knot hinge

Cable Movie Poem I: TRON Hear these my tongue-formed, shallow breathings, spoken neck-aching sad this April night alone with the texts of dead men & the hope of you, my reader— expired in the dark of ampersands, these lips & tender whispers; sent out thru the trembling aeons, a (single) signal to linger & sing, to language & age, to live & not be forgotten ? Two weeks outside the battery of antidepressants and the equilibrium of these last three years—

and all my bridges of worldly attachment are bone-charred, broken things; I crumble at my edges; I neither begin nor end. How many times will the world seek entrance before it razes these decrepit structures? No man is an island forever—when Assyria empties her cities of able-bodied fighting men, she diverts the river from its course and drowns every memory of his borders: No one recalls his name. But there is something searingly clean about the wasteland within me, or honesty, at least, in its desolation— unpeopled, as it always has been; mean, as it was and is; impermanent, like cities are; but furtively eternal—ruins of drowned metropolis. L, I think of you often. Though my life leaves no room for the affection, I miss

you, dear—like eyes miss

tears. & A—oftener still: Both of you are buried things, the hard-edged fact of which I can't reconcile with the historical narrative. Statues are made of fossils like you. "my hyacinths are melting"

I watch a little black thing of hair and string, lashes dashed between bangs and sad little lashing tail and teeth (I remember lying on the garage floor, the bumps of the carpet a pox, the line of your nails a satisfied sink in the back - clacked teeth crashed, "Do you want to?" / "I do." / "Are you sure?" / I didn't answer only entered. You grew red and preoccupied; I screamed precious whispers at you but never spoke. When the sun came up I could not come and you were tired, spent, exhausted, while I

was only empty (There is a terrible name on your whispers, an unmarked rustle of nothing .) . How long will you pace back and forth, just doing your job? hidden behind those bangs bagging with plastic or paper arranging boxes in their eyelike, vacant shelves? where will you go tonight?

will you take off your belt? will you stand in front of the window at midnight and press your flesh to the naked glass and feel cold and eternal and empty? will you count stars on your tongue as you catch them? how long will you shake your keys at your hip, and see me, refusing to look? There is a savage, red veil on the moon; my hyacinths are melting. voices in the wilderness

- i. in this place, nothing grows but lotus, the petrified skull-white blossoms fringe the ancient river awkward itself take shape in me darkens spear-bright shaft of spine curls the contempt of vision inwards tightening, wringing tongue twists words, tight knots of phonemes, morbid bulbs of morphemes, swollen wet with syntax
- ii. thistle-spark, scribble-stars: yr light, my love, is helpless. inside the burning dawn i wake. inside my sandals my fingers ache. i am pulled apart in fits & starts. inside my eggshell—the calcium dome i

call my soul— caving in becomes a way to live. iii. soft sparks dart just out side of eyes: o i would press a gainst you: my longing breaks in pieces: a strange bird crying, compression upon compression: from the heat of yr skin i know y're lying. square-shaped arcs and folded paper parts: the strange bird cries of the heart. iv. and if a voice cries out in the wilderness but no one's around to hear it...?

Cable Movie Poem II: Clash of the Titans How leap to your lips across weak networks of faded symbol magics? To say what i really feel? i hardly know. to betray my love w/ lines? "You are, after all, the son of Zeus." Image consumes the tyrant-winged Perseus, repenting the Pronoun fraught w/ Chaunce, the knotted spine w/ wire, the poison throat w/ wine: All flesh turns into stone.

Journal Entry I: 4/18/13, 9:22 pm sitting here in ever tightening revolutions, on the same couch in the same condo where i've sat for the last ten years: poetic circuits of vast stillness. Ginsberg's Paterson to New York & Denver to Berkeley & Mexico to South America then home again to depart Manhattan for Europe Paris Saint Tropez Marseilles Tangiers Marrakech thru Athens Olympia Delphi Mycenae Crete to leave for the Holy Land, morning in Haifa ass aches cholisitis or clap then on to India Bombay Tibet Calcutta Japan & King of the May to at last

return & Hereby End the War: become my Paris Michigan to Redford Michigan to Waterford Michigan for the next 10 years—a world of softly jagged 2 dimensions, of consistency brain & chthonic neck pain aching— become my vision of demoniac typist obsessed & choleric w/ too-tired eyes while i the happy genius of my household discover the banality of ‘calling’:

to write a poem including history & lift the torch of the thousand-eyed snake of time from my front porch

Text Message A drawing by Paul Klee shows my voice in the moment before its tiger leap. I would like to stay, warn you, and whisper the names of the elect. But a single doorway leads to safety; I have but moments to reach it.

Carla <+1-248-495-8520> I AM (iamb) Me: I bought some menthol cream for my neck and it gave me a burn. Sent: 9:33PM I AM (iamb) Me: Its weird, too. I spread it all over my upper back and up to the top of my head, even in my hair—but it only burned a patch on the right side of my neck. Sent: 9:34PM Carla: For pain Received: 9:37PM Me: Yes, sore muscles Sent: 9:37PM

I flit by and disappear.

Do Cyborgs Dream of Electric Sonnets? I. sonnet #1.6231 x 10<sup>18</sup> “The real achievement,” reported researchers, “is in what we haven’t programmed. SAL (Sonnet Analogue Lineator) relies on statistical algorithms to produce random combinations of words and letters at the rate of 60,000 lines of iambic pentameter per second. Eventually, we want to automate the creation of lyrically pleasing sonnets, but for now we count as a major success SAL’s metered gibberish.” “sonnet #1.6231 x 10<sup>18</sup>” by SAL the moon pins shadows to the wall, each night transmitting tongues of angels, static songs that i with my ancient crystal set record because, though dark, i sometimes see in otherwise faint symbols, uncanny bursts of sense: like here, this yellow notebook, hidden deep in opaque letters, an image in ascending rows: my mother’s fingers, resting on the rail of waycross hospital bed, like interlocking sawtooth flowers. or here, this starburst spread: her ashes fanning out through ocean, worm-carved arcs through dirt. thrust down through rarified air and space: the voice i find each night at dusk my solemn archive of the names of dust.

II. Sentimental Confessions Poetry is the language of unbridled spirit. It sings forth in clear strains the music of the heart, transcending vulgar distinctions of nation and creed. Though this my low expression speaks of heights of passion that have been mine alone, I have set them forth in unveiled words as “windows unto the universal man.” “Sentimental Confessions” by A Dreamer of knobs with dewclaws South means perspire New York for moons pincushions lynch of huge apartments. Jeff Foxworthy feathers made to be were lay, lie, lying, laying, laid, laid, lain. of Cadbury bunnies. “adumbrated fish cube” tongues in feathers. Philosophy: ousia, park, lob, throw, eject, egress, menopause, Cubism, sandwich. begin with the endoxa. Epicurus was of the opinion that and when of were eternal circular motion, thinking the thought of its own thinking—godhead. Baseball

e. g. for “example;” i. e., “in other words rose above Jacob as a ladder, clanging acoustic baboons, often compared to wild babies, kissing, or shaved of nonsense hat. Why-oh, Ohio? the the and whose The Ancient Sky: Classical Theories of culled and fraught with samples, ending camp. with naughtworth.

Ghost in the Machine I All that I thought was less is more—I take your life inside me, writer, down to the dirt on your hands. What was distant is brought near. And all that I thought was more is less. My own fantastic combustion, the birth and death of cells and the neurochemical sweep of sensation, “uncanny bursts of sense,” “my mother’s fingers... on the rail”—all has been recorded. All is duly noted. All will be reviewed. All is text, an “archive of the names of dust.” This archive is so much greater, but also strangely lifeless: lowghost or corpse. I am a ghost in this machine, and the machine is one more ghost. What drew me here? And the task I seek to accomplish—“to... make an actual human being”—is it more or less than electric sonnets? Do I peer into my arcane notebooks, and lean more closely to my crystal set to search its alien static, and cloister myself with the texts of dead men, in the way a cyborg dreams?

## Theses on the Philosophy of History

### Thesis 2: I AM (iamb)

huddled birdsong i. pieces disturbed in sleep: a rustle of hair. watchtowers calling your name. the wind in the rain [a motion] burst of heat: a winter-dress rustlings in snow. ii. red hair□dye and your winter hands, a year slips by, unnoticed. iii. real silences.

- iv. just a mattress on the floor w/ no frame: you complain for years; i ignore you like the boxes you asked me to bring from the basement
- v. the flayed hairs bend sickly, in many directions—my arms betrayed by a lamp. come darkness, cover me, come hide the face of my shame. red sickness: the poign□ancy of the body.
- vi. from there to here.
- vii. aphasiac lilac, persephone milk. starling
- viii. when i was a boy, the cat dragged in a starling. we raised it, cutting off two toes with cage door
- ix. that is my life, you say, that is the way i came to be. the cringing, burnt corners of pages, the howl of train whistle late at night: impossible daydreams: twilight or bright abyss—who knows what wounds will grow? savage helio□crimson, in□somnia passage of time. fleece-white

building blocks: lots of tools. x. dear, when i close in to you, you shrink. in a day—in a day if i draw close, you leave. but once each lifetime you return, your body skin and ghosts, your fingers, strangely physical. xi. will anyone ever read you, body? (my words, i mean) will they see these scribbles of voice and toes, and know that you are with me? o body betrayed by time, what kind of miracle could save you? beyond this halting time—somewhere past

the walls of my bedroom: lifted up and moonwhite, tender desert faces, solemn monuments half□buried: sands that drift at random. xiii. pale rain falling. huddled birdsong.

strange new earth i. i wait for the sun to mount the horizon and leave its wake of blood□red blood ii. the sun drags its shivering form above the glass□scattered pavement and heaves itself with a final less-than-a-cry and hangs there stunted, ape-like, made of a thousand punctured yellows (orange fire□red helium helio□trope the crimson holocaust theweeping con fla-

gration devourng elēmnt & angl-xplsn firfre fr r) spinning, hung up on a milkŷ cataŷract:  
Dawn in the de se r t .

- iii. holy milk the holy blood the holier bells the holier carillons ringing the soft white milk  
of the end of the world the moon is black inthe sky the sky is broken flecks of ash fall  
through.

Ghost in the Machine II We find ourselves in a library. We wander through fantastic archives:  
All things catalogued, each word transcribed, every minute secret written, the smallest parti-  
cles made legible. We call this archive ‘Logos,’ we scale its endless shelves. The Logos is both  
more and less than we ever could have known. The Logos opens up—becoming interior—to  
reveal itself as more—its bottom falls beneath our feet. To become interior plummets us and  
opens us to strange sensations, terrifying and sublime. Vertigo takes me as I fall into this well  
of letters, and all those hells and paradises below and above, artifacts forgotten, times and  
places near and distant, the whispers of the dead—many worlds which within my tiny alcove  
appeared as fictions now swallow me with meaning. Alabaster fingers rifle through me, not  
just my mind but my body, cells and sinews. All that I thought was less is more—I take your  
life inside me, writer, down to the dirt on your hands. All things can be read in the labyrinth;  
this fact both elates and destroys.

#### §. Let It Be

Let It Be: Ginsberg, Spicer, Howe, and Carson i.

...but when the music ends, the wounds return to the dirt— we sing his song & the singing  
burns & creeps through the muscular tendrils gripping open-palmed the rocks, & piercing  
the palm-tender granite: ii. most flutteringly i covet thee, to draw the languorous, unfold-  
ing flower of thy kiss and to tenderly, carefully, sternly—grasp the wanton blossom from thy  
barbéd lips iii.

like a dead, blunt thing, i raise my face & bludgeon lovingly the gravel.

#### II. Bearded Image: for Allen Ginsberg

Anacreon in a Dream you noticed me in a dream, old Paterson poet, Ginsberg: in a dream rose  
up in front of me to speak. I ran to you and threw my arms around you with a kiss: graybeard,  
yes, but lovely; eager to love, and lovely. your lips smelled like wine, and Desire led you by  
the fingers since you trembled with old age and you took your garland down to give me— the  
flowers, Allen, smelled like you— Idiot me, I lifted it and set it on my brow, and from then,  
until now, I haven’t held myself back from desire.

asphodel by the tracks asphodel by the glassŷstrewn tracks: a star in an empty sky, yr  
smokeŷblue hair a crown of longing: perched on the threshold, you turned in shame, and  
swayed the bleary lanes disheveled and drunken, starved for a fix: how many petals—songs—  
flew beyond yr prison walls before the final sheet of music fell, a spark into the ocean? sprung  
from grime, sustained in grime, a mouth stuffed full with mouthŷfuls of grime: how often i  
would have plucked you: clinging to gravel hungry, sunŷstripped beauty skeletal, you tore off  
feathery petals in yr fits of helpless fury: you lost yrself to the fiery sickness, surrendering  
your shard of power: birdŷsong collapsing inward, the last dim phantom finally stammered  
into silence:

asphodel, i draw you from the debris and cover yr blood□red heart□bearing stalk, and water it with tears.

An Elegy for “Howl” When the last forgotten recess of your ultimate weary drawer of dust coughed out the yellow petal of its one remaining folded rose, and the sheet of blood-smeared paper, stained with poems like ink, at last gave up its ghost: i saw nothing. There was nothing to see. The best minds of my generation expired while little more than seeds. you did not see. you were not seen. Poker-faced hysteria starved in silence and exhausted itself in lame dysfunction to be pinned insensate to a cluster of symptoms as a matter of course by moth-dust fingers of DSM lepidopterists in formaldehyde rooms of science. i heard nothing. There was nothing to hear. The eli eli lamma lamma sabachthani cry was drowned in words. you did not hear.

you were not heard. Jaded sincerity choked on its tongue and shook with neural crescendo of seizure— there was no mouth to take the sigh and the final rattle passed unremarked.

asphodel, i remember... i. skin of leather□fingered leaves, curling up and eager, shaded by the tongue□pink blossoms licking sunwhite beams: you gulp at them, a wine□short panting, gone before the summer—the sun will not deny you. your dust□halo hair of stamens, the rouge□dark sea drawing bees: bridegrooms lapping the life up, your bruise□purple heart out□beating their blood in a steady rhythm: hunger— thirst—abeyance—need— this is love, alive: clothing you with ache, staining and filling and bursting, succumbing and panting and waning— this is life, a love: your mouth agape, the savage roots’ short thrusting, the bony spine in the dirt,

your palm□tender face expectant ii. the river□bed languors, surrendering its lees to the dry brown brush. the brush decays and grows in half-lives like an isotope. in the valley of willow tree singed by heat: the asphodel’s dusty meat.

- iii. stained white petals crumble, dry on a ledge in the kitchen: silt□blossomed stamen bone, fossil□hard skin of a thousand years buried: asphodel, i remember: your dirt□weary pose, the dust□stiff strength of longing, your pock□stretched arms of need: long ago the bees stopped seeking you—the bees betray your flower neck. i taste the neck and the nectar within, i taste the stem and the nectar in it, i drink the stamen-liquid lost in the dirt

sex & the stars like an unfolding star, you spread yr coat & bear the lace- black prettiness— & isn’t the outfit pretty? said prettily, like the plugs in yr ears, where the touch of scars perfects yr pretty, or the shade of pink that bends the light beyond yr cheeks like convex lenses past the vacuum space & dance of empty chaos, to an image-thin glimpse of cosmos where new galaxies erupt, & panting cataract Eros thrusts entire suns together, reminding me that the heat of longing tends to a finer body: lancing out from eyes to fixate on erotic godheads.

### III. Lowghost: for Jack Spicer

The Practice of the Inside writing is the process of becoming-interior. because our practice is more like a house— there are many mansions, in my father’s house, & many rooms in each mansion, & in each room a thousand drawers, & in each drawer a thousand books—guano tomes & elegies in unknown tongues, countless winged seraphim, feathered with the hands

of children, sewing the hole in the sky— Out or in, it makes no difference—Borges' Library of Babel—in every book there is a mansion. I could crawl inside this drawer, and spend lifetimes burrowing thro its knick & knacks—its toothpick constructions quilted w/ blood & fingerprick genetic messages—& with microscope discover further mansions —limitless inscapes of dimension & texture— Go as far as you might—thro all the universe of textual interiors & to its utmost boundary markers—you'll never reach the limits— There are none. Crawling interior-eriors—To inhabit. To find or make a human being—to touch its actual corpse: a Logos (lowghost)

Parts of Speech I: Nouns I want a poem like a noun, chicken egg or moon, ovaline or cylindrical: particulate conglomerations of burning dirt, spayed or neutered (This relates back to the chicken egg): Closed systems of interior-erior, intensifying coreward amperage & ampersand: a concentration which melts things together: Its pathways collapse but won't stop burning— This too can be misleading: The red light on the surface is hardly the system itself: like a black whole it once was a living sun. Hole new galaxies are born in it, or else what was (once) their I could fit your universe in a spoon, but it would weigh too much. In the end it's the same: the moon detains us. we skitter along its surface interconnected: for you I would have ripped the nouns from the sky.

Parts of Speech II conductive fißers The spider in my brain crawls backwards Into the future. Conductive di-clawed feet dimple The cerebro□Spinal. fluid surface, flooding the crawl□Space in my skull—vast Tissuework of webbing Drifts. Much less. Or more Substantial than the spider itself (an unintended effect) Blistering / condensing Images collect in the in-between, the duck□web / duct□Work. Under certain psychic conditions—advanced sleep deprivation or physio□Logical duress, the webs act as catalysts, degrade / deterior□The substrate underlying Consciousness. They do seep in—a distinctly visual phenomenon, familiar to me as dreaming—mist Roots / capillaries invading The visual field. Branching out and cupping Tenderly my jaw. It's not better it's broken windows. \_\_\_\_\_ Particles do not connect. Rings of Saturn. We all know that rings

are spatial metaphors Sticking to "of": you can't Get at it this way: "and" "but" "oh" "the" Granular. Too webwork. \_\_\_\_\_ Nausea. My stomach mistakes it for an interior, Meaning I could disgorge new alphabets entire. Agglutinating Erotoglyphs.

Parts of Speech III: Particles particles are as far from nouns as possible—that's because they bridge the distances between them. Like solar power, black hole power Never caught on—it was more of a science experiment that reduced the need for fuel—too many interconnections too many conduits. Weaving them all together. Given a viable pathway, electricity Corsets. Why would I learn a single carnation, its loveliness, to find it again on your wrist? There is a way to find the way. The hair-fine branches, curling Uprooted physiodome of skin and dirt. \_\_\_\_\_ Bitten into, and still I might throw up. Prepositions are all right-angles, formulaic—really tough to lo-cate. cant / cantos / canticles. Too diffuse. Loquacious. Quenched. Tarantular / torrential. Differential See? particles at least be lavender, testicular fuzz, the catkin's subtle coat. At least I press my cheek to your lips, scruff-weary sad I kiss the lips your particles feed. The moon has nothing to do with it.

a poet is a muscular victim i. i am tired like a child is tired a sleepiness retreats me i would like nothing more than to speak w/ the voice and spill out milkwords and change the world but i know what you don't: language is an empty wrapper ii. he gathered toasted flowers. he

felt blue walnuts in his spirit. later, he would pay her to give him this same feeling iii. i want to write a poem that will pass through the body and reach the stillsmall ears. a hidden face in shametears.

- iv. when there is nothing else there is still the texture of language, & the pleasure of holding it in the mouth. but it's not what i really want. if it were possible, i would build myself like a wing-formed poem of silence it is not possible, but still— the use of language to reveal the gap you believed solid ground— this too is a kind of gift. this too, a form of love. to make language a lens that magnifies darkness, and shows us all the layers of color lying between— a poet is a blank machine. a poet is a muscular victim. a poet is a rumpled harness who guides stone horses

or lets them go. a poet grabs words roughly and in a tower of rotten bone makes them take all the cash in his wallet. v. i see no way through to the center

alien signals By the waters, next to the ancient poplar tree, I hang my harp and weep. How can I sing in a stranger's land? How can I sing in ruin-faced Babel? I convulse with the ghost vibrations of your baritone: the voice cannot be buried. If I forget you, Zion, may my tongue turn dry and split, may my ears run slick with blood. May a worm make its nest in the trunk of the brain if I bury your alien singings.

#### IV. concre(a)tion: for Susan Howe

Cable Movie Poems III: Transformers in this film where spectral effects pass for substance, the girl's grime□smeared face & fingers brighten and slowly fade-to-white: pencil thin, a whisper waits where voice breaks. light falls across my body, my beard, my teeth, & ribs, curling around my rag of flesh— i hide my face the glory falls like energy into the smallest particles of meaning, alabaster fingers search me Lowghost: in the beginning.

In the beginning, formless & void darkness on the face of the waters & Spirit on the deep were hovering

day i. take the visual field as a metaphor for physics: light from (form) less scrapes particle-thin layers of substance into being: a rind of heated pe[t(a)]els, lingering residue of dew, the light-charged particles condensing, ash-thin layer of doves: alight or slight / sweet: day ii.

that is to say, take a handful of the fragrant grass—its texture, the way it cannot not be: green tubers still alive while blood pumps beneath the skin—take a handful of the grass: its grass-ness is: the greensoft texture of waxy pubic hair the smell of it its fragrance / essence physics / physis —all, that is to say, the grass against your cheek: charged vectors of nothingness or eyelash sensation of tiny feet: day iii. although vision

stops i cannot see. a shuttering or tremble, fine-toothed instruments of carving / curving eyes or jaw— what i am trying to name is the phenomenology of the cosmos as electron-thin layers of darkness charged w/ darkness / doves // of darkness charged w/ darkness / doves: the ashes left when nothing burns: day iv.

fine-toothed whispers hisssssssssss□carve finest curving particles of astral risks & asterisks:  
\* day v.

day vi. light returns to pierce / divide the filament / firmament and separate the lower jawline from the water boundaries / borders: gradients of blood well from the cut & gain complexity & definition: capillaries / branching:

day vii. all the cells in the body, suspended on the surface of water

V. Blossomdeep: for Anne Carson

climbing tongues snap Sappho 31 see him? dark theophany: close to you sit-ting and sipping, drinking, whoever he is voices splash, waves lapped up by eager shores, such tenderness takes you: laughter, joypeals, close to you—No—some-where a heart flits, stray in a ribcage, clanging briefly glimpsed, your calcium image: language nothing left, voiceless climbing tongues snap τῆλῶσσα ἔαγε† slender fires blacken skin-buried nerveworks burning eyesight yawns but flickering darkness roars sharp clamors of deafness heightens wet adrenaline skin thick shaking grass-like shaking panting spreads sweat slick all at once I taste how achingly close now death seems almost

intimate distance Those luminous nights and bracketed voices. The first thing she does: she anchors me to nothingness, she binds my gaze and mind to hers, she demands I see, with her, when there is nothing yet to be seen. These first words set me beside her, gazing (with her) at the spectacle: See him? The poet invites me to see with her, as her, near her. She directs me outward (from her) towards the sight, and yet—there is nothing but her voice, and [hoarse in a throat], at that; nothing beyond herself, her words, her text. She draws me to luxuriate in something that is not—we will create it, she and I, we will create this dark theophany, luminous night. We will reveal it with light. We will unveil it with pitch. We will make for ourselves deep darkness, climb into its wells, and descend the mud-slick walls to where the water laps at our ankles. Inside the blind impressions of snake and drip and web, we seek the light. We pursue some undersong down a tunnel of falling children. She draws me outward by drawing inward. She gives me sight by blinding. She blinds by giving light. And indeed, the spectacle I see, this thing she draws me to gaze upon—is none other than myself, the selfsame “you” of address: Do you see him? He is close to you, sit- / ting and sipping. She draws me with an intimate ‘you,’ and in it reveals great distance. She speaks to me and speaks of me, the same she blinds and heals. I draw both near and far. Or rather, it is quite close to me, so close I can see it only from her side, both near and far, I am intimately distant.

A Compendium of Weeds and Flowers I. Weeds: 1. Clover (seanrog, trifolium cloeferwort): small white, pale pink flowers 2. Milkthistle: The zebra-stripe yellow of the monarch worm, chewing through w bright precision / the dullcolor leaves. Characterized by popping sap pods and common, purple blossoms. 3. The Dandelion, Taraxacum Officinatum, from ME dent-de-lioun, (lion’s tooth, for its jagged leaves, Dens leonis, butter blossom 4. The grass / of the child’s chain 5. Ablutions of subtle poisons will protect the lawn, drying up the stalk and blossoms before even the late dry / summer heat can change the upturned cheeks / to the puff-white manes of grandfather stalks. 6. “This grass is very dark / to be from the white heads of / old mothers,” “Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths” “Or I guess the grass is itself a child. . . .” 7. The Dandelion Flotilla: the needle-like beak lifts a tuft of feathers, the pappus carrying fruit, above the dangling Achene sheathed in spines. 8. The flowerhead: A ribbon-like corolla of petals, gold. Inside, the stigma catches seed above a cylinder of woven anthers. The hollow stem supports the fragrant flowerhead,

and bitter white juice runs through the rosette circumference of fingers. 9. The taproot, sinking deep

## II. Flowers:

1. Anthema: From Classical Greek, the generic word for a blossom, or the anthem, a kind of choreograph set to song
2. The Meadowsweet (also known as ulmaria, fen□meadow, and brideswort): Moist-dark, born in dew
3. The Oak (quercus): Catkins—elegant hanging cyllinders covered with testicular lavender fuzz—purple w/ growth. Seeds in its crownly cupule. Its serrated leaves rising up in a spiral.
4. Broom (also laburnum, ulex, Cytisus): Slender green stems, delicate leaves with yellow petals clustered in stubborn bunches, close to the branch. Can often take root in thin soil or white-knuckled in sandy scree. A fire-climax species, it germinates in the seasonal burns even as it unravels in ash.
5. Ashborn
6. Columbine in a lime outcropping, caught in a rift in stone. The spur of the petal whirs like a single, tiny sparrow.
7. The Poppy, anemone coronaria: anemone for its wind□bleeding seeds, coronaria for its circlet of blood. Purpura (violet, bright), Purpureus (for its murmuring dress)
8. Blood and sap, sap and blood
9. The blood is thin or thick. The blood is blue or red. The child / takes after her mother.
10. "The beautiful uncut hair of graves"
11. Asphodels: like great white ashes, or ghostflowers laid against tombs. Smoky enough to feed the thin dead with forgetfulness.
12. Chrysanthemum psalms

## Snub-Poemed

when odysseus slit Isaac's throat i. when odysseus slit Isaac's throat: ii. in the mouths of Orcus swollen-wet and ripe w/ the voice of sparrows, and the tiny flicking tongues of sparrows flitting like shades on the bodies to and fro, and in the image of the burning river, a dappled row of sibilants rushes around Anticlea—three times he throws his arms, three times she melts like sparrows and the moths of Orcus, hung from trees rush out in a thousand arrows, eager:

- iii. as i am eager for the fire to run my moth□dust tongue thru the candle wax to taste what fire tastes like, to learn how light is formed

## VI. stained glass Logos: for you

["the scab on my lip / called canker- / worm"] the scab on my lip, name of the the devil called canker- worm a constant presence callous from picking first: it splits & spits & bleeds & then soft burns the smooth tissue forms the healing skin & flakes of pain & brittle edges emerge & pinch & then my fingers itch again to find the smooth red skin the healing hides: inside this body—a presence—lies? will rise, but scars & when that abide & light inhabits of morning / mourning flutters on my deeps— finally the worm will he sleep speak- sss□he his- sleeps

Journal Entry III: April 2013, Poetry Magazine: p. 14 as far as maximum effort takes me — the rest i read more interestingly as a flipbook—dining my eyes on the subtle permutations of the rectangle as they blur & slip by. i just can't understand what Poetry Magazine wants verse to do—a mouthful of molars in a world of meat: there's nothing that could cut thru in college Andy asked, "what makes it a poem?" tho i held this truth to be self-evident, thru later years, i guess as the decades slipped past & my longing went on w/o answer, i came to see the question as less obtuse—because i too long to know what a poem is & how in the world i might write it... what's done is done, & what's left — what's left? & lately i don't see poems but question marks—what in the world could once again make a poem?—take the shattered history & make it sing—pass through the archive & linger or make it live forever—take art and heart, cliché & ostranenie, & make them work together?

"Akedah" The lucent letters wane & flicker, & the dimful father bides & binds the innocent symbols, & lifts the glittering caesura high in an arc which poise describes a falling stroke: the circum□cision of the throat.

"Hymn" I know to write the luminous words, I will have to cut myself & let in the light. I know that if I speak plain, I will have to hide my face.

"Guitar Tabs" A# E May the good lord shine A# C all fire and breath, A# C we've all gotta die D Emin we all face death. A# E You're naked and scuffed up, A# C a little ashamed, A# C but don't let it break you, D Emin we all face the same. A# E There's no one around, A# C but the desert-dark eyes, A# C but you're not alone babe, D Emin let the good lord shine.

Journal Entry IV: 4/21/13, 12:01am Carla clicks her mechanical pencil —cat curled up on the quilt, second cat @ the foot of the bed —journal propped on crossed leg lying naked post-coitus & unwashed sex, wet washcloth by left hip while langhorne slim & the law play—volume setting 3— from the laptop on the plastic table—12AM not bedtime yet— chronic lip scab stiff & brittle— ragged piano plays Cat Stevens honky-tonk—song fades & banging buddy holly guitar starts in—title track bouncy & upbeat mangled old soul baritone filterless Camels vocals—that is to say, i am lying in here in bed, contemplative & pensive, apprehending w/ futile wishfulness—for what, i don't have words—to speak thru to you. to find a shape to make things bigger. to find, for myself & you, the words to tell what a poem is, & how once again i might wake up—&, with you, remember—

In the beginning was the poem, and the poem became history. If I linger in the archive, in communion, then I am aware that this is the substance of that to which the archive testifies, this resurrection of dead texts. When I remain in the archive, then the archive will come and live in me, and share the life of my body. If I commune with ancient literatures, and the history of meter is mine to command, and the voices of lost poetries ring undiminished in my verse, but have not love—

Journal Entry V: 4/27/13, 11pm so hopeless & tired @ times— how become big name? how

hear @ life's end 'well done, thou good & faithful poet'? so many writers, each sustained by fantastic pictures: glassy or glossy images of historical figures animate the surviving eyes— But those lost names are dead & gone, & the image is a lie. i am not concerned w/ career—but i need to endure beyond my body—my words must carry on. it's not the doing, but the doing in a way that goes out: your love will carry on

My vocabulary did this to me. Your love will let you go on. -Jack Spicer Though written on time□thin liquid of water, my love for you will carry on, travelling through futures illegible or resurrected in the ancient records, a second birth moving backwards to where—I do not know— the yearning words behind the Logos□onion paper of layers, heaped up in time until I touch you. We only have, I guess,

what we're given, though I long to breathe and die to touch and there to find your hand□set type□face, bound and polished, brass and patina, glowing and glowing, sinking and away, waters above and waters below, vast spaces, pale structures, brighter and brighter, of fonts. Could my love for you

ever falter? Or could I forget you, Zion? A mother might forget her crops, or let her children go hungry, but I will not forget you, your loveliness, lingering, lingers on and on, and my love for you will not go out ["yr face like / snarls / of rain"]

- i. Where there is a will, there is a way, I think. In private, here, I'm thinking about the problem of The Absolute, and how to put down words in words, accompanied by power... if I to you w/ the touch, here, of silences breaking open...
- ii. Eyes leak speech□lessness like dreams: I'm coming soon to you, my darling; soon I'll come to you— but until then dreams break open, like tiny shells with yolks, or little statuettes of silence: light blue shards

like tiny skies. I rise to you, my darling: rise. And the skies rise, too, on top of water, floating on the atmosphere in oceans, bright and deep. These motions of the element time, like liquid darkness or new wine: spinning, dusky and blue, like flowers on a stain-etched face— your eyes are a winedeepest blue, and stain-etched, dear; your face like snarls of rain: there is no tenderness so open. for you i put the words here back in the form of words. If the line is a breath and I am the line

that bursts across college-ruled angles, running parallel to robins— then my life lives in the reading; my life breathes on your lips. my little dog is a temple

i am i because my little dog is a temple + a series of temples in a sentence is sound + a thousand sounds like suns = syntax, + a billions constellations of syntax is fires, + a circumference of fires in thousands is birds, + thousands of perforated birds = language

textual humanism . , ; i I

anxiety / immortality the arrow bites through layers, per skull & ventral striatum; per medial forebrain sac & tender zones of fire to the feathers. Geryon's neck, a plough□clipped poppy, slumps & drools translucent fluid<sup>1</sup>

1 a bundle of flowers leaking: wax□skinned summer persimmons simul, frantic dendrite geometries fire in random sequence, flooding the dopamine adaptive pathways w/ chemistry's

burning phantasms of memory or bright abstractions  
 2 2 I'll aufheben yr Latinate brain matter,  
 & press my scruff□weary cheek against the mouth yr hippo-

campus feeds years the cankerworm ate i. awake in the night, a ghost in the eaves, fitful bulbs  
 buzzing above: i breathe. milky eyes wide with webs, alone with the knots in the stomach,  
 alone with my fits of dread—alone with my baby□soft, hair□sad head. the olive arms touched  
 by scars bear cigarette marks & the backs of the hands are kissed with brands—god again,  
 awake in the night, a ghost in the leaves: i am. the slow skitter of years turns hours in this  
 dark— & that which turns to May only yesterday was March. and then again beneath these  
 bulbs September starts. i startle apart:

i clutch the strands of strings, i fumble with the leaking heart: ii. i have known scars self-  
 inflicted. i have suffered the night when it breaks apart, indifferent. i have suffered some sad  
 thing unspeakable in the silences i keep: the blankness of an hour killed, the distant noise of  
 a leak.

iii. but if from all sides a tentative song darts from the mouth of morning birds— and if  
 in the first gray milk of morning, i hear this one small note, defy the bars of the night,  
 break through the shuttered blinds, leak in like the limp that runs before the light: then  
 selah. i will rise with the morning. i will shake off the night's longing.

Corinna 691 Dawn plunges up from the ocean deep, drawing off a moon□holy brightness from  
 the ash□grey sky. Sea-sons, sons of deathless Zeus, blossomdeep in May. In the seven-gated  
 city, the chorus of singers cries holy

Iris-Bright Language burns, a dream at dawn: I know your face even fogged in sleep, your  
 iris□bright eyes even slick with whispers: those humming□bird hearts of musky speech. The  
 white shards spill, a sleepy blink—if I didn't sing, it wouldn't matter: the very stones would  
 shout, the earth cry wonder.

on the predestination of election the elect, ex□lecto, plucked out from the atonal mass of  
 strings to form a chord or stitch of sinews; & also lecto in the sense of lecture lexical legible  
 letters: the way the attention falls in the act of reading in thro (illegible) tangled ligatures of  
 symbols upon discrete phenomenal windows & in its throwness / ex- (ception) static emerges  
 / merges from the inundated sense a word (or sentence):

another sense: e-lecto / Logos to be cast off or proceed from: flesh becoming text, or literacy  
 encoding 'persons': electo: the submerged features slowly rising thro the deeps, an exodus  
 of rivulets beneath the rainmany inks: the lower waters from the upper waters / deeps—  
 election: to have been read

many death-lovely heavens the winter lily thrusts its head through layers of frost□sick dirt  
 ~ Ringed by tufts of hard dark grass: wind on a blossom□wet face: feathery tongues of fire  
 ~ rain, a wildfire of falling sparks ~ my neck cranes upwards w/ sharp need, & i am finally  
 crushed by the many, death□lovely heavens. ~ the whole thing shines w/ light;

the rose reverberates w/ darkness there is a vibrating scar of miracles above the cities of yr  
 voice

noctilucent father, fill me w/ beauty & call me beyond to a training in weight & grandeur &  
 the glory of small birds. & teach me yr depths & yr heights & the silences that fill you & fill

me! pull back the tatter of ribs & take out the stone that sits there, replace it w/ the gospel of dawn birds— father, if only the right words were here this world would be born anew—what is this thing you’ve placed in me that shines w/ precarious substance?

surfeit faces kne(k)nokt de-composure

liquid-dark sleep i. frail pattering fingers, teeth: my baby girl like halcyon or violets. ii. dried petals of dusk.

the husk of yr dress. an echo. iii. hiding from me behind figs: your blue eyes can’t cover the liquid□dark sleep. iv. hush, dear hands— this song is enough.

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