



DEATH  
DRIVE  
*through*  
GAIA  
PARIS



*Charles Noble*



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## Death drive through gaia Paris

Noble, Charles

University of Calgary Press

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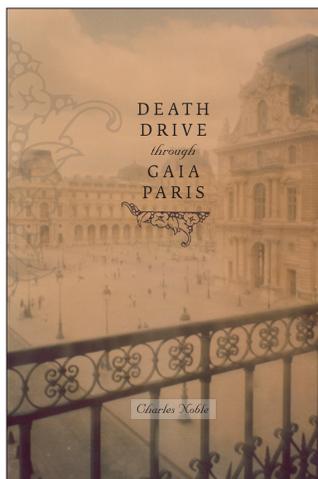
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## DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

by Charles Noble

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DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS



DEATH DRIVE  
THROUGH GAIA PARIS



*Charles Noble*

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OTHER BOOKS BY CHARLES NOBLE

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*Haywire Rainbow*

*Banff/Breaking*

*Afternoon Starlight*

*Let's Hear It For Them*

*Wormwood Vermouth, Warphistory*

*Hearth Wild/post cardiac banff*

*Doubt's Boots*

I dedicate this book to all the people, including some of the other patrons, past and present, connected to the Banff *Saltik*.



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The avant-garde and its metaphor[s] ... enemy fire  
... friendly fire ... challenge ... endless ... critique ...  
behind[?] the lines ... theory-wrestling ... doughty  
bouts ... theory forsaking its dialectical power ...  
hardening into a science-like, blind praxis ... the  
elephant/envelope in the room: capitalism's perpetual  
(so far) revolution ... arising in spurts from its  
hardened arteries ... in evil genius fits of survival (see  
film *Friends and Crocodiles*) ... sucking from behind into  
its obsolescing, its vacuum (see *F&C* again for more  
vacuum [cleaner] irony), the puffing avant-garde ...  
rendering it ... poor cousin ... impotent imitator ...  
so poetry re-verses to hobby? ... spare ... time ... f[ol]k  
art ... fingers in the socket ... shock of the naïve ...  
return of the kernel ... “extimate” kernel ... what the  
later Pound, of his thoughts, said he couldn't get to  
anymore ... and so[w] ... he can fault us.

SOCRATES:

*Then it won't be with serious intent that he writes them in water or  
that black fluid we call ink, using his pen to sow words that can't  
either speak in their own defence or present the truth adequately....  
He will sow his seed in literary gardens I take it, and write when he  
does write by way of pastime....*

*from Plato's "Phaedrus"*

welcome to the ELEFONTS

THE DRAG OF KNOWING

serving  
customers

she  
could  
flirt

with  
the  
truth

let  
the  
burden  
be  
tray

service  
world

where  
mirror  
steals  
mirror

and  
barmaid's  
brain

fingers  
the  
glass

complex  
informed  
nuanced  
views

in  
the  
middle  
of  
nowhere

a  
warhead

bank of TVs	by the hydrant	boxer has “boxing” tattooed
hockey games	seeing the jewelry store	on his back
bank on	I	this tireless
us “notes	put out	front
on camp”	all meanings	tells on him
which fires		
the couch		

young  
guy  
tearing  
at  
his  
food  
so

I  
see  
him

raise  
him

to  
good  
old  
drool

a  
thin  
man  
with  
grey  
mean  
mustache

tattoos  
wolfing  
food

dog  
gone  
human

outrage  
over  
a  
dog's  
life  
in  
same  
breath  
as  
child's

slippery

path-  
us

an  
imposition

then  
godsend

work

as  
long

as  
it  
adores  
the  
wolf

once

I  
cried  
for  
my  
dog

then  
when

I  
cried  
wolf

made  
real

flushed  
through  
others

centipede

I  
smear

it  
sets  
me

back

up

to  
go  
on

thinking  
for

it

man	my	she
kills	story	annoys
wife		anonymously
kids	not	
mom	lording	inside
dad	it	the
		remote
past	but	I
life	as	short
takes	if	
	you	she
makes	were	dies
sense		
of	not	
it	in	
	business	
bleeds		
sensation		

we  
pin  
the  
bully  
down

steal  
his  
ball

bested  
he  
bests  
us

steeling  
us

to  
dream  
  
he  
counted  
out

her  
unmindful  
acts

insights  
to  
turn  
in-  
  
to

he  
arrived  
rived  
  
by  
snapshots

he  
wasn't  
ready  
for

this

gathered  
this

to  
think  
to  
crowds

he  
died  
down

when  
he  
woke  
up

he  
had  
been  
kicked  
around

the  
galaxy  
in  
the  
mould  
on  
your  
meaning

is  
mine  
made  
not

by  
me

soldiers  
know  
untrue  
grit

in  
distant  
lands

I  
an  
atlas  
on  
acid

he  
keeps  
floating  
up  
from  
the  
maze

where  
he  
can't  
figure  
out

where  
he  
is

being  
less  
than  
your  
life

twists  
round  
self  
help

wind  
mills  
say  
wind

no  
spin

the  
perfected  
wheel

you  
had  
to  
re-invent

so  
your  
head  
wouldn't  
spin

right  
off  
the  
bat  
the  
ball  
is  
virtual

and  
that  
bat  
to  
worlds  
strikes  
out

“art  
film”

that  
crowd

I  
want  
schlock

to  
zero  
out

like  
art  
dreams

a  
sleeper

skin  
colour

is  
one  
thing

saying  
*this*  
*culture*

gets  
not  
its  
own  
skinny

he	movie	new
watched	promotes	world
them		
watching	its	unknown
him	“special	but
	effects”	for
write		the
	what	old
behind	we	
them	must	smoked
	then	humans
sow		
in	have	and
		the
his	already	drag
pen		of
		knowing
he		
pigged		
out		

some  
of  
the  
guns  
aim  
at  
the  
future  
flared

hand  
to  
mouth

we  
take  
it  
in

death  
drive  
is  
paved

through  
Gaia  
Paris

Archimedes  
screws  
loose

*le*  
*vers*

## TRUE TRUE CHAINS

*I would not have you think that I am shut out from a sense of what is called by the Japanese “the ah-ness of things”; the melancholy inherent in the animal life. But there is a Ho-ho-ness too. And against the backgrounds of their sempiternal Ah-ness it is possible, strictly in the foreground, to proceed with a protracted comedy, which glitters against the darkness.*

P. Wyndham Lewis – as quoted by Wilfred Watson with his “I shot a trumpet into my brain” (from *Mass on Cowback*).

Kate's  
navel  
de-zens  
the  
denizens  
of  
the  
bar  
  
their  
gaze  
buddeth  
out

noisy  
group  
in  
loud  
lounge  
  
thrive  
on  
alpha  
clichés  
  
and  
their  
much  
beta  
crumbs

prairie  
stars  
  
over  
grain  
bins  
  
the  
old  
story  
of  
pissing  
  
in  
my  
drink

he  
wore  
his  
boxers  
backwards

because  
his  
dink  
stuck  
out

gas  
at  
the  
back

bit  
cross  
with  
women's  
gym  
shorts

crotch-  
tight

so

in  
touch  
with  
his  
inner  
cunt

he  
pees  
on  
the  
electric  
fence

making  
out  
what's  
there

stars-  
seeing  
brain

I  
spoke  
right  
out  
of  
my  
grocery  
cart  
  
your  
face  
a  
flock  
of  
shotguns

I  
would  
win  
trips  
cars  
  
on  
the  
phone  
  
they're  
tripping  
away  
  
on  
true  
  
true  
chains

so  
my  
escape  
from  
gravity  
  
gets  
taken  
up  
in  
gossip  
circles

the	loud	I
sort	young	see
of	woman	her
guy		baby
	song	belly
who	of	
would	herself	so
ask		kid
unrhetorically	annoys	
	the	she's
“what	unsung	in
are		trouble
friends	song	
for?”	of	she
	myself	admits
		it

who	I	Eaton's
is	love	'coy
that	the	pad
blond?	weather	
		for
I	woman	real
ask		
myself	but	shins
	get	
hair-	this	off
raised		the
by		
blonds	my	ice
	nephew's	in
now	comic	
they	strip	the
tell	wife	shack
the		
jokes		deked-
		out
		playmates

trust	on	I
my	the	plant
reportage	box	flowers
		they
“Charles,	on	kill
it	the	
won’t	ball	ho!
fit”		I’m
	in	joking
she	the	
tries	box	I
the		weed
<i>Globe</i>	talk	
in	show	hara-
the	mind	kiri
rack		hoes
	jacks	
	off	
	in	
	the	
	box	



## LEIBNITZ NUTS

quantum-  
like  
traffic

is  
Leibnitz  
nuts

drivers  
each

taking  
all  
the  
paths

the  
monster  
and  
his  
dog

me  
and  
mine

ergo  
I'm  
a  
monster

or  
not

he  
cried  
falsely

in  
the  
context

reason  
stumbles

onto  
everything

that	most	I
you	fun	think
don't	requires	to
want	work	you
to		I'm
live	but	me
	we	
five	like	but
hundred	work	to
years		me
	if	I'm
leaks	the	free
your	cruelty	of
weakness		me
	<i>subjects</i>	
as	us	if
we		I
speak		follow

as  
long  
as  
you're  
alive  
you  
belie  
your  
image  
  
dead  
you  
believe  
it

overboard  
musings  
think  
  
haiku  
boat  
  
deck  
hands  
play  
cards  
  
o  
minus  
touch

we  
discard  
  
what  
Descartes  
depicts  
  
withdraw  
dotty  
pictures  
  
to  
his  
point?

rightful  
positions

are  
taken

held

need  
to  
go

to  
the  
*cogito*

“logos  
is  
what  
makes  
things  
definite”

boat  
of  
ice

in  
love  
with  
water

the  
new  
argument

enlists  
old  
other-  
side  
thoughts

making  
truth

kinky

the  
concept  
curls  
around  
the  
disappearing  
particle

plays  
for  
shape

the  
you-  
don't-  
know-  
everything  
sting

swells  
you  
up

to  
know  
it

inside-  
out

thumbs  
down  
on  
flicks  
yeah

but  
Plato's  
idiot

I  
love  
the  
cave's  
remove

you	science	elegance
cast	so	is
castles	far	a
in		good
the	off	driver
air		
	so	it
just	we'll	never
where	have	pulls
	a	off
they	good	
can		its
be	a	own
	good	defeat
seen	problematic	
through	time	
the		
first		
stone		

the  
beefy  
coil  
  
creates  
a  
spark  
  
ideal  
recognition  
  
with  
a  
beef

relatives  
will  
derive  
you  
  
out  
of  
your  
tree  
  
splitting  
the  
absolute

*they*  
*all*  
*look*  
*the*  
*same*  
  
“abstract  
universal”  
  
but  
blue  
likes  
them  
  
like  
me

little	young	“make
modern	cool	it
monads	handsome	new”
with	everything	
no		but
god	they	new’s
	have	its
but	everything	own
true		no
to	their	mind
form	self-	
	doubt	got
none		by
the	seals	
wiser	it	mind
		with
		mind
		of
		its
		own

scientists	we	resort
say	meet	to
Mars	on	force
will	the	
change	street	power
us		flies
	with	off
if	our	(Arendt)
<i>us</i>	lines	
is	on	the
still	things	new
<i>there</i>		requires
no	glanced	force
	remote	(Arendt)
if		
not	fly	
	in	
NO		
	time 's	
	square	

*bios*  
has  
no  
bias

till  
the  
nervous  
crown  
bites

its  
toothpick  
repast



ROME TAKES ALL ROADS

she  
drops  
she  
plies  
all  
comers

wears  
aware-  
weary

drop  
of  
shame

war  
wares

unpleasant  
person  
you  
meet

say  
what  
you  
have  
to

protest  
pleasantries

he  
is  
drunk  
  
smarting

so  
digs  
at  
you

not  
smart  
you  
smart

learn  
him

back  
hoe

I  
cut  
off  
the  
roots  
of  
his  
badness

nurture  
my  
face  
value  
anger

to  
call  
her  
by  
name

is  
a  
dart  
in  
the  
dark

she  
curls  
up

round  
the  
prick

low  
cut  
dress

the  
breasts  
are  
look-  
ma-  
no-  
hands

he  
can't  
milk  
for  
all  
their  
worth

how	word-	kick
you	strapped:	ass
can		woman
drown	you	shape
	love	
in	her	mere
ideal	like	genetic
allure	mutton	film
	stew	
be		<i>amor</i>
saved	but	<i>fati</i>
	don't	says
by	say	
the	to	“choice
fucking	stew	cuts”
anchor	<i>lamby-</i>	
	<i>pie</i> <sup>1</sup>	

same	womanizing	he
birth	bends	called
days	thereby	his
		girl
strangely	human	not
intimate		crème
	but	de
outside	can't	crème
all	stop	
number		but
	its	crème
of	alien	de
backward	line	menthe
hearts		
		but
		should
		have
		meant
		<i>menth</i>

she	will	didn't
flirted	she?	dare
her		phone
hip	he	her
	withdraws	
against	to	but
his	doodle	did
leg		
heat	spirals	then
he'd	into	beyond
never		premeditation
feel	his	
	own	skilled
doing		her
it	vital	
	signs	

talking  
to  
oneself  
as  
overheard

bespeaks  
having  
been  
loved

to  
bits

those  
shoulders  
don't  
fit  
those  
hips

those  
things  
wow

these  
funny

Rome  
takes

all  
roads

playmates  
on  
reality  
TV

just  
girls  
no  
power

but  
stripped

of  
it

object  
of  
your  
desire

falls  
apart

then  
on

the  
ear

a  
hank  
of  
hair

“she’s  
letting  
you  
know

it  
will  
just  
be  
platonic”

what  
goes  
up

comes  
down

she  
had  
a  
cap  
pulled  
down  
cock-  
eyed

fellas  
fell  
over  
themselves

to  
see

I	a	couldn't
saw	lovely	put
her	woman	your
beauty	I	finger
	said	on
so		it
tell	it	
	takes	love
on	not-	
her	one	when
	to	you
like	know	could
rotten	one	
I	she	you
	rejoined	lost
were		your
selling		finger
fruit		

take	I	himself
simple	like	deflated
breasts		
	her	to
they	whats	her
move		a
you	squeezed	rock
and	into	to
bearers	shape	which
back		she
	what's	sticks
removed	what	
to		all
prime	she's	puffed
	wise	good
the	to	points
pump	her	
	not	
	knowing	

public  
couples

you  
their  
ceiling

and  
on  
the  
wall

two-  
way  
Spanish  
fly

turns  
on  
the  
radio

when  
it's  
already  
on

story  
of  
his  
wife

we  
are  
intimate

intimating

the  
signs  
the  
gossiped  
have  
died  
for

not	cruelty	not
knowing	kind	love
he	of	flipped
was		into
with	when	hate
her	you	
	bring	but
I	up	love
opened	a	not
up	friend's	dared
	failed	
on	tryst	dammed
her		at
	but	dawn
killed	up	
his	case	hanging
fishing		
	to	back
	the	light
	kind	

you're  
jealous  
right  
off

cuz  
she  
knows  
you

in  
the  
world

not  
as  
its  
mouth  
piece

you're  
jealous  
in  
good  
time

cuz  
all  
you  
make  
new

her  
field  
finds  
a  
place  
for

heft  
your  
road  
around

bulldozer

detractor  
terrains  
arouse  
your  
seed

her	like	receptors
her	a	ape
	dog	women's
and	barking	hips
her	in	
	the	brain
you	street	synchs
love		so
in	he	
	didn't	so
an	know	do
instant	which	your
	fast	hopes
many	femme	
worlds	to	swing
theory	chase	higher?
one		
god		

his  
lie  
wheeled  
round

up  
the  
sky

his  
bruised  
rib  
spoke  
free

truth  
was  
on  
his  
side

now  
I  
x-ray  
this  
friend

in  
whom  
she  
shows  
up  
positive

like  
cancer

she  
is  
wrong

or  
sick

but  
for  
the  
future

scrapped  
by  
my  
timely  
portrait



MORE'S TIME

the  
pale  
exit  
sign

or  
rich  
red  
one

either  
way

local  
colour

goes

two  
cab-  
s-park

oppose  
themselves

touch  
on  
no

car-  
go

no  
God-  
Adam  
fare

the  
bar  
works  
for  
me

some  
magic

but  
I  
want

to  
free  
the  
trapped  
tourists

pajamas  
pimples  
hanging  
lip

on  
the  
Y  
hall  
phone

likeness

of  
her

crush  
a  
tricycle

drag  
it  
through  
the  
garden

till  
the  
ground

fancies  
it

snow-  
capped  
mountains

night  
catches  
cliché  
down

before  
it  
ups  
the  
ante

all  
this  
emotional  
pollution

but  
landscape

the  
great  
carbon  
think

low  
sun  
  
on  
far  
off  
Waterton

peaks  
and  
what's  
more  
  
more's  
utopia

logo  
*A-l-b-e-r-t-a*  
*B-a-l-l-e-t*

wild  
anagram  
phones

hoof  
beats  
  
range  
on  
home

after  
the  
bison

star-  
here  
highways

with  
too

end-  
game  
words

that  
backfire

hinter  
roads  
maintain

the  
roads  
to  
the  
road

belie  
its  
unforked  
thunder

the  
village

cold  
snow

dim  
lights

in  
the  
post  
box

Sinclair  
Ross

turned-  
up  
loss

brother  
brings  
proud  
new  
hockey  
colours

I  
wearing  
him

take  
him  
off

home

coming  
out  
of  
the  
theatre

poplars  
in  
the  
dusk

the  
roles  
reverse

winter  
blahs

grey  
snow

wan  
sun

careless  
safety

but  
black  
holes

beam  
me  
up

they  
were  
near  
grain  
bins

fell  
in  
love

birds  
veered  
round  
the  
pileups

like  
swallows

the  
three-  
legged  
dog

twirls  
its  
lariat

the  
halo  
topples  
the  
rope

a  
big  
toe  
on  
the  
lawn

toe  
of  
nothing

stubborn  
stub

no  
wit  
just  
it

house  
with  
the  
dark-  
defined  
light  
on

you  
enter

what  
is  
spoiling  
for  
you

the  
dogs  
in  
the  
camp  
bark  
in  
the  
dark

the  
fire  
doesn't  
do

much  
better

drive  
by  
grade  
two

my  
life  
as  
a  
life

now  
I'm  
the  
kite

caught  
in  
the  
sky

history  
as  
“interview”

“the  
vampire”

feeding  
on

epochal  
blood

Toronto  
news-  
makes  
me

but  
then  
I’m  
too

big  
for  
my  
where-  
abouts

with  
the  
*pleated*  
crossword

they  
make  
good

a  
bit  
of  
bad  
infinity

I smile	“species consciousness”	sea gull swallows
you copy	corrects our reach	a mouse
you try to make me smile	as enunciated out of	relieved driver  dark and warm
we must root out		back to unborn
ourselves		

dog's  
sad  
friendly  
face

draws  
us  
as  
poison

off  
the  
path

which  
begs  
the  
quest

man  
drowns  
canoeing

because  
of  
his  
buckskin  
shirt

claims  
Joe

blames  
Trudeau

man  
drowned

I  
used  
to  
see

some  
what

now  
hear

moonrise

carpenter

wife  
kids

my	once	after
dog	I	my
died	nursed	dog's
	a	death
a	shoelace	
woman	out	I
wipes		have
	last	more
from	stool	time
both	now	
sides	beneath	to
the	her	part
glass	tail	with
door		
	mum's	all
the	the	the
two	look	other
noses		dogs





## AFTERWORD

As sympathetic hysteric, granting myself some healthy, off-centre normality, I set about to write an afterword and will henceforth, as per usual, become the pervert. (No, I'm not Irving Layton nor was meant to be, I say – in reference to his prefatorial, Nietzschean certainties!) Therefore I aim to cleave – to the minimum.

The “short hairs,” pseudo haikus, are not in fact traditional haikus. I would call them logopoeic haiku – a contradiction in terms. Logopoeia of course being Ezra Pound's term and of the three possible dominances (the other two of the standard *ménage à trois* being phano- and melopoeia) he claimed logopoeia to be the riskiest – a tending to philosophy and a leaving of poetry. But we're not talking about leaving – there is that ‘-poeia.’ The will to logopoeia, even if just by way of compromising by any amount a genre famous for its proscription of same, also invites Charles Olson's judgment: “all the original thoughts in the world can be written on a postage stamp.” To which I could lamely protest the stamp's rime (Robert Duncan's word) with the haiku. I would also point out that this logopoeia often lives (so lives!) on “psychopoeic” content, a standard literary ecology, where wicked psychic reflexes are portrayed, the ironic distances to be determined in each case – but always minimally there! [?] (A perhaps too pat example of this would be: “she/annoys/anonymously//inside/the/remote/I/short//she/dies”.)

The main attraction to this diverted form indeed is its brevity and its discreteness – owing initially to a completely extra-to-the-form consideration, an ordinary general existential constraint, undisclosed

here, but I may say not unconnected to being discreet (we're talking now of being off the island but still highly visible, yet not – à la “The Purloined Letter”). Complete disclosure: a good many were composed in short periods at my favourite bar. (The other half of the constraint upon this writing was that it was done when my attention was turned mostly to reading.)

At one point I was thinking of entitling the collection “The Minus Hand,” from: “overboard/ musings/ think// haiku/ boat// deck/ hands/ play/ cards// o/ minus/ touch.” And it occurred to me later that the “overboard musings” and “minus touch” were apt descriptions of traditional haiku. This is to say that the genre, while completely valid, has, from the point of view of a minus touch, a logopoeic decision frozen in the genre frame, as well as individual “overboard musings” in the wings of every actual haiku (not to mention the predisposed reader's interpretive flights).

I can't, or at least I refrain from, putting my finger on what language/thought action is spurred into being by the seventeen-syllable constraint – the only hewed-to rule in these hybrid haikus.<sup>2</sup> The intersection of the “imaginary” and the “symbolic” is obviously the central consideration here, referring to the haiku genre level – not to the omnipresent intertwining, however hidden, in any language action, even of course in strict (haiku) phanopeic language, and which can always be teased out again and explored or experimented with in many directions and to extreme degrees, even to, in reverse, cutting it all back to melopoeia, to one of the “materialit[ies]” of language, all of it to a *pharmakon* moment of apoetics uncannily taken up by re-recognized/re-cognizing literary process and thereby stutter-doubled into proto-genre, *set off* (a möbius and

deist-like pun) by on-board musings as twined and twinned to overboard.

Whether this intersection makes haiku [re]olutions harder or easier, or harder in a different way, is open to question. What is not open to question is that whatever the logo-/phano-/melo- mix, with whatever parts repressed or not, or whatever the abstract real<sup>3</sup> (in Hegel's sense of abstract – splintered-off), marks or sounds, imaginary space circles back into and as, dare I say it, the picture which begs the picture, which fundamentally finesses the empirical irresolution at the threshold of the “mind” (the “airy nothing” that rimes with our reports *and* projected sense of irresolute and quirky quarks stringing us along, *i.e.*, alluding to those arch-deceivers *just because* real puppeteers, the answer to a corrupted puppet, that is the question) – leading even, perchance, to the phenomenon of the phenomenon in the phenomenon, *i.e.*, to aesthetic or metaphysical shine, which retrieves, another circle, the traditional phanopoeic haiku (its phano-fanning possibilities) we set out to depart from.<sup>4</sup>

Putting the discrete haiku into an order up-sets<sup>5</sup> the discreteness, what with segues, oppositions, resonances, and progressions within the progression. Also over the course of the sequence the indexico-iconic extras (Peircean combos – of course made through symbols/signifiers, or minus-touch semeiosis) reach enough of a critical mass to insert some minute *local* into the *logo [minus]* – thus ducking some Olson's implied injunction. (Re here the belying “Paris” haiku and title, see belying “Toronto” haiku [“too/ big/ for/ my/ whereabouts”].) A motivated sequence opens all the discrete closures (though not from certain perspectives or in certain cases closed anyway) – as it were, puts

an end to the at-wit's-end these turned haiku have been turned to. One could even say these catachretic little Cretans/cretins (befuddled and B.-Russelled<sup>6</sup>), as secreted through the backdoor, go archipelago longpoem, *i.e.*, intimations of such – not in the sense of narrative or architectonics, but in the sense of serial, and yet there are some arcs (and barks). Gazes of course wander through the poems like ghosts, which congeal, from “time to time,” zoom-lens syntaxes, extra to, or intra in, or coincident with, the poems.

## NOTES

- 1 The second and third stanzas are taken/adapted from *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan* (Book III, I think).
- 2 The one word per line, with no punctuation marks, is not meant to produce any staccato effect. The reader is invited to participate in the phrasing as suggested by the idioms and the enjambments, with their senses carried over, so to sometimes pick up new sense in a larger completion, and to sometimes split apart what is about to pick up from what would be picked up – *i.e.*, either to “up-*set*” or to upset. Senses then arise and override, with micro-rhythms, any merely spiky effects, which would, ironically enough, have a leveling effect. Stanza breaks are the only punctuation marks and help facilitate the phrasing.
- 3 Footnote 15 in the afterword of the forthcoming *Sally O* gives a specific spur for this note on how Lacan’s “real” can never be obsolesced by the world of copies or by the virtual – the virtual being “at one” with his “reality” which is overall in contradistinction to the real, though indistinct from it at any one point, also [all so] hidden outright in “the drag [or dress or gauze or gaze] of knowing,” so of course, in the world of copies, confusing, because confused. Analyzing [loosening back] a bit, the complications pile up, to use an extra-alienated or mechanical metaphor [mitigated by a second sense, *i.e.*, “crash”]: reality [to go with Lacan] broken into more intimately reveals a structure that includes the symbolic, the imaginary *and* the real, where the real is revealed, intimately, as “extimate,” in-itself and as mode for the others, which also lend themselves back, in turn, as modes, which hints at the dynamic and dialectical relations going missing in this listing, this pile about to topple – into weird topologies. It all adds up to not adding up – if the negative has its say, in its self-relating way: it’s not “life is an illusion” but “illusion is life.” Truth escapes us so it can, as outside chance and a real rule, interrupt all realities as they would settle for relativism, or fall to the low-level question-begging in “he wins because he wins,” that capitulation to an extimate of blind power, rather than the truth that would have it both ways, *i.e.*, would determine the choicest reality, where the extimate becomes the only consummation of reality’s intimate turning – to recapitulate and re[-]fuse itself, which is certainly its most endearing, oh sorry, I mean enduring, quality, if you won’t think it too ironic. The genius of the negative, as Kenneth Burke

said, of Bartelby, as applied by Slavoj Žižek, and as Hegel would “tarry” with, and on which he would move, on – in his inimitable no-no way. *This enunciation is brought to you by the nearest thing to the greatest of all, I, O great escape clause, greatest deal ever, sheer contraction, end of endless subcontracts, nothing but I, i.e., nothing butting nothing. But that’s not all – there’s also nothing butting all, which is then so always overcome by all its shortcomings, and things that dance in and out of themselves, that can’t quit being placed, nor quite be so.*

- 4 Two points: a) These haikus are, *properly speaking*, more dialectical than “phenomenological.” b) The *death drive*, in a sense [*in sense*], runs on its own steam and so, like boxers’ shorts and the afterlife, is everlasting, a bid for *more than [life]*, as buried in *more [life]*, ironically supported by life, biological life, for a while. In Deleuze’s *The Logic of Sense* he says the death drive is dramatized in Zola’s novels as “the crack in the universe.” The absolute then clutches itself (think “drive train”) through this crack, and one could say, contrary to Russell, becomes a member of itself, terms that Hegel, though in agreement, would call “[dirty] picture thinking” (see forthcoming *Sally O* appendix for how a certain breast haiku’s point is not “the leering” but a point of departure, a dramatization of how the death drive exhausts all the other drives and then folds into a field of love and “such like”).
- 5 I would like to thank the (anonymous to me) reader for the University of Calgary Press who suggested I think about his/her idea for a new, five-category order and then making formal section breaks. I had fun doing this, the categories always to some degree undecideable (some poems participating in all five), and fun coming up with section titles. Lots of the local “runs” or progressions carried over and the new order of course still “up-sets” the discreteness.
- 6 See “Russell’s paradox.”



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Charles Noble was born in Lethbridge and raised in Nobleford. He earned his BA in English and Philosophy from the University of Alberta, and is the winner of the Writers’ Guild of Alberta Poetry Award (1996). Charles now divides his time between Banff and Nobleford, where he farms with his brother, Bryan, and his family.

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