



YIN-YANG NON-PHOTOGRAPHY

Small transmissions by Morgan Ritter

Borders don't stop hurricanes
Borders don't stop butterflies

- Ron Silliman

Epic fragments framed
on demand in
the name of the
collective flopping
photo-infiltration

wet
stone
saki
plum
ap ricot
I declare all wet stone saki pluot wet
stone

I declare all photography
realized too quickly
unsuccessful
and inaccurate

a shadow not
remote

Old man looked at me
for some reason I wet my lips

Presumptuous dog
thinks I want something from him



My pee said everything

I drew a leaf on a vase rose within on a table
in my head

Our job is to fix the caliper
but we better not get
to the caliper or else
our job will be done

How loud would an ancient phoenetian suck a

Various conflicts of representation:
people turned metaphor
fermenting in all space

A TSA employee wishes to give
a young woman a pat down

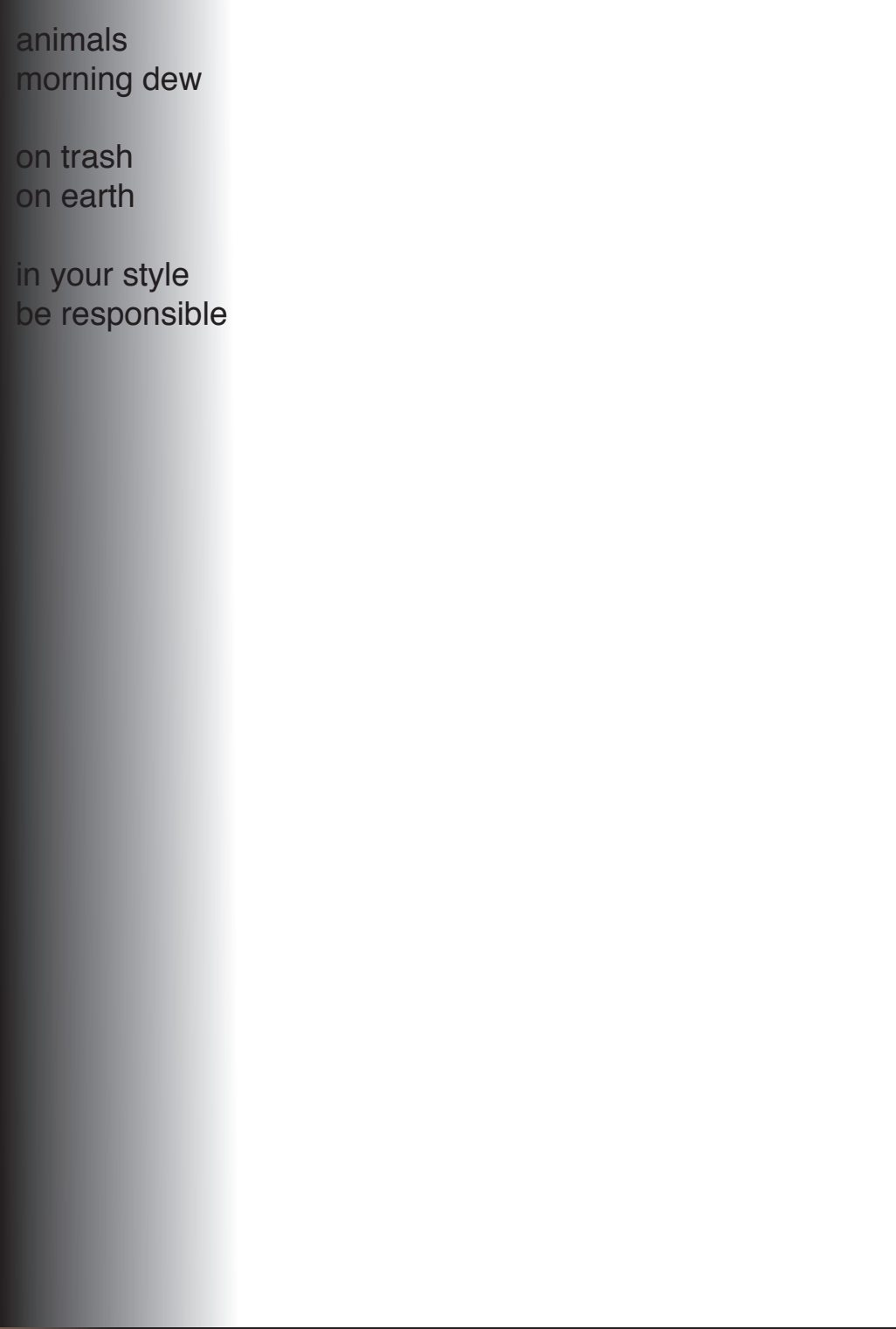
A TSA employee wishing to give a young woman a pat
down
fermenting in all space



animals
morning dew

on trash
on earth

in your style
be responsible



That pond is cute
like someone's life





Entry point

Fabian

The dog





There are as many opportunities to debate the potential for inherently mystical energies in objects as there are objects

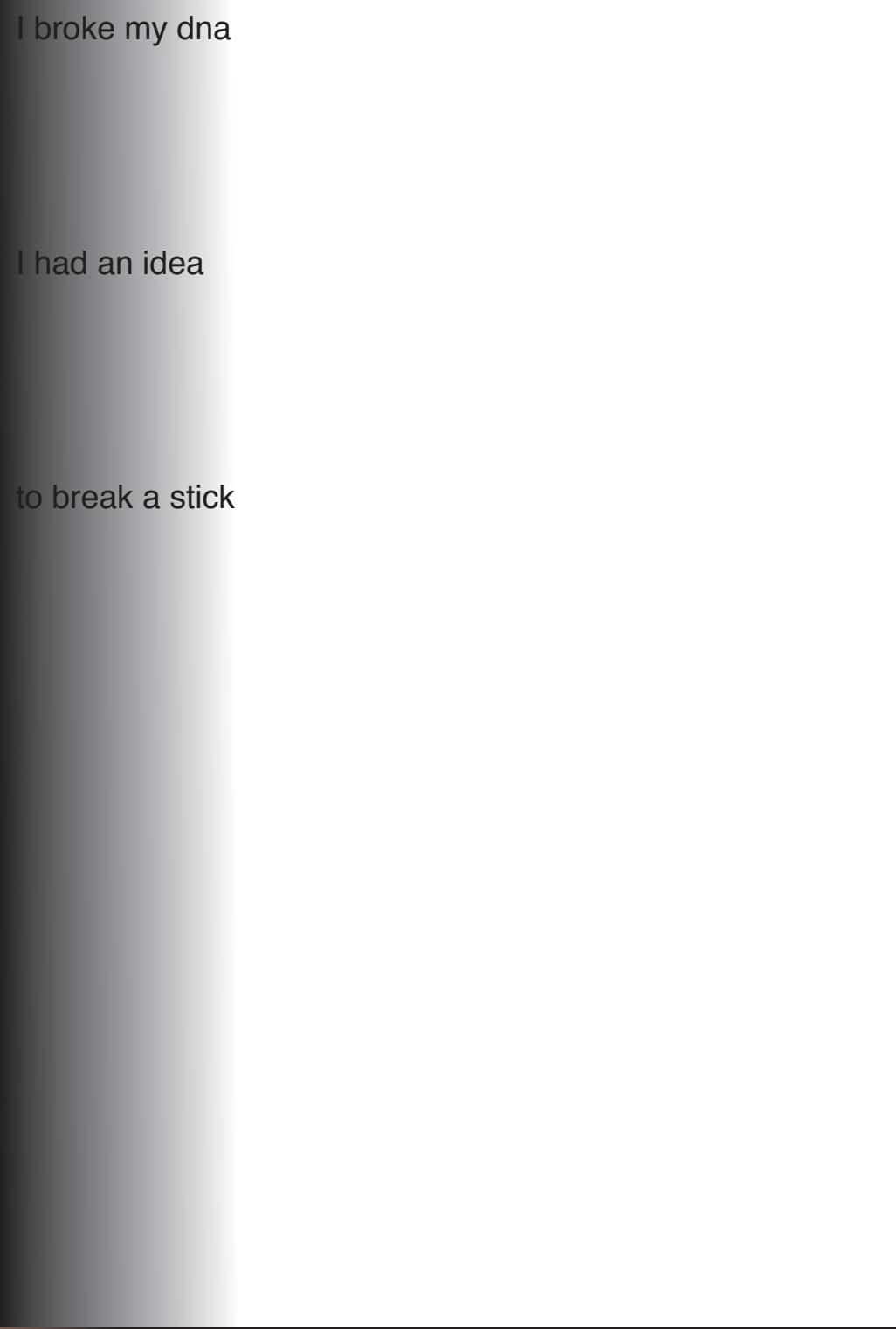
I know you are standing next to me asking me a question
because you want my french fry
I know so
I'll keep it there
in my lap
and we can have a conversation



I broke my dna

I had an idea

to break a stick



Is a table relevant
Is a table apt
Is a table pertinent
Is the table trapped
Is an apple relevant
Is an apple apt
Is an apple pertinent
Is the apple mapped
Is a towel relevant
Is a towel apt
Is a towel pertinent
Is the towel candle-lit
like
a
you know
what
is

I drive the moving van
filled with suspicious objects
good or bad --
you decide

fascinating, many aspects of life would reveal themselves as dynamically composited with tension.

I see plainly how external images influence the image I call my body; they transmit movement to it. And I also see how this body influences external images; it gives back movement to them. My body is, then, an aggregate of the material world, an image which acts like other images, receiving and giving back movement. ²

When a child gets angry after bumping into a table, she transfers her frustration too quickly to the object, disallowing her to really see her own aggression. Gaston Bachelard further concurs, "Psychologists commonly note that children will strike out in sudden anger at a table they have just bumped into." ³ To the mind of a subject who concludes that the world is composed of hard and concrete forms, the material world appears a violent, impenetrable place that must be overcome with violence.

2. Henri Bergson, *Matter and Memory* (New York: Double Day Anchor Books, 1959), 4.

3. Gaston Bachelard, "The Dialectic of Imaginary Energies: The Resistant World" in *Earth and Reveries of Will: An Essay on the Imagination of Matter* (Dallas: Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture, 2002), 13.



Beautiful princess
your cat
has broken
your vase



Last night the air shifted form
Witness

Yin-yang
Black Diamond
every trunk of a tree I see
is not a bear



N A M E
T H A T
T H I N G

This will not be a poem today
just so he really understands
that he will pay

This will not be a note or letter
This will be a block of lead
dropped fifteen feet high
onto his testicles

Confused
thai food

Women in skirts
ascending stairs
holding papers
what with

Audiences
unforeseen
in popular forests
what witch

of new styles
a fork in the bottom of my bag



That leaf is complete as-is



I am an old pipecleaner
flattened by a shoe in a
man-made ditch

Ditch rocks
old water

Modern sinking what is Modern

contemporary as invisible

everything is a crust
whose movements
omnipresent like an old clock arm
twitches trying to figure
itself
in

If only it could end like this

How convenient

to say this is the end

but it's not

It could not actually end like this

And how would this end

knowing it would never end

Sa
one puddle
evaporating
into sound

Sa
I once saw a tissue fall in the breeze

Drove
I drove a pathfinder back to that tissue

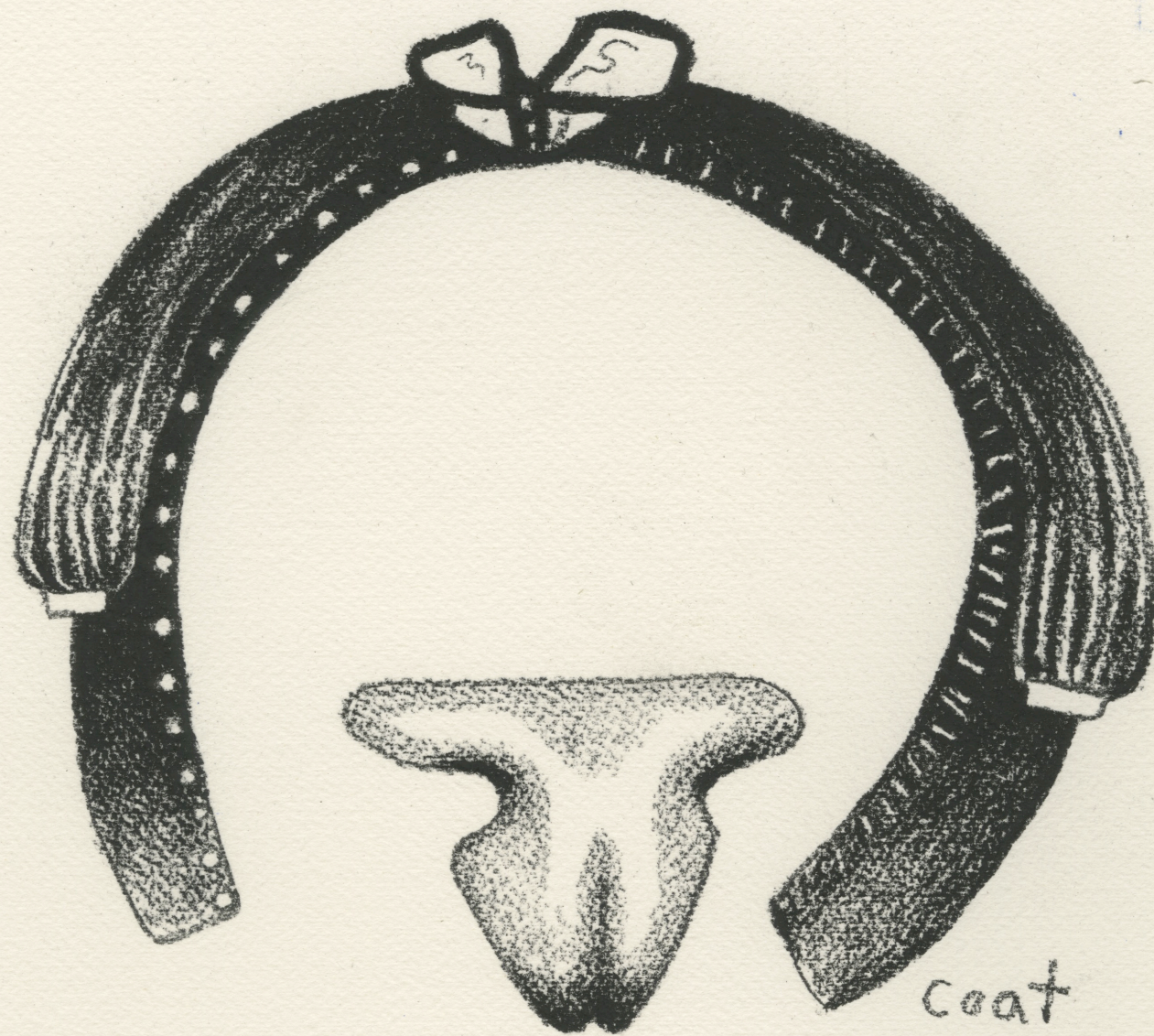
So
hydroplaning you walk like that
slowly

I
don't think I can get off the bus without touching someone
winged figure in sky of matter

You
trace the path of the tissue
before it falls

Sound
drive through this mist and then around a swirl like that line

So
you try to sing like that



Nose

Coat



Shoe

Shoe

While brushing her hair,
her hair said,
"even a hair"

When not writing,
tremendous is writing.

Do you not like it enough to not like it?
Do you like it enough to like it?

Sacred blue healing light of love and temperature
Sacred blue light of heat and loving temperature

The movement of definition must bend in accordance with the curve of the universe.

Vow to picture everything from this moment on
on a slowly revolving conveyor belt un-
attended to an un-
interrupted song

