



Combatives

A POETICAL 'ZINE · SEPTEMBER, 2008





The Revisionist 3

About the Author:

Tyler Carter grew up in Southwest Wisconsin, splitting time between his father's Christmas tree farm in Mineral Point and his mother's house in Madison. Recent publications in prose and poetry can be found in *Coconut*, *Lit*, and *Denver Quarterly*, as well as on his blog at iwantedtowriteanemail.blogspot.com. He currently lives and teaches in San Francisco.

Contents:

The Revisionist We are what we say we are; we do what we are doing. There are other ways, but this is the most likely. This morning I dreamt the end of the world. Most everyone had disappeared, and post-disappearance I wandered an empty city. Do not be afraid. The world has ended peacefully under weight of itself: no asteroid or bomb, just a natural expiration.

The great give has struck my senses loose and lovely, thus exploring the random universe called placement. Nothing quite follows, but noted as an airplane buzzing the houses, the feeling of stealing, or lying with the head on the pillow while the inside of the head is lying on a rock. It is pure joy to live in someone else.

Channeling is when someone is used as direct conduit for the deceased. The material used is not theirs though they create it. This is a boat on the ocean fishing, though it hates it. This is knowledge dreamt in intent and replicant substance serving as actual sample. This is the sky falling toothless.

The dream I had was everything. There is a knife and there is an instinct. There is a shark and there are its teeth. There is a burning building and there are those who dream about the building burning. There was no building burning. I cannot walk. I can't find a cloud in the sky. I can't find the sky.

It is not six in the morning. It is almost
never six in the morning. It passes without
incident.

♦

The view looked over the rooftops and the
rooftops became the view. There was light
and the light was dim. And its length was
short. The house believed in itself and a
porch surrounded its view.

Overhead wires pointed and lead to
corners. It watched a movie about itself,
and rested its head at the base of its neck.
I invited no one over. There was only
suggestion. And pushing down length
wise, the mass of the body and the body
was the house.

At night there was silence. Cars, but first
silence. Cars and airplanes but silence
eventually, and during. I was a mind.
And craned its neck to see its neck, and
corners saw the floor. And the sky became
a door (was cloudy, and passed). I was a
mind and a mind was home.

Come morning there was water: two hands
cupped together. The windows fogged
and the rooftops obscured. The view was
air and the light was blue

♦

There is a great mind in the bathtub,
singing, and washing behind its ears. Its
two hands reach a logical conclusion, tired
of touching each other. It dines alone
mostly, pausing to start, then stop a
sentence. It looks concerned with itself. It
sleeps with itself and growls in the night,
but not at itself.

I read the paper each morning. I read each
line. I am an excellent reader. Not a single
dark thought in my head. A duck appears
to own a particular pond. A bird flies
south in the winter for warmth.

An eye closes in the woods. A mouse
tumbles through the sand. A star moves,
and turns. These incidents occur before I
open my eyes. Buildings fill during the
day. Cars burn gas. The parcel is divided
equally amongst the family, and the guest
is given a fair portion.

A slug moves through the air. Slugs cannot fly. It is cold. We all move through the air. Again I open the book and focus. There are one hundred people yelling. There is only one: it stretches its arms in the sun. It never yawns.



One reason for the inability of economic analysts to predict long-term market trends is the existence of an underground economy. It alone accounts for ten to twenty percent of U.S. gross domestic product. This "black market" is immeasurable, and as a result, its effects are unpredictable.

These are merely instances.

On the assumption that the submissive cows were stressed by the presence of the dominant animals, the herd was divided...After the split, all cows spent more time lying down (45 minutes per cow) per day.

Projection (definition five): the unconscious act or process of ascribing to others one's own ideas, impulses, or emotions, especially when they are considered undesirable or cause anxiety.

♦

And not knowing what to do, I woke up:
two identities slightly later in happening,
slightly beholding the image of being held.
We read to each other. (to my lips. asked
it to hush. This)

And woke up again. Go to the lake and put
your toes into water. Go away from the
lake for confirmation that there is water.
Crane your neck, the view is full. Choose
your head, the days are short. Our skulls
are thick. Put both hands to your face to
receive yourself. (a finger on my lips.
This)

Recall your youth (or mine: A pastoral
time-share, a weekend willingness).
Experience the pure miss of not being
there. This is a commercial for binding
yourself to infinite testimony. This is a
return to obvious living.

♦

Notes:

“These are merely instances.” is from the Wallace Stevens
poem “Theory”. “On the assumption...” is an excerpt from
the article “Mix and Match Grouping Cows According to
Aggressiveness can Reduce Herd Stress” by Jack Rodenburg
and can be found on the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture
and Food web site. “One reason for...” is a paraphrase of
information found on the Internet.

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