

Gregg Bordowitz  
**Eclipse**

e-flux journal #22 — january–february 2011 [Gregg Bordowitz](#)  
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Downward motion is stirring to the soul  
Disorder as tight circular returns

The ground rises to meet the level eyes  
Swirling the oval tilts back in laughter

Leaden with gravity and goalless effort  
Dying is the only verb called for here

Summoning the bored creaking mechanism  
Summing up the biomechanical

Crying becomes analog for glisten  
Shiny, repetitious, strung pearl globules

Linked all together as varicose veins  
Age, knowledge and yearning in a sentence

Finding in, the preposition pointing  
A circle either makes itself or not

For in the work of searching I am found  
Cast, melted or molded as fashion

Crafted with timely details, edges round  
Sought after, but not caressed in order

Spun from one gain to another decrease  
Roundness, I, not perfectly circular

But many-studded, a devious hat  
Lifted off the steaming head – wintry

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Its line follows a path of discontent  
Leading around avoiding all corners

Goes to one of four burners, pilot lit  
Pots and pans rest on the cooking surface

All encircles the hot morning habit  
Repeatedly returning the purpose

Sunshine, news, morbid depression, fretting  
Heat off the rippling surface steaming face

Stultified and incredulous  
Two words appropriate to depression

In their specificity of purpose  
They are both proper to the condition

Is this the poem or the mood I write?  
The difference between thought and feeling

Must I choose among senses, sound or sight?  
As if one is more proper to being

Not perfect still I am found in spirit  
Submerged permeated contained infused

Alternately both agent and subject  
The two being the same, it's confusing

All existing prepositional it  
Increasing knowledge dispels delusion

Is mysticism a refuge or retreat?  
Letting go of all facile solutions

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Divine impulses hold fascination  
As the poet crafts his own vehicle

Aesthetic judgments rhyme with sensation  
They investigate what's empirical

Meter is the order of creation  
A numerical system beneath all

Life's a gradual accumulation  
Adding up to the inevitable

Cliché is the future of all poems  
Words exert no mastery over will

Poems explore every condition  
Physical, political, mystical

They confound reason with core emotions  
They expand what we think is reasonable

But the chief purpose is not expression  
The purpose is simple – fundamental

Writing constructs a girding suspension  
Fixing holding supporting encircles

Catches the present for recollections  
Turns experience into little pills

Imaginary reports that surround  
The spatial configurations of illness

Unlocatable origins of sound  
The theory as substance of belief

Talking about forms and how thoughts subtend  
How bracts extend underneath their petals

Finding the point of a line, touching the ground  
Letting go of sense, relieved of power

Contemplate the oval in its roundness  
To conceive of nothing, forget the hour

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Let's make 'I am here' the sole proponent  
Lose control. Rise up to fall down

How to talk about circularity?  
A question arises about language

The names we have don't match appearances  
Who's to tell what one does to another?

And how does one make the damn topic rhyme?  
Trust no scheme with any fidelity

I'm bored, fatigued, I have too much baggage  
The frames we use don't catch the nuances

I'm through with description – why bother?  
I'm getting older, running out of time

No more interest in identity  
What is perception? What's reality?

To be in the world and not of the world  
I recall that Lenin instructed that

O, to be done with collecting these pearls  
Sayings and maxims, masters long deceased

Deeply alienated from this world  
And there is no outside from which to judge

This is about prepositions and roles  
About how we connect object to object

The way behavior swings between two poles  
And how we remain in constant discomfort

We exist inside something enfolded  
Knowing ourselves only through habit

Through prepositions we move things, get fed  
Survive by actions conjoined with projects

We move in circles until we are dead  
Leaving memories and a few effects

The ear moves between the world and the dead  
Here each line describes this trajectory

Transcribing views from within an ellipse  
Testifying to the hazy border

I'm trying to get beyond this crisis  
To make some sense of my fractured order

With words find meaningful ways to exist  
Be all elements, earth fire air water

Trying to render language matter  
Daily I touch the creative process

There is no purpose or reason to persist  
The aim is to get beyond bitterness

Because the house of reason collapsed  
And we were all present bearing witness

We are reliving matters of the past  
Confusing present and future tenses

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Gregg Bordowitz is a writer and artist. His most recent book *General Idea: Imagevirus* was published as part of Afterall Books' One Work series. Bordowitz is currently the Chair of the Film, Video, New Media, and Animation Department at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

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