

from *Nine Uneasy Steps to a PhD*

Concetta Principe

EX NIHILO 4

From the very rims of her glasses. The cotton rims of her armpits. The rims of her written eyes. The drive is everything. Fuck desire. Fuck the washing. From this rim we wipe the glass holes and musicalize. Hang the washing and draw diagrams. Take my breath away. Give me breath and break the blueprint. Sometimes violence is the only means of setting the bone. Rim of the bone on the eyes over which the woman with her coffee relishes your potatoes wishing not for artichokes but for those goddamn boots. Choking on the rim of the laces. Drive the car around the river the way we walked it in winter. With purple rims round blue rims round brown eyes. So rimmed in beige cotton that no one could imagine his eyes were blue. Not at all the unconscious resistance. A monster of revolution. The ladders of inception. The mothering one does out of necessity. The loving one wants to give for free but there's a cost for everything. Economy kills but is Marxism answering the door? A messianism complex was his crutch, his lash. The cycle of desire means focus. Over the edge of this bowl, staring deep into the void where it will begin. The hole that is very thing.