

" l e f t  
i n        h i s  
c e l l "

"approximately  
s i x  
w e e k s "

" s u b j e c t e d  
t o                    e i g h t  
e x t e n s i v e  
s l e e p  
d e p r i v a t i o n  
s e s s i o n s "

" l o n g e s t  
a t o t a l  
o f 1 3 8 . 5  
h o u r s "

"shackled  
i n a  
s t a n d i n g  
p o s i t i o n "

2.1: Time in the body / the body in time is both an excruciating circuit of pain, and bare rhythmic-ground (measure) of being in the epic.

2.1.1: Time then is  
black earth—bodies  
going into it; time

is apparatus: pure  
capture of the living,  
their many gestures,

ideas, desires, dis-  
courses among days  
& architectures &

the thigh-tall grasses—  
still-wet with it all;  
time is subjugation

to force / to force and  
its decimations; time,  
therefore, is empire:

always & everywhere  
a limit—impossibility—  
(you feel it sill, here

in this no-place)  
of escape, or over-  
throwing immortal epic.

“Take me prisoner,” he said almost to no one there—  
no one, or emergent night, “take me prisoner”

“ c o n s t a n t w h i t e - n o i s e ”  
“ c o m p l e t e d a r k n e s s ”  
“ c o n s t a n t ” “ t e r r o r ”  
“ i 3 8 . 5 h o u r s ”  
“ v i s i o n s ” “ p a r a n o i a ”  
l i k e “ a n y s p e c u l a t i v e l a n g u a g e ”  
“ w a s k e p t i n ”  
t o t a l d a r k n e s s ”  
“ f o r t w o a n d a h a l f ”  
y e a r s h e r e m a i n e d  
i n s o c i a l  
i s o l a t i o n ”  
“ c o n s t a n t ”  
“ n o i s e ”  
“ c o m p l e t e d a r k n e s s ”  
“ c o n s t a n t ” “ d e p r i v a t i o n ”  
“ i n h i s c e l l ”

“and I will ransom myself, my father will pay you  
any price; back home we have bronze, mirror-bronze,  
Arabian horses, and gold, & worked-iron,

and more gold still—my father will pay you  
anything if he just hears that I’m alive,  
a prisoner among the hollow ships. Please.”

those years lost

(tho somehow tightly  
framed) return in nights

of sleeplessness  
of self-recrimination

those nights in which  
each memory (if they

can be called that)  
is a token of survivor’s  
guilt even when what

survives is less person  
than combine  
of tendencies, the same

password, the same  
locality for a season

of relent of asylum

coffee a meal shower

a letter to you—