1999

Singularly Bored

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Raymond Federman and Thomas Hartl

SINGULARLY BORED

[Remembering Samuel Beckett]

clear to him
at once at last
the dark
he always struggled
to keep under

nothing to express
nothing from which
to express
no power to express
no desire to express
but the obligation
to express

[after the unforgivable -]
the slightest eloquence
becomes unbearable

no use
rearranging words
into prodigal rhetoric

to say what
the authentic weakness
of being

nothing will come of
nothing

nothing is more real
than nothing

damned to fame
the dead tongue
the immediate vehicle
of innermost anguish

undecipherable to him
metamorphosing himself
into the joke
the argot
the stroke of local color

initiating the performance
the act of depth
in volcanic magma
fused
into a rich strangeness

harnessing the
undifferentiated
pell mell babel
of grammar

out of extreme pressure
nakedness of words
is born

and so
he strips and strips
to the bone
then to the bone’s shadow

74
into lessnessness

least less

no sound no stir

ash grey sky

mirrored

within another

mirrored sky

monosyllabic

haunting cadence

pascal

joyce

synge

dante

yeats

racine

swift

wilde

milton

conrad

ecclesiastes monodies

webern

giacometti

schubert

the eagle’s skull

the eyes

the grey eyes

hot ashes

then all as before again

so again and again

stirring still

with blind power

into unheard wind

he emerges systematically

out of the void

a mandarin

a magacian

a charlatan [perhaps?]

st. augustine

spinoza

berkeley

geulincx

the sharp triangulation

of mindful chaos

and descartes

of course

cunningly bringing

into shaping collision

the sphere of

a divine comedy

celia sucking dicks

in irish brothels

never never never never

yes yes yes yes

causing maniford

inspiration into

abstinence and wit
no laughter
without forgetting the hand
the mouth
the skull
the ass

said
take into the air
my quiet breath

said
the ass gives life
to unborn ridicules

what would we do
without women
we would explore
other channels

fuck life

in hand less words
speaks the mouth

of death in absence

who said it all
was pebbles
or was it by cycles

the pen is
handsome in the
mouth of word

in letter hand
fingers move
ment
the stone of mouth
rootless in memory

one invents obscurities
rhetoric

whenever
the stroke
hits
mine is not
imagination

word fart
ass less art
is nothing

he lost
in his room the
conveniences of fabul
ation
and spoke from the
other side of far
ness

making of realistic
playful exactitude
la cascade de nuages
qu’elle nous emmerde
plus
linguistic plenitude

he did not believe god
or fiction
running errands for him
how knowingly he faces
that great avalanche
of fortuitous events
we call the universe

come in he knocked
and was included
bethickettly

he hopes that it will not
how while waiting
for the hour to strike
he fears that it will

a dangerous bowler
on his day

playing double or nothing
with real fictitious
voices
in closets

how he eliminates
the superfluous
to bring forth
fundamental sounds

a first-rate fielder

how his face
turns somber
in the presence
of indiscretion

playing double or nothing
with real fictitious
voices
in closets

curious relation of terms
singular boredom

from primordial cry of disgust

to the last spasm
of laughter

how he goes silent
when confronted
with the fact
of his generosity

how like the sun each day
having no alternative
he rises to go
to his writing table

how a smile came to his eyes
during the final sentence
as he chanced upon the words
oh to end again

how he understands
that no utterances
can ever give shape
to the chaos of life

how by simplicity
he engages vast ideas
in tiny trickles of

closely guarded language

how a smile came to his eyes
during the final sentence
as he chanced upon the words
oh to end again

that confusing emotion
which was his life
a long yawn

so true it was that
when in the void

what little is possible
is not so
it is merely
no longer so
and in the least less
the all of nothing
if this notion can be
maintained

the difficulty is
in the difficulty
so all is for the best

it only remains to dare
to fail as no other
dare fail
to fail better

je ne sais plus où
je finis

how tiresome
memories
how to go on
he should not have begun

ah what curse mobility