Or, (from the markings of) the small her(o)

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*a d u s i / e - c h a p : w w w . d u s i e . o r g /
PROE M

from Aster
Asterias
A S T E R  A S T E R I A S

A REALISM LOST HER NAME : M A R I E ( O) SHE SHE STROLLS IN HRS
NAMES MARI / S/HE TELLS HER/HE &HERS &HER HRS SO(U)LS AS ASTER HARMS IRHE
TELLS ( O) A HARM IRHES LET LOS ( O) A SEASHELL TRIM O R,- A LARAMIE SUN-
LESS ATLAS SIR,- AN HRS ASTRAL ASTROL ASTROL O( )R MUSES
HER HAT HRS IN & SO,- A GRANDAMES ERR HER LATERAL LOSS LOS S/ T I L L S
and all this when her coming & all is so need-
ful
inevitable as it always was so oddly demanding and
seductive
in its speechless revelatory stasis provocating any suns previous “I”
which might
set eyes upon her or had wondered or imagined when
s/he & this his her(o)
her prescience desirable as any as she & overlooked
she (in way of voice) —
wayward she wary she so pointed always gives new breath
as she is so surly bent
or, (from the markings of) the smaller (o),
from the markings of the small her(o) when morning wakes bright

wakes unfolded new gesture in the space of or toward a balance or possibility of what

is and is spoken this(o) and what new language is spoken or simply netted and so

suited toward her as is and better is so suited toward (her) while

fresh s(o) air crisp as an imperative open window like clock work

airing out bed things as feathered filled things & stale night air
as to turn into this world as in flesh & in so coming to be born—gauntlet of smallness she and her said fitting the grandest entry she (o) we all might ever know
to only so soon forget and rely on others to impart or translate here:

she ballroom (ed) and she t/his (her) glove(d) outgrown her(o) in size

and strangely dependent on what those other eyes witness
in so fortunate in so seeing this biered hour was and what had and what might have unfolded
such an entry—immer so—which is first is first (o)
& always formed
as form must dictate surely even here, & is first and perhaps only
signified by a date or time or occurrence—steel hands their metal chill—say eradication
say waving any
other/or let's just say a rather brutal alternative—say incision from the whole
what must signify beginning then so began is ever first is first

MINARETS

ASTER ASTIR TATS A NAME SIR, A MANE STIR, A MEAN S T A R A S

REMAINS ARE MAIN, SIR ARE MAN STIR, ITS NAMER ITS A N A M E (A NAME)"

A NAMERS NAME IT REMAINS TRI TRIM& TAME &M E A N T SIR, O O(TR) A MARE SIN SIR

A MARE RINTINTINS A MARE ISNTA M A R E LESS LOINS SIR AS SO SAT ATTIS &SO

ALESS MAREN INALOY SMEARS RIM UNA REAR LIT A S T R E A M S
SISTERN SE(S)T(INA)S

IN A MASTER MIN A STREAM ATREAM IN O MERE (O) AMATTER/S AT LO I N S
is first for this one hero as warmth and blind light


evacuation

from the fitted glove-like fisted quarter—unimaginably so,- but so&so &but

this, the first known—cramped but fitting then—breath—then

breathing what seems endless handling what and all that pinafore petticoat

pet petting

as pet touch this snug chill warm attachment—as a perfect quartered

compartment—perfectly god-like in its anti-quietudian state—this

\textsuperscript{2}
might very well read
this we/us thus said & so,
—as dull
as is merely broken parted &
distorted us/we as thoughtless
or unduly heralded &
such & so side-stepped
in way of marginalia

as so
unfeeling of the smallest
and of we this she
our surely most unheard
stifled her (o)

many marked beginning—cuckcoing as more feeling than words
could

ever & so denote—pushed so & pushpushed so this vision in the
beginning of: being

extant—what felt—what is long kept or feated—feeted so fed &
given

step stridently so—metered smallness by extent of which is
enormous—

dance—a walled patting nudge & swayed hiccupped
relevance—

her (o),—as such is deemed her small laughter surely
surrounding
the small her(o)

previously & so, - not noted
or side-noted or all too simply
abandoned dismissed seemingly
squashed and quelled along the side-
lines as too damn precious or unnaturally
prescient & so crushed sentimental as such

yes, the small her(o) must surely
wonder where feeling went
toward the end of the 20th
century?

when narrative and confession
begged prosaic & so chill
& so to be
heard again when the next
generation