

Lewis Freedman

I Want Something Other Than Time

e-flux journal #122 — november 2021 Lewis Freedman
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01/05

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I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
TIME

THERE IS NO VICTORY
OVER DEATH, GUYS.
THE DEATH GUYS FREE
THEMSELVES UNCATEGORIZABLE
AGAIN & AGAIN.
THE END AN ELASTIC DOMINION,
ARTIFICE FOR US.
I WAS RECRUITED TO BE A POET, BUT OUR WORLD,
ONE OF INDEFINITE CENTERS, HAS ALL THE IMITATION,
GNOSIS, & INTERMEDIARIES IT COULD BURN (EVEN
THIS EXCEPTIONAL FATIGUE). WHATEVER. THERE
BEING NO SPLICE TO DISCLOSE US FURTHER,
WE STILL NEED PRIVATE LANGUAGES TO BEAR,
EROS INTO TOUCH, TO PASS OURSELVES INTO
ATTUNEMENT, TO PASS AS IMMINENT
SONOROUS THINGS.
THE SUN, YOU SAY, REMAINS UNINTELLIGIBLE.
I'M LIKE, DITTO THE PARENT. ALL
THESE ALCHEMICAL CODES
INSCRIBING US TO
LIVE BY THOUGHTS,
TO SCALE
TIME.

I WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
TIME
I'M HESITANT TO
BEGIN BY CLIMBING
UP PLASTIC INTO THE
OLD SKY.
I HESITATE BEFORE WRITING
TODAY IS NOT A POINT TO
INVESTIGATE TODAY B/C IT'S FIRST
A RETURN TO ITS OWN FORM, HAS
NOTHING TO DO WITH TODAY.
INSTEAD A CONFUSION ABOUT COMMUNITY ABOUT
HOW TO LISTEN TO HAVING HEARD A CONVERSATION
OF DUST CIRCULATING B/W US ALREADY
BEFORE WE'VE BEGUN, ABOUT HOW
FUCKING UP & CONDEMNING OURSELVES FOR IT,
WE MIGHT THEN REUNITE,
ABOUT HOW TO UNTIE AN IDENTICALITY WE
TURNED INTO THOUGHT TO INCITE THE DELUSION
THAT OUR SECRETS ARE NOT IN COMMON,
ABOUT HOW TO JUST BE
WHEN THE INSTANT FEELS COMPLETED NOT
LIKE A MEMORY WRITTEN THRU, BUT
LIKE A TOTALLY EXPANDING
CORRUPTION OF
THE POSSIBLE.

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
TIME

LIGHT & RESUSCITATE,
READY TO CONTAIN
THE LOSS OF ITSELF,
READY TO RENDER
THE FULL PARALYSIS OF VOICE
IN A PENDANT.
SENSATION OF SUCH LAST
WAYS OF SEEING
SOME PAST MODE OF ILLUMINATED
ENCOUNTER

ITS OWN LIMIT & CLOSE
TO MISTRUST THE MEDIATIONS.
THOUGH THERE IS NO AT THE BOTTOM,
THERE IS NO AT THE BOTTOM IS A DELEGATION
OF SEPARATENESS FROM THIS TO THAT,
THE UNLIMITEDNESS OF A TEST AROUND
THE SUPPRESSIONS OF HISTORY TO THE DIRECT
ARBITRARY ENDURANCE OF THE OPERATION OF
FACT.

WE DO NOT MAKE THINGS
APPEAR OR DISAPPEAR
EXCEPT BY
REPEATING THEM.

Lewis Freedman is, in this instance, a name of a poet, and books attributed to this name include *Residual Synonyms for the Name of God* and *I Want Something Other Than Time* (both from Ugly Duckling Presse).

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