

Romance is a glottal terroir composed in the imaginary.  
 We require an elsewhere to proceed proceeding being  
 The premise in the first place. Shelley or the knight speaks  
 In and of vernacular a tongue of other local the story or  
 Conditions have occasioned. Everything in the Romantic  
 Sense is crossing producing manifesting especially.  
 A claim is required for a sentence of Romantic type to proceed.  
 The mutual definition of subject and object is  
 A fiction of grammar unique to the West. West an imaginary  
 fixed from what meridian. Time an imaginary but only in  
 The Western sense of a line with eastward and infinite appetite.  
 West is a tautology gluttonous with self.  
 English has Romantic grammar but we consider it Germanic.  
 How does it develop. Through story and through syntax.  
 The scaffolding of empire is speech in its sprawl.  
 The knight is narrative and literal the story is a matrix and a script of order.  
 And in the voice of who possesses you you learn to form a mind.  
 I have a dream I am reading a poem by Elaine Equi called Manila Eclogue.  
 All I remember is a line Green Comes from Freedom which feels now waking  
 Very Rukeyser to me. Also Kandinsky—Concerning the Spiritual in Art.  
 Also this ink with which I am writing Herbin Vert Réséda.  
 Is an eclogue a morning poem. Aubade. I cross my vowels and consonants  
 And in the pleasures of sound I am freer incrementally from what it means to mean.  
 Reading in a dream I am writer and the sound that makes the writer  
 From the work which she is making the work which is a place I excavate  
 Through reading the text exponentially more archaeological the deeper in I go  
 And nauseating and delicious when language becomes sense without a referent  
 A haptic total I am tracing green and what it spools. I woke too early I think  
 It troubles my loved one like a cat territorial insofar as time. I am in the way  
 Of his morning ablutions. So I sit in the kitchen high chair unuseably elevated perch  
 Meant for quickly eating opening envelopes while to my left the green Kitkat clock  
 Wags its tail a gift from him for us. Green is time and the envelopes for business  
 Reply the postage prepaid to make the payment. In front of me the top fold

Of a piece of paper proclaiming THIS IS NOT A BILL. The piece of paper  
Folded in what a kindergarten teacher would call accordion detailing sums of money  
Which correspond with various medical testing. The paper titled THIS IS NOT  
A BILL explains YOUR INSURANCE CARRIER PROCESSED OUR CLAIM  
FOR TESTING and covered some amount THIS IS NOT A BILL this is just  
The part you owe. This is the DEDUCTIBLE. Signed SINCERELY  
PATIENT BILLING CUSTOMER SERVICE. What I like and despise  
About language are the inherently transubstantive properties.  
But things do cling also to reality in spite of nomenclature.  
Tried to cook an apple regrettably one had spoiled the bunch.  
In Tagalog sentence structure is often verb first then object then the subject.  
Spoiled the bunch the one. Subject last or what we think it is I am  
The vocalizer at the end though what we I use my English here  
Call end is in Tagalog a place equal with any other within a structure  
More circular. Who went in to make it.

Well the Chinese the Malays the Arabs the Indians the Japanese the Spanish the  
Americans occupied the language what changes my throat my mouth  
Where the stresses and the tones fall when I speak are accreted and eroded  
With extractions and exchange. The tongue I am a tourist to.

#### TAGALOG

Unadulterated by its colonizers comes from the river I am here the I  
Apart from me. There the river dweller. Yes is two circles Oo  
Like binoculars I am waiting for what crosses the apertures  
The I apprehends further constellations by which a navigation happens.  
An archipelagic feeling not unlike oceanic but what I feel  
Deep connection to is what is fractured and beyond me.  
One must believe in what. Believe in must what one.  
This is not a bill. C'eci n'est pas. La vie c'est. Tout der Welt.  
Immer ein Erlebnis. Ist dieser Traum ma vie tao ka nang humarap.  
Mein Welt ist nicht. Immer ist nie bilang tao kitang haharapin.  
Tout n'est pas somebody. Niemand demanded ma danse.  
Jamais may I magaling mandala. La monde the moon almond annuls  
Lundi Dienstag Mittwoch Huwebes. In der Mitte von ma Vie  
I vivr'd der ich. Liebe kaibigan ici. There I dare I put the sum.  
Somebody put everything somewhere.