

I. I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO KEATS (IS IT YOU WHO TOLD ME  
KEATS WAS A DOCTOR?) ON GROUNDS THAT A DEDICATION  
HAS TO BE FLAWED IF A BOOK IS TO REMAIN FREE AND FOR HIS  
GENERAL SURRENDER TO BEAUTY

*A wound gives off its own light  
surgeons say.  
If all the lamps in the house were turned out  
you could dress this wound  
by what shines from it.*

*Fair reader I offer merely an analogy.*

*A delay.*

*«Use delay instead of picture or painting—  
a delay in glass  
as you would say a poem in prose or a spittoon in silver.»  
So Duchamp  
of The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors*

*which broke in eight pieces in transit from the Brooklyn  
Museum*

*to Connecticut (1912).*

*What is being delayed?  
Marriage I guess.  
That swaying place as my husband called it.  
Look how the word  
shines.*

II. BUT A DEDICATION IS ONLY FELICITOUS IF PERFORMED  
BEFORE WITNESSES – IT IS AN ESSENTIALLY PUBLIC SURRENDER  
LIKE THAT OF STANDARDS OF BATTLE

*You know I was married years ago and when he left my husband*  
[took my notebooks.

*Wirebound notebooks.*

*You know that cool sly verb write. He liked writing, disliked*  
[having to start  
*each thought himself.*

*Used my starts to various ends, for example in a pocket I found a*  
[letter he'd begun

*(to his mistress at that time)*

*containing a phrase I had copied from Homer: 'εντροπαλιζομένη*  
[is how Homer says

*Andromache went*

*after she parted from Hektor– «often turning to look back»*  
*she went*

*down from Troy's tower and through stone streets to her loyal*  
[husband's

*house and there*

*with her women raised a lament for a living man in his own*  
[balls.

*Loyal to nothing*

*my husband. So why did I love him from early girlhood to late*  
[middle age

*and the divorce decree came in the mail?*

*Beauty. No great secret. Not ashamed to say I love him for his*  
*[beauty.]*

*As I would again*

*if he came near. Beauty convinces. You know beauty makes sex*  
*[possible.]*

*Beauty makes sex sex.*

*You if anyone grasp this— hush, let's pass*

*to natural situations.*

*Other species, which are not poisonous, often have colorations*  
*[and patterns]*

*similar to poisonous species.*

*This imitation of a poisonous by a nonpoisonous species is called*  
*[mimicry.]*

*My husband was no mimic.*

*You will mention of course the war games. I complained to you*  
*[often enough]*

*when they were here all night*

*with the boards spread out and rugs and little lamps and*  
*[cigarettes like Napoleon's]*

*tent I suppose, who could sleep? All in all my husband was a man*  
*[who knew more]*

*about the Battle of Borodino*

*than he did about his own wife's body, much more! Tensions*  
*[poured up the walls]*

*and along the ceiling,*

*sometimes they played Friday night till Monday morning straight*  
*through, he and his pale wrathful friends.*

*They sweated badly. They ate meats of the countries in play.  
Jealousy  
formed no small part of my relationship to the Battle of*  
[Borodino.

*I hate it.  
Do you.  
Why play all night.  
The time is real.  
It's a game.  
It's a real game.  
Is that a quote.  
Come here.  
No.  
I need to touch you.  
No.  
Yes.*

*That night we made love «the real way» which we had not yet*  
[attempted  
*although married six months.  
Big mystery. No one knew where to put their leg and to this day*  
[I'm not sure  
*we got it right.  
He seemed happy. You're like Venice he said beautifully.  
Early next day  
I wrote a short talk («On Defloration») which he stole and had*  
[published  
*in a small quarterly magazine.*

*Overall this was a characteristic interaction between us.  
Or should I say ideal.  
Neither of us had ever seen Venice.*