

# Dark Ladies

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## Preface

The *Dark Ladies* emerged from the deletion then reconstruction of Shakespeare's sonnets. Only the end-rhymes and their sequence are retained, italicized and embedded throughout the freely reconstructed poems. Each poem comprises two versions of each sonnet, the first, preserves the end-rhymes in reverse order; the second in their proper one. I allowed myself the liberty of removing some archaicisms and replacing them with current synonyms, hence "thou" becomes "you" and "becomest" becomes "becomes."

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When *wit* was young professors called it quantum archaeology and *writ* treatises to prove it. But you know how I am with my free-love and anti-vegetarianism, always exhilarated by those operatic umlauts *expressed* in extra doses of the Götterdämmerung. Nowadays, there's no *recompense* for pan-global collisions with the harpsichord placed next to the harpoon. How ecliptic the *breast* in its apparent cleavability knowing *eloquence might decay* into a kulak's *rite* of passage. But to where? No one answers that. Let's just *say* to the *heart rage* on raging, play your *part* more downbeat than downcast at this inter-sexual neural *stage* of our reimbursement. Dreams seem to fade when you're comatose like this as if a minor attack of *stage-fright* makes you unsympathetic to my attempts to fully Wagnerize our lifestyles. *Part* of the problem rests with me and my *rage* for neon recapitulations, with my *heart* placed in concrete for a time to relive its dementia. What I'm trying to *say* is a *rite* of passage is an architectural not an ethnological conceit caught up in some technological soul *decay*. You *might* say I'm intellectually well hung and thrill to my own *eloquence* as it curves from chest to *breast* along a trajectory of glorious anatomy and you wouldn't be wrong. But it's still *sad* recompense for that inoculum *expressed* in sepia we call a photograph *writ* with light in a blink to non-entity exchanging *wit* for a nom de guerre along its way.

Pale silent moon, the one the Aussies call Sheila, shine bright on this hour, invest us in a place we can call your home. Death's bad news to ontology but in the *end* it's just your skeletal *friend* that's emerging. We need some counter-demand *before* exhaustion sets in and we start to *moan* about economimesis again. Let's get *over* those accumulated profits that we lost; the wing of a fly aspires to be a cultural formation and then its *gone*, out of *sight* in the *woe*-begotten clamour of a contradiction. *Night* is a this not a that and the *flow* of thinking never stops it being so. Cute though how the *waste sought* profit from a *past* too rectified to be reoccupied by *thought*. I *thought* therefore I was in the way a *past* image always rhymes an old linguistic model. You *sought* an answer to the function of ptarmigans in landscape gardening, at which point the expression in your voice went click. In the sheer *waste* of description the *flow* of structure forms an architecture as out of *night* our tent inclines into a nomad calculus. My *woe*-begotten crimes require intense self-reflection but the *sight* of your vacant face haunts every thought. All the guests are *gone* from this disjunction; it's *over* and out I'd say with the moan before the final *friend* a perfect note on which to *end* it.

I *love* the way words die just like people, it goes to *prove* the Dictionary's wrong to fix meanings. The word "*equipage*" is a good example of a term *brought* back into currency by the Pre-Raphaelites yet neglected by the Italian Futurists. The word "*age*" is actually a complex extension of chronometric bio-feedback *thought* through by way of the valves and values of several starker disciplines. Some *men* will always give new life to palimpsests as *rhyme* capitulates to more complex materialities. The *pen* for a long *time* was the instrument of choice for amatory correspondence. A French letter to your *lover* in Sweden but a thorough *survey* of pan-mutability needs to *cover* the less predictable losses. Each *day* two distinct texts contaminate each other and the viral reader happens to congratulate them both. As usual the *day* begins symmetrically between a filmy reticulum, then a *cover* on the ciliated chamber cracks to reveal the contents of the *survey*: a *lover* in the shape of little tetrahedra that spent *time* in the metallic particles of muscles attaches to the *pen* your father dropped to *rhyme* with the colloid loci. Long ago *men thought age* could be cured by a cubicle bubble with spikes that brought material form to immaterial accident, a form of the truest *equipage* to commence our journey along the lobulation of a kidney placed on a bath towel and merely trying to *prove* a constant ratio between trigonometry and *love*.

I always like the way in which phylogeny gets immersed in a thread of *deeds* and the analogue expectancy *sheds* a tear for its dissipating vortex. It's then that the albatross in cross-quantitative variations finally arrives at consanguinity. By *relief* viscosity the Medusoid drops disperse and eventually the little bell begins to ring. At this point the *loss* of a viewpoint confirms the presence of either cylindrical *grief* or kink curve wire-rings. A morphological *disgrace* enters complex membrane tension until urged to *speak* across the *face* of a single segment. No *break* or malformation apparent in the ground-rat's geometry until thick *smoke* appears on its nail-claw radius, permanent in the *way* the logarithmic spirals serve to *cloak* its overgrowth of teeth. To the left foraminifera in a strictly graded theorem system guard all the immaterial affiliations as sex with the octopus finally begins and living things announce Cretaceous *day*. I heard your brother died *today*; all through his life he wore his penis as if it were a veteran's poppy in someone else's buttonhole, lurking inside a cloak of ignominy, the way you defined Life as a permanent state of missing in action. Poor, predatory him, sitting there with all his missions of truth. But he's gone now and the lack of his *smoke* betrays a *break* in silence near the *face* of our clock about to *speak*. Call this surrealism if you like but it won't help you improve your bedtime manners. It's a *disgrace* the way we have to end the day with "have a nice dream." What a wish to start your sleep with. The *grief* felt too at having to admit my otherness lies in the fact I'm just the same as you. Imagine a text as a scenery of vapour then say "*loss*" is one less word between you and your grave. A *relief* valve on the chloroplast explodes *across* the periodic surface of an unconverted egg and *sheds* all reciprocal mutations. *Deeds* caught on a day in the life of Truth in the plural.

A *report* came to me that haptic space gets triggered by a quantum innovation in any message. We *sort* through these useless facts and try to *name* the axiology beneath it all.

Happiness is a place called “ethics” somewhere around the corner on its way to another incomprehensible catastrophe and if you were *me* and some days *you* are, I’d act a little different knowing that. The heart burns up in shame before it understands why neighbours die and yet our sparrows remain the sequences of pages and never aspire to a book. Did I ever tell you that your smile is a strongbox for the ultimate in catachresis? Lured out of town by some false event *delight* remains the dominant in this talk of afternoons. What new effect will lift us out of here in *spite* of our reluctance to change.

Buried *alone* in the afterglow a dead magician turns a camel into a courtyard in a town called Community and we *remain* there after the trick for *one* last indoctrination, two persons each called *Twain* and wait to disappear beneath a nacreous dawn in the rise of the House of Usher. Too true, my chiasmic paradigm, a Mark Twain only happens twice in literature, *one* brief name on a face then it’s sutured into the canons of proportion. They say a turn in an event folds the trace of a memory in the present now. Riverruns *remain* our central problem here *alone* in the land of the intertextual where it’s always difficult to *respect* a tributary interstice. Baudelaire proved all correspondence ends in paranoia like ours and in *spite* of the stronger medication the real still seems a glyphic scrawl announcing our terror of nightingales. But the sunlight invokes us and a sweet uncertainty remains in the sour empire of this incredible mirage, Some gleichschaltung effect keeps us normative and responsive to all the pessimal *delight*. As we pause to cough we’re in the city of a moment and someone tells me that *you* are the soundtrack to my summer. *Shame* enters the relation but not guilt. The Other stops *me* at the porch of the irrational to offer an alternative *name* for Philosophy, the *sort* that sounds like “Protagoras” before the Great War tended its *report* of an earlier assumption of peace.

Sometimes I look at your face as it looks at *me* with its huge colour, full of ripe fruit and cedar wood nose and I wonder why we sometimes pause along our separate ways to poesis. *You* alone remain to remind me that all of this was Shakespeare before I intervened with my revisionist Arcadia. When he was alive it *sufficed* to leave inter-textuality to herpetologists and playwrights tried to *give* folks pleasure in a plot or two with a little *disguise*, cross-dressing and a blood bath at the end. But these days a simple dénouement is despised, people prefer *différance* and differends smuggled in from France alongside a vintage bottle of Clos Roques d'Aspes. You get both of them at your local concept *store* commonly known as the Critical Theory Department where you get paid to *sit* and wonder what they mean. The Shake would say there's *more wit* than *truth* in them *despite* the cogency of the Paris mafia. Don says the only absolute these days is probability and he's probably correct. You meet it everywhere in the cruel innocence of language and in the thought of your long lost *youth* as a dime turns on your life, standing alone and probably in *delight*, reading this to yourself in French. I wish everybody took *delight* in your Terpsichorean ventures but the way you dance it takes eight to tango, a consequence no doubt of your misspent sedentary *youth* defying my signs of age and notwithstanding all your *spite* and acrimony aimed at both me and the laundromat. What renders a *truth* absent and *wit more* or less sophomoric? We could *sit* for hours trying to answer that one. In this age of post-Christianity some say that writing clears a path to language and to *store* knowledge you have to waste it. Old adages are now *despised* as a form of tabernacle deviance that *give* little credence to our fashionable funereal hypertexts of "was" and "once." Then it was that tense *sufficed* to contour grammar and lend a chance to live out our lives as an endangered species, after all a tree is not a rhizome, this *you* know returning each hour to your Hungarian senses of summer among the insects biting me.

Now that God's dead I guess its long live the interface, with its absence of well-defined boundaries. In hyperspace the lack of tangible *foes* simply enhances the definition of our enemies as evil and *shows* how *injury*, *grief* and *poverty* make up the collective *thief* of basic dignities, constitutes the anti-matter of the post-political. How I yearn for the beautiful regularity of a polygonal meshwork. Those were the days when jewels and *refuse* were one, joined together in a froth of polyhedral concepts. The values of vacuoles and transcendental possibilities didn't *deceive* us then. *Use* value confessed it was fundamentally exchange value and Karl Marx turned in his grave. We used to *receive more* genuine phenomena from a slice of unbuttered bread than from any current website. White as snow in its processed cell-formation the yeast would rise like our collective *call* to revolutionary ideals. But that was *before* bourgeois subjectivity raised its ugly head and shouted take us to those teeth called Mount Rushmore! The past it seems can be utilized only inasmuch as a phylogenetic surplus can force *all* co-opting parties to consume the historical. The beginning of clouds is a non-existent origin. *All* art springs from a critical anxiety *before* the threat of a temps perdu. *Call* me dogmatic if you like but the *more* you petition Romanticism the more architecture will *receive* a mandate to build the barrenness of unworkable utopias. That almost describes my modus operandi in a nutshell, organized according to the current law of domination and the *use* of my cognitive functions to *deceive* each adult face up. Why *refuse* the call to obsolete causal relationships as a para-ideology for the just? Any *thief* of the irrational distrusts manipulated sensibility and the *poverty* of technical rationality alike. *Grief* would stammer if it was personification but it's not. The *injury* is real to collective praxis and it *shows* in the miscalculated theoretical angles where the crab tapers off to become a shortened triangle. "Minima," "error," "draughtsman," "Cyamus." I've never met a word I didn't use and my *foes* think I'm practical for that.



In a film adaptation of Euclid's Geometry Brad Pitt plays a balding Stoic philosopher. Festive, in a sad sort of way, the plot threads excitingly through all the theorems to culminate as one day in the afterlife of a Greek God. I like a good film, but I've never been partial to montage, there's something about it that reminds *me* of chopped up body parts and crime scene investigations. *You* used to complain about the lack of *truth* in anything I say but *there* was a time that *youth* seemed young, when a bearded but trustworthy *forebear* told you I was different. In those days the temporal co-ordinates of our face-to-face relationships required the synchronization of two distinct streams of reality. Our radiolarian bodies consisted of a spherical mass of protoplasm not unlike Detroit from the air. Could you be *prevailed* upon to believe in me again? I notice you bought yourself a pocket guide to architecture and I bought an architectural guide to pockets. Does that make us twins or enantiomorphs? It's not important really, but I'm sure glad you're not my *son*, I mean you really have to learn the difference between rabbis and rabies when you're talking to Jewish veterinarians, otherwise you'll be assailed by a barrage of justifiable abuse. To change the subject, what would happen to metaphor if bare *truth* *won* out? A bird flies out of *art* and interrupts our view of a full moon held in its tiny orthogonal claws. It *befits* the *heart* to pump this labyrinth to annihilation in non-thought. I say Imagism *commits* us to a brutal dependency on an optical paradigm, but you say it's the sound of the words that matters. You quote H.D. to prove it, but I prefer atrocities to what *commits* us to opinions; the *heart* pumps eagerly at those pseudo-beliefs and this *befits* our epoch. The *art* of sexual war is abundant in Egyptian literature and back then the men always *won*. But it's been downhill for guys ever since Thelma and Louise. Look what's happening to the masculine dignity of gerunds and proper patriarchal syntax, we're *assailed* by a local appreciation of universal phenomena. Even your own *son* tries to force culture down your throat with some mutilated ceramic offshoots of the late T'ang Dynasty. This time the partial application of everything to nothing seems to have *prevailed*. I mean how would a *forebear* have reacted to one of Mondrian's opaque grids? Even in his misspent *youth* he preferred theosophical Darwinism to pompous rationality. *There* needs to be an elementary *truth* for *you* and *me* though, a little distortion in scale towards an unprecedented synaptic snap will do, such as taking up ballet again.

It's *sad* how the town ghosts have gone dysfunctional in their arrangements of the proper place for loss. But how *glad* it makes me to learn both science and sociology have proven most of our proverbs to be sound. Rest *assured* our lines of flight will get us somewhere more unpredictable than these post-apocalyptic triumphs. The word "*thee*" has a lovely ring to it, it's bald but still sexy and seems to *me* perpetually happy in its function as deixis. But what if the other we call "indifferent reality" *recurred*? Pathetic in its *melancholy* genius and with ethical negativity as the stern bondsman to dependent thingness it sits *alone* in my theory of anomalies. Do you subscribe to the Graveyard Gazette? With Death, the quadrapartite guru sitting cross-legged and waiting impatiently, I think *you* ought to before you're *gone* like me, taken by some Law of Epic Inevitability back into the cold unreal. You know in these times the *slide* from subjectivity to sainthood is never guaranteed. How do you inhabit a fictional city when all *desire* gets demolished in pointless repetition but we still struggle to *abide* by its *fire*? I remember it well, it was the night Shakespeare caught *fire* and almost burned to death. I was out at the time in a North Carolina mortuary trading my subjectivity for a sculpture. These days I don't remember anymore, in fact I can't *abide* the burden of the past, Hegel, Elizabeth I, Attila the Hun, are a heavy weight to bear. Yet if you camouflage *desire* and *slide* into the persona of an absent God, that's wonderful. Then actuality appears as the transcendent confusion that it is, *gone* or going into particle necrosis as the broken centres of simplicity look on. In a lifestyle characterised by change and variety how can I ever get to know *you*? Is it still one day in the life of a mutant virus? Those two questions *alone* make me insecure. Our *melancholy* humanity is best conceived as a long chain of short mutual dependencies. But what if my shy effeminacy *recurred*? Compared to *you* and your verve cliché I wouldn't stand a chance at making a serious impression even though you *assured me* otherwise. How *glad* I feel in retrospect to be a sad bedouin of some new lost dynasty.