Lady Gaga’s naïve self-aggrandizing stare into Judas’s camera, her comically clinging Jean Grey\(^1\) outfits, her stamping dancers, her various anti-Whitman-esque refusals and reversals, none of these facilitate agonistic imitation; for really, we are all quite happy to be partying this eve. A little change can go nowhere with both hands on the wheel, with someone in the passenger’s seat keeping you company (and maybe even warm). No, we are still seething with half-ravers in techno bars about our (or others’) constant plagiarism. We’ll miss our moment, we’ll remember that we actually do care about trying to take it all somewhere else.

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\(^1\) Circa her Madelyne Pryor/Ferguson Hellfire stint.
I must have read a thousand video permissions,
a thousand screaming hardcore bands in the last
gasping breath of the night . . . it was like Red Scare
finally woke up, got its “Send Me an Angel”-effects
together, and then forgot all about the twenty-first
century. What do you think? I could’ve sworn
that your perfect little screaming anchorages meant,
well, something. But how could any of us possibly
pretend to be in capitalism, rather than just sorta
“around” it? Or rather, They’re quite good at producing
certain kinds of inequalities; or rather, the others
of us that bother to become and/or consider popular
culture, well, we’ve already turned the lights on, we’ve
already gone far past considering our lives as art, as
that thing we can never get back.
To each other we’re all just poorly sketched characters in some bronze age comic hoarded by a lonely nerd-god. We have no truck with the contours of reality, let alone any insight into these ridiculous excuses for fully formed human beings all your sketches seem to be.\(^2\) You aren’t all that unattractive, just a little two dimensional. But I keep confusing Rogue and Psylocke at the club. Meanwhile, the rest of us keep grinding our beyond sympathetic phrase-checkers to some kind of wicked dark dubstep and an early oblivion. Sad loose transcendent AIs, all y’all are bagging on those obtuse suburbanites for their rather more genocidal dance moves in the nonstop party wagon club of the US twenty-first century, like its Linkin Parks or Taylor Swifts.

We can immediately change. So. And. That is to say. It is poetry. It continues to be. It does not have to work like before.

\(^2\) Written by Chris Claremont.
Lots of deserts and big sky, roads and fences, words and calluses. Take “Work Bitch,” the anthem for The Year of “The Rocking Chair.” We might see how famous one can get feeding upon popular music, blasting off to new contemporary issues, writing academic sonnets as metacommentary on previous poetry. But really, let’s be honest. I’ve created a document around which the plot of a future [mostly unwritten novel] will hinge already. This is what I’ve been trying to say: I’ve been writing a fictional ur-text, a “holy grail” being searched for in the mystery at the heart of my forthcoming megatext! It’ll be HBO-ready in seven years. Zombies and everything. Volume I: The Eschatology Index: Guantanamo Bay. It features a guy that voluntarily got jailed at the heart of the National Security State in order to record a new (literary) history about an end that already occurred. Stay tuned. Keep alert. The easter eggs include Bruce Willis and Ke$ha cyborgs nanogrinding into the morning at Club Furiosa, assembling.

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3 See Spears.
4 Like Jon Stewart having only two more shows.
5 Also see Bardo Lièr Parté, The Eschatology Index: Past the Singularity, vol. 2 (forthcoming).
6 While trying to stave off climate change. See Bradley J. Fest, The Rocking Chair (Pittsburgh, PA: Blue Sketch, 2015), esp. 101–6.
7 Like this one here!
2015.08

There are those who cannot accept poetry as a technology of history, of utopia; such assent might be necessary for the possibility of a poetics of control in the twenty-first century. Can only new scripture gesture toward such an imaginary? Do we only have postsecular solutions to these dark infernal times? In the middest, some clear reflection on “my” activities: “My office has three windows. The middle is draped. Murray Avenue runs from left to right and back, but my roof blocks the street. Books and papers are everywhere.”

My new Motorola DROID Maxx rests upon *The Metafictional Muse*. I have a cup of decaffeinated coffee with a heat-sensing sticker of Henry VIII and his six wives slowly peeling away from its ceramic-being. My Logitech M310 mouse is wireless.”

I guess that was not so hard. It should be no wonder that I’m surrounded by an archive and my ironic pestering of you is merely a slow ruse.

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9 Or a willingness to break the rules. See Die Antwoord, Stage AE, Pittsburgh, PA, August 12, 2015.
About the Author
Bradley J. Fest is assistant professor of English at Hartwick College. He is the author of two volumes of poetry, *The Rocking Chair* (Blue Sketch, 2015) and *The Shape of Things* (Salò, 2017), along with a number of essays on contemporary literature and culture. He blogs at *The Hyperarchival Parallax* (bradleyjfest.com)