

December 20, 2014

#theonlywarthatmattersisthewaragainsttheimagination

PERFORMERS:

Sophia

Chloé

Conor

Eliane

Alex

Andrea

Kristen

Victoria

Bryson

Adam

Ana

Aaron

Gio

SCRIPT:

THE ONLY

Chloe (Read by Sophia)

[each time a line is read, the reader takes an item from the kitchen and puts it in the sink. OR items are taken from the kitchen and put in the sink calamitously and at a rapid pace OR in a mundane way at a normal pace, as the poem is read]

Fake things are more real than real things;

I always try to peek behind the curtain, at the cogs of the world between the dustpan & broom

Men straining to hold up heavy laurels in the hot sun behind racecar drivers smiling,
trophy and trophy girls in hand; camera goes flash

The little birdie held up to distract the crying pumpkin-child into a smile.

Portrait photography is not real, I thought, once a year.

(The moment before and after the shutter clicked; what was cropped out)

They say that the part of your brain that creates is also the part that creates continuity.

Why are we so discrete? What is given up to the illusion of finitude, of endings?

This cascade of images will go on forever; this cascade of language will go on forever

There are no images, there is no language; the stars are singing in D flat

The universe was born in a cascade of laughter, Milky Way streaming out of two black holes

Volcanoes are like the sigh or orgasm of a maturing earth relieving herself

What do the people say to the lava that serenely, endlessly, covers their houses;

an all-over continuity of a different sort?

THE ONLY WAR

Eli (Read by Aaron)

[stand wherever you want but move around. read it loud/ big eyes.]

Perfect Humans carry the nuances, ideas and plots of historical queen bees
At ages 1 to 10 young bees suck milk from strange mammals pursuing the creation of perfect curves
When puberty hits the perfect human species and bees
The instinctive need to wonder
Disrupts the straight lines

Millions of Human bees are released from skin pores
sweat and fat embrace those little bodies
The head of a caricature symbolizes their new un-god

This is the end of feeling everything
The end of single stories
Millions of human bees with no known future

This is the end of feeling everything
The end of single stories
We sting each other in pursuit of the imperfect body - kissing minds in our sleep.

THE ONLY WAR THAT

Andrea (Read by Eli and Ana)

[read however you feel that day]

the only war that matters is the war against the imagination

so please assert your existence to me

silence is weak (pause)
sweet sweet
pussy lips

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS

Bobby Jay (Read by Aaron)

The only matter that wars is the imagination
Who told you not to sing my god?
Who told you not to bring anything to my feast?
Once you're gone,
We'll land.

And bring every single piece of farm equipment back to center square.
Bring your voices.
They need bit even be sung,
to be heard.

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS

Victoria (Read by Alex)

[this is to be shouted from the balcony/firescape facing the street]

the only war that matters is the war against the imagination.

a flock of birds takes flight in the twilight sky, (in a V or in a fuzzy bundle),
am i the birds or am i the sky behind?
where do i identify?
where my eye lands, my heart follows?

life is built via violences, both tiny and giant violences,
but! it is mostly built with LOVE!
they are INTERTWINED!

these bars of wrought iron underneath my feet are all that are keeping me from falling TO MY DOOM
these iron bars, wrought with great force and violence, violence iron,
(maybe pulled from the ground by underpaid chilean miners)
are saving my life right now and i am GRATEFUL TO THEM!!

otherness is impenetrable and i'm okay with that
myself is essentially impenetrable and i'm okay w that!

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE

Bryson (Read by Andrea)

[reading to blue board]

message sent from CitiCorp Building
Kubla Khan *Korporate*

feed the company dog
compacted earwax from iphone headphones

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR

Alex (Read by Kristen*~*)

I'm alive with a radial buzz
and asleep at vertices
where would you be without me?

I was here first

carrying fragments of Kathy Fraikor, (meta: pronounced Fray-kor)
imagined when she heard
the songs I'd know across vectors,
each of us alone in our dark.

these spaces collect shapes
and shadows
and I feel silhouettes
not yet written and
reduced to dust.

I turn my camera on
I turn on the light

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST

Conor (Read by Ana)

[Stand on ledge next to front window. Look into pockets. Keep looking into pockets. Make kissy face in front of fone camera. Start reading. Take as long as u want.]

Asleep in the national museum
and some others. The rests,

“we did have a surrendering on
Sunday” the rest on Friday.

The concerns our museum
staffers were trying their

bestests to address. The atrium
was so orange that lunch time.

“But how did the face look that
time?” & Angelina Jolie is dressed
in the deepest red - she is the
contender of the moon. The gnome

shies away. “Was it a long lunchtime?”
“Oh yes, god yes” and Theresa

sighs, “are you fucking crazy?”
In the oranges Jack holds a rifle.

Jackson is in the kitchen fattening
himself with pears. “Yes, let's do

that, let's do that again."

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE

Kristen (Read by Victoria)

in the event that you are
choosing between two pears
at the market
on the sidewalk
on Carmine street

think about what you like
which pear just sitting there can
blink a fuzzed lash and swallow you whole--
neither?

lose all
sharpness of sight
measure the angles
of the pears' browning hips
and stem --

wake up one day. decide.

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION

Sophia (Read by Bryson)

[Get down on your knees]

There is something I've been meaning to tell you

what I meant to say is
it could tax anyone's breathing apparatus,
above or under the water.

Be careful out there.

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION

Aaron (Read by Conor)

Say "this is an automatic iphone poem by bronny clydesdale"

Take my phone open up notes and click on the suggested words from left to right in order back and forth like
1-2-3-2-1-2-3-2-1-2-3

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION

Ana (Read by Eliane)

[read like a seductive philosopher]

Showed up high for the revolution...

Fuck this sex,

Let's invent another, a

Utopian planet, maybe, all mind or

A fabulous castle where you bind me with your scarf

And dictate to me by thought.

The might of thought to bind,

Dictated to by lightning

Darkness, like 4 Heraclitus--

It's into the murk and fog

That you send me with your un-texts,

That is, refusal

To turn to text; instead you keep apart

In the real, in the flowers & bowers

All those strict little hiding places--

Well, well--

What do we have here...

An ideology.

I'm guilty of it

Whereas you're not.

You're it, simply. You're the

Bright idea, girl!

The R in dark and bright

Stands for the Real...

No one is safe

But you, since I hold you in my mind--

It's a nativity

Where I bless and gift thee

And think of the world as a room

We're in together

And in this room with us are mountains.

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION

Adamo (Read by Adamo)

[keyboard mightier than the laser](#)

birth of what you know
growing awareness
going global
linking words just-so

fuse sentences
load text
to launch
like a drone's missile

soars towards
giant robot, stomping the roads
hits solar plexus
explodes

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION

Gio (Read by Chloe)

Tacos are tacos like
tacos

Once there was a stupid taco
That ate a taco for
breakfast it was so good
he had sex

Where they died
And where eaten by a whale with glitter eyes

Tacos are so yummy
Like you can eat them for dinner
Or have them on a sheet
And paint the wall the
wall is happy
The wall is upside down
So put your vagina on
the wall and pretend it's
Facebook
Then fall through the floor
Lol
And that will be a nice
playground
Where you can roll
around and play with
your poly pocket until your
fake dad comes

And then build a tower
with tacos
And give them to
chipotle
The end