SAMPLER
Also by Sascha Aurora Akhtar

The Grimoire of Grimalkin
Sascha Aurora Akhtar

199 Japanese Names for Japanese Trees

Shearsman Books
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“It is not anywhere in another thing, as in an animal, or in earth, or in heaven, or in anything else, but itself by itself with itself.”
— Plato, Symposium on the Form of Beauty

A tormenting thought: as of a certain point, history was no longer real. Without noticing it, all mankind suddenly left reality; everything happening since then was supposedly not true, but we supposedly didn’t notice. Our task would now be to find that point, and as long as we didn’t have it, we would be forced to abide in our present destruction.
—Elias Canetti as quoted in Jean Baudrillard, L’illusion de la fin: ou La grève des événements.

There’s going to be a big disaster
(Nobody understands, you I hope)
Gonna be war, war number three
(Dennis, Tom)
Going to be a war, something I know it, I know already,
(Sigmund Freud, I confide)
I know it now already, I can feel it though already
—-Nina Hagen, Born in Xixax, 1982
SAMPLER
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ZONE 1
& all the winged horses
& all manner of men

have not managed to put me together again
I am awake at all times
imagining the death of prosody

& prevaricating

the duodenums are in
shambles

ever

floating

in clearer
water

Awake to the death
of possibility

rises anew each time
Who do you give yourself to, now
the aura collides
I find meaning
inscribed as if in every
fall of beatbreast

aroma of absence

a fondness for
as if, you say

we had babies

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The dryness parches
The measure is indescribable
There is no motion
run aground
The night’s arm loses
to you

a constancy
delirium
equilibrium

there are no
beautiful
moments
I echo my eyelids
withering
dusk-blooms

Fashion an inexcusable
particle
Merry weather

Blossom frills

Deodara

Japonica

real names of real things
& when I see the trees again

I will know them
For their bark touch

I hold

ignited
My shiny, shiny
blue

My

eviscerated
My darling catchfire  
My Shams  

My heart is  

Ajar  
a blue mirror  
of nightshade  
mornings stolen  
from sleepshine  

I disassemble gracefully  
each step a rehearsal  
just imagine  

a grassland of flying fish  
a dewdrop of grasshoppers
He said dreams

If a word is writ,
   does it become
Or do I crack the cage
of capacity

   His face has blown off
Edutate me, I feel it
Most of us sit hunched over,
   Close to the ground
Parallel
displacement

the trajectory
adorn

the maidenshape
form

I am pre-modern eyes
seeing through metamodern skin

the drop of years
a fuller infraction
say it over and over again

Make it delicious
without tasting it
Your image constructs
a miraculous way to die
If irons were daughters
of circumference
You have the gift
amaze it
Grow creatures of consecrated
gas
Arm horrors with nightmares
& violent flowers
edging along the perimeters
of desire

***

House of habit is destroyed
House of habit has no edges

You hold it like it’s alive

the blowtorch

has no name, no more

sedation, she smiles

the panes

the ice panes

of the wilder-world

flown is away
Smoke to fill the building

disappears

If to leather turns the flesh

this flesh of pure fire

hurtling

***

There are nights to forget

Blossoms

Blossoms

Blossom
High-rise
approach

XistenCe

is it this
drum motion camera
I create you

cry motion wide
eye
hide

Some await this
bewildered break
of abandoned gestures

& irretrievable awareness

loathing the grammar

a rhapsody

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