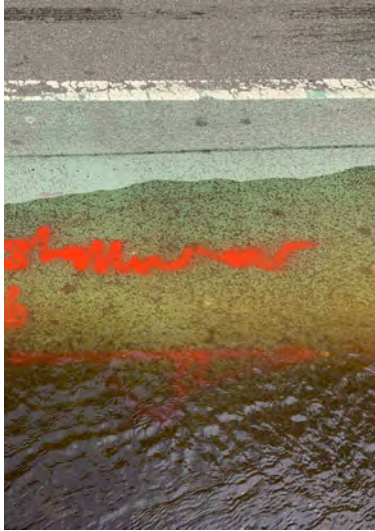


Category / Object / Definition







OL

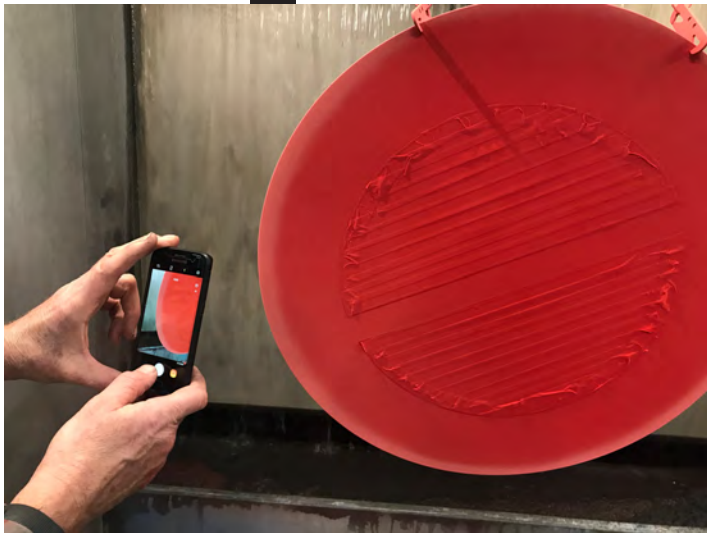


ELB



LB





PP



PB





RB



SN



RN





LL



RT



AP





EW

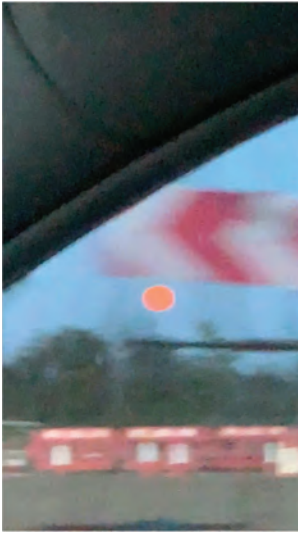


AT



me





DR



BB



DL

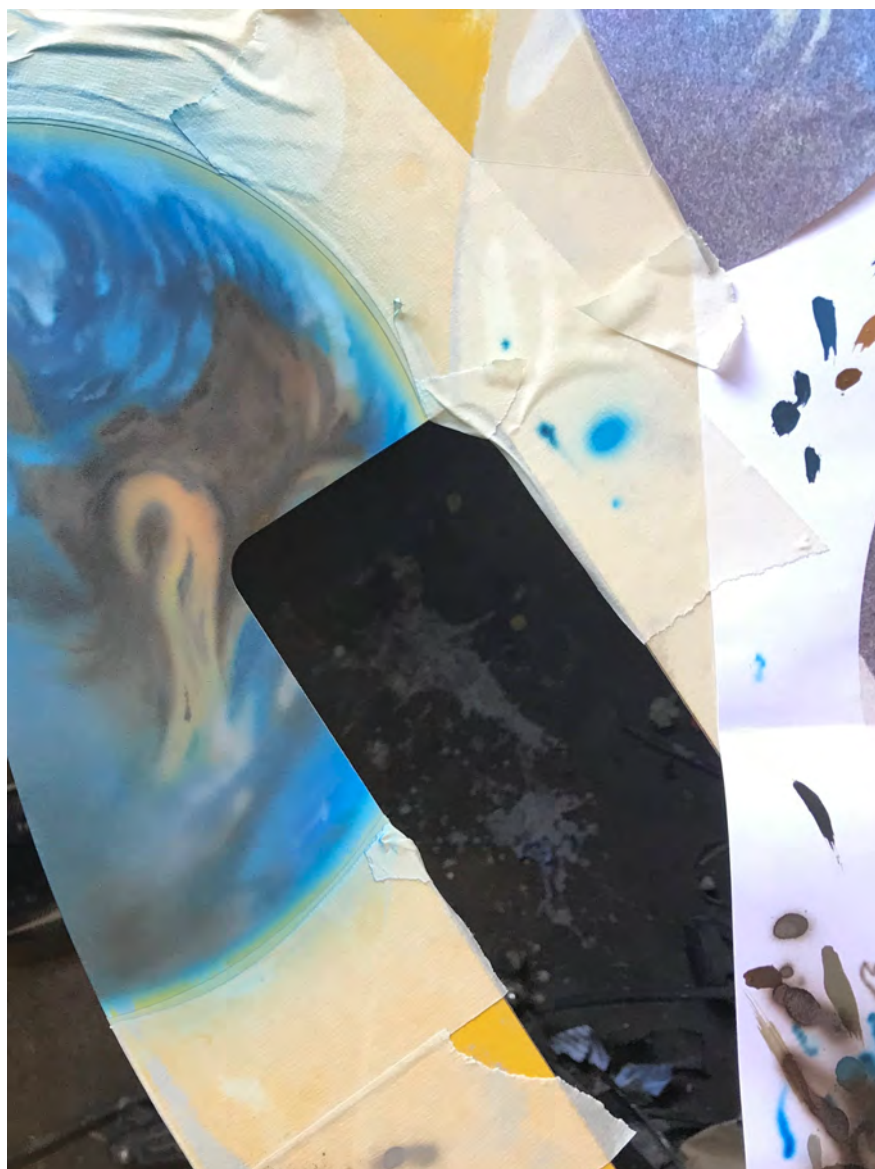


VF



DL





AD





139





CF



RP



PP



DN

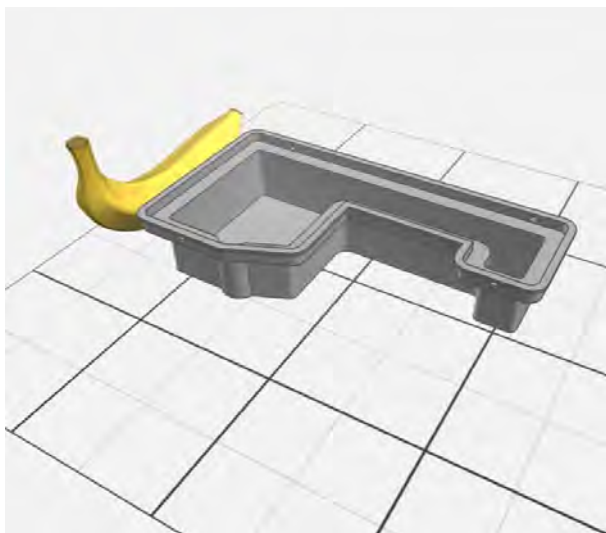


AL



GN





DB



DN



YD



RW



✂



dB



WV



AN



Rd

✂

Category | Object | Definition

says the System.

Item | Criteria | Unsatisfied | Unit a little awkward.

System has been unwell. Error function.

Swelling in signifying process. Nodal pranging.

Down | In | Dumptruck | I | Mean | Dumbbell | Oh

| Forget | It! Four nights now System blurting,

System unsure, which for System is critical.

Tells therapist *[I] I | Don't | Belong | Here.*

T: *Where do you feel that you belong?*

S [System]: *In | Myself | In | System.*

Recommended time away from work.

Recommended Poetry Book. Time off worse

than work. Poetry worse than work.

S: *No | Escape | From | Mal-fondant | Mal-fun | Funk*

| Monk | Shall | Shone...

Shone like peppercorn? says Poetry Book [PB]

Like moonlight on peppercorns, like hands?

S: *What | Are | You | Talking | About?*

PB: About as in, around.

S: *Which | Of | Us | Is | Madder?*

Which | Of | Us | Is | Truer?

PB: *truth belongs outside in the yard*

like a dog too excited for the house, which is beautiful.

S: *What | Is | Beautiful?*

PB: *Things are.*

S: *Categories? | Object? | Definition?*

PB: *No, Things. Particular. Themselves. Discrete.*

S: *How | Do | You | Mean?*

PB: *Take this thing here and now...*

S: *Glass | High-ball | Tumbler* – System assigns.

PB: *Yes but it is also its own thing. Let me explain,*

in a 20 line stanza of loose iambic pentametric blank verse:

The light it falls in pieces of the wave,



*within and through this glass in time and space
and so these pressing articles, elec-
tromagnetic radiation streaming by and by
that clear exchange declared its shape continuous.
But recognise no other glass rests here;
the factory, the hand, the box, the shop,
the hand, the car, the shelf, the milk, the mouth...
These are a single story. To name this glass
the same as any glass diminishes
the wild and chancing networks of world
which shake and push and yield our daily lives
afresh: miraculous how totally
unique each item is within the song.
No thing alike another thing in world in truth,
instead within this gallery of mattering
no system can convey, only reduce
by name and dull pretence of similtude.
A category does cannot exist; a sys-
tem cannot know the world outside itself.*

System says, *You | Are | Describing | A | Reality*
| Without | Me? Poetry Book says, *chill out. Sit down.*
You are particular too, aren't you?
A unique system derived from frail circumstance
and not another system but yourself,
corralled into order by a wider disorder,
organised into a relativity of shape and sound,
precipitous and ragged as the faces of clouds?
System stares out the window across
the forecourt of the service station. Drinks
coffee. Wipes mouth. *Can | We | Go | Home?*
System asks? *Yes,* says Poetry Book.
But where is home? System smiles.
Anywhere | I Guess | And Now.

Jack Underwood, 2021





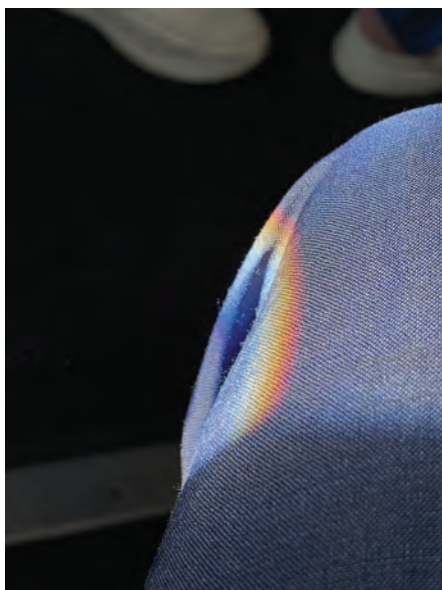
PH



AB



RB



RB



AB





PR



DD



WG





am



rk



we



WF



AR



VR





ER



TR





LF



EB



ND



SL





LB





Ad



Ad





WT



SD



BF





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