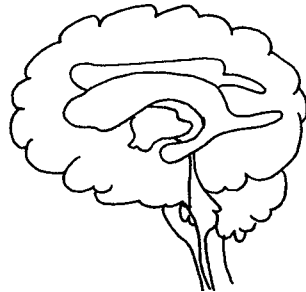


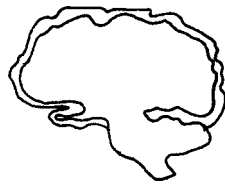
MARA GÁLVEZ-BRETÓN

FurorTheoreticus/ModusEtymologicus/PurposeSubversi: Part 1

*thus had gone I to the desert to write a so-called poem/had imagined
I a Mara so asomatous or fully incarnate, an I/solated, desolated
hyper-substantial Mara, a cogito embodied in the nature/anti-nature
of trees so improbable—joshuas, tumbleweeds, forsaken (and
unsalvageable) marginalia*

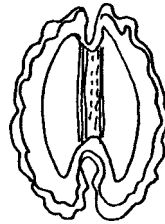


*alongside the shoreless (to the untrained eye) oasis of the Salton Sea,
through barren vastitudes of Barstow, Desert Hot Springs, Anza-
Borrego, had imagined I thus disemboguing that immense cerebral
cortex, unloading every wastement of thought/indistinguishable from
roadside rubble*



even pecans have a thick corpus callosum

sitting in a timeless coffee shop (not café), in the most (to the untrained eye) inert, acultural topos, where the disorderly behavior of a white, bleached-haired forty-something waitress might act as a 'creative rupture', generating infinite inspirations full of unforeseen/unforeseeable textual complexities, had I thus intended to scrawl something significant on a napkin, for instance, "She moves in a syntax of her own (un)making"

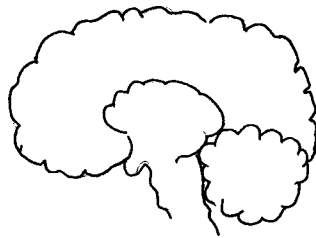


*presaging writing at a faux marble table, sipping a watered down
black/bottomless, nibbling a scholesterol-laden repast, had found I
thus 'remarkably' unmotivated ¿to hold fountain pen in droughty
hand? disinterested in the odd labor of constructing (thus)self as a
'minor' 'experimental' 'poet'*

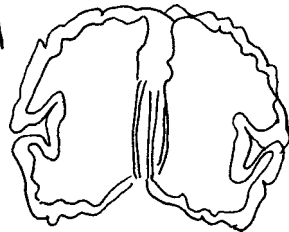


even the cortices of small rodentia

¿expected I thus that, due to neural malfunction/ positive ions associated with dry September winds, would I find myself comfortably untroubled by a lack of poetic furor: no idée (as)phyxé, no morbidly sensitive imagination, no sensation of physical or cognitive permeability: an inhibition of all thought processes spreading thus across the corpus callosum, leaving a topoclimactically induced tabula rasa?



*thus had voyaged I to the mythos of the uncircumscribable desert with
a knapsack, hand-pressed Parisian stationery, ink cartridges, steel-
nibbed pen, that freed of trivial preoccupations, detached from the
quotidian tumult of the “heteromasculine cityscape”—as if, through
an onslaught of dependent clauses, prepositions, adjectives, could I
(thus) defer the intentionality-action of that far-from-independent, far-
from insubordinate, rhetorical
'I am'—*



even walnuts

thus returned I to my northern california home-head, thus crawled I into the booth, the slick red vinyl seat alongside the midnight bottle of Heinz and sticky salt-shaker, the city of intrusive waitresses, the city of writing (only) to defer drinking the awful: self-enclosed, all the while (thus?) vulnerable/ to transcribe a psyche infinitely ambivalent, infinitely metanoic: a "forlorn, desultory psyche"

