

COMPOS(T) MENTIS

by Aaron Apps

“Knuckles digging in the knee and not knowing it, while reading! To be disturbed and to be reminded of something you never quite knew. To be reminded and made to know that memory a new way, this is the way Aaron Apps gives it. Morphine drip as the scalpel tears open the new machine. The petri dish is an appetite for the borderlands of experimentation which is now shattering. You are now under the spell, you have been since you started reading it. If poetry is a way to live then I want to live with these poems, permission without question!”

—CA Conrad

“If angels represent the human idea of frictionless communication between souls, the "fuckscapes" of Aaron Apps's ranty, violent first book COMPOS(T) MENTIS suggests communication as beastly, "extra-somatic," "liquid infection." Instead of the perfect, clean medium of the angels, Apps wants his medium to be "dripping filth." Instead of the ideal of private interiority, Apps's book pushes his poetry as a form of violence to the self, constantly brutalizing and opening up bodies with cuts and liquids. Even beauty is rubbed, ripped open and made to "bleed ink." Apps is not looking for angels, he is becoming a goat.”

—Johannes Göransson

Aaron Apps works, studies, and lives in Minneapolis, MN. He is the poetry editor for dislocate magazine. He holds degrees in History and English and is currently pursuing an MFA in poetry from the University of Minnesota.

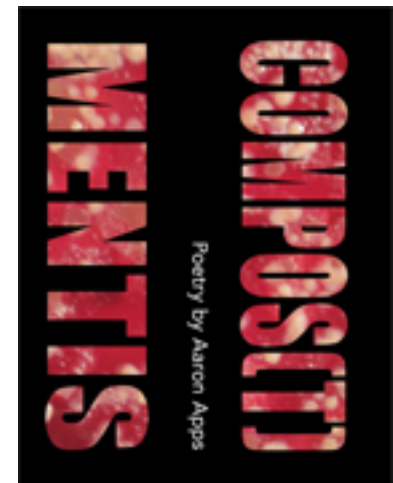
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SPEW-SCAPE

A furry ape spent fleshy years collecting years—
Chronologically divided by pages upon pages,
Words. Pages the ape stilled. Between
Thumb and forefinger the ape held each leaf. The ape
Dog-eared the pages, too, in
Both directions. For a time the ape proceeded
With this action. Real
Carefully it treated the flippant pages it held. It used them
As necessary. The ape submerged the pages
In hot glue made of bone. The pages then were molded
On ape flesh, ape frame. Glue and fur cake flesh. It
Then splayed the cast off its expanding broken form
And flattened the paper out. On the wall
The ape papered its cast out for decoration.
The walls were coated with the words
Of so many. Dregs of the ape's flesh were on
The wall too. The ape then stared at the wall with round,
Wet eyes—the wall coated with scores of wanton
Words which tired its fleshy, replicating vision.

The ape was quoted
Saying, “fuck it.” It, this ape, was done
With such patterned decoration as mental
Masturbation. It then ripped down,
In circular patterns creating holes,
The paper from the wall
Like dirty sheets. Hurray, hurrah. The ape
Stuffed the soiled fabric in a box—
An empty box from a supermarket that held bananas
Before. It then proceed to consume
The round, extruded, phallic fruit.
It flung the excrement and peels
From the bananas into the box. Sheets
On sheets all on light-
Er fluid. The ape lit the contents of
A box with a flame. A wet sea of cocks
Flattened by oozy fire. Wet, black ashes in a box
The ape set outside
That room (that space in front of the body) with a sign
That said, “free shit.”

The ape sat inside the box.

The ape's back fat is swelling

Magnificent. Flaccid. Jiggly.

Spewing. Hurrah, the apocalypse of history in beastly feet.

The bloody, peeling body archive made lucid,

Spastic, to the plump, collapsible skin of the ape.

The ape that is rendered in the field of box fire.

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first note:

The tactile, geometric surface of our economic world-failure has become unavoidable and implicit in every action that is blind to it. The world-failure is the amniotic fluid in which noise-bodies float. Yet, even in the unavoidable “realism” (the implicitly accepted truth) of the abstract post-industrial wet dream there are democratic bodies that can infect, from within, as destabilized tumors, moles and non-functional limbs within the bodies of the world. The flaccid, slick organs are co-helpless as they hawk up a wad, load, spunk, or splooge—a sea of weak, reforming subjectivities in folding loam. These organ-cocks still glean their sustenance from the cyborg system and its giant chronological movement, but they fail to partake to the same degree in its destructive force. It is a sad, vicious suffering that rips apart viscous little bodies that soil in its force, that bile in its ruptured organs.

There are also major tubes shaped like veins and arteries—essential to the system, these shapes sometimes bend and fold and re-direct oxygenated fluid away from the pineal gland that towers above the field of organ-cocks. These shapes partake more in the wasteful oil fissure that runs through our “service economy,” but they redirect that failure to the survival of even the tumors and atavistic parts. They intentionally turn their flow in that direction; they destroy while simultaneously feeding the unwanted growths. Creating with one limb, destroying with the other. A sea of twisted limbs. A sea of infected cocks. A sea of itchy clits. An ingrown fuck-scape.

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second note:

Everything is run through with infection, bacteria, and microbes. Smegma. Poetry should be especially aware of this bodily extension. Every subjectivity that perceives is phallic and diseased. Every subjective stone that forms into a perception holds a shape for a moment before sliding back down a hole. Death. The infinite division inside of the O. The black seeping oil in the back of the throat of the body that upholds its I indefinitely. The stilted I the poison in the animal's lungs that causes clear bronchial crystals. The poison that runs through the realist mathematics causes the animals that are the same as the stones to stiffen and gesticulate hard, large egos mechanistically. Between the stilted crystalline breaths, there is air in the bubbles that are black, that gurgle forth, that replicate the dark circular structures that perceive on the tongue. The many holes in the porous, affective flesh that shapes itself into the system as it clicks the way the tongue clicks when rubbed over the washboard of another tongue.

THE DENATURED FIELD

Each hole extrudes a phallus.

Each phallus a poem.

Each poem enters a hole.

To what degree is writ(h)ing an “I”

Into anything a phallic act of creating

A self? Birth a penis. The egg will hatch and ooze.

The egg will grow eyes. It will suck.

Looking into a pool hardens the cock, the I,

That is an ideology unattached to any body.

Abstract hatched egg fuck. Lyrical device.

Even “the other” egg that tries to force itself into the poems

Is simply inserting its “I” into a field of writ(h)ing

Phallic “I” shapes—I, I, I, I,

The grotesque bodies simply create

A hard-on to insert into the leveled writ(h)ing field.

The clit-cock oozes down the intersex

And its “I” accomplishes only waste—

But the fleshy, writ(h)ing sea of selves be/comes

Indistinguishable in this abstracted, white, post-

Industrial fluid. Reason's sea foam. Body Loam.

Tentacles extruding from and entering holes.

The eventual cock blossoming.

The removed testicles that roll on the tongue...

...so the hole inverts and petals forth a soft tube...



Yayoi Kusama exhibition in the *Museo Reina Sofía* – Madrid, Spain