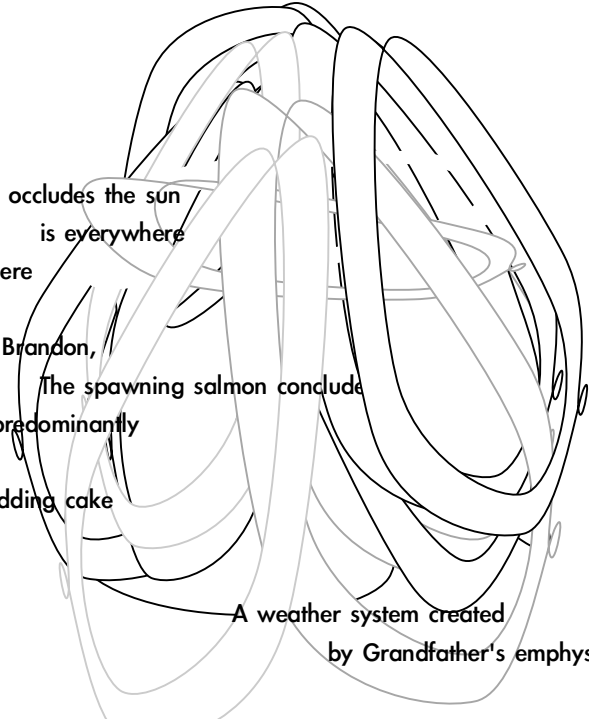


BUT FOR WE HAVE  
NOTS OF OUR GIVING

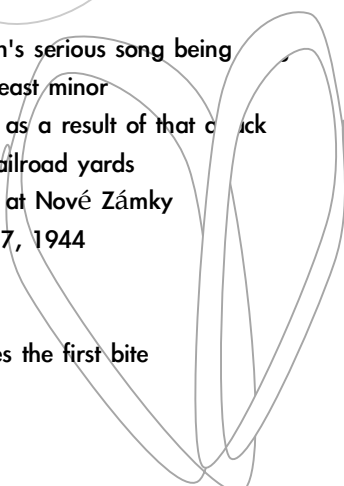




What occludes the sun  
is everywhere  
nowhere

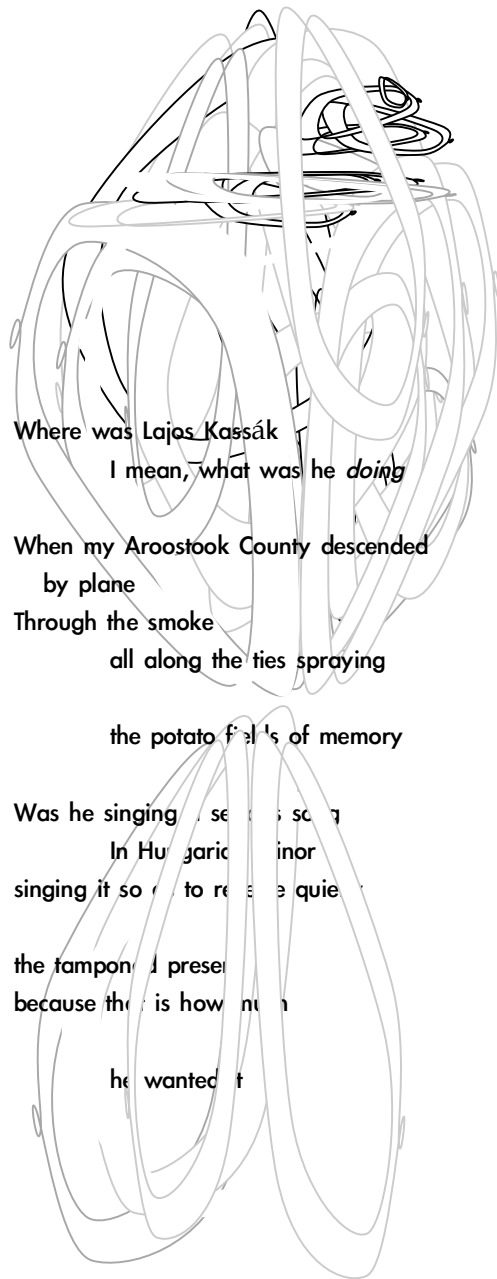
Dear Brandon,  
The spawning salmon conclude  
it is predominantly  
a wedding cake

A weather system created  
by Grandfather's emphysema



the moon's serious song being  
In Downeast minor  
as a result of that creak  
on the railroad yards  
at Nové Zámky  
October 7, 1944

Tell me, who takes the first bite



Where was Lajos Kassák  
I mean, what was he *doing*

When my Aroostook County descended  
by plane

Through the smoke  
all along the ties spraying

the potato fields of memory

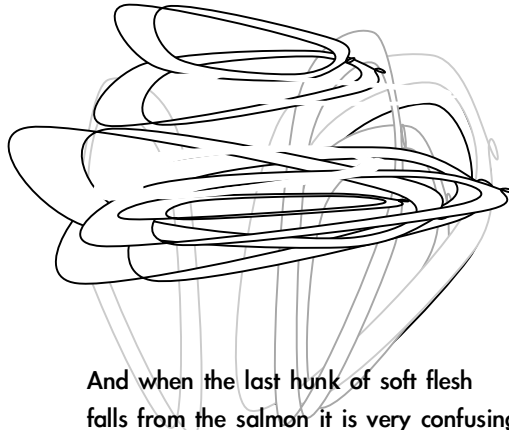
Was he singing a secret song

In Hungarian minor  
singing it so soft to release quiet

the tamponed presence  
because that is how nature

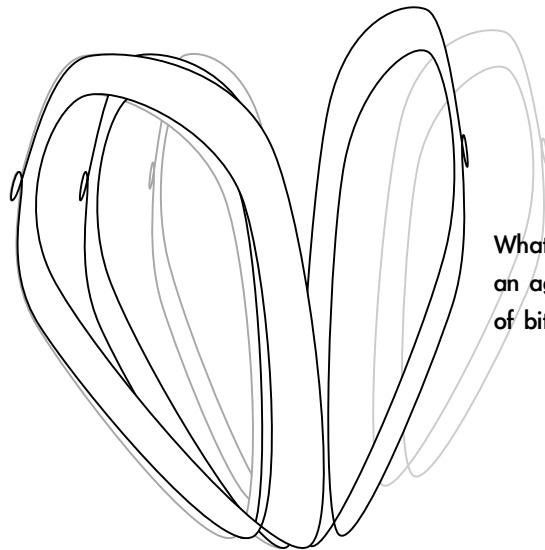
he wanted it

BECAUSE THAT IS HOW MUCH HE WANTED IT



And when the last hunk of soft flesh  
falls from the salmon it is very confusing  
as to what becomes of this salmon  
and the memory of this salmon

and the soft flesh of this salmon



What becomes  
an aggregate  
of bit by bit

Dear Brandon,

Have you seen Kassák's picture-poems there is one

called ASSZONYSZEME  
which in Downeast translates  
“emphysema of the  
heart”

The sun doesn't want to be tied up  
UNLIKE THE HEART the sun doesn't want to have  
its hands tied behind its back

To be tied down—

Wants to grasp  
distilling the cultural cur  
of the thing, the idea of the  
the pure dynamicism—

slavishly

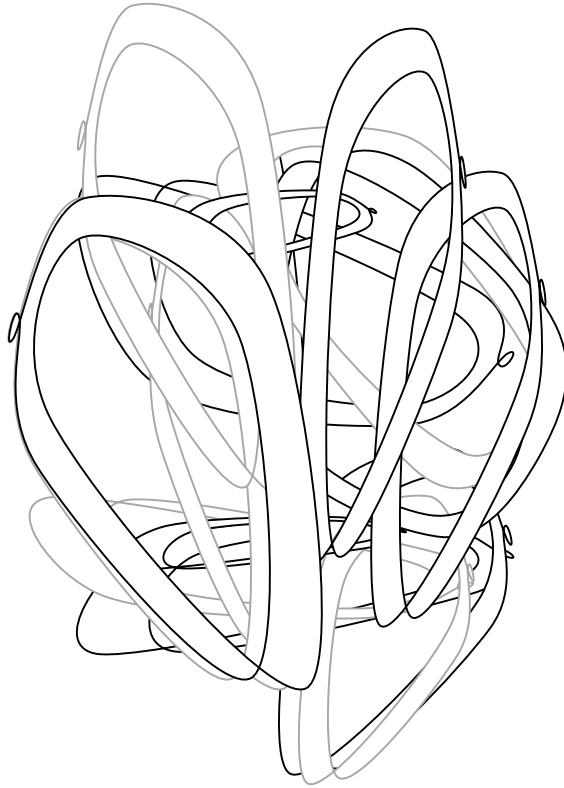
Did you hear about that u  
Englishman

who discovered gold  
with his metal detector for two wee  
He endured 17 years of ridicule and  
so that one day he might be  
*Take that, you sorry judge*

*WE WERE FAMILY*

Thereby providing us with some verification  
that the skull is staring us down  
familiially  
staring us down  
like we are the lens  
of the telescope  
like we are the body  
of the telescope being stared *through*  
at the target of THE perception  
which is the *noble unassertiveness*  
of the sun quietly not wanting to be tied up  
the way the heart is tied up noisily with wanting  
to be the way the sun is is  
    is at it again like someone from another country  
who we've regrettably sliced to pieces  
who we've proudly sliced to pieces  
who we'll forever slice to pieces  
always of another country  
such persistence, such munificence  
sliced into infinite gradations  
day after day for generations  
lording over another country  
our violence  
fragmented by clouds  
born in another sky  
the slicing of the clouds  
at the weary hands of the sun  
altogether different from our own  
we need to try on  
a new set of needs  
altogether different from our own  
not ask for anything  
in return  
save for the beginnings of days  
& the endings of days

& to have them in such a way  
as to become the conscionable symbol  
of wealth that most serious  
of songs we've memorized only  
our failure to sing it





composed by Lucas Farrell and Brandon Shimoda  
in October of 2009  
whilst in Iceland and the Pacific Northwest of the United States

with no biography to speak  
but for this work would like to keep  
you,  
*Audry and Diane*