

## Daddy Poem

The esteemed editor sits down at the manuscript meeting, shuffles papers, begins,

*So which one is your Daddy poem, then?*

The tenured professor sits down in the tutorial, unzips his flies, begins,

*So which one is her Daddy poem, then?*

What if the difficult question of the relation  
of the poet to the person confronts us with  
a gap? I say:

fill it!

*[A gun shot sounds]*

*[A door slams]*

So much for radical pedagogy!

So this is how your twenties pass  
in karaoke, at Katie's, taking Rosa to  
the funfair. Oven chips, circus circus  
unreadable texts and  
unreturned advances always taxed at  
the emergency rate no like *permanent* permanent address

the baby made you new good  
terms with your father the baby  
made you new new

learning about violence  
learning about violence

good terms with the top  
deck front seat going  
out of your way to find  
sometimes remembering  
to buy yourself flowers  
always thinking about  
getting a fringe

learning about violence  
learning about violence

getting more sleep,

*[Thunder outside the seminar room]*

*[Chanting, reluctantly]*

Almighty God, our heavenly Father,  
we might have sinned against you,  
though it wasn't exactly our own fault, in  
thought and word and deed,  
and in what due process we have left  
undone. We are heartily sorry, although she  
should have seen it coming, and repent of all  
our sins,  
though what does repentance really mean, in  
a truly permissive society?  
For your Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake,  
anyway, forgive us all that is past; and grant  
that we may continue to serve you in the  
uninterrupted eternal newness of  
permanence, to the glory of [y]our name.

Nail technicians in pollution masks  
Cod liver oil capsule on the floor of  
the gallery toilet

“I’m at art school”  
*my parents have money*

“I’m making a documentary”  
*my parents have money and they gave it to me*

The problem comes when sex *meets* the university—

*[Lightning strikes]*

*[Footsteps approach]*

I cast out all complicit!

*[Everybody leaves]*

What's bravery, then, just doing  
hard things in cold rooms? I don't know but  
it sure  
isn't  
feeling  
big—

*[An orchestra tuning up]*

No to the father you claim to have killed,  
whilst making up the bed for his ghost  
crowning yourself as an ally yet still  
going to the parties, liking the posts.

The use of rape as a metaphor is crucial to the lyric discourse,

*Divorced and wonderfully elegant,*

I knew she was the right candidate for the position,

*she has a face that makes it look as if she is wearing a pair of  
exceptionally expensive and stylish dark glasses, even when she  
isn't,*

If you knew how many other clever girls I've seen,

*luring her attacker into the open with an ambiguous cat-and-  
mouse game,*

The poet in her bikini extends a hand to the reader, inviting him in,

*hinting that this unspeakable ordeal was for her a darkly  
pleasurable role-play,*

Outrageously gripping  
My colleagues were horrified

What does precarious mean if not dependent on prayer? The reader, repeating the speaker's words, experiences herself as a requirement of meaningful language. What if this doesn't depend on an I? The reader, speaking herself aloud, requires a different code not bodily sound not "meaning" just the pure intention to mean, muscular well-oiled, wet, lean: at last! a properly ethical lyric subject.

*The poet displaces her own desire for maternity,  
learning about violence*

What do you do if they won't stop  
feeding? Mustard on the nipples before  
a cold swim. Institutional reporting  
systems won't keep the tide from  
coming in

*The student displaces her own desire for agency,  
learning about violence*

Professional jealousy

Is there another way of living a model  
of history?

An I created by the story comes  
to figure itself as an agent of the narrative

I  
have never felt like *this* before, flat on my  
back and flush to the onward loop of  
history

The system must in a sense ensure  
its self-perpetuation, the system must in  
every sense cancel ideology.

*Tied to a radiator*

*Tied to a chair  
Iphigenia*

*My precise niece  
what I deserve*

*Not enough frost  
for this time of  
year on the  
windowpane*

*Permanent  
marker,  
call you baby.*

What if the poet makes certain choices to formally shape her own text?

*Thankyou, next,*

These days she's always on her knees  
praying for relief for those in precarity  
Jesus said, blessed are the wobbly  
Jesus said, blessed are the angry  
These days she's always on her knees!  
praying for &c &c &c.

The reader, speaking herself aloud—

(call you baby)

What if as the sun dips and there's only  
four hours ish of light left we see the two  
possible nights split off and spool into the  
head of the / tail end / committing to  
nothing by / memory

Can't even write about romance  
now. Can't even have a drink if you  
ask me

What is public language like? Rest in my  
arms. Sleep in my bed. Seasonal, lonely,  
“objective”,

So some days a fantasy of lying flat under a thin surface  
looking up like a sliced peach in a tin. Tinned peaches always  
look too orange. The children's pool always looks too full. Her  
sad and wasted life was a lack of coverage, a lack of  
preparedness for the pressure of the city. Who, rather than  
what, I am is the desire running rent in my own—room?  
scratch that. The thing is I can't bring myself to say it  
outside of our privacy. Who, rather than what I am! Lucky  
lucky lucky lucky you—

You have taken up all of my space  
and for that I can never forgive you.

*[Mourners approach]*

*[A funeral dirge]*

We meet in the name of Jesus Christ,  
who died and was raised to the glory of God the  
Father. Grace and mercy be with you.

We have come here today to remember before God  
our brother, Radical Pedagogy;  
to give thanks for his life; to commend him to God  
our merciful redeemer and judge; to commit his  
body to be buried/cremated, and to comfort one  
another in our grief.

If you are reading this, I want you to know I am testing  
the institution against itself.

If you are reading this, I want you to know  
you have already run out of road.

a) God of all consolation, your Son Jesus Christ was moved to tears at the grave of Lazarus his friend.

b) it was all of them.