



## THAT BRIAR SURESHOT

Douglas Kearney

*Indebted, in part, to Sianne Ngai's formulation of "the Zany"*

If I am called upon to *do*, then to *don't* may be a won't-let-nobody. But I let my body (as in rent) in ways that let my body (as in allow) float the notion I could let my body (as in bleed it out). This dawns on me as a kind of discipline (as in *métier*) (as in *correction*).

I mean to be good at doing a thing or I'll feel like nothing when nothing's done. And being good is being good at. And I am a *good* doer. I find myself threatening to don't, when really I mean only to change what I'd do.

I learn from a lot of stand-up comedians. Learn what? Timing's what. I think of this timing as something to learn for interstices, the banter-laces between poems at a reading. The effect of the content of the timing is to make the banter a part of the macro poem the reading makes of the setlist. I am doing several things at once like the line of a poem. Like I am never doing nothing. Even should I seem to do nothing, I am not doing the thing I feel I should do but doing something else. I am disciplining and disciplined. Mastery.

Mastery of self. Mono-mastery. Monastery. Monk. Masterioso.

Association doubles here voraciously into paronomasia. A school of it. I could imagine this association free to go anywhere, but mastery knows better in that it *No's* better. I mean to say that association, when you're in this mess, is like many roads that all go to the same place. You don't see that, you've a fox-eye view of the briar patch.