

STEP^{PING} TO THE LEFT OF ONTOLOGY

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Harness the power of quiet.

– Jazmine Linklater, *Future Notes Towards an Alternative: a manifesto*.

Irreverent diagrammatic anaximander

a note

stowed away I was —

had had a feeling

Time ends and began in the innards –

peristaltic progress negating

auto-affective peregrinations

Trapezoid buoyed

to rest in fallacy –

active forgetfulness it would be

fun if not for the proviso —

We were signs taken by wonderment

We were starts hastened to fall down —

Should be astral travelling

with moons around —

our elbows

famed attraction

A mess missives midrift

of planks

over the wall

we are whimpering foxes in the quarry —

The yogi asks me to get back to my breathing
it is illegal
to not obey metaphysics
 our search for de-ontologised </futures>
against our knowledge
 that we've been locked
in the death of time
 its scentless performances
of accelerated information
& whizz-banged task management
we sought out the minor
doors towards the horizon
where we could become changelings.

Reduction to loam

we could be [
proto-grammatologues I see you

deferring and differing the shake of the task
of the task in the trace of misery beams

Suddenly to be cockneyed / a chicken-by-bow type
of situation eggs the question on basic demands

four bare necessities: live, laugh, love, let-go.]

we all tried humour
doing the Einaudi
on a make shift ice shelf —

Existenz is paused

to be free in the ruin or to hold the popul vuh
following the guidance to re-allegorise the allegory —

Held close in the water
saying flowed between repulsions of skin
which we were feeling as a quantum moment
of contact just to be unthinkable and thinking
—— we address the constraints
trying to reckon with the rekhet in rechtsphilosophie
the waves of acid in an ocean of mitochondria
—— or druids from our inner polis
We were trying to hold each other outside of time.

Far off shall we go
to decolonise normative living
with anti freeze
on my armpit hair
and an oven glove
on my left hand when it speaks in ink

</RX>

it is never done but stays in the saying

To write poetry is to move into the air
</ resist nihilism's endgame of deracination
& to address you in poetry
with and as endless spelling errors

/>

abreactive code for dissent
melismatic ostinato of mantric wove

we syncopate together in what subtends
as a quotidian readerly poetics
we take notes when words make worlds for us
and we moved in concrescence / –

somewhere over the hill it was so easy

then the red tape was placed over our thumbs. />

We acknowledged a mutual respect for books
the pages of which we were rendered unable to turn
our mouths taped over with read as we tried to utter
the unutterable protest against the anti-protest receipts. />

</sAA>

The state of apology – and we were chained
in and by it

~~ergastulum~~

to speak of and at the threshold of the haptic

Asiatic negritude to unmake thingifications
wilt to knowledge

deserts in the sky
[Braithwaite's breath waits]

yes the impulse to meander
or circumvent gangrenous landlords

demiurgic non-compliance —
pessimism as epistemic decay

Houseplants wiggle in the draft
offering critiques in face of dust
/ supervenes the regulatory board
defined as juridical flowers
 resting on the succulent globe

détourne />

the object from prefatory withdrawal
a teleological suspension of the poetic
to get back at the sutured essence
 take the leap into the grey
growth felt as an implosion
 it was not meant to be like this
we were made to be held together —

Democratic abscissions of the spectacle
 to be human is to be untimely
to be post human is to recover semblance
 it may not always be the best thing going
but sometimes it is necessity that prompts us in movement

To be on the laterality/
shifting the geography and its psyche of ~~Dasein~~

- it means to break through the sign continuum
go! to the future where exchange is oxygen—

To've been in spirit like barbiturated sharks
in the bi-odyssey of race liberalism
put out of play

(tideialectics)

we were marooned in or by sub-
marination compressed into nanoseconds
we risked life's in-plosive of the *is*
closing presence in the pensive

failure in the moment of articulation
lock arff'd in meta critique
burdened or limited by manhood as irreplaceable

Or in the mansion of absence
golden guild of legalised pocket collars
whence mystic writing pads a-shore.

Careless egological sense faculties
giving little-*a* an economy or a chemistry
thorough or rough we went there
though we thought in the going of it
life was in and of a slant
a gap an interstice
at an impasse
quoting each other by chance
scilicet orthogonal
rust in urbane plissé mauve skein

& you and I everyday
virology visits periastron of diphthongs

—

the self in the care praxes collections
Having been or will become the had of

≠

anonymous textuality predicates endeavours
devours or descends into the scene of

—

variations of silent monologues
alien material that doing the explanation with

[

some scene of the de-construct
left in the waning b-line there was

a problem that could be conditional
urine alchemical proffering to latitude

]

wherein forged was the rhapsodic
decreation in the pharmakon

+

Śūnyatā moves in promethean prolegomena
in the struggle of continuation

</

where we took it all too seriously in the grip
to move passed cherry-picking which samples we're in.

In the meniscus </of your knees
closure became indefensible [

— swines without spines
bam!
bam!

; goes the annoying fly
towards

</>
the undead sociality,

we should talk about it

that we know what we are in
in our attempts at undoing it

troubadoric modal complaint

that we were undone by it
as soon as we felt it's space

(having been about to fall in the opening of your eyes
[indefatigable and indecent homines sacri

Wondered wherein
we were of Southern Kemet
in search of the opening of

</ka

at the moment where beyond justice
seemed fated
occurent of worldliness and of world loving
we the people wondered
into and of the same
whereof [
the burlesque style
]

Love is the form of the global public
reclamations exist
in queerness where we were all in a traced origin
chasing to stand apart or there apart from
to breathe
is not to work
refuge in the -ing

hubbub in the roads
a repartee as the decks turn over portable as sound
esurient for a nutritional stupefacient i.e. the dance

</no sa7/>

we broke away as soon as representation was afoot
Fuckery at hand cause duppy know who to frighten—

Played truant w./ austere pre

positions-

spurious and

- under-valent w.o./ disclosed unity

as lacking sovereign or soft thinking

wherever we are or will come to on arrival

schema of indecision

I was saying I love you / said you felt it too

I wonder when we will meet again ~~{saying}~~

but for now to have digitality between us

plugs the others into each contact / con tact

- dismantling the reconstitution of identity

wrong overturn in the beyond right principality of

something known as a wipe off boot

mud over the flecks of shadowed embrace

Is played truth and sea

in the abyss of prudence

not to be contrary

stitched crossed hairs out of navel graspin'—

Bumblin were we in the ono-matter
like bees in the middle of rosemary flowers
absorbing vial-lilac incepting with or as off-beat

having melted the trees we were not
in a position to retrain that thought

- wound up in the colon as globules of liver spots

To have bumped in trudging through an arch-way –

Under-ray of the apricot sun's aura-glow
an oracular function on low theories
entangled roots post decay off—on the in-step'd sentience

fleshy with it like rhubarb we could smell
fingers jostling for the rub and feel of it

- was something having been not possible
to be synthesised a-priori but remain in occultation
- Stood over each working through each other

non-phonically by an alleyway to the cobbled street

- in a narrow dé-onto- without theodicy

In recognition came smatterings of ethernet potential
given over to hyletic as opposed to the transcendental.

To say we are before matter

a divulgence of thought
non-separable from the inhale
whence exhalation yielded a reference

Held in the experiment
 it would've been called
declivity or in the interoceptive focus
 electrolytic earth
damned to be in the wretch of it
retro-kinetic in harmolodic stutters
that was where it came unto be seen and conquered

] magnetic strata of the out-flow
] called you and you'd been all expecting me

] bibliomancers with intentions hark to not-yet
sub-epidermal reals as morphs of conjunction

~~</conjecture>~~

In the rue we row in parallel
it was the end of eschatology

[anonymity]

—

In-roads made of fallen statuettes
maybe it happened to enter newness
(saying is the trace of said)

—

Sufism of straddled threads and resisted in-shackling

</sa7>

felt the Simurgh on our patch
work denim and therein slept

<sa7/>

Home was never outside the minds
or found stilled in our hopeless flesh:

Puissant police handled / masked on-lookers—

Vertigo felt like a hike towards

on-going-ness </> numbingly

silent

 a ripple effect

 rippling affect

 shuttling off the dream-works

</?> Projects coming in line with the gas pipe

 shouting at a telegraph pole building site

 </!>... a fucking mess

Hypertext oriented

in the league of genteel fascism
Stop / ping!
end to reconsider
balance tilt to the right
appease the pitchforked pride
wasting away in fever.

Aubade

for the perform-attic assembly not thrown
into the road or it was to be
caught extended and wrapped in bills

a classic wash in canned food for worms

in normal circumstances we cannot be
hand in hand raising voice

to hold to account
now we feel the compression

—
condensations on bulletproof glass we were
trying to get to the other side of the bridge
with our friends but it felt like discrimination

</to be successful

Weathered we were whittled

down by truncheons
in the constitutive exclusion

of our notation towards
further elaboration />

without —

In excess of said
pre-discursive it was felt
plural forms or styles
we disobeyed received iconography
what amounts of death we wouldn't live with.

</sa7> —

Exit strategy meetings
minutes of small scales
records on shuffle blithering
paperless bricolage(s) palpable yet new clear
rarities – it was the wage as form we were up against.

— <sa7/>

Singularities of percentile incense
did not have to forego
these opportunities
perhaps we underestimated
a majority share in the nomenclature / gnome culture.

In their brackets
we were plied
or splayed
to be reverent
to the display
or highly defined
Could not have
foreseen or foretold
/
it breaks back
along the current
disassociation / Heartlessness
to say what has been said
all of its vanity
expunged in total denial
[A-Chiasmic to not signify the para-de-onto-theological]
~~llaicigolocht onto ed arap eht yfingis ton ot cimsaihC Af~~
Undefined as people
we entered the less as stately
Over determined as things
we left our rights with them
Come to over stand that fear of and fear for are not equal

Bio

Azad Ashim Sharma is based in South London. He is the director of *the87press*. His work includes *Against the Frame* (Barque Press, 2017) and the forthcoming collections of poetry and prose *Ergastulum* (Broken Sleep Books, 2022) and *Boiled Owls* (Nightboat Books, 2023). His poems have been published recently by Stand Magazine, the Asian American Writers Workshop and Gutter Magazine. His prose has been published by SPAMzine, MIR Online, Magma Magazine and is forthcoming in the Bloomsbury Companion to Contemporary Poetry in Ireland and the UK. Azad is currently a PhD Candidate in English and Humanities at Birkbeck College, University of London and is producing a novel and a book of critical theory.