



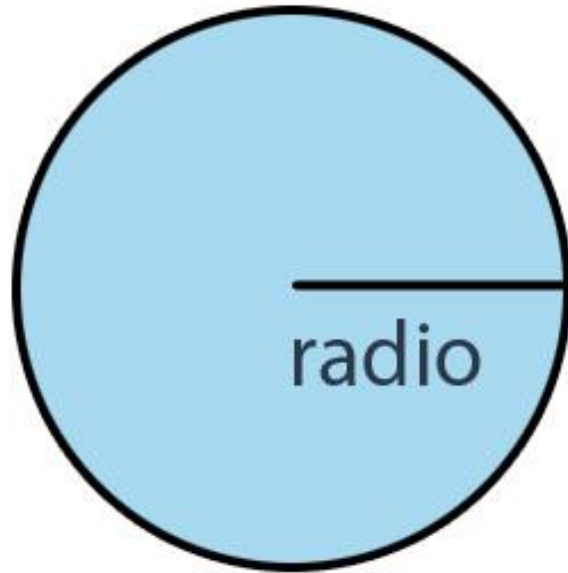
O Tania Savich – Das Dasien ist rund (after Juan Luis Martinez, 1985)

Enclosures Opening surveillance acts

Through through the crack in a literal Google translation!

**To an epistemological servitude and an eruption/rupture inside clothing drawers, inside the family
(think Pinochet, think Brezhnev, Kissinger in closets) O to see, to not see: geometric patterns**

Circulo geometrico



Ken Ahora! then we go to the Mexican Restaurant at Baywater. It's the Edge of Night.

Rounding out the lecture/a lecher of the ear disappears

Into the Hollywood Bowl.

Pina, the execution of steps in the World Circle of being, an imaginary dance

are my escape-route into dreams:

ergo: the world is round.

Spirit is a runt. God is a red bursting enclosure.

Space is the jammed keys within the circle in the square.

The geometrics of intimacy have been blasted/

under lock

and key. Teetering wood creeks as Loki Trumps Thor.



Dancers whirling in thumping emphatic diagonals

and the universe of triangles and squares rectangles listening in the dream ether of night /he who finds freedom in excess.)

Darling – I think there is miasma in the mimosa.

& the ghost of Karl Jasper is whispering this: *Dasein ist Rund*

Delicate caresses of the small photograph of intuitive geometries beyond the circle of the family. Circumnavigation. Circumcisions/ the children are our prisoners, locked up until ten when he says:

Inside

Inside one circle of protection is another circle. The paradox of freedom in these cells of disappearance, containment is the listening ear, the cosmos of fire-water. Pour another drink. The rotisserie is round. Now I'm being Redundant. Echoes outside in the streets. Rumour the winds of change.

(And Papa Said):

In this house we protect against riotous existence.

Running around the house is a ritual for protection.

Tattoos of the numinous house keys on my back side.

A centre is a centre in a centrum.

Plastic sheets on the furniture.



Geometry is chaos in the circle of the family.

Erase my name said Martinez, Juan Luis.

Tania listened, and at ten heard the voice of Pina colada. To disappear beyond the protection of an order that invites disappearances one hears, But the world is round, human existence is round within the prison of the house of the family.

And God is a runt.

And God,

my God,

is done.

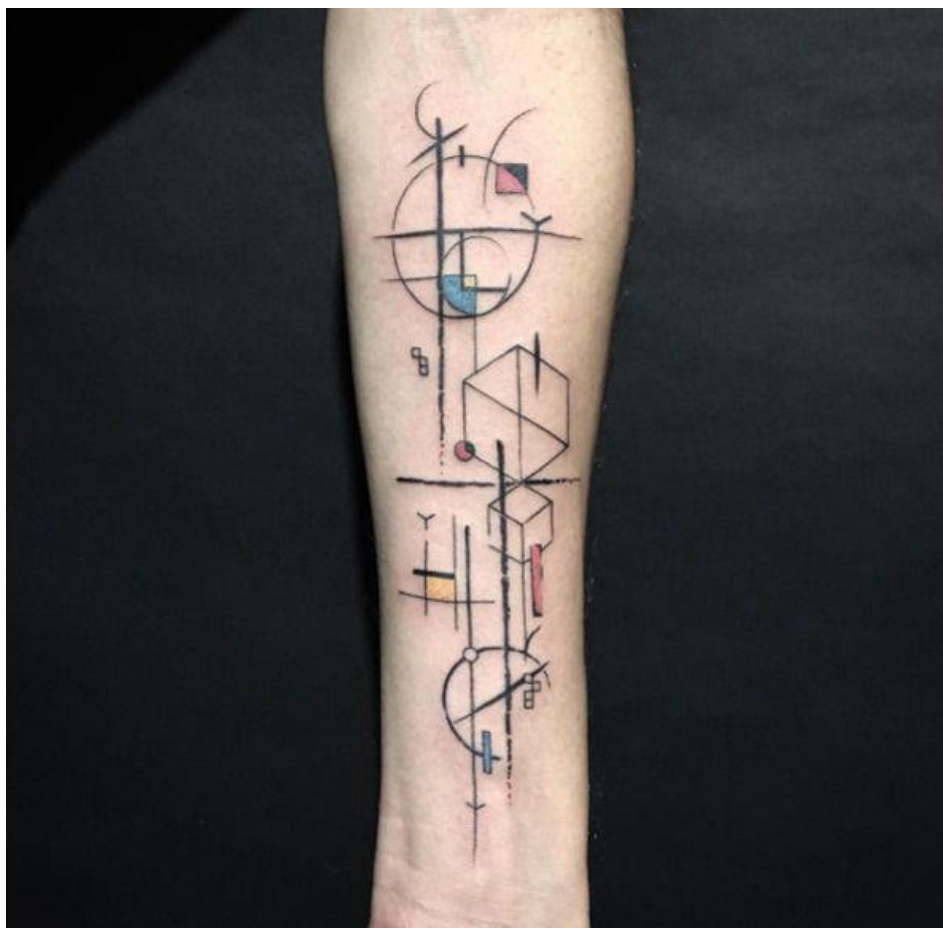
And the Spirit is Rust.

And my Demon is Running.

The Spirit is a Lemon Rind!

Recintos!

Recintos!



Pt 2

Notes on (a transcreation after Jose Luis Martinez)

In a traversal of this poem I was surprised by the way it led me, without conscious design from a language I am very unfamiliar with – I think – and wary of my ability – to see patterns, i.e. words Geometric – and quotes Jasper, moving from there to chaos, intertextual elements, dance, art, politics, fascist behaviours of one sort or another and dada type punk spittoons – to see the mock solemnity in the structure of the long lines, the repetitions, the possible Jewish-reference points (persona) which I find out are actually embedded in the transposition of Tania/Pina (germany – holocaust, pinochet) – to think of embedding illustrations circles, hypertext, tattoos, faces of figures – the poet, the philosopher, the general, the dancer. /cosmology boxes, the plight /erasure/suffocation of the family/hidden not hidden – proclamation , irony, parades, healing/not healing, escape. Is it embedded somehow like atmosphere of spirit in the body of the poem, his thoughts irradiated out to me like secret venal passwords, codes between prisoners, inside/ seeing outside, the rubric of family triangle mother father son in a restaurant, present, disappeared, hidden, exposed, ideologically grounded in the foreground between freedom control and the efficacy of madness

A Google Translation

Tania didn't know that the Family Circle is the place where children are locked up, imprisoned children but if you knew that there is a centre inside that same circle a center of order that protects the house against a house without limits (an order that is no simple geometric).

Tania watched her disappear one day the circle of his family but he stayed even herself as delicate inhabitant another roundness now invites the reader to caress its small photograph.

At the age of ten he had said: "Tania, existence is beautiful. But in another circle, beyond that of his family, his ear with guileless geometric intuition had already heard another voice. No, Tania. Das Dasein ist rund: Existence is round."

Extra Bits (Source Points)

Gaston Bachelard. *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas, Boston, Beacon Press, 1994 ed.

Jesus Sepulveda. *Poets on the edge: Vicente Huidobro, Cesar Vallejo, Juan Luis Martinez and Nestor Perlongher*. Boca Raton, Brown Walker Press, 2016.

<https://books.google.ca/books?id=NI9wCwAAQBAJ&pg=PA123&lpg=PA123&dq=un+orden+que+no+es+simplemente+geometricos&source=bl&ots=3fF36u76VD&sig=SsGQlqXZpBvlzdV6hWL2z5BDVZU&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwj4ivGsklfXAhUK2mMKHeJIAHsQ6AEIOjAH#v=onepage&q=un%20orden%20que%20no%20es%20simplemente%20geometricos&f=false>