

Gregg Bordowitz  
**Anhedonia**

01/02

A fantasy, as if on a sailing ship: Making my  
calculations, sweat soaked wet  
Lying flat, bunk above, close, hidden  
The gaps between bent slats dangling weight  
Pressure applied, visibly registered  
*These modern ships can almost berth themselves*  
Corseted in my sleep, I can't breathe  
Stuck in this enormous estate, interred  
My crinoline scratching against itself  
Now I am royalty after the feast  
As my engorged body is stiffening  
Wealth and privilege become the atmosphere  
I am queasy from the listing of goods  
Indigestion, that's how words are absorbed  
How the I, we, us conceive abstractions  
All endure through tamed familiar doubts  
Watch thought spread under the service; stain  
The image is a Thanksgiving table  
O! this puzzlement fails to capture it  
The troubled meaning of the verb contemn  
Poetry, is itself a kind of ill  
My organs jiggle, laugh lyrics, they sing  
Neither surface nor content can compose  
Resolve pleasure – Fun devolves into sin  
Working through is always an epic fight  
I just want to say, "get over yourself"  
Yet I know I'm talking to no one here  
How the dead rob us of our mortal joy  
I escape like a stowaway princess

x

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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 Program Director of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago Low-Residency MFA Program.

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