

PATTIE MCCARTHY

from Oyer

the apex of babble, your steeped
thinking fingers, future piano
(without you it's a waste of time).
it's a shame we aren't nearer to water.
all of a sudden — here you are (this
division, this terrible division).
consider this (precipitous) — labor,
repetition, metronome — turns out
there is such a thing as repetition
(for that matter, there is such a thing
as insistence too). everything begins.

[stop pushing, try to stop pushing]
sooner or later, every language loses
its sounds. there is nothing to be done about it.

1. Roman Jakobson, qtd. in Daniel Heller-Roazen, *Echolalias: On the Forgetting of Language*.
13-14. Heller-Roazen, *Echolalias*

(on maternity, 3/30/09)

2:00 a.m. be happy silent moony beams. 3:40 a.m. drinking water while
you nurse makes me feel like a ventriloquist. 7:00 a.m. watch little butter.
nice baby. achoo Asher. 8:30 a.m. typing one-handed. make explicit
the caesura. lovely, that. (8:45 a.m. pump. nothing to say, not a squeak.)

10:10 a.m. left right left—& uneven all day hereafter. 10:55 a.m. welcome to the weather. 12:55 p.m. winter came up under the house. 4:50 p.m. as a coda to winter, add a coda to winter. 6:45 p.m. your mouth opens, shiny & whitewashed. Asher pillow. in the grammar of gestures, that means I am hungry. that means I am sleepy. that means I am a warm loaf of bread. 8:15 p.m. stay quietly inside the house. it expands to meet you. true, that. 9:50 p.m. the baby turns his face into a bright penny. the baby turns his face into his brother's face, into sleep, into no sleep. the baby turns his face into his face. 11:00 p.m. small things that have no words.

1. William Blake, "Cradle Song."

4. Samuel Beckett, "Krapp's Last Tape."

13-14. Margaret Wise Brown, *A Child's Goodnight Book*.

(tangent on paternity, 4/9/09)
 watch cable with me, I'll grow out of this grief
 eventually. it's a nice little
 bottle of wine. he was a great talker.
 & so they are ever returning to us, the dead.
 (this really is what I was teaching when he died.)
 you put a foot to my ribs (from inside)
 & closed debate on whether you, not yet
 born (at that time), & he, recently
 dead, were in the same place. consider this,
 this precipitous division.
 a mark is the opposite of space.
 everything begins. every language loses its sounds.
 it was a strange conversation, between someone who knew nothing but
 a great many words & one who knew everything but not a single word.

1-2. Anselm Berrigan, "Zero Star Hotel," *Zero Star Hotel*.

4. W. G. Sebald, *The Emigrants*.

13-14. Milan Kundera, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*.