

Tomorrowland

Other works by Lisa Samuels include:

LETTERS (Meow Press 1996)

The Seven Voices (O Books 1998)

War Holdings (Pavement Saw Press 2003)

Paradise for Everyone (Shearsman Books 2005)

Increment (a family romance) (Bronze Skull Press 2006)

The Invention of Culture (Shearsman Books 2008)

Throe (Oystercatcher Press 2009)

LISA SAMUELS

Tomorrowland

Shearsman Books
Exeter

First published in in the United Kingdom in 2009 by
Shearsman Books Ltd
58 Velwell Road
Exeter EX4 4LD

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-050-7

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Acknowledgements

Thanks to the editors who published excerpts from *Tomorrowland* in
Damn the Caesars 4 (Richard Owens), *Hotel Amerika* 7.1 (David Lazar),
Invisibly Tight Institutional Outer Flanks Dub [Verb] Glorious National Hi-Violence
Response Dream (Ryan Dobran, Justin Katko, and Sara Wintz),
and *Landfall* 216 (Tim Corballis).

I am grateful to The University of Auckland
for a Strategic Investment in New Staff grant that helped foster my poetry
and to the Brown University Literary Arts Program for being my home
during the research semester when I wrote this book.

Cover image: 'Hieroglyphic Night', collage, by Camille Martin.
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for honest dealing, and for ship goers

You shall be my guide, she said, you'll be my argonaut, with you I'll go everywhere. I'll go into the cafés, I'll jump into the dives, I will enter into the *Passages*, I'll go through the oldest sections of the city. I will go into the slums, the two of us will march ahead through the night, forward, until no place remains that has not been trodden under our feet. I shall be your queen, you'll be my king, I will not be afraid, you will harbor no fear, I'll have no more nightmarish memories, you'll have memories no more, I shall be without a past, you'll be my future, you'll be without a future, I'll be your past

Réda Bensmaïa, *The Year of Passages*

Thus in the beginning all the world was America

John Locke, *Second Treatise of Civil Government*

The argument

The second difficulty is the sphere itself
As I plunk on an inclined plane
My cube pulls its little feet and heads for ground
For good measure under the skies in the bookcase
Next to the little bird whose banana choices
Are sublime in the extreme. Everyone has barometers
And I want to know quickly how contact terminates
A moral tone into two opinions of a brickbat
Whose charming lawns are multiply divided
Who have hanged peripheries so many years
We recognize sui generis the pattern of translated mourning
Skies, the introversion of outgauged handwriting
Preserving in its traces like the stylus generates
The outlines of our will transpired—the plane
Is leaving at this very moment by a little spiral
And a legendary decades task we talk about
Aggressive privacy and second-line defense lapels

The pretty men stroke so tenderly while their
Hard-working mothers also invent a wheeled
Circumference whose almost imperceptible sighs
Quite register when the four bumps hit the ground
The road assizes. You travel concordant lumps
Or bounds will little calm your tribute tree set down as
Mostly canopy for foliage founding, the mountains
Rising two by two within the ships whose every
Outlaid squad trips up a sweet cadenzian sorrow
We can plough.

We land to divination with our tongues in the water
Indeed the material world literally swims
With certain angles of (your face a range careers
they bear with them an ordinary day of handmade try
their lives appear and reappear in moments in a key
we were saving for the crux of our discussion
'life in public' work demands the ease inhabits not
only that such figures idle actively but you
among extremes will go with curtsies half-addressed)
The city's gazes looks and contact spills over the bodies
Talking shared unwritten sense
Wondering what the hurry was in a flower bed
Calling stalwart thirst intensified over glass
The vertical bell strikes six cessation think divide
Think ethos executes reformist zeal twinned
With a sail (for numerable countries) deeply of Arcadia
In half-gallon vigor to say to say that were as

(we were soft and pliable but still) monocultural suggests
The point a landscape rich for sociality (then hold my hand)
With Eula mobilizing narratives in a café
(where we sit with open arms) latent demand
To plug in essence grassroots spiralina
Semiotic (with a napkin) central sale did not exclude
New users like bi-folding hospitality toward the street
A wider public theatre employed (to bring us to repast)
This certainly is superior put to work (your tendrils
prominent display coordinates my eyelids you-ward)
While we parochial delicious turn the key the streetscape
Activists (and through all these encounters) the usual
Disclaimers well apply

It's all good

Well, initial profoundly
local to people a place where flesh engenders
remarkably pluralistic Eula gathering
bright currant cordials and itinerant pop
laid out in the capital working through
a metropolitan-inflected begin

So let us start the moral philosophy of focus
at home in the wider world of competence
and fit(ful munching fingers left
of travels in a state of readiness)
synonym for in situ seats
of such extremes as circle signs correct attire
quickly called a concentration and their struggle

(Thus both about the city we did stroll
themselves providing ethos sandwiches

inside our) social bonds
He is at pains to point, is actually generative
we need to think not local to it grid
the world a techno-scape in contrast to
your (own sweet) axis (given to applause)
This is an aspect barely touched upon

★

One day without horizon our green jackets might well chorus afternoon
A man a woman singing children in their milks arising
Out behind a crystal globe murked with colored water
That we lit at night when warmth degenerates the streets.
The full moon on his face he walks by beaches untranspired
Thin lips set against ideas of permission nor
More alley rushes disallowed here streaming.

The garden faces by a crack uneasily in its palm
We groove the red flowers rushing deep path flight
Our eyes most tender clip. The brown locks of the husbandry
Are puckish in their rust, we draw our index figure-eight
Nor touch it not a hot diurnal brand. Each day the furthest
Rustling of the ivory liked to call a dog a dog had brought
To soften all your green whips into ours. A cautious spider
Afternoon eventfully in clay molded a hand convulsed
Disturbed, he builds the little ship we fly up
Rose petals entrailing. One afternoon he cut the pages
Of his only book and found began to truly love.

This smacks of tom-tom mumbo jumbo permeable routine
So clean the flesh unrecognized, of pencil sheets more
Ravishments top down to down and follow.
Which are what interests us: asylum we have had
The meantime primal well remote and even physical objects
Interest us extreme. This city is of biscuit picture
Troped for brave response and dizzying beer is anamorphic
When it gets into his belly and unfurls. The initial
Hand-to-hand was well assaulted pictures of idea
Played out headlong in a dishy history—his metamorphing
Fauna could disturb us with their drawn incredula
Had we not firmly mastered middle distance.
Today the sidewalk spins with our remote
capacities and in the kitchen years are never
studied by Max Planck though we have written him
in firmly with a swaggard oath
technopolis gently follow.

What then of social being? Bodies gesture Western fleshy
Left-right orient, a transcendental island soft erasure
That is totally mental, dear, you see how filtered ambiance
Has left us here dynamic while we occupy and highlight
Each respondent: you have a form prognostically bereft
(before that is you even learn to take) of flesh and bone
To mortar acts and build. In a world you've left
Your feet behind you pretty agile drifted reverie
As though the maps were soft bread tread exploiting
The mundane. Look moss on slopes, look asphalt that

Suspiciously transfixes, the hall slapped out like wrappers
On the brevery domain. Your helmet is a kind of mushy
Pate with which you ruin the tranquility of texture:
Ohmygosh trees, flagrant birds in plangent urban oomph.
I mark you with my little x and you go all amen
Through new life durable as the salt whereby you heat
Your common use, a matter of space, a total fix
Inside the heretofore dubiously infiltrated corridors
Of water rather than toil or encounter with the
Widest sense—a caveat, a square, a built-up instability
We give each other several times a year exchanging
Physicality for idea every time.

The same different younger palimpsest's itself a reverie
Preoccupied with heavy trees the tresses of the customary route
In which your cities are so reverent smothered.
Formation builds a castle round your eyes and tells
Two devastating fires invested totally with limbs
And urban planning, I stroke you with the sand from sandy beaches
As if to forge forget the simple process abstract economics
In the field. The blitz has eyes reacts to this extremity
So follow, as your unraveled testament reminds me
With its too-short cavalcade and surgeon's wheel.
A curious act of total newness deified by its dissenting flower—
(you cannot smell the newsprint pressed up
to your face, pervading) every Eula's short-hand town
Best-selling semi-fictional and grey.

Archaeologists love rubbish, after all, and we can't tuck
enough of Scotland in our spoil haps, nor Yorkshire cattletap
third-year Mexican rubbish art dance cart manual
transmission, Japanese embroidery, American solids
and all the island habitats so Wittgensteinian.
We need some digging surface to find lies below
we need some secret networks with which to build sincerity
pikes for all our aching heads. We need a bluet sphere
to calm our material surfeit of indemni-cards, Freud and void
having convinced us they are totally in love with everything we might
imagine self to be. You have to ask who owns what and why.
The view you can't have is like 'I understand.'
The residential barriers were all in place when Big Bird hatched
his egg colossal beam of sunlight on his starboard
acquiescent side not nullified fast enough
for everyone watching. I was personally inspired
by a topographic radio set breathlessly in the window
of a dying European architect—nobody wants to come here
for the self, I imagine, the sun surveys a wet fish shop,
a decent baker, and our hands glued continually faced out.

★

In the bluey sky a chorus of silent flutterings
Whose habits encourage us to look at our own
Nests and plans of worry—have we been here before?
Are we a nest of scarry flutterings? We can take over the whole page
And still the sky shapes pale so lovingly
As though we had a nurturing inclusion all along

In an oriental fold book whose cyclical motif
Suggests implied women throwing themselves
Over cliffs whose misty pictures cannot fully resolve
The concept of no beginning nor no end. This type of book
Cannot be arbitrarily selected in a line running mildly without panic
Through the failure of trains or welcome placement
In so time. Our Eula has a fairly lot of inner-city
Aliens to contend with, cordial beaches notwithstanding
The patter of lithe fleet upon their bones
Inspires a traveling philosophy whose major strengths
Are held in by the water at the shore:
Rock islands greenly cropped by swine we laid out
In the capital sublime as hungry conversation
Pushing for a crux of handmade try whose density
Might earn it the respect reformists long for—and
The white swells truly fathoming that clipped-off urge
To say to say the thread that's merely left us but
The end of which we dangle through our hair,
In front of our eyes, inside the pressing demographics
Of our new parochial counter, click click tell me mystic shipyard
How you otherwise match perfectly the ceremonial trees
Beside the bay?, would your fine planes make appetite
A total leaning toward stone fences whose every lifted muscle
Means the pretty men worked carefully then too?

A tribute fence invisible
surrounds the wild encampment
where defiant mourning gauges his barometers

*so still, you might think young girls
bodies had been used to make the air
how gently it stirs trees toward a falling sky.*

Everyone wants to know the channel moon
under the leaps without horizon definitely planned
—we lit at night a subterranean crack
whose promises unmeetable have us
silly with excited premonitions: we'll see
the other bridge they'll build some day,
container wharfs deep in the faith
they rustle for the silent dogs or looks—
encampment is another word
for broken circuit husbandry, not ivory but bone
you're holding there.