

## 'Am I Rothko?'

### Tim Peterson's VIOLET SPEECH

*Certain sentences in here will surprise you with a knock to the funny bone where you thought there was a separation between your body and the air and yet separation is not there there is only the ON-THE-ONE sway of the Sun Drum Trace traces in quick sharp lines. The Reality Studio is looted and we are all beneficiaries of this syllabic riot in the pants of friendship.*



**BY FILIP MARINOVICH**

Dear Tim Peterson <Trace>,

I greet you at the beginning of a great speech ear.

Ear: AH. Era. (As in: "I think I spy the Confrontational Era rising with the violet spy of the dawn's crepuscular light. ...")

Tim Peterson <Trace>, a poem. Trace writes a poem: *VIOLET SPEECH* (2nd Avenue Poetry): my favorite kind of poem: a long poem. Alchemy: turning what's violent into a flower, a color, electromagnetic radiation, finding beauty and humor and surprise in the shit fit of "civilization": a necessary survival skill and joy in the 21st Century Dark lit up by Trace with violet flares of Grace. Total generosity: he lets us sit in on the making-of-the-poem, the making-of-that-which-is-a-making, and leaves us plenty of outer space for response play. He offers dialog and an invitation to party, not the "private property" verse so expertly satirized by the dad scientist lines of *VIOLET SPEECH*:

"The application of stone to the blossom, rather than mere cladding, creates an Orpheus sort of day. ..."

Oh Aquarian Water Bearer Time: resistance is refreshing for all of us so dehydrated by commodity saltwater scurvy of our lost piracy, you pour us a pitcher of fresh water resistance-training poetry. We need festive difficulty, pro-jester verse, a workout in the not-knowing gem-gym, not coddling "accessibility" and "directness" dreck.

Fusing eviction legalese, art history language, lalang trickster jokerstyle Yes outing the Noes from their closets. LALANGTONGUE OF JOUISSANCE'S PRECUM COCKPIT PILOT SMILE. LALANG IS AN ENACTER/ SYMPTOM ENACTER JOY/ NOT A DESCRIBER. RITE! Inspired joker construction jester gestus atlas flapping its violet paper wings in Brechtian Aquarian SpaceAge demonstration of alien defamiliarization of humalien nerves cut up and yet reconnected in the continual battle against dehumanization poetry is if it has any "all-around poetry chutzpah" at all. Living in a Demoncracy is not all it's cracked up to me. There is community, too. A community cue-chalk-full of commodity fetish blues, hold the relish. Please hold your applesauce till the end.

I'm continuing my reading list method of absorbing eating sucking (much like a wasp who tries to suck a Rothko canvas dry) all the poets of the astrological sign the sun is currently in. Currently: Aquarius. (As in "The Age Of ...") Currently shooting past the great laboratory resurrection monster Brecht-n'-Stein, Spicer, Woolf, Burroughs, and Joyce on the star pop charts of my heart is the poet Tim Peterson <TRACE>, an Aquarian in a dawning Age of Aquarius, zeitgeist incarnate poet incarnadine juice on the loose. Electric: for The Water Bearer comes bearing not only water these days but also electromagnetic energy. We thirst for electric gnosis and are dehydrated by lead-fetter-office of cubicle ice age. Peterson is here to Trace the bleak yet giddy yet already empty present "THE TIME BEING"=The Tim Being. WE ARE THE ALIENS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

It is a task of poetry to offer resistance to a reader. Every reader one of us is infected with commodity relish: playing freeze tag with name-brand bad magic. Trace's silver Brillo pad prose blocks will scrub you clean with HEE HEE HEE. Trace's word-at-a-time MINDFOX will eat your pet cat and you will love it. The ninth life is NIGH! The prevent-defense is no longer an option. We have burned the furniture of our furnished room earth, and "THIS IS THE SPACE AGE WE ARE HERE TO GO"—Burroughs, companionalien Aquarius. TIM: Scherzo composer alchemizing lalang compost into violets with a jouissancery hand. Burning down the authority chancellor fast with a wave of the jazz. Alien waif pad: roomy as all smell. Your sense memory will see you now: only you have no memory: there's so many futures to enact SO THAT WE GET THERE WE CAN WE CAN. Can't we? "PROUDLY SAY 'WE' AMIDST THE JEERS OF THE AUDIENCE"—The Russian Futurists.

I said to Mayakovsky "How lonely does it get?" Mayakovsky hasn't answered yet: but I hear him coughing in his rocket: all night long. Say! don't let dictators kill you: not in the rocket of Tongue.

But what am I jawing on about? Trace SAYS IT JEST:

"The dirt is swarming with small-flowered hybrid lawyers."

Queering law-guage:

*VIOLET SPEECH*: It's the hope you smoke between the tropes:

"After blooming, we produce capsules that when they open grow into poems."

"Rothko boxes dead heads."

Dude, Rothko played "Saint Stephen" 22 times last night in Cleveland for the encore. Oh those were the doze, my friends. *Violet Speech* kills nostalgia dead, allowing the friendly cyborg of interplanetary and/or-gasm to arise and have a say in timespace. We humans have been busy accumulating solace. Trace makes us fearful of how we are, in such a funny way. Certain sentences in here will surprise you with a knock to the funny bone where you thought there was a separation between your body and the air and yet separation is not there there is only the ON-THE-ONE sway of the Sun Drum Trace traces in quick sharp lines. The Reality Studio is looted and we are all beneficiaries of this syllabic riot in the pants of friendship.

"Am I Rothko?"

I am having an Identity Isis.

"Identity is so messy, like an essay."

"Are you a factory poet?"

Conformist-poet-within, take notice: you are hereby served your barking papers.

Violet! Speechifyingly yours,

Filip Marinovich A *VIOLET SPEECH* ACT

P.S.

ATTENTION CITIZEN COMRADICALS: Time to eat the COMCASTRATED information of our moment's news. Poetry is hues that stay cues to enter awake bathed in violet breaklight. Tim Peterson <Trace> is not just a multi-series curator. (Don't friend him just for that. Friend him for his genius teaching poem. Invite yourself and be party to a new text of such festive resistance to the commodity fetish gene blooming dead violetter office inside each one of the anters vast of one's interior life's amputated antlers.)

He is a real poet. A terrific poet. *VIOLET SPEECH* is a great long poem. Would you like me to define my terms? I would like you to arrange your herms. Please read the poem s l o w l y . Skip a flannel discussion one night and stay in in panel pajamas and climb up the high ice ladder of lines and bleed a little it will do

**Alchemy: turning what's violent into a flower, a color, electromagnetic radiation, finding beauty and humor and surprise in the shit fit of "civilization": a necessary survival skill and joy in the 21st Century Dark lit up by Trace with violet flares of Grace.**

you good, scar tissue radio citizen Martian.

"Yet in private moments, of which there are now none, I keep zooming focus back to the bed of violets, poring over their legal briefs in long slow drafts that provoke the essence of volatile lived norms."—Tim Peterson <Trace>

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