

TOPOLO- GIES

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There seems to be belief before we've begun in a system, as in, what've I presupposed. I could be convinced to take the I out of the structure, knowing it will remain, for either or. What's been presupposed.

Maybe, in the idea of walking, of mapping collectively, which may've been done, once, twice, we can do this together. The relief of the project, which seems right, is also the elevation, or lack thereof. The relief of the project is what we're attracted to, and I thought we wouldn't mind me speaking for us.

The map holds me, the map pierces me, and I disregard the territory, sleeping in the sun, waking with, still, a frame of reference. But it felt right at the time to question the territory and, by backdraft, set the model ablaze. You'll forgive me; we must've been reticent to look back, or I was doing so by looking forward, or all looking was askance, in sharp relief.

Then too, there can be no relief. And, besides. And, we might decide to dismiss this flatness that relieves. Yes, there is adoration; yes, we are pleased with the model; yes, its measurements piqued our interests, though I forget what it was that drew me, and never knew how it was drawn.

One wonders when it was the study; maybe that's enough, as it wasn't tending towards an end. Or, where there was once an experience there is at times an observation; where is the privileging. And, when I can read this in myself, or in extensions of myself, as these things are, and were I home I would be shuffling, but that doesn't seem to get at it. It could be a matter of elevating something, if only to know that something is elevated.

I'd like to work back through the reference points. You must've been on to something then, must've been really getting at it, and how relieving it must've been.

I'm tempted to call things rivers, to call things streams, to call things waterways, but there's so much in those bits of language, such personal import, such collective generosity, that I refuse myself using them lightly, which isn't to say I use them heavily. But in reference I don't see reference; or, I do but I'd rather not, in a sense of the word. I guess I'm looking for a suitable topography, or.

There was probably a field of color that led me to this point of circumspect experience, a field of some kind of blue. I was in a silent way, reaching milestone after milestone. The deep, sad tone of bones groaning, the melancholy smell of fields freshly sown in early summer, late spring, or mid-March, earthen, depending on the zone of agriculture, an acceptance of circumstance. Hadn't you extended yourself into the soil as an act of remembrance, of remembering the soil was there, and, it clinging to the ridges, I recall.

I figure, it's not necessary to pull this from that, but for those who do, it affords great pleasure. But one wouldn't be wrong to dismiss you, so long as it takes the form of a step in the act of acceptance. I wasn't wondering what to say until you came, knowing you wouldn't expect anything from me, but wouldn't expect nothing.

The deer reappears, but this time, dead, and I can understand that, and I can understand whatever comes from you from here on out, while expecting a response, in any case, seems futile. Plus, let's promise not to belittle what's left of our act of negotiation.

If there was a return then I'm sorry, not because of it but because we missed it, since I've taken the liberty of acknowledging missing things. Together we didn't miss the soil though, which, you'll remember, took you back somewhere.

Maybe I'll do the guessing now; perhaps that kind of blue house, because shack didn't come off quite right. It was the phonemes at too much play. That kind of blue house with all the narrative.

I can imagine the multitude of us laughing; or, if not, doing something there. The soil, clinging, and the stairs were more a string of adjectives than an impetus to movement; I'm wrong to make those feel exclusive. I figure, you'll probably recall how I don't need to describe those lovely slats of siding to you.

The sun was strange today. I looked through myself, or rather, I attempted to look through myself and was surprised at the results, which might not've been revealing.

In some ways you are my strategy, and by expanding I conceal, by moving closer, at least mechanically, I begin to negate, in good fun; by crouching I may have created room for a standing, but that's beside the point.

I'm not sure the thought of war games didn't come through. Your purpose of moment always did, which was one of the broadest aspects of my portrait of you.

You used to love getting a sense of the picture through its fundamental granules, for which reason I'm saddened I didn't say you will love to, etc., since it's a matter of the pleasure of whom. In the dark, you'll admit, you loved to increase the ferocity, the vivacity of those granules, that you loved, may still, that I don't refuse but rather hesitate to show my opinions on, though we know it, and may have for some time now. There's sometimes a preferring, a statement which, wanting to qualify, somehow, but failing, I don't know.

Didn't that involve us threshing the image, and how did that get us excited, since it had, eventually, after all that crawling, led to moments described in terms of neon flashes. Those terms hadn't worked before or after we abandoned them, but I have a great nostalgia that pains me, and I thought I'd try again. Forgive me.

Look at the object go, not revealing what the object isn't. Let me lie on the floor again, not revealing your state of mind, not revealing the minimalism of my looking and other actions; without knowing, without feeling them, there's an assurance that they're taking place.

It's not necessarily as simple as something second-hand and its abrupt relation to you, which can or cannot be a dispersal, but I won't go as far as the word 'divide.'

You have yet to make the claim, forthcoming, that I or you live in objection, since I've gone to no lengths to show it, which may be an appeal for permission before a continuance. You'd like the idea of a 'standing before continuance', when your eyes scanned the vast plain of brush across which human sounds could be heard, joyful.

An ambivalence regarding the plain you scanned in the slowing warmth was always exhibited, though I won't mention in, or by, whom.

For once I've been doing a looking of sorts through a reforested area of hardwoods, enjoying how, in the late afternoon, I couldn't do so, which shouldn't be taken as a dismissal of density, canopy, coolness, desire, enthalpy, or anything else as an organizing factor; later, enjoying the way you interpreted the act of scanning over the undifferentiated.

We always enjoyed our actions, which seems simple enough to say, for one reason or another, but might not be. It's always possible, or it's always felt so. It isn't a fair turn of phrase, and if it gets back to them I fear I'll lack any real ability to either clarify or apologize for myself. I'd like you to note in the margins that it's not absurd.

There always appear to be options, which sometimes amount to somewhere.

I meant to say it's where the implicit is existing, which made me smile. There's no sense in not speaking of desire, so I'll admit I was envious of the minimalism of your plain, all the while knowing that you, in regarding something, coaxed from it a sense of maximalism.

I enjoy my various postures, exulting in them.

I continue, inadvertently, to perform certain actions in boots, and would repeat them barefoot. You're reticent to have any action of mine revealed, I can see that now. Rest assured in a precedence set by half-truths. Propped against the wooden boards, cool in the shade, but I'm unhappy here, now, or dissatisfied seems better.

We'll reveal ourselves through you, which leaves the issue of us as unanswerable, uncommunicable, unrepresented, and unaccounted for.

We should've left me in a state of mind which allowed for memory, which appears as my responsibility, though I'm unsure of what to make of it, despite it soothing me.

Looking, in the parts and extensions, for emotions, intentions, other things, for a meaning of sorts. Note my avoidance of two certain words, which has, I believe, been careful, up to this point at least, and make of that what you will.

If at any point you were desiring any kind of opening, there it was. Don't push, if only because winter will arrive soon enough, as alien, as stoic as that may seem, and it may be only appearances after all. Don't disguise yourself, when there are others who will do so for you, as some are doing now. But there's irreverence in blanketing oneself before the calm, I'd like to say, grey sky, still, amorous, and enveloped. Remembering the grand thoughts of perspective proposed by the tracks, the trestles, the flow. We may've been concerned with movement.

I shouldn't have said some of those things, with, now, various aches in my bones, especially, but not limited to, various extremities. The feeling of almost locked fingers and other numb things, in a context out of time, is unfortunate, since it could provide so much pleasure, or, you'd prefer, so much belonging to, if it was the right time, if we were being more correctly cyclic than most. It can be hard to bear. I know, now, that I've upset, that I've trespassed on, the sense of your seasons, which feels criminal.

Excuse me while I walk, through the thicket, slowly at times, quickly at times, ducking at times, stopping at times, pulling at times, crouching at times, negotiating at times, laughing at times, exhausting at times, collaborating at times, editing at times, deliberating at times, abiding at times, until I reach some kind of point that feels not necessarily understandable or satisfactory but right.

Generally, it's a matter of the sun, open, a relief from the filtering through the thicket. Please, don't take me for a person who can't stand sun filtered through the thicket. It's a matter, rather, or perhaps, or besides, of something inexplicable, though we'll try.

I wasn't attempting to pull you into this from the onset. A matter of contrast, if you pushed me to say it, to another wall of language, but how we mustn't have this speech of walls. I'll help you with the memory of the sensation, as much as I can in my cloak of this, and I'll start with a filmic loop, the sensation, or it's more a variation on a theme.

Once, you'll remember, ascending, not brush but, yes, leaves, and, yes, trees but spaced and, at some point, a ridge. Where I looked out over some expanse of grassland, in mid-afternoon, that could've been Tarkovsky, or that's where you found the feeling again, how you expressed this to us that time.

It takes how many representations to come closer to the limit that it is, to express the asymptote, and again we're flailing while not being unsuccessful, at least as a matter of course. There's the smell, yes, the taste, you insisted, the color, you went on. The valley, which, looking back as not memory but mapmaking, makes no sense. Places you can be only once, becoming unnavigable to, as only half of them was there.

I'm requiring a collective input, though I can't place the ones who can help me, and when. There isn't only one thing, regardless of our asking for. Haven't I lost the clearing for the thicket, and worst, at this most important of times; when you, with some category of expression, there, on your body or elsewhere, were to have some role. If not of guidance, perhaps of pursuance.

You'd stand under the moon howling to reassure yourself of your ability to make any variety of sound at all. I'd stand under the moon in early mornings, the still light, to collect and understand what reflections there were of you and your sounding, among other things.

Never, through all this, which, I don't blame you, was much, did we speak of any mixture of variables, though we couldn't remember us having insisted on it. It should've been that we didn't have words for it, but was instead that we ignored, together, the words for it. And that's a way to call a need to be.

I could understand, now, if the variables were an expression of you rather than us, but little convinces me, or, with conviction. See how these things occur, which is to say, physically. I refer, and am often happy to do so, despite my use of myself.

Your burdens relieve us; see how they were eventually so kind to us. When the dust blows forward, or, instead, with the dust blowing forward, you might've stood. I lose track along the way, with its circuitous path, of my inventions, misplacing or dislodging them, I'm unsure. By way of where you stood.

I'm anticipating that we're maladapted to the pines, something which has assumed shifting course of meaning, and reappeared nonetheless. We, or you, won't think of it.

It hadn't been an appropriate time to dwell on the architectural until then, and, forgetting which thoughts went where, we started over, perhaps a few times, at various stages.

Commanding the attention of ourselves, sometimes given over to variety, was a new mode of subtle construction. Not with materials but with expressions, solidifying our love of arches by collaborating on the negation of the straight line. I was sure, one day, that I'd managed to convince us of curves as modes of progression, that a return is a renewal of any tense we'd imagined up till then.

Watching, pointedly, a frame of reference dissipate in the mid-day rain. Already something seems to be absenting itself, politely, though we recognize, even applaud at times, its waiting.

That's a sold sound, as in, you were only going one way; we'd argue that point, so let's add, generally. There's a disbelief in adding, but then in subtraction too; a preference, when it comes to it, for stepping in when already in.

You were the word, rejoicing in your numerous yet finite makings of meaning.

Our pastiche, perhaps, was unbearable. Maybe I left something new back there, a sign post or otherwise, for anyone to notice.

Knowing the origin is half of something, but it's unfortunate, since the other half is losing. Someone spoke before of halves, of fractions, and again I go through the trouble of maintaining their identity rather than erasing it.

In hindsight, I make choices. I wish I wouldn't be elliptical, but my properties are born of, somewhere, contentment.

I shouldn't have been dancing with us all this time, since, now that we continued, we've upset some aspect whether bodily or otherwise. If I ask, this may be the last time you'll have to forgive me, not that you had to.

You didn't believe in moving backwards, even as you acknowledged other directions and other responses to your position. Then, there might've been the time, once, when you couldn't move without the acceptance of some logic, which we remarked upon.

Afterwards it was easy to laugh from the comfort of our own bodies. I've said nothing of absurdity yet, not at any level. This may motivate my mode of address, especially if, going on, I look to talk in future tenses.

There's only shock there, so it appeared, so it represented itself to me. That's to say, when I became aware of the subject. We've been wary of a good number of things ever since, but we'll be looking to change our minds around the word, what's left, here, in this chain, of the sense of it, a possible that implies itself onwards, locomotion by implication, by human means.

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**NAAN
CÜL
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Binghamton NY

*naanculpress.com
naanculpress.bandcamp.com
IG: @naancul*

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