

# See?

by A. Pseudonym

Asphalt underfoot black mashed rock  
and the flat of the shoe strikes it without  
thought of forewarning there is no stream  
of consciousness only the moment disconnected  
from the next as I am writing each word without  
linkage or pause for consideration of appropriateness  
to see what comes of it but perhaps  
that seeing is the linking, the afterthought that comes before?  
we will see, I suppose, when the lines end and the thought  
decides  
randomly  
to be finished with itself  
and is this poetry - an eruption of something once spilled called  
"self"  
not craft or carving according to design but instead some primal  
object  
that spins itself like a spider's web (there I did pause to collect an  
image)  
and is moved string to string by the emergence of lengthening  
lines not content, only geometry, rules that come out to give order  
but have no purchase on the game that is played in their spite this is  
Wittgenstein  
I am copying, the worst of fears, this is Bloom, the anxiety of  
influence  
apparently inescapable as you as I can see from the production  
emerging in this space and now is it coming to an end  
the angles seem to be indicating as much, and  
(that and, just to make things even) and  
parentheses just for effect, and  
I will now denote the finish  
place the qualifying period  
look at the shape here

is it not pleasing  
to the eye  
see?

