

Dion Farquhar

**Ora pro Ovis**

*The tradition of the oppressed teaches us that  
the 'state of emergency' in which we live is  
the exception but the rule.*

--Walter Benjamin, *Thesis on the Philosophy of History*

Given that no-such-thing

female flesh                      red flag flapping

*assume the position*              crackling over the P.A.

chicken entrails vulva-like      an indiscernible mishmash

misperceived                      always looking for the opening

from which to disappear

any                      Other

exuding exuberance

confirmed by stock symbols                      millennia of marriage

knitting needles appropriately domesticated

for the public space      in place of hand      made

discretion demanding lies                      consolation

*yakety yak, don't talk back*



femmy fuck-me sultry vamp      or push-back mod

drag racing the desire to trump      ideology always already anterior

beggaring      inner outer surface depth

inching along since Aristotle      there are few worse things

than closing libraries by killing the desire for them

the women of *The Enterprise*      a prissy doctor, feel-good shrink

    caretakers of the crew

protesting too much

    never enough

dreaming a happy medium

sow *and* reap

count and be counted

## Ripple Effect

*It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the  
brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner,  
but from their regard to their own interest.*  
--Adam Smith, *The Wealth of Nations*

The butcher's long-retired by replicants  
growing meat on polymer grids in sterile labs  
no bloodied hooks or hosed-down tiles  
the brewer and the baker decades driven out  
by agribusiness actuaries          guards and inmates  
flat out fuzzied fade          digital slaughter  
still trades in body counts          mezzanine tranches  
drive today's Sermon on the Mount

Platonic questions

fireballs to our backs

What *is* resistance?

Can knowledge *be* without the *punkt*?

control room monitors          gabble  
*knowing's junk*  
how much stock's on hand          what's ordered  
margin for error shrunk

Must *redeem* be nailed to *disappoint*?

Desire may be a lack  
but burnout's still the fact  
askance at safe rooms, version X Bail Out  
so fuel the fulminate  
Empire gnawing its bloodied paw  
tear ducts clogged senseless  
Google Earth our Mason Dixon

*Can America be free?* Knofler sings

it doesn't have to harass this way  
they barely let us live  
hankering

for lips that could kiss

a Wiki witch

laptop open on my lap

I want to credo fickle fool      the current line  
robots benign, a neutral tool  
    futurism's angled clunkers  
pluck volumes from warehouse shelves to ship  
    generate instant email order confirmations  
    chart inventory dips

memory      history      festering  
the public space of city  
Chinese banquets  
imagining community  
movable feasts  
Tiananmen  
without tanks

## Takeover

I don't want to go. No one does. But everyone has to. Before you know it. The transition to a Palm. In less than a month, the old, fat DayRunner retired. Not *writing it down*—but *typing it in*—tap the glowing screen's tiny "keyboard" with a thin stylus, chirp of the Hot Sync—data—what else to call your “contacts—backed up to the desktop. Icon irony. Your pleasure in your Palm withers when a friend pulls out her iPhone. Thinner, brighter, sleeker. Screen a touch keyboard that floats—portrait to landscape and back as you rotate it. Power leeching into your hand—along with bad faith. The one you're with, shrunk. Wanting to trade up, like the post-Marxists we all are now.

## She-Woolf

*...poor devils, one thought, poor devils,  
of both sexes.  
--Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse*

*Alone...Perished. If only she could put them together,  
she felt, write them out in some sentence, then she would have gotten  
at the truth of things, narrator saying Lily Briscoe thinks,  
reader witnessing the Woolf-text doing, beaconing knowing  
the truth: that things are temporal and always ambivalent,  
what it is not mattering, not clear or distinct, the public world  
of fame and philosophy, venerable and laughable  
at one and the same time the great man is petty, selfish, vain,  
egotistical, he is spoilt; he is a tyrant despite his books,  
sports a beak of brass, paternity a crime, children coerced,  
their spirits subdued; nor is truth a domestic truce with tyrants  
think of me, think of me...his demand for sympathy poured  
and spread itself at her feet eight children's playing games and talking  
nonsense, hosts of inhospitable guests, enduring ridicule,  
never time to read, giving, giving, giving, she had died  
feeling [s]he was not good enough to tie his shoe strings though  
did in her own heart infinitely prefer boobies to clever men  
who wrote dissertations truth, fruit, legacy [t]he great revelation  
had never come, only the both and the neither  
of any pair, this, that, and the other, the third term*

## Collapse

*Jump, You Fuckers!*  
--Wall Street demonstrator's sign, October 2008

muscular male fingers Michaelangeloed  
arcng down and out of pastel clouds:  
the Invisible Hand bitch-slapped the economy

the end of the aura      enter YouTube  
*individual liberty*  
lubricating collateralized debt obligation  
Fiat bucks  
harnessed by argot-speaking suits  
securitizing portfolio credit  
*service and responsibility*  
default swaps      stomachs fingered  
*a new spirit of patriotism*  
own-to-manage mavens  
cradle to pinstripe grave

if A equals B, and B equals C then A equals C  
for CEO, D for default, E for employment

I, who predate even Barbie  
distrust the credit fairy, the wasp waist  
that money bears interest like pear trees bear pears.

speculation and other messy logics  
no stability, variation:  
    paper covers rock  
    rock breaks scissors  
    scissors cut paper

Greed is good—billions for bonuses  
*pitch in and work harder*  
so raise high the national debt to 11-point something  
who-cares-trillion  
(nobody knows what anything is worth)  
*there will be setbacks*  
sourcing collateral synthetically

for the poor, the working class  
joining strikers in Athens  
Paris, Rjrikavik

*national unity*  
resistance fighters in the Holland tunnel  
hackers fanning out from Silicon Valley  
shooting locks off the doors of foreclosed homes  
a situationist general strike spreading north

solidarity sans essence

from Battery Park  
past one New York Plaza  
to Washington Heights  
and the Cloisters

*our climb will be steep*  
Metternich's peasants  
stumping for the crown  
*God Bless the United States*

**\* All italics are quotes from Barack Obama's acceptance speech,  
November 4, 2008**