

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x THRESHOLD TOWN

Poems For Repeating and Photography

2013

Hold still.
See your life-lines are parallel,
Even when, even when they converge.
Must be twisted through another dimension, hidden
—A blinking hole in your wall.
But my vanishing
Point is that
I was sleeping.
I was sleeping
So hard and deep that I dreamt a storm into being.
Bed sheets dropped away one after another
Completely blown and billowing anew now
Like the body bag I keep walking past
In my mind a million times.
Even when, even when
Stopped in my tracks.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x DUBOIS TOWN

Poems For Repeating and Photography

2013

Sometimes people want to come again forever. Returning eternally. Entrance.
It's just a flash and then the intensity of the feeling passes. The return idea is solid
but one is incapable of grasping the part about eternity for any more than
 one heartbeat-stopping second if you could only stop your heartbeat for...
But we get the return idea so we focus on that.
Repetition will be freedom
As much as obsession neurosis infatuation fixation massacre.
It will serve stalker and psycho and lover and scientist.
It will be contestation and resignation together in transcendence.
Repetition will be a form of freedom
But it will prescribe a purely relational existence
—banning oneness, irreducibility to institute a
Being-multiple that is the same as being-in-the-world.
Repetition will be social through its musicality,
its rhyme and rhythm and beat
and pattern and difference,
Its foot-tapping habitus of self-affirmation and break-down.
Like a Suicide song that could go on driving forever, frictionless.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER

⌘ EXTENSION TOWN (AFTER B. CALLAHAN)

Poems For Repeating and Photography

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If
If you
If you could
If you could only
If you could only stop
If you could only stop your
If you could only stop your heartbeat
If you could only stop your heartbeat for
If you could only stop your heartbeat for one
If you could only stop your heartbeat for one heartbeat

P.S. Send a postcard. As mirrors will to symmetry, I will try to too.

P.P.S. I still will to stammer if only so I can telescope out one turn at a time in your general lunar direction.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x TWIN TOWN

Poems For Repeating and Photography

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Mitosis	Mimesis
Splitting	Symmetry
Symmetry	Splitting
Mirror	Mitosis
Synonym	Self
Second	Synonym

for twin
is doppelganger, double, duplicate, second
self, clone, copy, replica, replicant, carbon
copy, photocopy, Xerox, reproduction, reprint,
shadow, match, identical, look alike, dead
ringer, two peas in a pod, two balls in a sack,
two brain cells in one head, two birds in one
stone, two tits in one ass.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x UNIDENTIFIED FLYING TOWN

Poems For Repeating and Photography

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Yes I have this queer feeling.
No I can't find my bathing suit.
Yes I was in the desert.
No I am not OK.
Yes I was visited.
No not abducted.
Yes I'd like them to return.
Yes again please. I want to do another.
No I will not be the same.
Yes they will return, the same.
No no one would know the difference.
Yes I repeat because I repress.
No this chair does not recline.
Yes I repress because I want to repeat.
Yes I'll ask if you can come too.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x DOOR TOWN

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Scene: Woman stands in The Same place as before, rings The Same Bell as before, has been creeped out by The Same red van before Parked in The Same spot and crammed with The Same sleeping rapists as before. Woman approaches The Same door; reaches for handle and then Turns around to look over her shoulder, across The Same street. A short rain has just stopped, leaving a dry shadow under the red van. Nothing spoken, just looks passed through glass. No more. No, yes, one word is spoken: 'banal'

The entire scene lasts less a minute—a full front door assault. Notes:

Take one is rough, exciting, hesitant, nerves.

Take two overcompensates by being overplayed.

Take three is interrupted by the police asking to see permits.

Take four is unreal in a photographic way, flat.

Take five is better.

Take six builds on it but stays grounded, slips into the groove.

Take seven—that's it, nailed the creepy, go with take seven but

Take eight is just in case and also good, as are

Takes nine to...

At this point she is not fake bloody. Woman is actually bloody.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x TOWN RE-CON

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In and of itself it is a body bag without the bag.
The bag is to come. I remember, the bag is to come and
The bag is a painting
And everyone will ask, but how does the body fit in that kind of bag?
To which, I remember, the body will say, but I have already done it so many
times Before surely I can get in the bag again. I haven't gained weight.
And besides in is not the right preposition, it is and
—the body fits and the bag-that-is-a-painting fits in the portrait-cum-still-life-
that-Is-this-picture.
Just stuff it in, photo bomb it like a painted prophet of the Enlightenment.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x STAIRS TOWN

Poems For Repeating and Photography

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I started out in search of ordinary things
Like what's on the other side of that door or that glass,
And how many fires are in a flame.
And which one is my home.
No it was not like that. It was like red
I could only see reds. Only drink reds.
Redsemblance would have to wait to be unpacked
After the trip like metaphors and I kept sleeping
Hard and deep even as I put one foot in front of the other.
The other foot in front of the other. Again and again, going down. Then
One foot behind my head. The other heeled in my perenium
—Seeking balance. Hold still.
There is tragic and there is comic repetition.

xvi. SARAH LEHRER-GRAIWER
x TOUCHING TOWN

Poems For Repeating and Photography

2013

Surprise maybe it is all about you after all. You
And your registered finger prints.
How many pokes does it take to find a cure?
Poke. Poke. Poke. Poke. Poke. Poke. Poke.
Flash. Flash. Flash. Flash. Flash. Flash.
Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.
Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.
Snap. Snap. Snap. Snap. Snap. Snap. Snap.
Post. Post. Post. Post. Post. Post. Post.
Print. Print. Print. Print. Print. Print. Print.