

## Selected Poems from *Animals of Dawn*

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Courtesy of Murat Nemet-Nejat & Talisman

A Day Book

From things, real or unreal, objects, living or un-living

(one character in search of five acts, performance notes for *Hamlet*)

Aa Bb Cc  
Dd Ee Gg  
Hh Ii Jj  
Kk Ll Pp  
Qq Rr Ss

*Animals of Dawn*

I want to make *Hamlet*, to dis appear.

The lightning that didn't strike made me disappear completely.

and  
her arms unknowingly caresses the water

wall

haiku haiku hi-  
ku haiku haiku haiku  
haiku haiku hi

Plop. Frog

Circles disappearing, in fini te

Until I touched her, my sister gave hope but her corpse was heavy out of water.  
Don't touch the translucence, they turn into wing crumbs

*O God, I could live in an oyster and count myself belonging to infinite space.*

but I have bad dreams. Denmark is a prison.  
"your ambition makes it so."

the chain of numbers: sex  
dedicated to Stéphane Mallarmé

1	a doe	6	
2	a door	5	
3	adore	4	
4	ardor's		3
5	radar	2	
6	odor	1	

7

le *hasard*, executed  
at each throw  
of the die,

*disappears.*

le *hasard*, imprisoned  
in each throw  
of the die

## Dracula

**"Horatio:** *I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!  
Speak to me..."*

Existence is a very rare event,  
out of the infinities that don't happen.  
These lines're about the left out.

And their liberation.  
The non-existent, you have nothing to lose  
but your walls!

".. russet mantle..."

*"Unfold thyself"*

*"who is't?"*

*"run your comb through the hair of the night"*

*"it's bitter"*

*the hour line  
approaches—a ghost*

*At 12 P.M.  
all drinks  
will  
turn  
at 12 P.M.  
all drinks  
're*

*wine*

Radical erasure—the experiment connected to death,  
"who's it?" "I can't remember"

Aa Bb Cc  
Dd Ee Gg  
Hh Ii Jj  
Kk Ll Pp  
Qq Rr Ss



After a dream, facts are the morning dew.

*I'm sick at heart*

*"The bird of dawning singeth all night long."*

Starghost

Infinity is there there!  
a twinkle  
in my dad's eye

and I'm alive and he's  
dead.

Jackson Pollock

Time—a spray of colors, there only when it's looked at, following the rhythms of attentions, the eye's recalcitrant incorrigible darts every instant a variant color, past, present & future of a distant self-penetrating dream.

a dream within a dream.

Like cockroaches, images (facts) hide into themselves

only when a lightning's switched, to light the darkness.

Arcing in word

I

jump

tantalus!

## The Matisse Circle

As in a Matisse painting, the unimals hold hands and dance  
around a fireless fire.

Conversation among unimals is what idea is.

## Cut-Outs

into the green valley  
entered the short winged bird

I.

Bars

as the birds  
fly  
against the

*notes flapping*

*blue*

*notes e-*

*scaping*

*towards*

*hori...*

*zon e.*

II.

Bars

as the birds  
fly  
against the

*notes flapping*

Aa Bb Cc  
Dd Ee Gg  
Hh Ii Jj  
Kk Ll Pp  
Qq Rr Ss

*blue*

*notes e-*

*scaping*

towards

hori...

zon.

## Manifesto

Music imprisons the angel of chaos into its bars, doesn't imitate time, c o m p e n s  
a t e s f o r i t s a b s c e n c e .

Sing sing,  
a bird called,  
flying prison.

In the tree of pairs numbers are flying!

oh, the bear's eating from trees bearing fruits!  
from the thorn in bloom, the slowly melting dew.

ab-  
sinth .



Cinéma Vérité: Zombie

non-existing, being a state of being—  
it appears

in the  
film reel.

god is that *bee ing*, whose essence is nonexisting.

in her last forbidden caresses

*a-weeping*

*dream-*  
*boat,*

sleek  
like otters  
fresh  
out of water

streaking

*oh,*  
*dripping*

*on my sighs!*

## Peals

appealing  
to his disappearance  
walls join,  
peeling  
in the groan of desire.

*for him the bells toll*

*from the table of my memory, I'll erase all fondled things*

Crowing clock!  
Crowning cock

once entered  
crowning corrupting

d oom.

*in incestuous sheets*

o russet's mantle  
of dawn!

nature  
condemned to a prison  
of colors.

lightloom.

A Dialogue Between Wittgenstein and Murat in Kafka's Shadow  
dedicated to the recalcitrant spirit of Alan Sondheim

“The nonexistent is whatever we have not sufficiently desired.” Franz Kafka

“The world is all that is the case.” Wittgenstein

“What is-not-the-case is-not-all.” Murat

“The world is the totality of facts, not of things.” Wittgenstein

"Ergo, things are unreal, untethered." Murat

“Whereof one can not speak, thereof one must be silent.” Wittgenstein

"Silence is all that is the case." Murat

“I am a cage, in search of a bird.” F. Kafka

Am Are I

machine gun machine gun machine gun  
tcha tcha tcha

machine gun machine gun machine gun  
tcha tcha tcha

turn over

machine gun machine gun machine gun  
tcha tcha tcha

machine gun machine gun machine gun  
tcha tcha tcha

turn over

brain

raystings unknowingly caressed her body.

the bruises  
in you thighs  
encode  
my corrupted *(almost forgotten)*  
passion,

are my secret  
pressed flowers  
between the leaves  
of your  
diary.

your body is like  
one of those children's green paper slates  
I can write on  
and erase

and rewrite.

## Space

That space  
remains in the virginal, vertiginuous territories of dreaming  
a blue evening  
constantly resting in it.  
the sea on your skirt  
pitches into the soul the quiet  
of sleep.

...

That space,  
in what continent of dreams,  
snaked by what what river?

...

the purple quiet of questions in your eyes

the unlit fire of the moon's sadness  
as if, only hidden in your hands

in this parted space of exile forever  
sentenced.



the power  
power  
of seeing you  
in pigtails  
in pigtails  
the plain skirt  
of your school uniform  
around your hips  
sweat  
against the wall  
against your wish  
against the wall  
against your wish...<sup>i</sup>

Spinal violins  
in haunted homes.

s-  
t-  
r-  
aps.

vo-  
lume

end-  
ures,

lashes  
and eyelashes  
of Altaicii  
joy,

sin,  
sing!

out  
break-

ing

ski-  
n

up the river

Aa Bb Cc  
Dd Ee Gg  
Hh Ii Jj  
Kk Ll Pp  
Qq Rr Ss

*"Polonius: the wind is sitting in the shoulder of your sail.  
... apace, apace, Laertes*

*"Hamlet: swifts as the wings of love, I hasten to my revenge"*

*"remember! remember!"*

t  
h  
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s  
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Endnotes

<sup>iii</sup> Zeno almost convinces us that, trapped in the infinite space before an act, arrival *to* a desired object is an illusion. An act can only stop at *at*—and repeat itself.

I'm crying exactly in the middle of the rose

As I sense, I sense the receding of your eyes

I hold back your hands, kiss'em in the night

Your hands are white, again white, again white,  
I'm afraid that your hands are so white  
That a caboose in the station somewhat

I'm late at the station sometime. (Cemal Süreya)

<sup>ii</sup> The Altai are mountains in Central Asia.