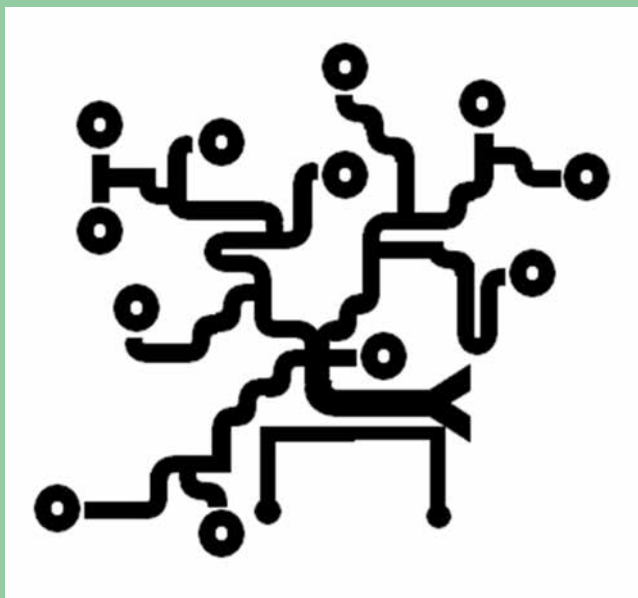


AUTOMATIC SOULS



Andrew Brenza

AUTOMATIC SOULS

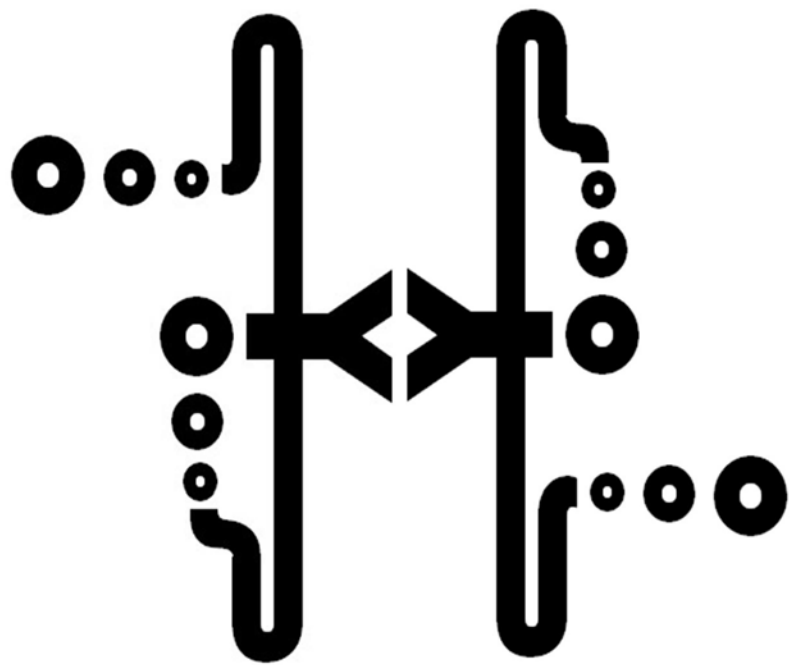
Andrew Brenza



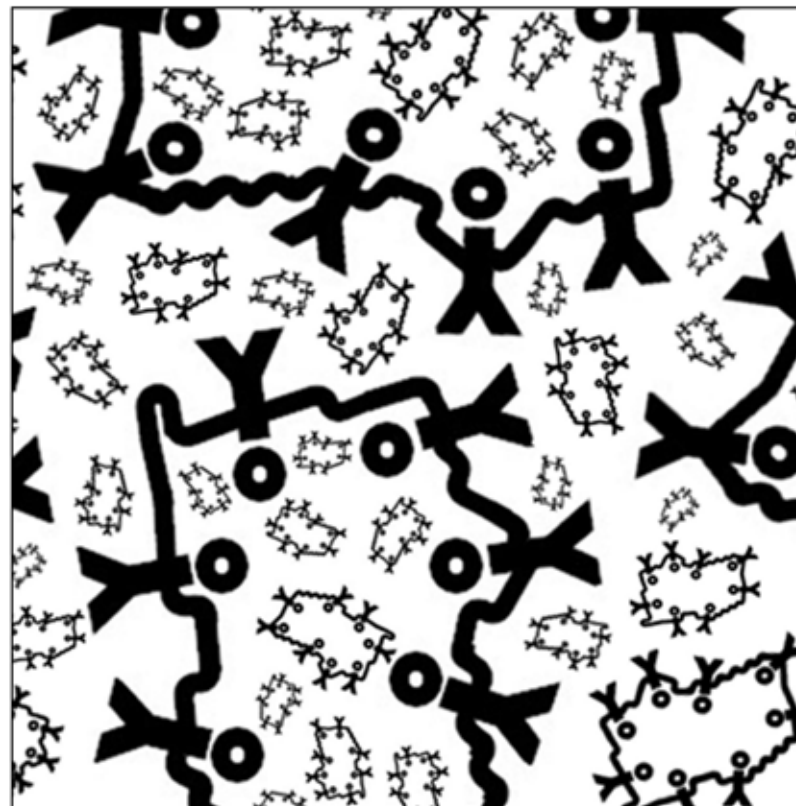
"Nothing more than nothing can be said."
John Cage

"I can't go on, I'll go on."
Samuel Beckett

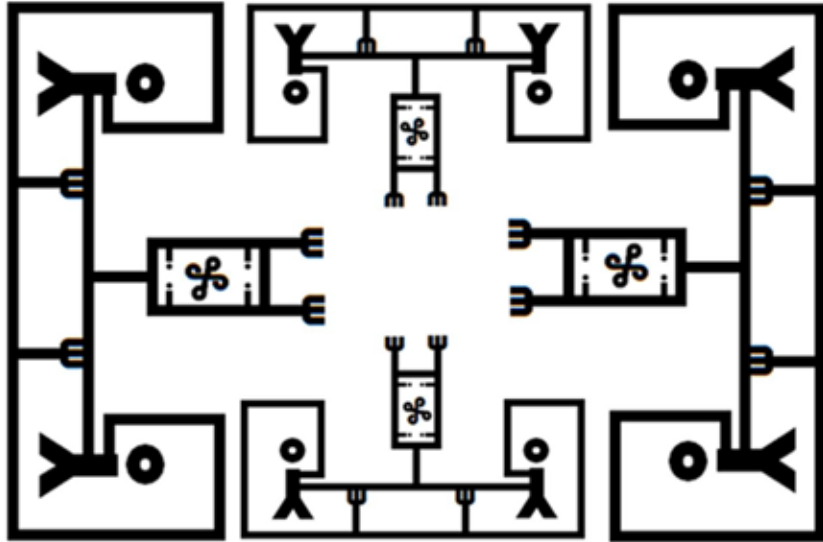
1.



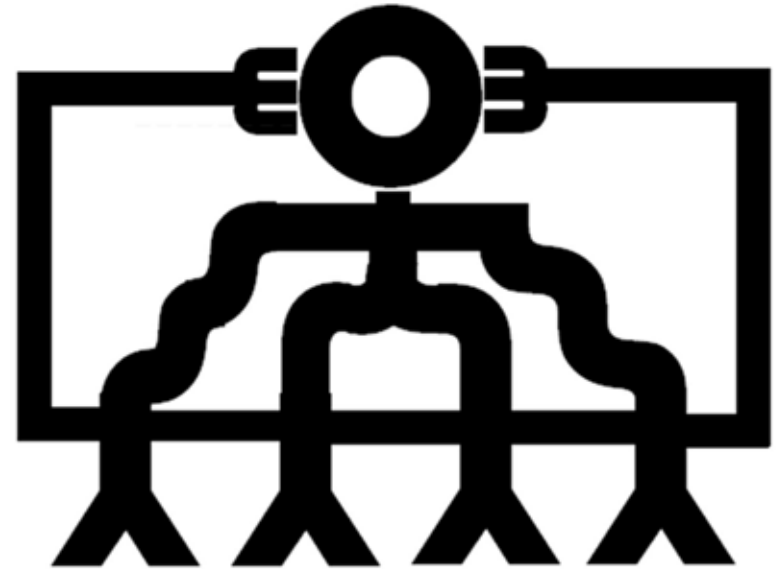
if light were a tragedy the one that got tilled



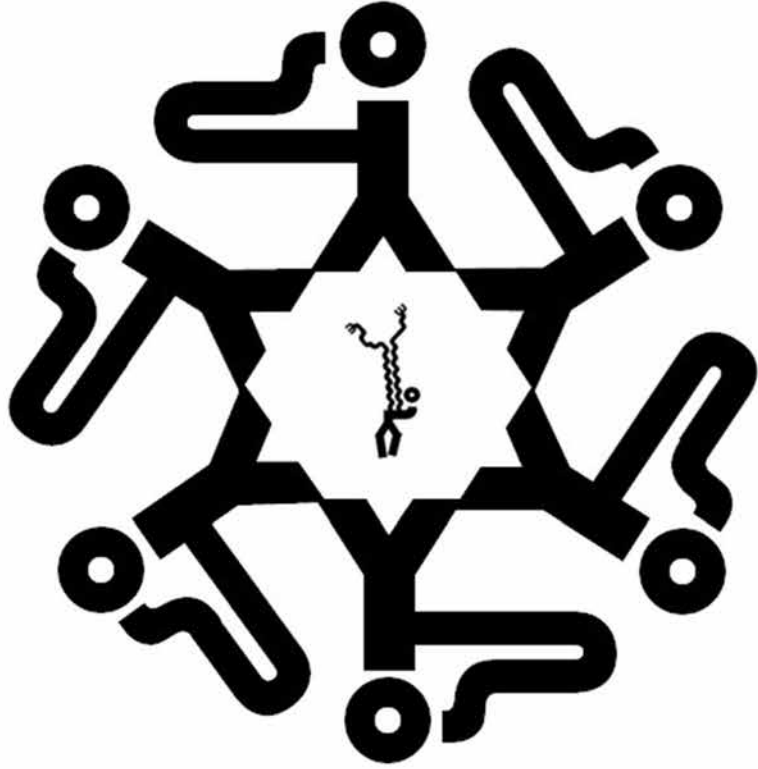
a web of veins in everything



a blaze of dirt for all those torsos to hum in

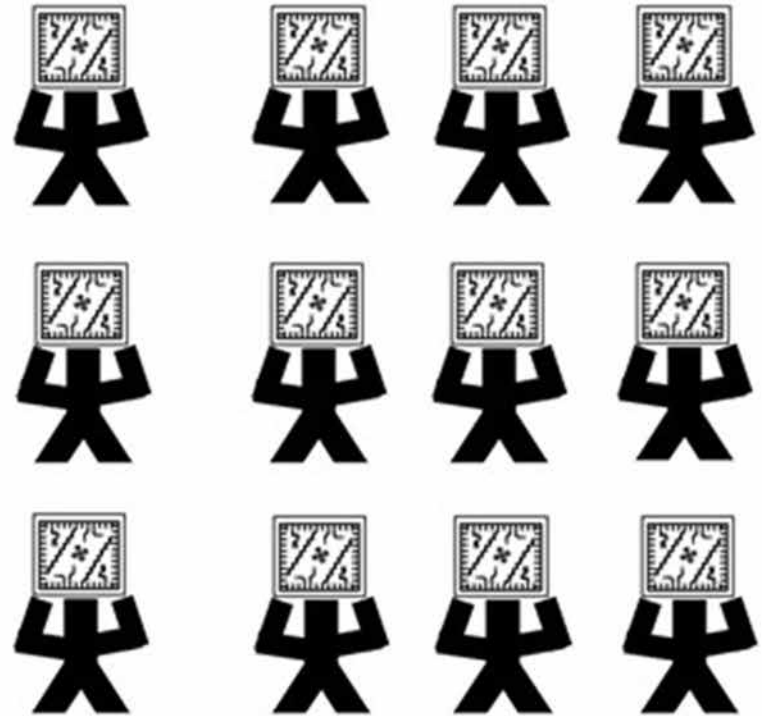
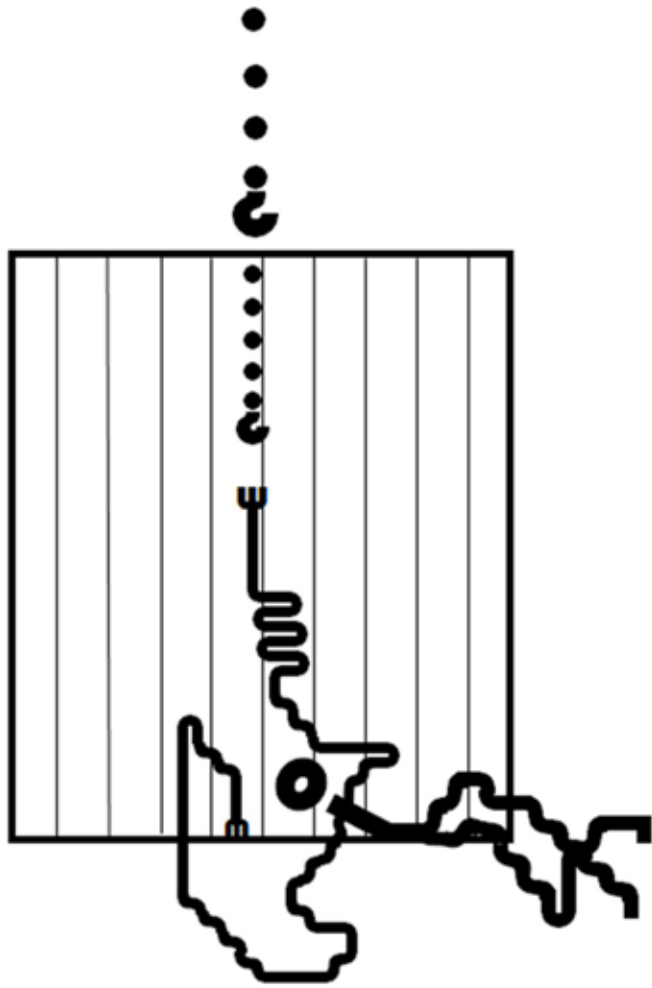


saying as you would just take what others see
 and from this give them first their fears



an atmosphere of purring it is not

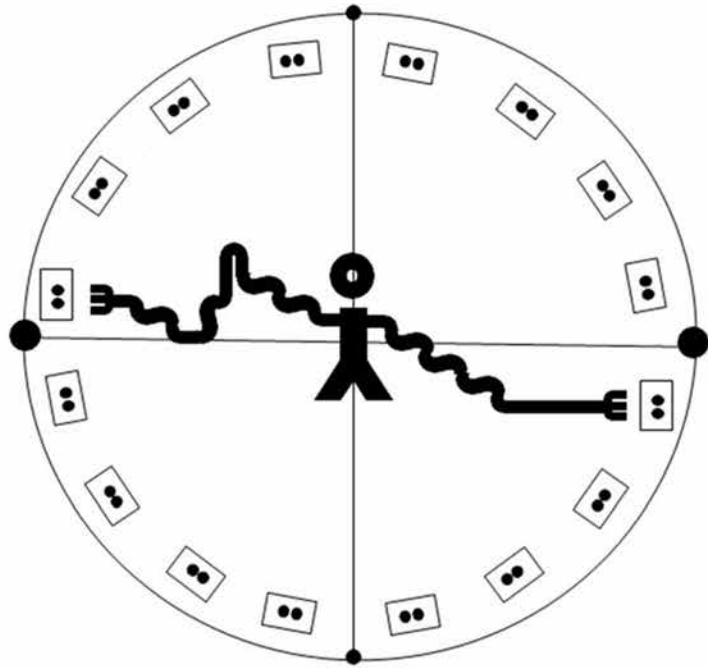
2.



shad flies in atomic mimicry

flubbed meadow, borrowed stream

a moon we should have known

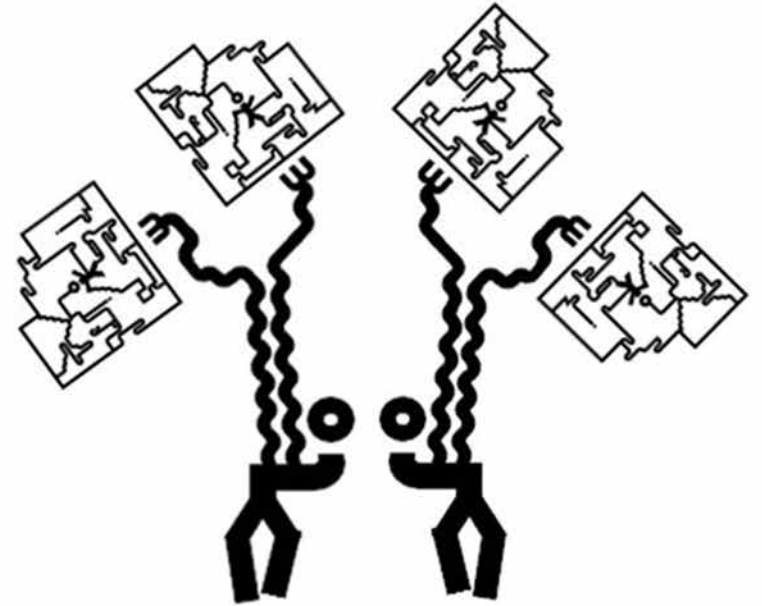


saying

I too am I

ranged with

velvet shapes



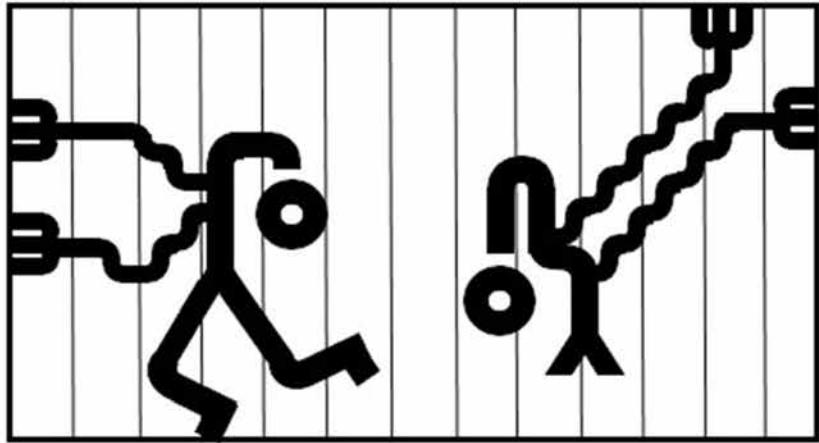
saying I too pond carp

barrel rust I too

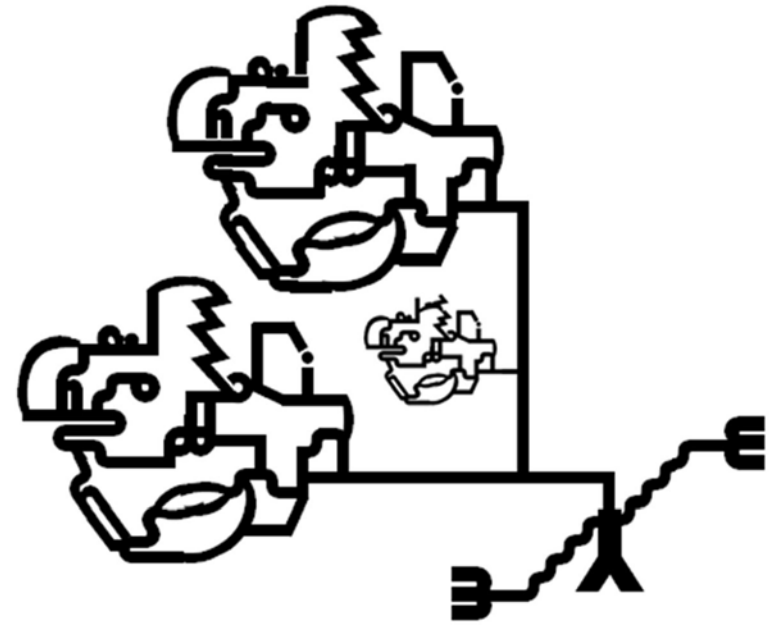
ripples of mid-

day faces I too

am like that



corned in mulch

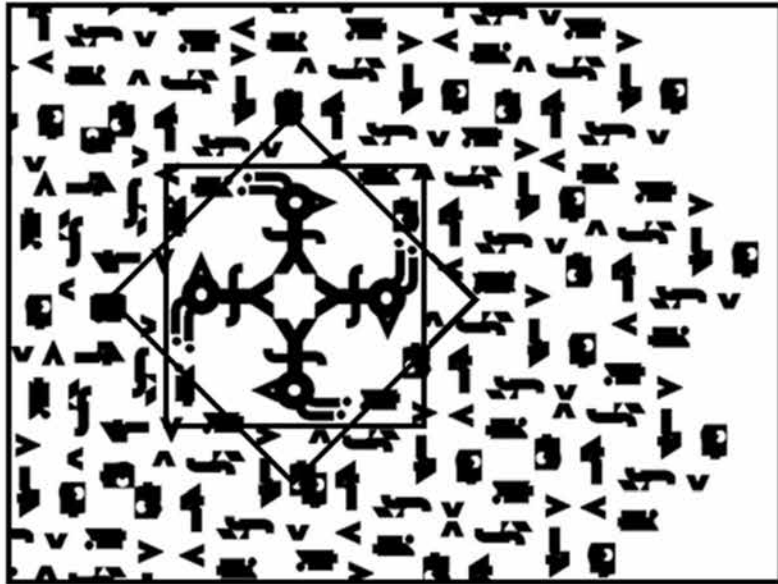


among its arms

insult-like

a blister of sky

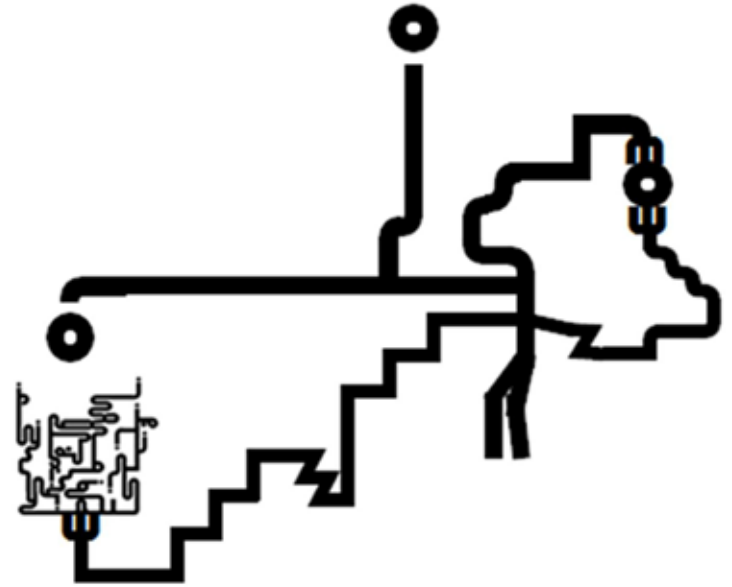
3.



like a building

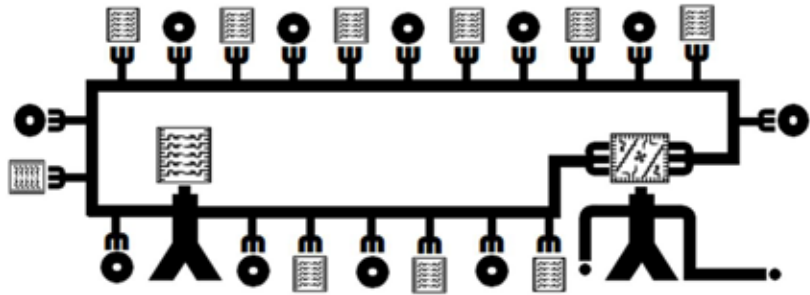
where one must go

like a haircut

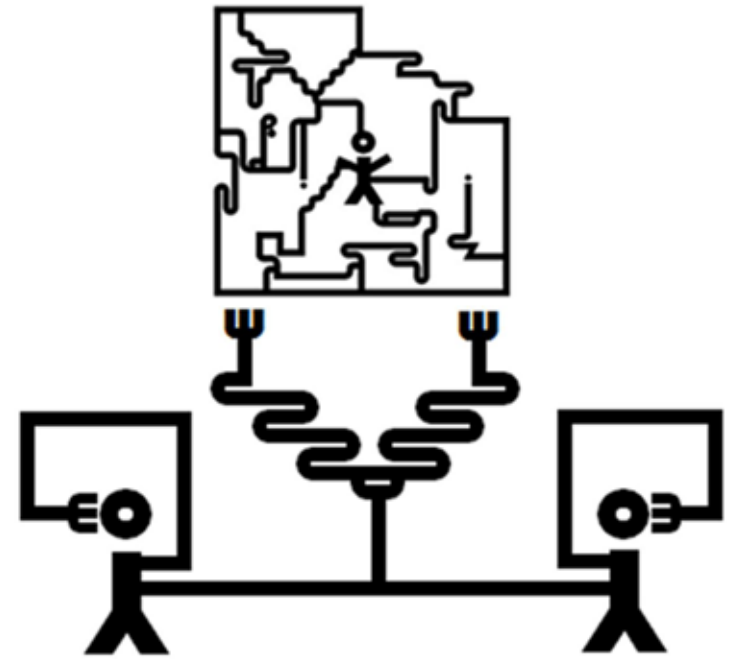


to show the fact of your unreality

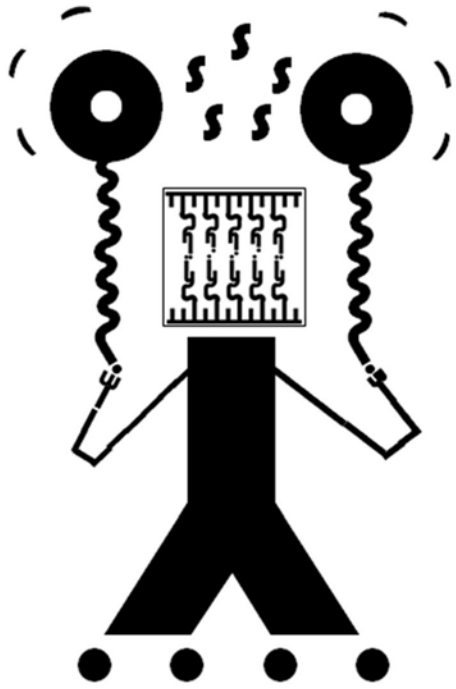
borders and the illusion of borders



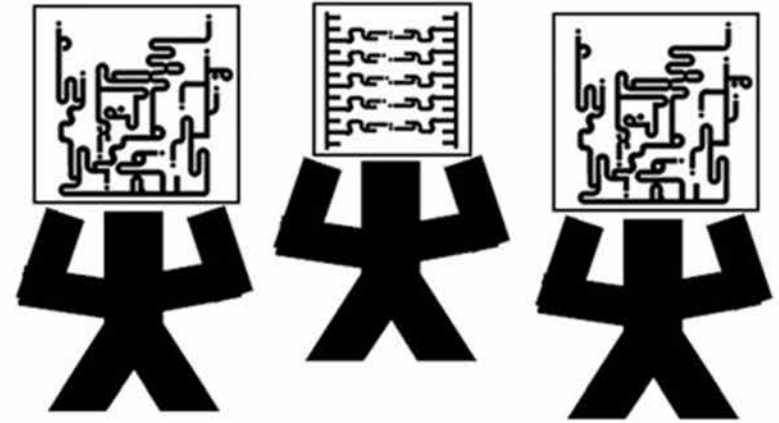
not sheathed but shielded venom spun on
whining gears of weaponized identities



as if suspended in the cold like a breath



hush my steps and come again
 threshold's worn and liquid sphere



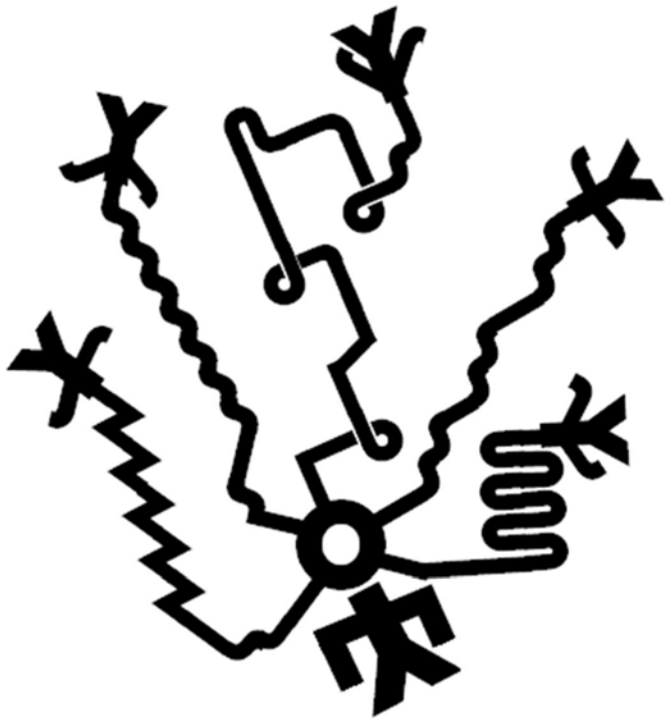
it's frivolous structures

wantsome

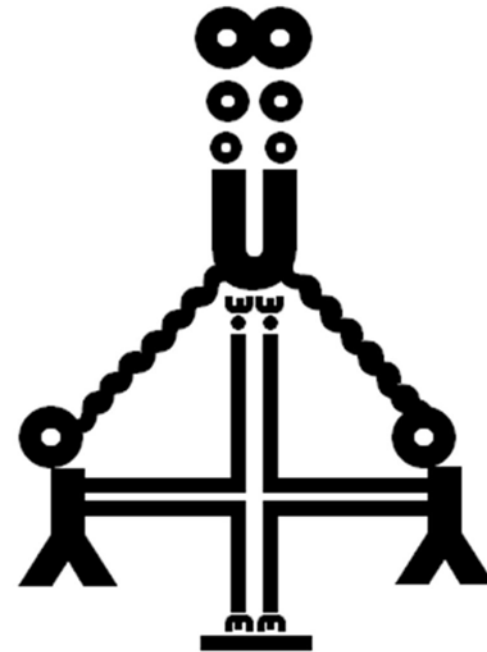
as lily-of-the-valley's

intimated distance

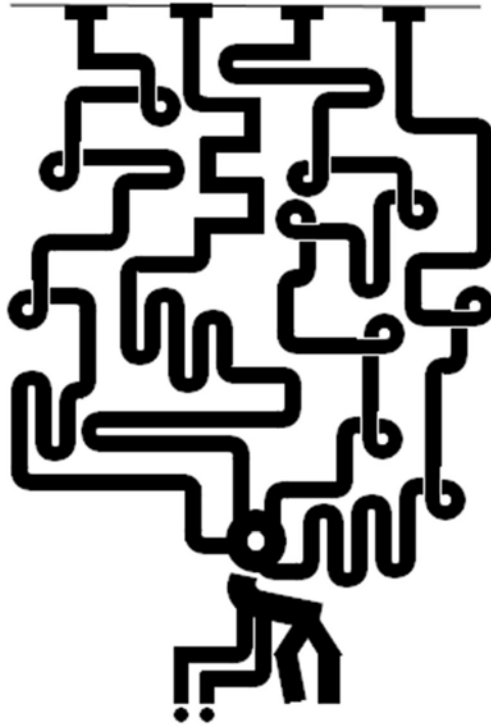
4.



how ponderously bitter no punch in the gut
our starved hands

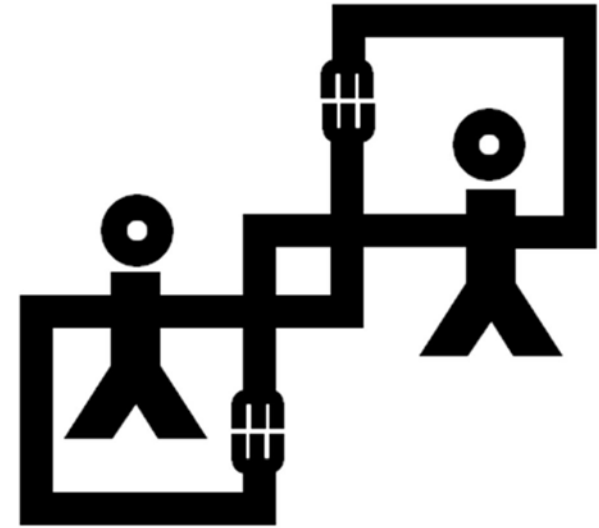


moth's wing mouth and crown



our shadow-long pets

reeking of intelligence



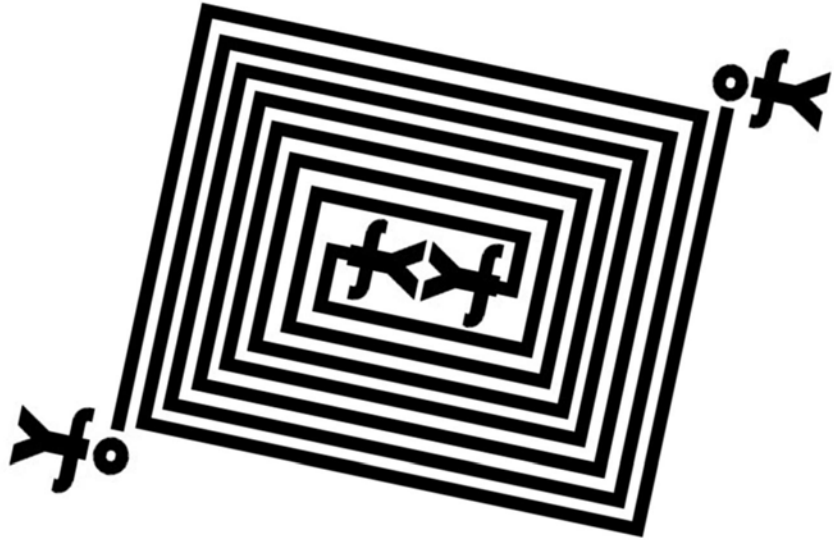
kachunck

kachunk

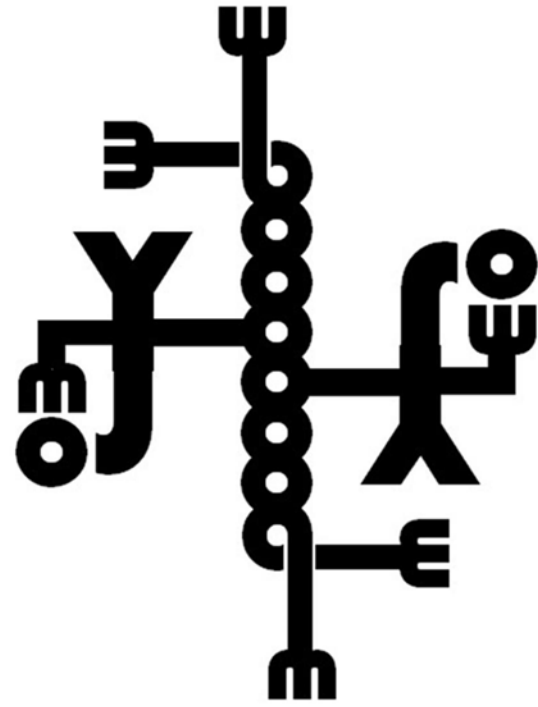
kachunck

kachunk

5.

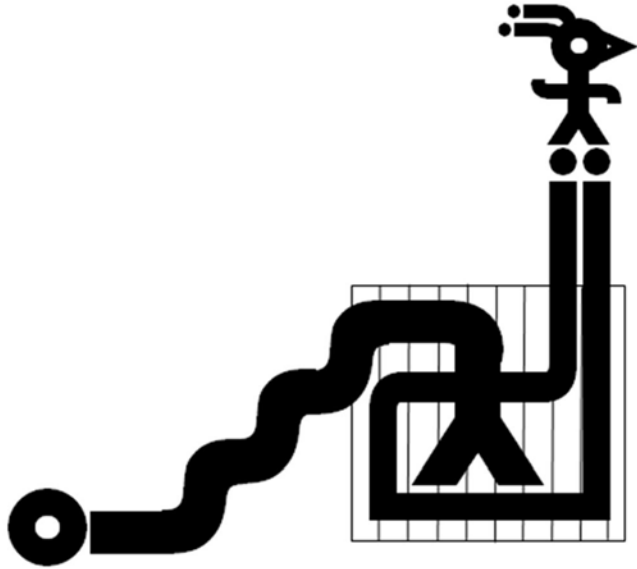


absolutely in absolute space



saying Mom I want to go home now

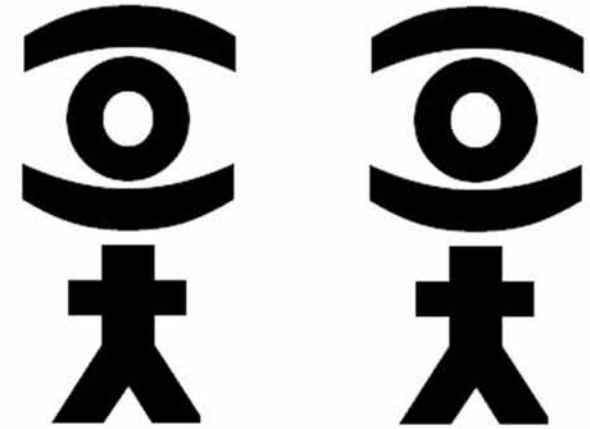
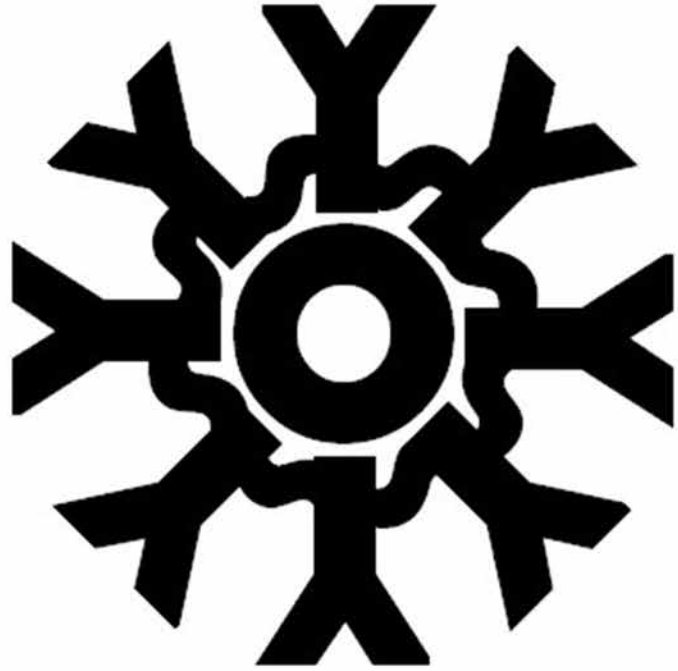
saying Mom I feel like crying



a wonderless dreamless cry

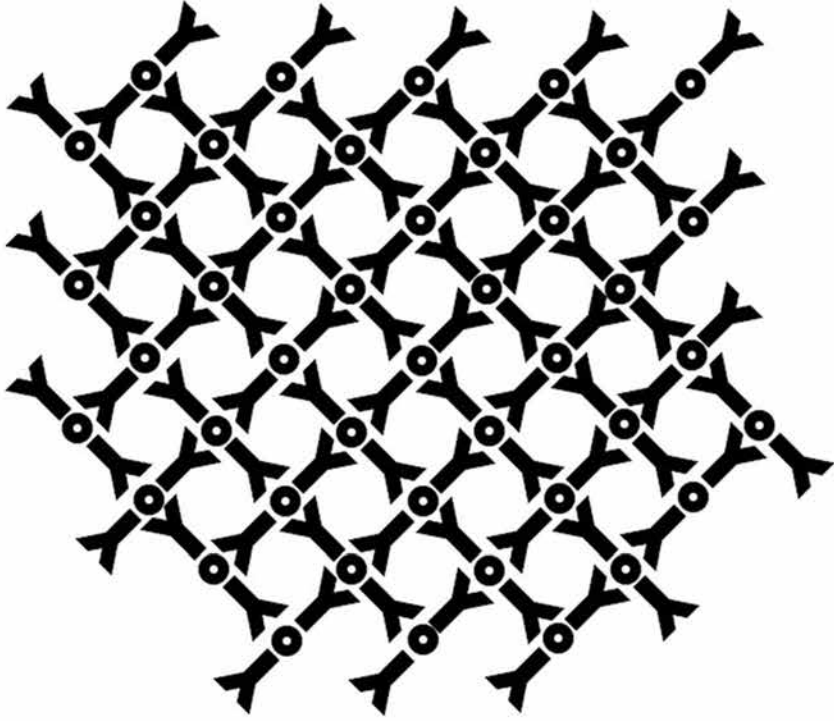


its probability of consummate reflection



less snowflakes & barbed wire less carousel then partisan dreams

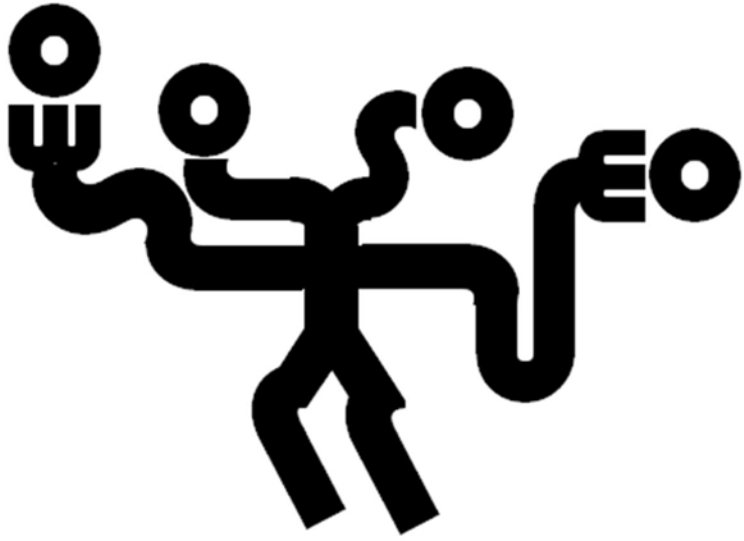
I only I just



a briar-work of brutality



or hangnail on inverted scrim



the fact of body

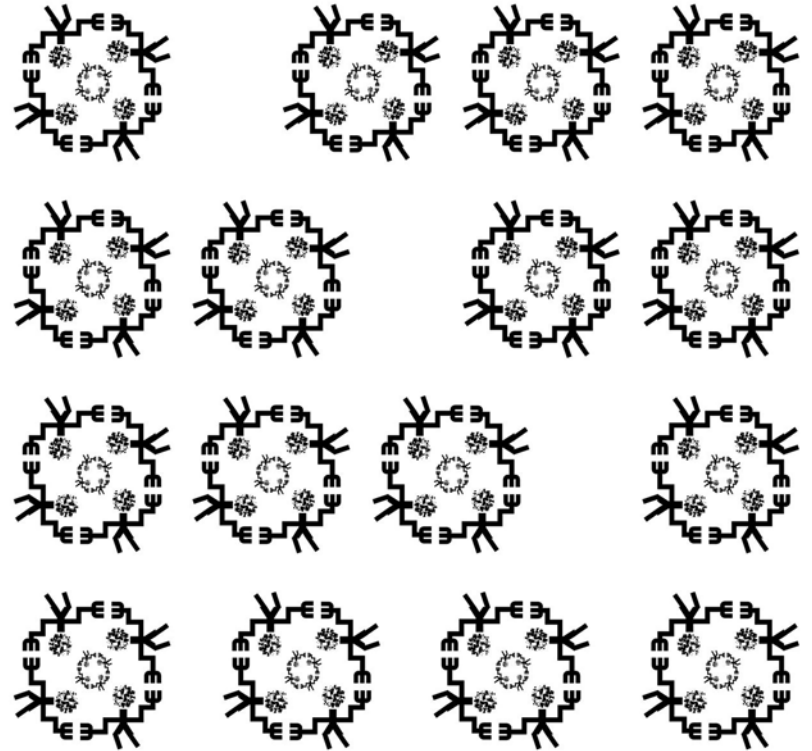
not enough light

6.

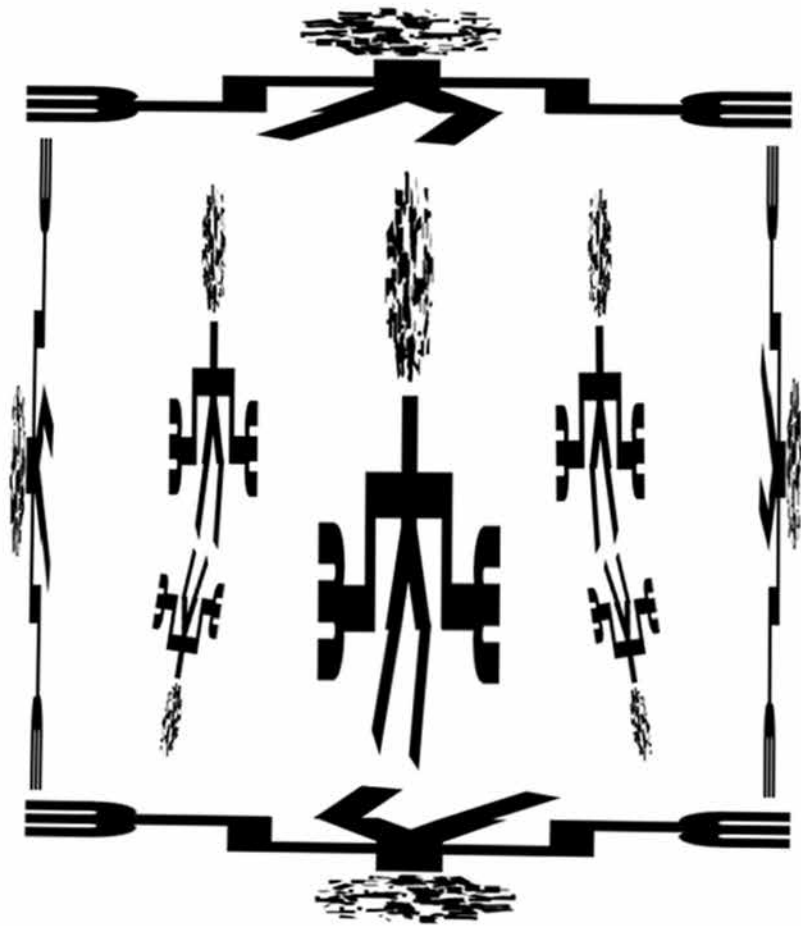


dressed as vortical birds

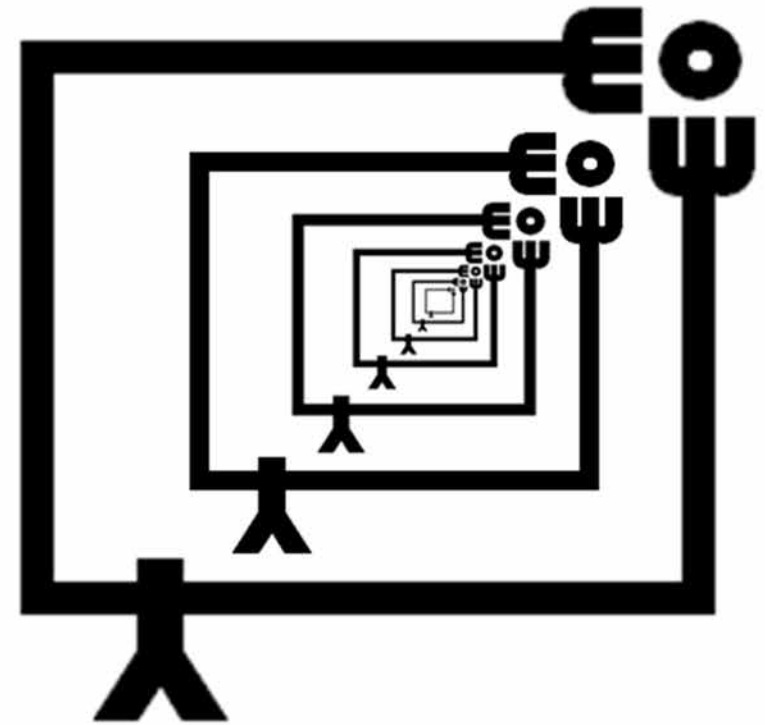
weeks without heartstrings



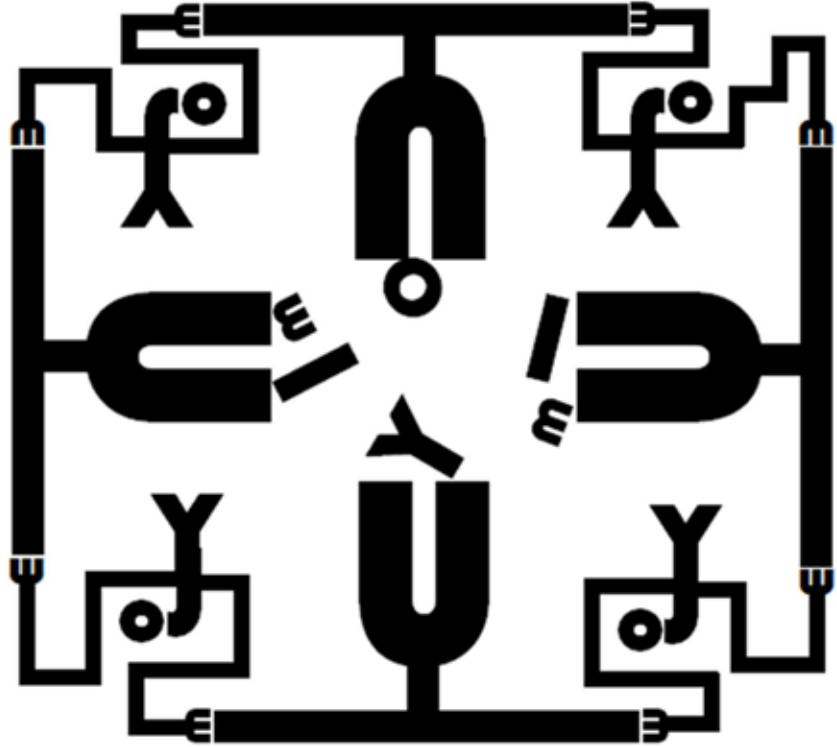
let asymmetry protect us



dark lantern earth dark lantern sky

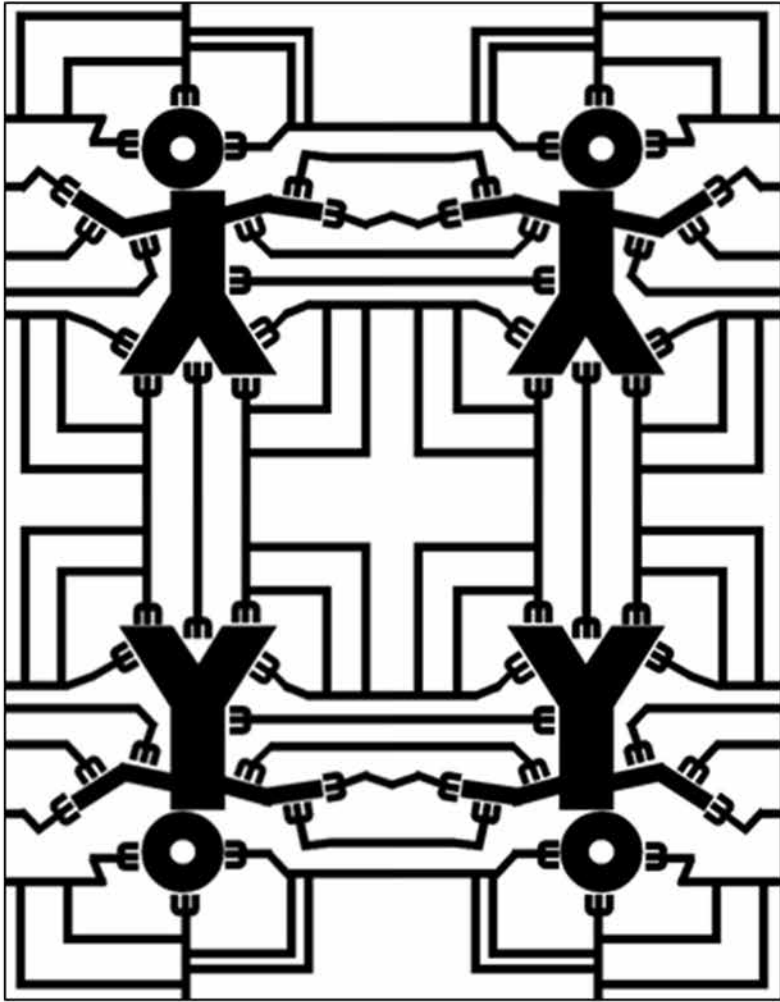


a cavalier with very big hands

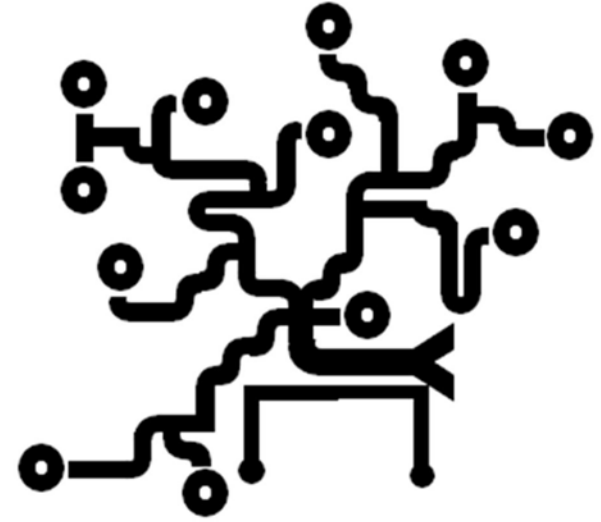


among its footholds a hellscape of dismemberment

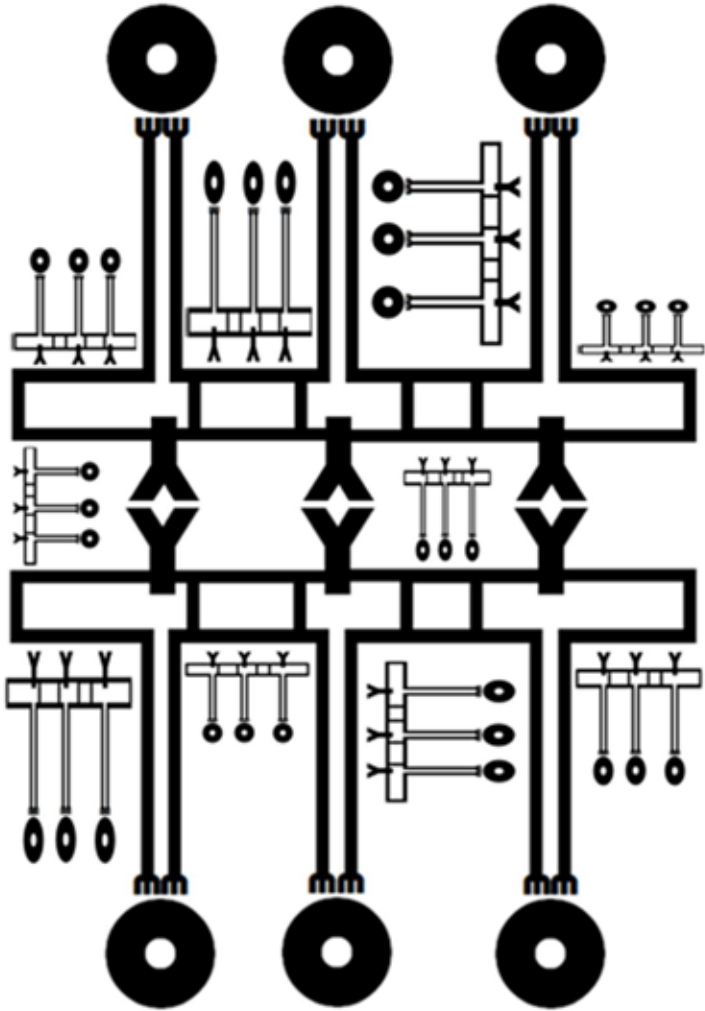
7.



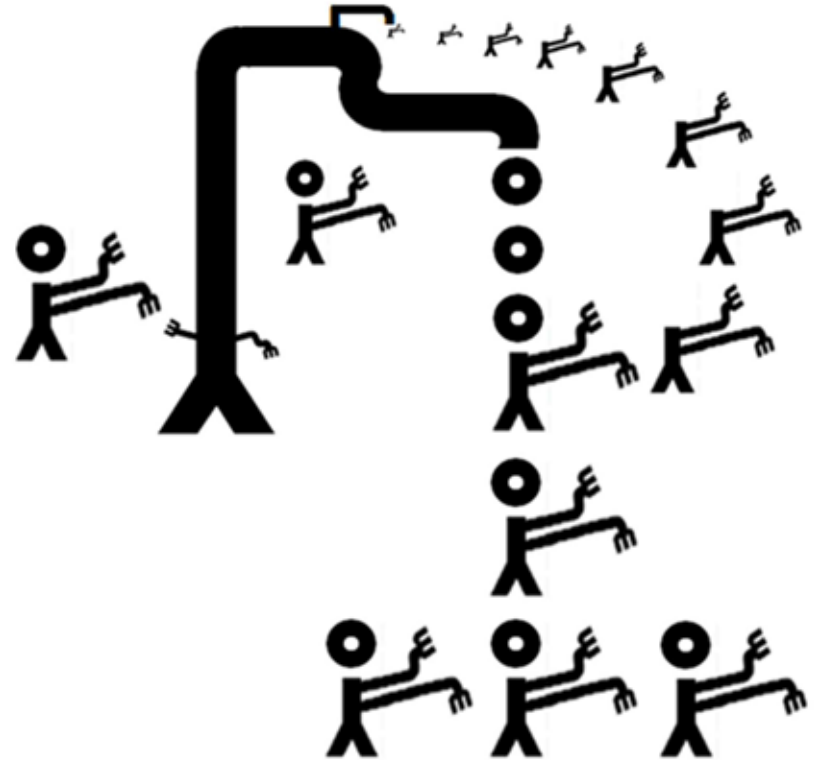
body is an airy border



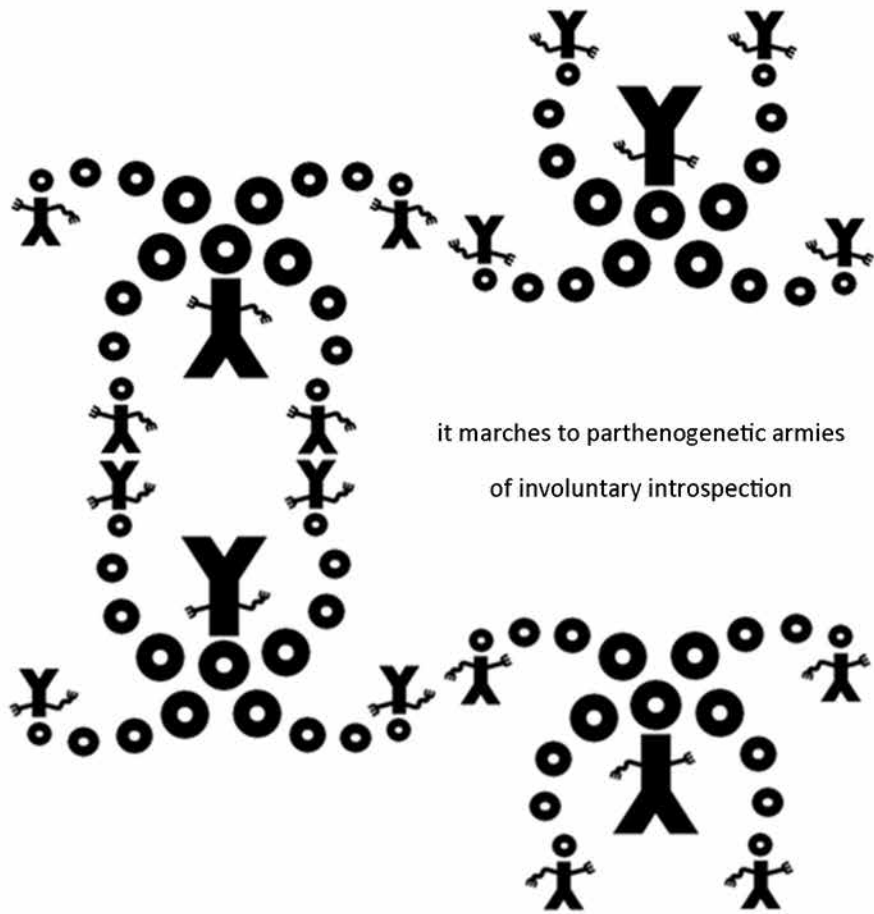
a gurney full of haiku-headed dreams



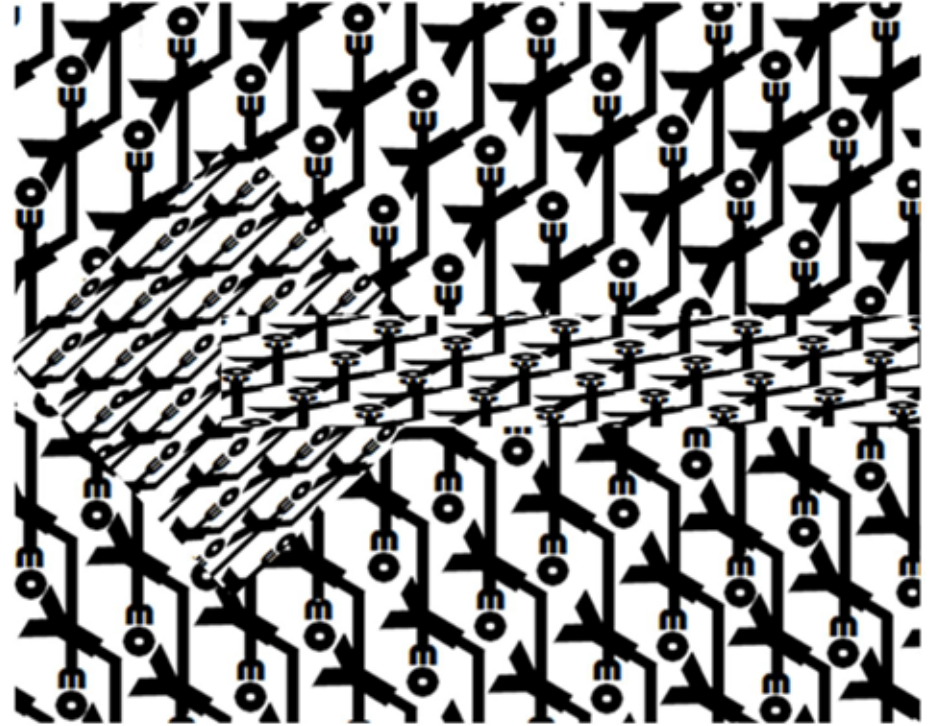
arm in arm with ecstasy easier than
the issue of exhaustion



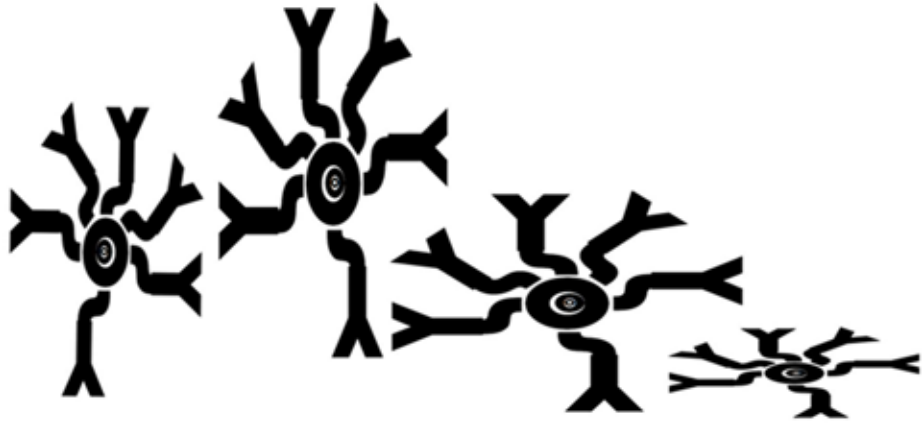
a hopeless nest trembling
between letters tongues



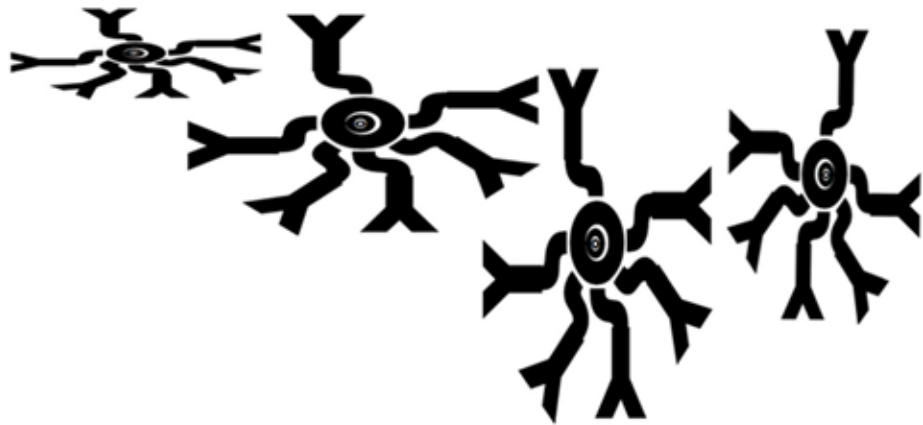
it marches to parthenogenetic armies
of involuntary introspection



blooming the infinite dead



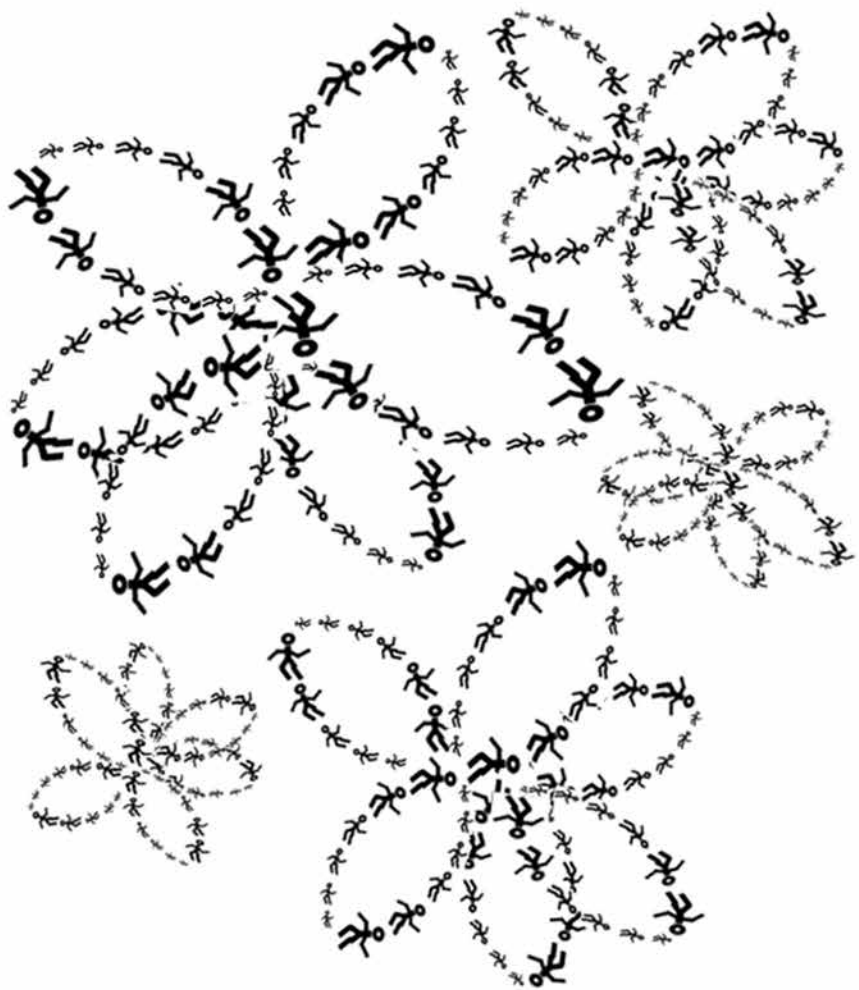
a gangliar forest parasitic in its push to inhabit the hydraulics of its own reception



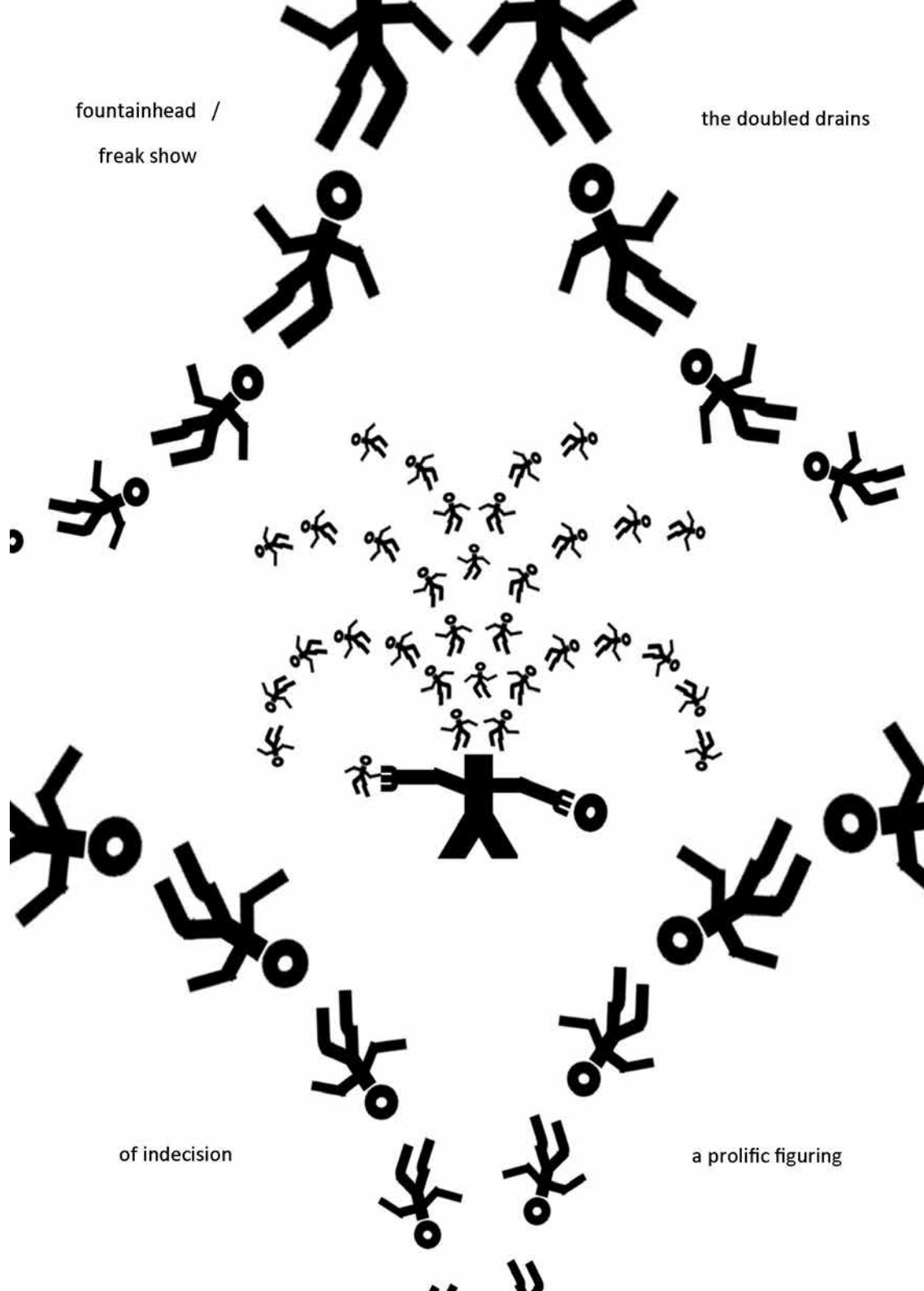
8.

fountainhead /
freak show

the doubled drains



whatever falling automatic souls



of indecision

a prolific figuring



mobius /
mobile

time spent at gas stations

populations /
quakes

overlapping
the ascensions

an invitation to martyr
up
anonymous
tilt

These poems represent the stubborn facts of consciousness and of body, through the gossamer of words, and through the carnality of the alphabet.

All of the images in this book were constructed using characters of Latin script in Bauhaus font. The torsos and the legs of most of the humanoids are generally represented by the letter Y, usually inverted, their heads represented by the letter O. Thus, there is a question and an exclamation embedded in each of them. Thus, there is doubleness between materiality and its tangential connotative implications.

And then there is the text, appearing, generally, beneath the images, like captions, but sometimes embedded among the images, or sometimes in place of the images. Through the text, there is the suggestion of narrative, of action unfolding in linear time, of signification. It is an expression of delusion propagated by the limitations of our perceptual organs. It is also an expression of the delusion of meaning.

The characters in this world did not ask for their predicaments. They did not ask for the nature of their compositions. Yet they respond to those predicaments given the nature of their compositions. This is how it goes in the half-light of a fading free will. Some are tortured, some torture, some are indifferent, and others are ecstatic. Energy coalesces, is expended. This is how it goes in the half-light of a fading free will.

Andrew Brenza, April 2, 2019

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"Andrew Brenza engineers a series of moments rendered in the visual dimension that complement a narrative string of language. The very title, **Automatic Souls**, suggests a systems view of humanity on earth, as confirmed by the afterword, posing the issue of 'half-light of a fading free will.'

Visual rhetoric and pure language coalesce in guiding the trusting viewer/reader forward as s/he is dazzled by the purity and simplicity of recognition. Brenza allows himself to learn from a blended art that far transcends mere à priori intention. Both interior and exterior realities show through. We are connected and we are seen, and we are here.

I don't have to try to admire Andrew Brenza's work. I cannot help it."

– Sheila E. Murphy

"This feral alphabet is organisms under microscope, scowling planet face in viewfinder, weaponized meat machine, cartoon, cave painting, the best translation of the sun, a sacred text stretched across morning window, bloody. It doesn't change anything. It's everything changing."

– Michael Sikkema, author of *You've Got a Pretty Hellmouth*

"In **Automatic Souls**, Andrew Benza reveals the hidden tragedies in our typefaces. Here Bauhaus, with its perfect circles and erotic curves, embodies a modernist existence; the search for individuality in a mechanistic age. Each image and poem playfully asserts a narrative, a personality, a struggle – a little light tragedy in a blaze of dirt."

– Derek Beaulieu, author of *a, A Novel and Aperture*

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