
the clock speaks

(text of last recording by m. garlock;
music by flying lotus, camel)
itisinyou.org/flipping-cancer/program

there is something beyond this time
between the secondhand
stopped short
a moment
I sit poised on a frame of concrete and
blocked.
fixed
frames
your doorway
between seven minutes*
and counting—

sharing curiosities
with the careful careless
breeze
of diagnoses
swept in
like a storm,
in a breath
curving and carving apart
your bones
from their flesh.
tumultuous,
my linear line
stopped at the fracture point
the fraction
of months and days
normalcy's median, maze.

...you found it rather tough to
navigate? to balance inculcate with
propagate, the healthy cells with
their nemeses,
found wanting
by these/your very premises
of divine and divination
of reify and recalculation
we don't have it right
nor do we hope to

...your precision is the mid section between
correct and death,
when carcinogen carcinoma angiogenesis is
the term marker of instance immediate
beyond itself.
constancy, onlooking, falls beside itself
with surprise: shocked and willful eyes,
fair, to fully observe
the witness
from the seat
of consciousness—unconscious
curiosity, which does not hear (its) limits, but
(its) prophecy:

that reverberating, time
is responsive,
recalcitrant, Divine
—the excess interior
infolding at feedback,
loops the channel,
red and parting

to reveal the ulterior motive
who bears no markings of the rules, but only
the cogency
to live

not defiant
just creative
as the resonance exceeds
unit, united measurement
of intensity unbound
of virtual autonomic, antinomic,
double function, double body, double time
(myth and symbol are not exhausted, the
signifier's just not mine)

in a moment of relations
between motion, and rest,
emergent
deleterious
material,
ethics
unreduced
ethereal—
it is not a war
dialectic,
but tension between
the released
and the venture,
the unresolved
potential.
knowing you shall die
how then shall you live,
knowing you shall live,
—how then?