

Coda, in lieu of asking: (*What are you, archive?*)

I am an unresolved maptrix for seeking
 She which cannot be known
 An orison ascending for desires fulfilled
 net total of itches unscratched
I am an atlas of felt image sense.

I am an alchemy of dreams
with a place for you.

***I am never and not only an all
I extend her refusal to
 conform
 malform
 contain
 such a corpus.***

What you know I am is a voice to myriad bodies

***bodying in parts, partying,
holes and wholes in
finitudes of
gleefully flagging
escape / S***

TO escape the fixity of the fixed metric, and cry
yes, I am

dancing shakingscrewing
filing rubbing breathing
 ripping escaping
filling holdingwanting
tiring alighting unwording
trying retrying
[*retreading recounting ruminating
removing retrying recollecting repairing
 preveering
 prevaricating]*

Jay Buchanan

**, in lieu of a coda, a prelude for the future:
What are you, Archive?**

**From Flaubert's Temptation of Saint Anthony
(inspired by Callot's engraving where Sphinx and
Chimera meet and attempt an impossible
embrace)***

**Chimera: How is it that you constantly call me
and reject me?
Sphinx: It's you, untamable caprice, tearing and
eddying past!
Chimera: Is it my fault? How? Let me be!
Sphinx: You're moving, you're out of reach!
Chimera: Try again! - you're crushing me!
Sphinx: No! impossible!**

*from Ginevra Bompiani's "The Chimera Herself", essay
in Fragments for a History of the Human Body (1989),
Zone

(Here, I shout)

I am monster!

**Read me.
Drink me.
Shrink and grow
Go mad!**

**Find GO!
In the hole of "O"!**

Lynn Book