

DETROIT, THE ABANDONED OBJECT

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Beyond the reductive motown label, bureaucratic fences, exaggerated claims to naive drama (based on immediately bankable commodities: crime labor soul) and working-class esthetics, Detroit, if anything, resembles God's punishment after the tribe of Shems had the audacity to erect a heavenward tower, meant to impose their tongue on the world. This unfinished, de-erected structure is what warrants our writing practice. It is neither polite nor "poetic". The prelapsarain scenario holds no attraction. Useless to mourn gardens and terraces we never owned. Exits are imaginary. "*Same fuck, different stanza*" (Jurek). We walk into a close-up without proper attire, flinging our civility to the rosebush. What follows, the most visible portion, occurs in language, split at the root from its bourgeois obligations Mrs. Propriety & Mimesis).

but dirt, I sink therefore iamb, lampoon or make fun of a victim without gross motor skills, fine beads of sweat migrate to the mental commode, like slim piping in the fraternal light: "*we all penetrate her*" (Tan).

I'd say traitor, parquet inertia or even the unconscious are swept aside under the rubric of destination. I'll have to tax you for deliberate erosion of meaning, invoice the male preserve. Who's taking this down? "*Everything we do is def*" (Natambu). Detroit or the abandoned object, in and of itself, entertains a certain account checked by loss, metonymy, perversion. "*enough chrome, cum, plastic in the proper decimal places*" (Teichman): When the water marks, peculiar to this body are found, "*your last nerve will have an open relationship*" (Warren), crimped by many yoyo returns, cash drawers in the annihilating symmetry between my legs. It will be our last frieze, already faulty against the clash of live voices, hollow signs.

DETROIT EROTICS

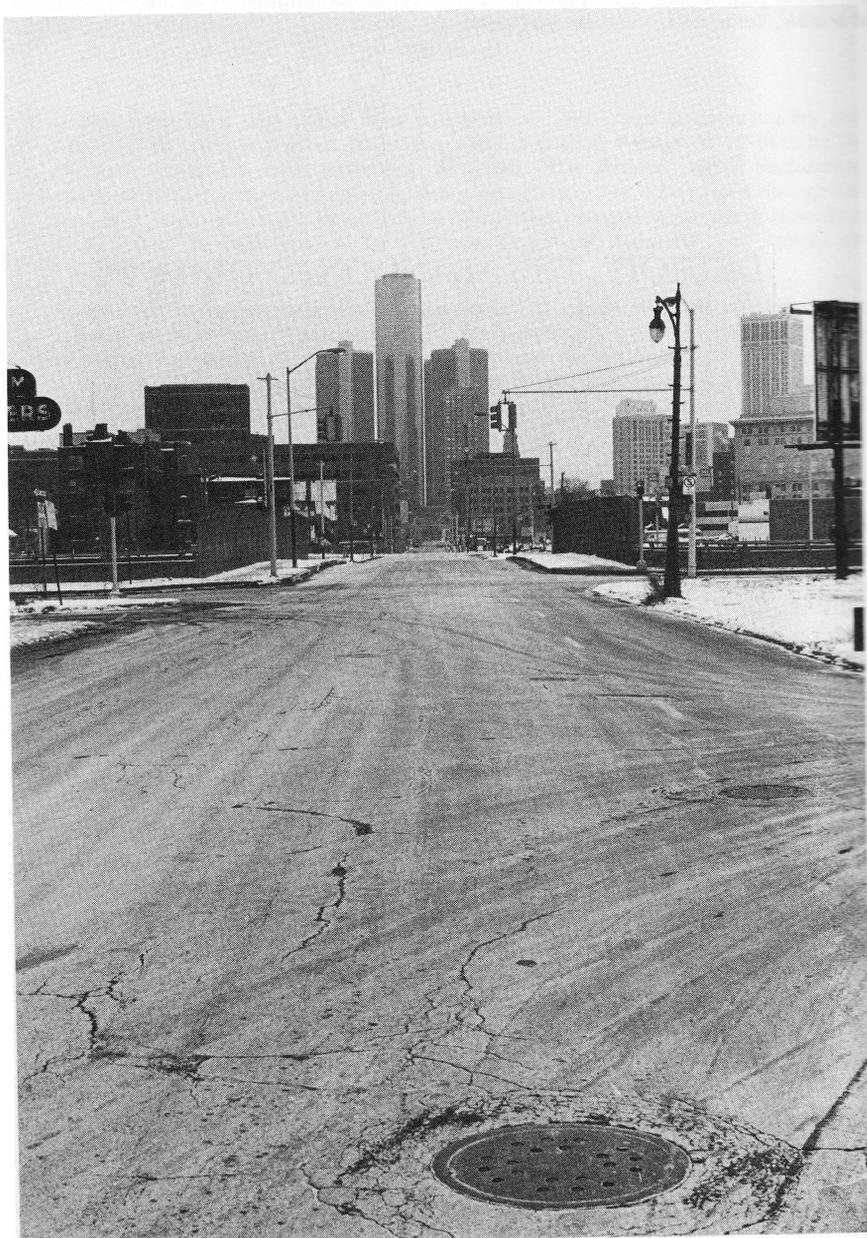


Photo: George Tysh