But there is another Hasan
 who
 was silent,
  and in an alien voice,
   polluted
      ( a voice not his own
      ( my voice ) ) ,
   then said,

    I am an egg,

    opaque and smooth-shelled;

    and yet there is sense,

    this dome laid-over and
                 fretted with golden fire,
               sight
               sound
               taste
               touch
               smell

               echo over echo
             reflection,

    these senses
   animate and reaching
   and yet
     not how I look out,

   but what is coming in

   ( and there is only in
      ( you will understand this too quickly ) ,
    electrical patterns firing through my folded,
      my genital brain,
and there is no OUT

( there is no OUT
( and we are waiting for you to get )
( and there is no OUT ) )
;

and still

this voice escapes
( it’s not my voice )
this alien,
polluted,
these words escape,

first-laid and navel-
corner-stone of intellect,
of tribe,

look out

( but there is no )
the echo,
call and response
( miracle shout of fundament,
of first egress,

a way to describe,
to share
the smooth surface of shell,
stimulus shell,

the one-way
( now two-way,
perforate ) skin ),

the cracking calcium carbonate,
lightning clawing across the shell of the sky
and the thunder echoing
( and I have watched the whitetails,
all heads bent low to corn
but flinching intermittently
( you have never been safe ) ;
all heads bent but one,

then
a movement in the trees,
something against the wind,
an alien smell,
and ears bend towards the limit of sight,
the purple edge of vision,
reach, root-like,
out past the borders of sense;

then

( a short,
a percussive hiss )

they all dissolve into black ).

But
I’ve watched these words form,
he said;

high for two days,
chlorate catch on dry powdered glass
and explodes into white,
flash dopamine flood,

I’ve watched them
form,

gray-brown and white dust on the film of my eyes
when the blue becomes black,

their components inform each articulated thought,
reached,
nerve-like,
down below the thin-skin surface of attentive thought,
fragmented
chipped memory
( the web-cracked mirror
of memory )

( ripples unfurling
from the empty center )

and not only my memory,
every word has a memory

( defined
( confined ) by past usage
( passed moments ) ),

every moment

slivered memory ) ),

frozen shards of bias,

image over image
reflection;

these not-quite-thoughts,
component elements of the thought-word

( not sub- or unconscious,
but what thought is composed of
( gluon and quark

( too small,
too quick
for inspection

( to be fixed
by the simple,
the heavy eye,
the too-smooth surface of meaning ) )

electrons darting through the empty center
of the thought-word

( but the thought-word is multiple ) )

the what the word is

( ( but the thought-word is multiple
( is ) ,
image over image
reflection upon reflection )

but not all that thought is
( any more than subatomic particles are all that matter is
( for matter is also open space ) )

,
wood chips, broken roots in the black mud
mulch decaying in the wet, in the black earth

in the between breaths,

the heavy core
of my black hole breath,

these
fine threads of spit stretching across the surface of my breath,

that tie me around,

reflect upon

and knot me up in an image of sense,

weave into a single form,
wide and encompassing,

one form

sight harnessed (and encompassing),

sound conscripted in exhalation (and inhabited as language,
simulacrum,
as calcium carbonate skin);
and though
the word is how I get OUT past only sense,
how I call OUT between,

shatter shell with wide throat,
with heaving bellow lungs,

how I inhabit

( en-habit
( hereafter, inhabit ) )

a pseudo-body called story,
called language

( it seems to be,
and so be-comes,
comes into body,
into being ) ,

how I live into story,
an imagined perspective

( this poem an invocation,
a holy incantation ) ,

sense out,

but only through story,
come into between

( pearlescent water drops in Indra’s net ) , only a reflection of another reflected,
how I pretend

for you
for me
for a touch that isn’t touch

to be

only sense

( an articulation of sense ),

yet we are all,

all of us ( murderers ),

always

pretending to be sense

( ( when we’re alone, rehearsing )

and to such an extent
that we’ve become blind,
blinkered

to actual sense,
sense raw and unvitated
( real sense ) ).
So that,

I am an egg,

this vault laid over,
this shell hermetic,

horizons the limit and

( ( but the yolk at the center, 
  at the center )

a terrible metaphor but
a question of ingress and egress,
diastole and,
of how,
because nothing can get OUT

( except language, a gesture )

I have modified my senses,
thought
( my self ),
so that nothing

now
can really come in

( except language, a gesture, 
systole and

( I am becoming only shell ) ) )
that there is light and then
   ‘light’,

rich pigment,
cracked color laced with wild fungi spores
becoming sick, and
   an airborne infection built out of tongue muscle and spit,
   this language a virus

   and
   bringing to bear great forces upon a churning world of

   sight
   sound
   taste
   touch
   smell

   of matter,
   only sense;

   for though

   everything moves,

there are Gods in these words,
   Real Gods and Static,
   Imperial,
   Commanding,
   veined marble worn smooth and implacable

   ( and every word is an invocation ),
bringing into consciousness,
the concave surface of thought,

a moment of pure definition
  (creation),

of LAW
  (articulation),

of beauty consuming
  (attention),

perspective
  overarching,
  towering,
  blanketing the blue sky,
  bounding
  definite horizons of perception,
  of sense
  (ancient laws of action and thought,
    of authority,
    coercion,
    of a hidden intent
    (and of these forces subject))

a shell,
opaque and inviolate
  (and I am only shell)

the surface worn smooth and reflecting
  and

I am an egg, he said.