

Old Business

Ryan Dobran



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N. Y. | N. C.

Story One

At the beginning, at the left
off light there is a plastic cradle
of flesh you sit in. It is more drool
than ga-ga. You feel the intensity
of surplus binding you
at the psoas, like a ringing
underneath the skin. In the dark
you care not. On metal spirals encased in foam,
you care not. But here, you begin to care
because there is plenty of time to care.
Boredom can produce care. But
is it the same care
that you thought of
that time, at the edge of it?
No. This is only beats. No means
no. But yes affirms a function in the
knowledge of the day. Neither is now
yes's complement, the after glare
of waking on sand, sunlight rising
upon your buttocks, the fresh
skin braised like hot sauce.
But back to the day's rising.

You affirm at 06:34 antemeridian
that the beauty of the globe is real,
and that your place on it is fine. Just
or merely, don't care. Inhabit the
dude without raising a
brow. This is a learning
process that pays off when slurping
homogenized milk from the edge
of the bearded chin. Or when pushing
silica gel across the front of your fangs.
Bite into it, they said about growing.
I now keep my jaw slack
and my teeth relaxed
at regular intervals throughout
the day. When the alarm begins
to sound on my phone, which sound
I have to change every evening
to avoid the threat of behavior
and any remarkable achievement
of habit, I slide my finger across
the glass and slowly shift
my pelvic axis so that my knee
cap juts out of the polyester down.

The Meritocrat

*Interpretation outside the ripeness of material is
indoctrination and produces compliance.*

D. W. Winnicott

The charred edge of republic matter blinks out
into space in whose eyes heavy with salt
loam like placid gore during the sabotage
all I do I do drunk and rest my forehead
against the screen like a demotic internship
minor subject recovery unit.

Beyond these unfortunate disney controls
how what matters makes the ground
latent like a lack of oxygen
seeing more than future links
your disgust ignites the ideation
no longer wanting to know
what to do when work splits head and hand
and the abstraction in disguise
advances the suture by compression
letting you vocalize back out
like an albedo refusing entry
to a globe whose mercenaries
celebrate in your eyes.

The Last Shyness

*La dernière innocence et la dernière timidité. C'est dit.
Ne pas porter au monde mes dégoûts et mes trahisons.*

Arthur Rimbaud

*You have been pushing into my inside
your fear that you will murder me.*

Wilfred Bion

The earth softens to release at the center of its love
the blind spot of discipline
and there is a knife that thought holds to
as the desire for intrusion
keeps violence in grace
for there is no threshold of before or after

the fact is an aestheticized unit
brought in to gaslight entrances
while buttons confuse purpose
our soft exit rate cools without order
with all symbols concrete
aim for the comb-over

Old Business

For Barbara and Joey

Can't even make friends with my brain

John Prine

Seest thou a man diligent in his business?

He shall stand before kings.

Proverbs xxii. 29

*The law weighs with all its weight, even
before its object is known, and without ever
its object becoming exactly known.*

Gilles Deleuze

*Don't ever heed what a young man say
He's like a star on some foggy morning
When you think he's near he is far away*

Jean Ritchie

Another crash

There came a space where the invidious
signalled the broken arousal in calloused light
the skin breaking apart
across the sky attachment
the forest was a burning room unto itself
and external to itself

today is tender for all its crystalline filth
torsos taped along the glass
pushing drones that waffle through diagrams
figures stretched like organ candy

quit now or entire family dead
it spoke out into the night
swallowing planets
fingers wrapped in flowers
charisma on ice
lonely and full of lost time
tossed into free space

I said I wanted more
and a greater allotment of time
with respect to environment
there were soldiers and children playing
on the orange horizon line
made dreamlike by a gaseous shimmer.

Remember

There's time in the acceleration of anxiety
that reaches back through the source
of the cause and into something entirely old
yet new.

Value gestates in freedom like pain
as though access were memory
haunting privacy like lyric
for once make its coaxing look like
casual desperation
what are you looking at.

It's not enough to consider nothing
and allow the mind to keep itself
in a continuous entrance
among striations and filters
which would be false had I not already
foaming in a storm
wanted less or to be nowhere among them.

Here I am
forever young
in a wetsuit and mortadella gloves
ready to clean out some mental space
in the lagoon of my dreams.