

From *In Andean Passes*

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Tiré de *In Andean Passes*

Le cor(ps)tex(t) du je(u) du même et de l'autre: des poèmes d'un texte sans but ni bout, la sémiosis à l'infini.

I, ask for nothing, inscribed in my
body. my language beside me, becoming
a corrosive possibility, echoes of
a territory
who thought she was I
of me no longer my body
one, transgressed

to coil w/in my seeking

what she seizes

the site of

an' a cruise is, where the river is
one word prompted by

cycles through a spoke 'n chain
searching to

connatives into
feeding us.

a sea urchin'

for the non me in me
the anonym
by which we name her

to trace the origin / a seme
through what we say
comes from without –
not withstanding

this design of a sign
is assigned to a sign
or this ayin

of my name what the
Steinian stems from
our meaning
derived through histori(city
limits
the i passes on
to accomodate sense
splits what it doubles



the standing in for
the screening of what we hear as
unseen hurdles of / the between the standing in for

the screening of what we hear as
hurdles of / the between / the standing / between / sounds /
between
her screaming / between / when he died / between / these
sheets /
between
sounds

what the supply meant
in demand in de basement where
the structure begins
what bases origins

fiction's our desire

what is next to
the writings that

ladies wear
home furnishings
textiles

the text in exile
running away from
what I want it to create
but immediacy derived
by how fast you pass

our presence, relational
reaps le rational
what we can have
when it's divided among us

between us is our culture
our dialogue
our b(road)ening; the
road bordered by being
frames our
perversions of
i launders in desire
in semiosis
what semes
possible
when we
guide by
signs
my o's is
a disease
o replacing of
ornaments the (name
inside the word
this'lavish reading of
submission: unders what we seek
s' rendering to
what's in your body
labouring as you
harbour this
history this injustice
silences
in the void of
the verb i
read you into

this gender
adjusted what the he she's us in
a cursing
reeks of
an impasse where
the i maps us in
its sliding door passages to an other
rousing us
from this train
passes entranced
with how we're perceived
our postures,
what stirs in the pause,
the curved trackings of
the cont(in)ent
sifts
 through difference

through the interstices
what interests us
about
the a b,
a way out
maybe.
what languages us
the m urging with

a series of
false starts
splinters into
oral presence
what they say we can no longer play in
the plain see of speaking samples