

Midtribulation

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Abstract

Midtribulation

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Midtribulation is an attempt at grappling with “apocalypse” as a concept, a literary genre, and a material reality. Despite deeply-ingrained ideas of the end of the world as fire and brimstone, Medieval scholar Bernard McGinn notes that an apocalypse is really just an unveiling or uncovering—a revelation of some great, previously hidden knowledge, usually of how the end (defined broadly) will come about. The poems in this collection are my own apocalypses—texts which reveal something to me as they’re being written. Grounded in readings of biblical prophecy and Medieval eschatological texts, such as those of Hildegard of Bingen and Joachim of Fiore, these poems address endings, ecologies, collapse. Moving through a confessional, lyric mode, a fragmentary, digital mode, and the more traditional lexicon of mystical revelation, this collection enacts the long process of uncovering what an ending feels like—the religious vs. the secular, the collective vs. the personal, the created vs. the decreed. The apocalypse-in-construction here asks: how do we exist in relation to others and to space? How do we mediate, and how are we mediated by, our environment? How do we conceive of futurity?

Midtribulationists, the least popular of apocalyptic millenarians, believe the elect will suffer through part of the tribulation before being saved, ascending just as God’s real wrath is unleashed on the unworthy. They are not kept entirely apart from destruction, but they are also not witnesses of the true end. They are suspended in the very middle of messianic time, endlessly waiting.

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I.

VISION

I saw from the waist down a Lamb, wearing every terrain And out of glass I saw a face like a rainbow Before him, at the altar in front of the iron, darkness grew And he did not taste; he blinded my sight And out of him came a strong angel proclaiming seven others And from another region there came suddenly grace And I saw something tender and blazing Something which burned in the altar The cloud sat enthroned It had been in the world, which is worthy, and then it lay in the corner It burned ardently with seven candlesticks, one like a man clothed with his own mouth There was also his touch And the whole mountain stood by

REVELATION

Cybernetics is replaced by analysis alone. There is the invention of a theory of life. Ending in what? If it isn't an oedipal calendar, what is it? Modern machinery is human wisdom, and soft. Fiercer than anything imaginable.

THE NEW PEOPLE OF GOD

This house will be the mother of all

Who will all All will

His will In all things

In perfect men with longing

They will These will not be near

The will over all In this will As well

They are divine things

Men who desire more than

The rest This will be

But not as much as is required

Will the delicate Not able to bear

Between this place a distance of

About three miles

This will But not completely

The will prior to the will

Over there A distance

Under this will For the sake of pleasure

They will and will be Will these directions

And will these orders Will there be no need

His own and their own Women will be like

The fear of God According to the will of those

Who have more and those who have less

But all things held

AS YOU KNOW

There is the green netting which during the day
Prevents seeing in or out
And which at night prevents only seeing out
And there are sloping well-laid shingles and four cars
And there are my strong knees somewhere,
Sometimes behind the netting and sometimes
In the grass nearby. It's easy to call it intimacy
When we're surrounded like this. He says
Is there news and I didn't know I was
Expecting any. A woman assures me my season
Won't be ruined if I practice
Economy of movement

ASH WEDNESDAY

So it's a theory of the frame

Absenting the body except in the frame

The prerequisite for the frame

Decorating the nude in the frame

There are some chaste words we all profane

But that's a bad idea; that's a cruel impulse

I'm good now, nice and nice and good, reminded

Of every other time I was reminded of

Every other time I was confused for hunger

And confused for confusion

You need only the slightest push back

Apparently the hands which proscribe—

I get off on the invitation

Go on about my biological con

This sacred drama playing out in this

Delineated space—this frame

This perfect uninformed guess for size

I can't believe tonight I've been given up

For a normal Wednesday

I wonder what allows for languor

What allows for the most damning thing

I could tell you right now

REVELATION

As a result we digitize eschatology. Lost futures are wrong, though irresistibly strong. If catastrophe is unjust, change nature! And say something instead about terminating the wet body.

II.

VISION

And lo, in front of this inspiration, he came adorned in body and hair And that was in a latter place And from there, thanks to a great glory, I saw white shoes walk upon a dark sphere But this was in shadow, not day And immediately I noticed that five peaks appeared, and then others Before him, again at the throne After this there was a turret in the midst of the soil; it raised itself to receive And from the ropes came four beasts which stood in an unclouded splendor Also, I beheld, and behold In the building immediately I saw the viscera of a woman And a flame sparked from her knees And I saw a great glory in that fire, and a hole appeared, with a great multitude of eyes And then came a sharp two-edged sword, and round about the bottom was wrath And another flame sparked and appeared with a gentle breath Then I beheld, and behold And the man was no longer burning; it was done, and it was dawn The former flame was like a fine brass, as white and thundering He put his head down before it

REVELATION

Science is the sacred zero, the process of growing monotheistic. Desire is no feminine rationality, nor is a city a tactile self-organizing space. Within it an explosion of equilibrium is replaced by intelligence. Why can't you stop? The vision functions like: machined/machined/machined, and so on.

HARDWARE

And on the third day the drive began to feel
Ominous like what was going to happen
Really was going to happen
On the third day I knew that on some other day
I might begin to start to feel some regret
Like god and like hardware and like a
Confusion of the two
But I can rationalize anything
By which I mean that I can make anything
Irrational in this specific way which serves me
You say isn't that a problem and
I say I don't think so
Ateleology isn't even a real word, not
In the specific way which serves us
You say over and over (it must get so tiring)
So what do you propose, then?
Not a rigor of address
Not a commitment to any tenderness
I've been careful not to intend my^{SEP} intentions

PARTIAL ECLIPSE

If it were total I would have a matching

Necklace; I would have dressed for the occasion

I would have taken the day off to prepare for the co-opting

The sky, a Monday, the idea of a haze

The path near the idea of a hardware store

Burning through my retinas on any given afternoon

Totality is lightless and should be—

I resented losing my claim to pale yellow

And the languid sidewalk, and the lower field filled

With graphic shorts and camisoles

I repeated *colourless* in my head and flashed partial gold plate

This is how I remember myself: flatter, all one tone

Or beside something and facing away from it

— and yet some people are moved to such descriptions that

When the light really changed I was counting it

DISTANCE

To say they distanced to say it wasn't about spit

What began as a statement of rot after reading a book about rot

Emerge this is not yet thinking And when... would become: when

Reception of pictures And when and so on

I didn't expect any stunning originality

The feeling of having done something terrible like no god

When at the reception... of sense-impressions, pictures

Emerge this is not yet thinking still in bodies it wasn't about spit

You can afford to be sentimental because I can't do anything to you

A fitness kick and biotin I still can't do anything to you

And the joke about perception lands wrong and when it does and so on

Emerging this awareness of fluid but you can be sentimental

Having found peace inside the house with the printed bricks, just not mine

When reception / of pictures and when... interception of pictures

I have done something terrible something like no god

Something like the spray of the drawings *then we begin to know something*

Then we really begin to know something

Emerge this is not yet true

No god between us we all used to get so close on several occasions

And you would love me driving and you would love me receiving

Emerge this is not yet thinking but it's so simple my body is acted upon by some

Surface

What is communicable now? What more is communicable?

To say it was about spit is to say something terrible and unlike me

And when... would become: when reception of pictures

And when... would become: too complicated

I can't do anything to you but leave

CONSTRUCTING AN IDEA

We work on bright scenes

We add the woods

Below as if nothing has changed

Collapse inverts control

The foundations might be swept away

A broad picture is reassuring

We dismiss his style without a hint of irony

The understanding of history as a story of circular constraints

In building the law, there are soft thresholds

Nothing really prevents the red line

We understand what this means: we buckle under land mass

We demand an end to sentiment

We talk about a fight

When we ask him what he embodies, he says the horizon

Poses a finite question

Our assumptions have been confined to the page

One afternoon we might have to reconsider our desires

It's hard not to

Lingering or reading

We've become violent

We never let a good crisis go to waste

We never lack meaningful prey

We come to a screeching halt

Come to stand for a city

There is always a need for mobility

We ask about collapse; he answers that this is not the world

Our time would be better spent imagining abandon

A little more dignified

We are brutal, on the pulse

It still sounds so current

REVELATION

God is dry computer code, to be animated, worshipped, spiritualized. You can't be stopped. You can't touch without feedback. The vision is the crumbling of whatever cannot— The vision is often associated with the zero. The horror. Body-counter running. Savage pulse.

III.

VISION

*O Almighty God, have mercy on the elements of this body These mysteries were of another order,
as from a yellow lion Then the mouth of him was on the figure And that new day was as wine
from the Lamb And from his hands, he said something to the calm light It had previously
been in his tresses like a hill Then from heaven we departed as if bruised by many living lamps
And lo, others were bright of soul, and yet others seemed pale of body This was like a little clod
of fire burning, which extended itself to look upon our heads Every mountain was this little clod
of Heaven It had a luminous splendor surrounding it, denoting the wall And something still
luminous was then surrounded in my soul For we know not day It had come forth like it was
taught in another place And from the book it was written And I saw that a moment of rest
would not hurt the world It lay down at the first voice which appeared*

REVELATION

Modern logic, after all, is conceived as a simulation of flows, switches, and machines. Our machines are adamantly synthetic, unsatisfied by skin. God-daddy the graffiti-tagged Garden. God-daddy the obvious project of theology. God-daddy the limit of Eden. It proves effectively ineradicable.

EASY COMMERCE

Look at me, recovering from some
Twinhood. Drawing a blue line far
Around my eye on the way out.
Going to *parc du portentious* and
Opening an incognito tab to look
Up a word I don't know so no one
Will know. The blue line can
Stretch forever or break everywhere,
But I don't care, too convinced I
Want to "get back into the essay".
Call it death of the desirer or
Wallower, or longer,
Not the direction it's within
My ability to grow. Death as in
Death or longer than that. Look at
Me, recovering from some ideal
Job. For \$200 I'll end it.
Buying chairs and chairs and
Chairs so you have to stay but
There are options now. The easy
Commerce, too many kinds of
Loose powder at the good pharmacy
And none at the other. This is all

Part of a series, I'll call it mania
Works because they are and because it
Does. Look at me, recovering from
Some cruelty, appropriately my own.
Look at me, a line of sandalwood
On my way out. Call it stalking a
Mediocre life. Mania works, of
Course it does, I'm sure I really do
Want to "get back into the theory".
Whichever. Recovering from some
Easy commerce by buying more
Chairs. And so the options multiply.
And so it's all easy theft. And so this
Is not how it's going to go. It's going
To go outside or not at all. And so come
To the park or the bridge while I am
Somewhere else, while I break the
Blue line and sit where I like.

IRENE

I lie and I lie and I find my way back to you Irene Although
You don't want me to come anymore
You said that before And then in the end I was invited to feel
Shame all the length of a carpeted hall anyway
From any cardinal direction I find you Irene I find you so
Recognizable in any climate Tracing my minute fears
By remembering hard whether I was bothered by leaving or if
It was a long long exhalation You have to get out of your car
And swim to it Now I'm praying a shape instead of a sound Irene
Now I'm lying again and ending up here At the end of three flashes
At the back of the head and of my own mouth
Irene you're lower down *And how sweet is your habitation*
How sweet to be here How sweet and how busy and idle
It was very much like rolling down a hill
And then ending up somewhere with all new flora
The earth is clean dissolved *Irene the earth is moved*
And the clutch hand doesn't know it yet *He says so*
But he says a lot And in the end I accepted every invitation
To feel shame all the length of the hall
I lie and I lie and I let myself into the fishbowl Irene I got to you
In twelve minutes flat once and I won't pull that off again

VISIONS OF THE END I

I can't make you any more abject than you already are

My eaves, where they started The garden for the garden

You're losing sleep because I keep saying things

Like this, which you understand contextually but which

You think lack form

You say stanzaic but it must be that you're not paying

Attention because I never

Transferred the care away from the line and instead

To my nails and to my figure

I figured I'd figured it I had it figured

J'ai figuré Je l'avais figuré Je l'avais, figuré

Circling until we arrive back at possession

Now how is it that I haven't figured out

How to get what I want from you

REVELATION

Consider the crumbling granitic foundation of life, ending in useless circles. We want neither clean hands nor their antecedent conditions. Beyond the unconsciousness, we search for a better semiotic parasite. The virtual is outside salvation history.

IV.

VISION

And behold, I beheld another pit of fire And I noticed five peaks appeared; and the four beasts still stood And his countenance became the calm light The atmosphere suddenly rose up in color, but a gentle depth appeared And in a great shock that burning itself extended up into the One Then the pillar After this the blazing fire extended up into the shadow And I noticed five modes of Heaven And there were the red beasts and also a calf, and behold, a tender image stood there I now could see him there like bits of metal, shadowed by many living sparks Who will deliver us?

REVELATION

Think about the relations between humans. Think about how the future's already assembled, but it's not a certainty. Think about how God is slicked insidiously by some basic diagrams. Think about how capital opens onto technics, but now it finally has a body.

CURSES FOR DISOBEDIENCE

Then desire when it has conceived gives birth to sin

It was something else which I can't find again—

My research methods lacking—

A contract of punishment for the normal ways in which

I live my life, for what populates my

Tables, what breaks my cane chairs

For the wages of sin is death; and then you will not surely die

The wages withheld since I'm more

Useful to you alive and grammatical and without

A future tense of my own

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed

And as a result of this deprivation, all morning

I displaced romance onto things that aren't romance

Like grammar and the contract

Repent therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out

Your sins have hidden his face from you so that he does not hear

When you grabbed mine to say something about

Cheekbones, but I was busy thinking of the mirrored

Wall tiles and if I would bring them with me, when—

When you said something about my eyes, and when

Compassion was hidden from them

He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree

And I myself refused to bear—

Now how can I meaningfully blackmail myself into belief?

All morning I tried, and then tried instead to find

A kinder way of saying I want you to be mine

But I don't want to be yours

We would rather be away from the body and at home

Among all my things and the blessing of feeling

Out a room that isn't too bright, though this offends you

What comes out of a person is what defiles him

But I am endlessly able to hold in all the

Offending methods of organizing

If I were really punished who would navigate

Among whom we all once lived?

And the hearts of the people melted and became as water

It was something else or it could have been—

Something I would search through all

My archived messages to find again, with an unassuming

Title, something about the weather

Oh *victory* oh *sting*

Now the works of the flesh are evident

To both of us—I like the joke about flaying

The way without conversation everyone loves

The gagging equally

The way desire is preceded by then as if

It's ever preceded

This is the second death, the lake of fire

This is several times and several years

And just one possible punishment among endless

Punishments—we are so smart with our contracts and

Our flesh but he is more creative than we are

PRAYER

I knew he was speaking because I would never

Take such liberties inside my own head

I'm not touching you I'm not touching you

I'm unfastened and loose And I'm still not touching you

I felt peace like a wet stain spreading out around me

And I said *I know well your governing logic*

And I said *I know you're worth more than—*

—I wanted to say *crows* but it came out *sparrows*—

And therefore I'm not worthy of touching you

The prayers are getting more and more elliptical mother

The space between Heavenly and thinning

Mother who undoes the knots Or mother undoer—

How do I unfasten myself from the action and take on the role

I'm begging to see *the universal shape which that knot takes*

I have my face and left palm pressed up against a screen

And I'm touching it so completely that surely I'm touching you

But I find instead that I can beg for clarity

For nine days Without ever touching clarity

SATISFACTION THEORY OF ATONEMENT II

Filled with my desire for difficulty but otherwise unoccupied—can you feel it?

The rise of something like oil in me, something slick and intentional

This feels like an agency I don't want, a dignity I didn't offend

Some offer reflecting the plasticity of a value I didn't evaluate

One of the last times at that bar, my favourite one with the pink

And the poor layout, I was told slickly and intentionally to find my own meaning

And it made me laugh—as if it's a question of not knowing where it is—

And I listened in to how *each became in each other's dynamic embrace*

And I became the object itself bent on itself, the object in which

All fullness should dwell

I didn't ask to be presented with the choice to atone

At one, as one, buying back into the whole

For you are bought with a great price, and it's not the one you set

Or the one at the end of some tall and toned ransom who keeps

Repeating the word pleasure

REVELATION

Nothing runs to be human. Nothing is a name, a nomadic transformation. The vision must invent its own non-arbitrary calcular functions. There is chaotic weather within. Beyond the hot metal imprint of an infinite loop: something like war.

✓.

VISION

*And they burned and in that burning I saw a person glowing with his palms And they were all
together brightly living And the figure of this image stood there, perceiving this And in his
indignation the darkness grew And I saw as if bruised by sharp thorns His waist was the
color of the blaze And, in shade, the dark body and island were full And feet fell like a
sardine stone And he came again from the woman's limbs And he glowed white And it
was as if he was bruised by many waters I saw again that latter place The same And then
it acquired the previous unclouded splendor*

REVELATION

Anthropol arrives and immediately becomes a hoax: I have neither a history of directing, nor of governing. Mesh composes a wet body like mine out of being touched. I am not the operation of the system itself. There is not rebirth.

THE UNCHURCHED

Because I was among the unchurched

I wore him down until—

And invoking the primitive light

In my arms she wants me,

She warns me,

She warm and smooth

And again was reminded by the

Man on the radio that

Shame and guilt are structurally different things

If I have one, and he has the other

I was not among the seekers,

Either, and I wore myself like—

That thing you do with your eyes,

Habitually, I think

Like anything else these days, habitual

However those uses combined with

The droning, her droning

That comes from—

That cop's from—

I said software again for only the second

Time, and like any other name

Like the thrust of the term:

With (my God!) my God.

ECONOMIES

For reasons more about dirt than access

I feel I'm not allowed to say *virtual* even if asked

I locked my literal body inside

A thing that was vulgar in the sense of common

Where nothing was dripping

And endless theorizing of flux couldn't

Get to me except as a fiction

And zeroes parenthetically continued to have no bearing on

My literal body and its literal economy

And when my fiction neared its end I hoped it

Would be for sin and not for its protocol

QUELQUE CHOSE DE SACRÉ

I'm good at taking a hit From
Everywhere But stop narrativizing
It's not a word It doesn't matter
I've used it What isn't real
Wanted so badly to leave a bruise and
Couldn't Stop narrativizing
And I of course am not going
I wouldn't lie Beneath like that
Put in the house and taken out again
Linearity is far more important than
(Devaluing) Of the rhythm and
The song I couldn't find once worried
It had been taken down
Once panicked having lost But
Stop narrativizing
Beauty All worth it
More like beauty
I'm sure it'll all be undone by
God some day
The new nerve damage It happens
And so what if I'm proud
Il y a dans le mot Dans le verbe
When I can't tell whether I've written

Desire or design I'm lying
And I'm lying Some languages
Are better at using strong words
In weak situations
Thereby cheapening Thereby
Pouring god into god
I'm sorry I don't write from elation
I'm sorry There's a core of
Cruelty melting
I'm glad the mood was sour for everyone
Stop narrativizing He made
A mess and I loved him but not for it
I don't have the strong cheap words
Did I ever mention haunting Or how
I had no plans I saw nothing
I would do anything including nothing
Perfect slope but I can't admit that
There's no other destination Just
The detour In devotion that I
Demand from you:
Above—

REVELATION

Reality is long-decayed but reminds you of something. This unity of mud and conjunctive synthesis of mud. Consider the screen and the vision as the world. The ultimate goal of all of it is a panic storm.

VISION

*I looked, and, lo, the dawn was lying I had come forth and from this I heard the covenant of the
atmosphere Its scent was like wool And he was like air, and the woman also was lying And
a dark portion of each was Heaven And I, a wing of Heaven The atmosphere suddenly rose
up in the corner of mud It flew sweetly around the son's eyes And round about the woman I
saw again the covenant of the world And he said other people would surely help us Almighty
God, have mercy on this figure that is like fire And behold, the peaks disappeared, and the sound
of glass*

REVELATION

Time goes weird in the dreams. Time goes weird in proximity to the actual. The vision identifies the improvised time of our embodiment. We know that writing does not recognize the eschaton, especially in vertigo. Or the forces of a fleshless envelope. Or the inertial telos of the social signal.

SKIN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Stop just shy of the point
At which the word points
To something—stop shy
Like it's not about you—
It's about how I make it about
Stretching that day our eyes
Across the total flatness and
The grit just above it
Eye-level will (legible)
Glued to the wall just above
Allegory is so mutually obvious
And that's always been the point
Skin knows with herself
Light looks with herself
And when we list sins in the
Grit we always
Have to leave one out
This was around the time
I started talking about dignity
And lost it
You hover over the object
Your hand hovers over its grip
A man is a bad substitute for a man

SHALLOW ECOLOGY

The whole time making a big show of looking at the orange spray,
Someone pointing out their favourite felled tree—
I know what isn't here and what I don't have—
I'm easing back into understanding the city—
I'm specializing slowly in old-growth roses—
I'm hoarding seeds out of fear, and writing it fair out of habit—
I'm re-entering something, and writing it someone out of habit—
There's a possibility that my body matters most in relation
To other bodies—there's a possibility that talking about the world
Is just like doing the work—
But I've been walking in my head and now it seems I've
Ruined something nice again—
And there have been some vital lessons on the trail today—
And it's all been very intentional—
And you've made me ruin something nice again—
And if I'm being specific, what is it, what part of it?
There is no real translation for *magané*, aside from fucked—
They'll be building mud walls forever and their meditation
Will always be broken by rising waters—

VISIONS OF THE END II

Don't keep me waiting—worship me always—and it occurs to me that I might

In reference to some television show I tell a friend that in that world

There's always an opportunity for redemption, but not in this one

This is what we mean by knowing each other and ourselves

All the gutted consulates, all the golden square storefronts, and

Men waving from windows cut out of yellow brick

It is so hard to hold the line between –

All of this as I leave the road through the trees

Which is still just a road, not a passage

You can still hear the city from any point within it

In this world you just keep refusing, but the teenagers on television say

The past can always change, and they're so sweet I want to believe them

Everything you read online before coming here was true

And in that panic I made eye contact with someone I knew, but

Beside him was someone else I knew and did not want to see

It was brought up later when looking away was not an option

I am in the midst of a bitter quarrel with someone I never loved until

I realized I could never, and then of course I did

Don't keep me waiting—how much editing do you need?

The men in their baroque shells wave out, and it means nothing,

And they expect nothing, and we don't

She says to go forward in gratitude and grace and grace and grace

I chose to be here with all my senses frustrated, because earlier in a

Darker and quieter room I heard all of it all at once
And I knew us, and I worshipped knowing
It occurs to me that I will, of course I will, I was devout for a
Moment and bruise easily in remembrance or anticipation
That isn't true—I've done it all to myself
I ruined my fingers! I did it for you! I chewed off my thumbprint!
But I've done enough to heal myself since
Show me again how I can border on virtue
A friend tells me no buildings here can be higher than the mountain
I must have known this already
But I will, of course I will, and so will you, and we'll worship each other
Until we can think of something better to do with all this time

REVELATION

Consider the deity on the basis of earth and domination. The cycle of the universe. Does lust eat anyone except in sensation? What saves the ancients is a common language, but also a digitally transmitted future. Saved by terminal social communication, the tombstone of piloting theory.

VII.

VISION

*The world burned ardently It came to repent of being in shadow And I was a great force that
the woman knew And they should not be how we are Who will help us, the right hand of
beauty? And immediately I saw a well, emitting smoke Then the grass opened wide its teeth
And I perceived how the dawn and the woman glowed And behold, they were as if beaten yet
still proclaiming a great magnitude And I perceived how the light withdrew For we know
not who hurt the blaze After this I kept my head down before the woman in whom I saw all that
fire And after this I no longer saw the fire*

REVELATION

But domination, again, is not God; it is trickling back from extinction. The limit of the act is watching us die. Thought itself is inverted and propagated through a mathematical punctuality. They are waiting and waiting to ensure that identity remains a dream.

AN IMITATION

He pointed out, rightly, that it would only end when I got bored

It would end when I found myself Bored enough

There was something to be said for being able to stay inside

For that long And for being able to put your spine first

I admire it Hungry on the wrong chair facing the wrong door

His posture— *Rooms outlast us* but so do

Most things This is becoming less true

I had *la folle du logis* and never made it clear

Whether the house was my head Or the house

But I said, my leanness, my leanness When I tell it

I say I said to pass the leaflet so I could

Situate my Self in what, to me, is a dead tongue

But I soaked I luxuriated for some moments first

In the fear, and the pit, and the snare And the boredom

GRACE

Having moved now past the centre of the month

Having been called pleasant enough times

Having done god knows what online for attention

Having found myself writing grace, thinking about grace,

Wondering at my grace

Having adopted the righteous emptiness of men who don't fuck

JESUS FREAK

Jesus Freak maybe you were right about all of it, except
The frailty, but it's so thrilling and so devastating to
Finally be told no Waiting always for something grace
Hasn't allowed and you say it won't, even though my
Mother on the phone says the consequences are coming
They're coming for me Pagan and unjustified The
Attentiveness to and attractiveness of a violence greater than—
So we got them all talking about transubstantiation, and
That was a win for us—the attentiveness to a greater-than joy
Maybe it doesn't take me into design, its big house, maybe
There's no room—you say one's been prepared but I'm
Particular—have you seen how I make the bed corners
When you go on about this singular turning I don't
Know how to argue, don't have the grace to Being very generous
I'll say I can't help but trust it The figure of the spiral
Something always has to compel me How do you like that
What I thought was best before was the least friction and eye-
Contact but how can you blame me All that glass, all that posture
All on that cold floor The straightest spine
Quote me to me while the emulsion does its work—like of
Course there's this affect, how can you blame me You met me
Just as I started hounding beauty This contest of circumstance
In which we can never be winning at the same time You met

Me just when cars began to slow And the bot said it right,
Better than you ever could: *I have to be the most horrible little*
Bitch to get it What begets and begets—what vanity and what vanity
To think you wouldn't desire me if my toxins were more
Expensive and better planned—*but this also was vanity* Arrogant
Man hurting the barber for me, and my sidelong and adoring
Annoyance, then refusing to return the sidelong and adoring Fine
Jesus Freak maybe you were right about all of it, from the very
Beginning of all things The little joke about fresh phrasing—it's
Not funny but I'll hear it anyway and maybe even find myself
Entertained You think it's so sweet when I laugh beneath—that
Makes it all alright, that made it What's the point of a partition
Wall if not this: I could watch the needle on the floes all day on
Your cold floor *We don't know what to make of all*
This non-violence I can't understand the consequences not coming
I can't understand the consequences of not coming
I regret what I said about grace and how I determined its men—I
Was right about all of it, but so were you The hand doesn't land
Except when I say, and when I do, and when it does, that's holy
When it lands that's grace And you were
Right, alright, from the very beginning of all these things—now put
Me in the pasture Put me in your empty house

REVELATION

The war against God happens on purpose: an expression and a religion. The eschaton is too hot and too real. Just as it's terminating poetry, the vision finds itself to be sacred. Still, it all happens. Nature is ruined by initiating us.

Notes

The New People of God: citations from Joachim of Fiore's 12th-century text *The New People of God*. / Ash Wednesday: citations from Baudelaire's "*Il est de chastes mots*." / Partial Eclipse: citations from "Totality: The Color of Eclipse" by Anne Carson, in *Decreation: Poetry, Essays, Opera*. / Distance: citations from Bernadette Mayer's "List of Journal Ideas." Previously published in Vallum Magazine (2023). / Constructing an Idea: erasure of "Collapsologie: Constructing an Idea of How Things Fall Apart" by Harrison Stetler, *The New York Review*, 21 January 2020. / Easy Commerce: previously published in Peach Magazine (2019) and in Peach Magazine's *That's So Me* (2020). / Irene: citations from Hildegard of Bingen's *Scivias*, Isaiah 24, and Anne Carson. Previously published in Expat Mag (2023). / Curses for Disobedience: citations from a BibleHub search of the word "punishment." / Prayer: citation from Dante's *Paradiso*, Canto 33. / Satisfaction Theory of Atonement II: citations from Colossians 1 and 1 Corinthians 6. / The unchurched: citations from the Television song "Mars" and the Gerard Manley Hopkins poem "Carriage Comfort." / Economies: citation from Ecclesiastes 2. / Quelque chose de sacré: citation from Baudelaire's letters to Théophile Gautier. / Visions of the End II: citations from Leonard Cohen's notes at the Penn Terminal Hotel. / An Imitation: citations from Isaiah 24. / Jesus Freak: citations from Ecclesiastes 2. / All Visions: citations from Hildegard of Bingen's *Scivias*, *The Book of Revelation*, and Joachim of Fiore's *The New People of God*. / All Revelations: citations from various texts and personal notes about accelerationism. Fragments of Visions and Revelations previously published in Metatron Glyphoria's *Faith* (2023).