

ROB HALPERN

from COMMON PLACE

TO BURN WITH LOVE (A SUITE)

If the ban is a form of devotion
What might it mean to burn my so
-vereign nothing you are arrives

At any solid fact to fuel yr body
Even this being a thing created
By suspension of rule my inner

Life being the incorporation
Of yr remains this waste
My filthy residue the poem

Being matter

—lacking yr substance.

•

As if the exceptional site of violence could be
-come the place of sovereign love where to love
You can only mean to waste that love to love

You recklessly staging yr abandonment
In advance

—of every utterance.

•

But sovereignty's so overrated
When it's all been enclosed
Security

—'s *what's killing us.*

•

The point of communism being to develop
These contradictions when all that is common
Melts into the thinnest ice this cap or crust

Yr despoiled skin a hoary sublimation of ground
Resource ensures a way of life that has no
Life outside yr cage to break the secret bond

Guarantor of smooth functioning like shame
It exacerbates its own conditions so to love
You shamelessly must be

—the way of this development.

•

To call the stuff between yr skin & bone bare
Life repeats the violence at the level of concept

Instead of making this abstract limit
Carnal even soma once meant

—corpse.

•

The way Lewis put it over pancakes &
Coffee that Sunday morning in Madison
My obscene attachment only buries its part

-icular referent inside a fantasy and if
That fantasy is to be faithful to the radical
By which I mean its root in the social

Imaginary it can only be a general thing like
Property my repetitions skip like a court
Record they merely enhance his fundament

-al absence a blank or break becoming
Structure the way my syntax transforms
Its own particularity

—here inside a common sense.

•

You are my common name
But it could be anyone's
And if yr body is not

Even yrs to love you meaning
-fully can only mean
To risk what I am

The loving solution being this

—*dissolution of the lover.*

CODA
for Sianne

There's nothing more politically transcendent
Said porn director & founder of Treasure
Island Studio than a cheap whore. It was

In an interview I found myself reading one
Afternoon in Dolores Park while thinking
About how to end this book which seems not

To want to end and he goes on by saying
That the body of the true whore is the flint
That makes the spark of revolution

Possible. Is this the spark I have in mind
When considering what it might mean to burn
With love for my detainee and I'm reminded

Of Baudelaire who in *The Salon of 1859* writes
(And I can only paraphrase) it's not without
Some reason that I use the word *fantasy*

Which is all the more dangerous he says when
Unconstrained like the love inspired by a pro-
stitute as it falls into idiocy or degradation.

Fantasy throws light upon the obscurity
That obtains in things he goes on and if it does
-n't then the fantasy is horribly useless

Une inutilité horrible he calls it as if the promise
Of fantasy were strangely one to demystify
A mystified world wherein obscurity reigns or

To disenchant the enchanted while enchanting
That disenchantment in song. So if my song
Appears defiled perhaps it's only failed to shine

A light on its object to penetrate the appearance
Of things whose seeming transparency trans-
-figures a useless horror whose own obscure

Abstraction is the use

—to which it has been put.