

Suicide by Language

Suicide by Language

a novel

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

ē· rā/ tiō editions

“ . . . enthralling . . . ”

“ . . . ingenious . . . ”

“ . . . sexy . . . ”

I know of no writer so dedicated to walking the tightrope of his own investigations—and the results can be exhilarating, baffling or both. I think of *Suicide by Language*, is a kind of kintsugi bowl, fragments held together by the lacquer and gold powder of St Thomasino's process.

—Peter Kenny

SUICIDE by LANGUAGE succeeds St. Thomasino's recent novel STEPHEN'S LANDING. Tho it's not until the last page, that we learn, *This novel was inspired by the work of Jean-Luc Godard.* And again . . . *inspired by the work of Alain Robbe-Grillet.* French New Wave cinema continues to startle and fascinate, so it's not surprising that that era's operandi, endures

to nourish our own metatextural Neo-genesis.

As such the novel leaps to cleanse itself of any incarnation or fanciful metempsychosis, essentially in the service of wide-awake facticity and realist veracity. St. Thomasino's humanistic metaphor-shy expedition, bolts together, in sum, a wild filmic primer. Prep for turbulence nevertheless, and fierce cyclonic gravity: . . . *the doodle of the Wonder Wheel*. Surreal effects flicker and penetrate the presumptive commonplace, the everyday savage vacuum of familiar assumptions, with tact and poise, and best of all, thru many fun and humorous conflicts.

There are hints of plot. But it's emphatically Eros all the while, that fuels, invigorates, the anti-normative narrative. Passion, often as anguish, complex into delicious (binary) woes: *The taking of Elian at gunpoint?* In all, I particularly enjoy the writing's exuberance, its jouissance, flickers, and surreal effects. *It's a case of the incredible shrinking life*. The book examples how the combustible person, caught in the propositional present, survives proprioceptively, "as" love.

The manuscript breaks into four parts. The last section blithely revisits, mirrors the first, which necessarily clusters-together ruminative fragments. *She did the whole first chapter of The Whale for me. We're talking magnitudes and properties, she said. Seems some letters are more equal than others.* Be prepared to withstand these literary mechanics: *If you want to stretch a sweater, sleep in it*. Poetry and prose often miss-mingle; thus for the reader, no easy précis.

Consider the book's epigraph. *Listen! They are saying: Give us Barabbas!* Wait, hasn't a universal froideur always

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overshadowed this bit of scripture. Nevertheless, and we have no doubt: reliance on violence, will spill, from political necessity. How to countenance this, unless as here, obliquely. The metaphysical descent of self, the irony of death, simply adds to the price of a better world. *Did you say something Corky ? The word you are looking for is holophrastic. Thank you, Corky.*

—Jasper Brinton

“ . . . pretentiously self-aware . . . ”

“ . . . the gimmicky self-reflexivity
threatens to overwhelm an already
complexly interlocked narrative . . . ”

“ . . . Eros and Thanatos . . . poetry and
philosophy . . . ”

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino's *Suicide by Language* explores a contemporary “wasteland,” but one with far more daring, humor, and raw nerve than found in the denizens of Eliot's “unreal city.”

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There is no conventional plot, but we wander through this linguistically constructed landscape with a world-wearied and beleaguered pilgrim who nonetheless maintains a wry and often humorous cynicism. Following the advice of the fabled fox, this narrator follows a crooked path in an attempt to elude his devils: “In the morning we recalled the exhilaration we felt when we were running away.” There is a sense of exhilaration as we move from fragment to fragment, as the effect of it is more akin to hypertext, or the beautifully dis-jointed editing of Godard, who St. Thomasino credits as the inspiration behind his novel. As we explore the humor, absurdity, and sometimes agonies of isolation and fragmentation, other possibilities for meaning emerge—dandelions “but no daisy,” a crystallization and dispersion of desire, like seeds in wind, or a Deleuzian rhizome.

This brilliant, provocative novel is also a manifesto for poetry in the age of “post-truth,” “relativity,” and a pop-cultural landscape where taste seems pre-supposed as “manners,” and our imagined superheroes utilize “sneakiness” and “dirty looks.” As with Godard, St. Thomasino’s response is innuendo, style, suggestion, and an always “cool” command of language that flickers across

the page in a kind of dream logic: “Dreams are in the body. The mind just reflects. And like a mirror, everything is backwards.” The sequences in his novel have bodily heft and psychological depth. Godard’s characters are often doomed to failure in the conventional sense of story and plot. But, as St. Thomasino recognizes, they are able to mine far richer ore in the aesthetics of spirt and the imaginary. St. Thomasino’s *Suicide by Language* is brilliant, daring, and necessary.

—Jonathan Minton

“ . . . a purely cerebral conceptual
prank . . . ”

Reading Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino's new novel: *Suicide by Language* is a continuously revelatory experience; we move through beautifully supple changes in address and lexical register, situations opening up and following myriad different implications implicit in everyday language enriching our sense of occasion and occasions. Our language carries us and lays us open in its structures and deflections. Under the changing and sometimes urbane surface, there is a keen wildness at play here. The effects are exhilarating, absorbing, addictive and often very funny as St. Thomasino lays bare the double-binds and warp in the web of our assumptions:

She is too intellectual to have children. The biology of childbirth disgusts her. She said the whole birth and death business, why subject a loved one to that.

Such a passage might remind us of Gertrude Stein: the fast connotative crossing and blurring, the burst of vividly-expressed passion and the subtle shadow realisation there would of course be no “loved one” without the “birth and death business” (and how uncannily that seemingly nonchalant “business” rings and expands in the mind). In this novel, our preconceptions in following such writing are always illuminated and transformed. This is an artist in full and confident flow, riffing and revealing the tangents and rifts in the way we think words and word

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thoughts. There is a sense of an angelic marauder about this novel, a filmic and insatiable curiosity taking us on and over, through leaps of group and situation and word-meshes, a vibrant and sensuous awareness at loose among the ways we pattern our perceptions in speech and print. This too is more than addictive.

—David Annwn

Suicide by Language, Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino's new novel, is fragmentary, aphoristic, fractured, but above all provocative. St. Thomasino eschews plot-and-character development for the blank space of the page, for the shimmering emptiness of screen. The result is a sort of performance of erasure implicating less the death of the author/narrator than of the poem/novel narrated by itself. The reader is told that *Suicide by Language* was inspired by the work of Jean-Luc Godard and Alain Robbe-Grillet—and indeed, with these *auteurs*, St. Thomasino shares an anti-narrative impulse, but he takes it a step further. This is a conceptual work, in the sense that this breakdown, this blankness, could be asserted as “hero” to its anti-text. No matter your expectations, this work will surely confound them.

—Mark DuCharme

“ . . . a stunt . . . ”

“The novel equivalent of the
photoshopped selfie.”

“ . . . so po-mo it hurts . . . ”

In *Suicide by Language*, Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino masterfully stretches a sweater into the definition of novel. His often comical and ironic textual inventions that make up the storyline could leave the reader on a beach wondering whether the protagonist is beneath the deep blue or somewhere darker. Be warned: All is well, Corky. The only magic wand that may free the reader from St. Thomasino’s page-turner is a Portable Jung or *Flowers of Evil*.

—Rich Murphy

In the great tradition, stretching back at least to *Leaves of Grass*, of landmark books that just happen to be self-published, *Suicide by Language* has arrived. David Markson titled one of his brilliant novels *This Is Not A Novel*. On the very first page of that work, Markson writes, “Writer is weary unto death,” and “Writer is equally tired of inventing characters.” Or consider that Homer

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created two epics, and Louis Zukovsky, some three millennia later, wrote one (at least according to the nomenclature of many commentators). As radically different as Homer's poems and *A* certainly are, what they share is that flowing radiance of language characterizing any literary masterpiece. "Novel": from its inception, an experimental genre, one that despite Sterne and a handful of others ironically hardened into a form with arbitrary requirements. But halleluia! Markson and now St. Thomasino have blasted that random definition to smithereens.

—Joel Chace

“This novel doesn't have a publisher?”

“It's about a relationship, and relationality generally.”

—Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

Suicide by Language

Stephen's Landing *a novel*
The Wet Motorcycle *a selected*
The Logoclasody Manifesto 2nd Ed
Two Short Novels
Selected Poems
The Valise
The Galloping Man
Six Comets Are Coming
The Logoclasody Manifesto
Stephen's Lake *a novel in parts*
Go
Ekphrasis
igne

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Suicide by Language

a novel

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

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Dispatches from the Poetry Wars (9/24/18)

Rapsodia 17 (12/13/17)

The Tower Journal (11/5/17)

Posit (12/16/16)

A-Minor Magazine (6/1/16)

X-Peri (5/18/16)

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Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

Suicide by Language

for Carol

Suicide by Language

Listen! They are saying: Give us Barabbas!

Suicide by Language

Hath the rain a father?

I never knew such elation as the hours leading up to my suicide.

Soloiste! Soloiste!

They point at me and scream, *Soloiste! Soloiste!*

I scream back at them, *Agoniste! Agoniste!*

Suicide by Language

There are no flowers here. There is the dandelion, of course, but no daisy. *How does your garden grow*, I asked the fox, as she lay on her back with her mouth open pretending to be dead. *Just as the Devil lies in wait to trap the unwary, I never run straight ahead*, she said, *but always follow a tortuous path*.

Suicide by Language

My soul is among lions. I went through fire and through water.

Suicide by Language

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying,
neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are
passed away.

Suicide by Language

There are a lot of naked people here.

Suicide by Language

Water. The rising to newness.

Suicide by Language

I took the Vespa, because I want to have her arms around me
always.

This is Bobbin. She was named for a mechanical part. *I have this in black.* We think the world of each other.

The audacity of pigeons. She said the pigeons have Brooklyn accents. She said I saw you in the subway. I asked you is this train going to Brooklyn. You had the worst case of hat hair.

I was madly in love with her for two years, and when we broke up, amicably, she gave me back everything I had left at her apartment, everything except my volume of Neruda's love poems.

She was from Germany. She wanted to see where Lennon was killed.

Do you know the hissing swans? Do you know the scene where he drinks water from her hands, and then he looks up?

You are so totally without guile, she said. And that is why you are so totally clueless.

On the receipt she wrote, *ministre de corbeille à fruits.* I said, *That is an act of poetry,* and she said, *And for me.* This is a photograph. A vélo-taxi on a Paris boulevard. On the back of it

was written, *ministre de corbeille à fruits*. She said the soul is a stranger on earth.

In the envelope, this letter, where it read, You are too well-balanced to be a poet. Your poetry insults the poetess in me. And in the margin, *Quite so*. This photograph. Someone I did not recognize. I told her, *replace your apostrophes with commas and use as few contractions as possible*. That night, as she slept, I rewrote her poetry, replacing her apostrophes with commas and using as few contractions as possible. In the morning I took her to see where the comedians lived. *The pool is empty now, but see there? See that crack in the foundation?*

In the morning I took her to the House of Hearts, to the place of the Destroyer of Hearts. The pool is empty now, but see there? See that crack in the foundation? That is where Medius fell. This is Procopius, Greek historian and proto culture critic who made scandal his specialty and survived into his seventies. The man with his pants at his ankles is The Fool.

In the morning I took her to meet the Climack sisters. They are something out of the Brontës, she said. The cure depends on your having what you want and doing what you want. *Conjugation, my love.*

I usually get what I want, but not always. The only way I can describe it is she seems to be mistaking me for somebody else.

Suicide by Language

She didn't know there were rickshaws in Manhattan. In church there are mandalas everywhere.

Suicide by Language

In the morning I took her to meet Stephanie Smothers. Every song Bob Dylan wrote is about Stephanie Smothers, I told her. I think I'm in love, she said.

Every cabby knew the way to Sneden's Landing.

Suicide by Language

She did the whole first chapter of *The Whale* for me. We're talking magnitudes and properties, she said. *Seems some letters are more equal than others.*

Suicide by Language

This scene takes place on the beach.

—I love the beach. You see, the beach is not period-specific, and so you never know who you're likely to run into.

—Look! There goes Jean-Baptiste! *And oh my god he has his makeup on!*

Suicide by Language

The sky looks painted on.

We met a man named Tom who said, clearly, Tom, my friends are not your friends, and what is more my friends will have nothing to do with your friends. And nor will I. We met a man named Aloysius and that was enough. Later that morning we met Dolly on her way to a tea party. May we come along? Corky, tell us about your open invitation to stay at Davy's any time. I have an open invitation to stay at Davy's any time. Thank you, Corky. Corky, tell us what you told the doctor when he told you about your special chromosome. Doctor this is my worst fear realized. Thank you, Corky. Did you say something, Corky? The word you're looking for is *holophrastic*. Thank you, Corky.

Suicide by Language

That afternoon, at the gallery, she was nudging me. Did you get that? She pronounced her last name *Roo-nay*. Not *Roo-knee*.
Roo-nay.

Suicide by Language

Do you know what it means to be the black sheep? Well, I'm the black sheep of the black sheep. *That's why you're with me*, she said.

Suicide by Language

I said, *daycare is a holocaust*.

Suicide by Language

She took the name Brons Hermione. And I, Harpis Bandoneon.

Suicide by Language

She picked a flower for her hair.

Suicide by Language

In the morning we recalled the exhilaration we felt when we were running away.

If you want to stretch a sweater, sleep in it.

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to Cabala Girl, *Angel, when I heard the news I made the sign of the cross for you. It's hard to love someone with that sort of self-loathing. In a perfect world there are no inferiority complexes.*

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to Timon, *Deliver yourself from revenge, that is your bridge to the highest hope.* I have met him and the impression is not good. How does one say, sour breath and rotten teeth. Or, what is the opposite of charming. We read, *Psalms 38*, and there is no soundness in my flesh, for my loins are filled with a loathsome disease. We're all looking forward to be meeting again in that great golden cornflake in the sky.

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to Justine, *I cannot tell when you are lying. Ask yourself, is this someone you want to have a weekend with?*

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to

Supergirl, *My favorite scene is where you are relaxing. I want to have cigarettes with you.*

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to Juliette, *There is a night I will never forget, and it is what I will remember you by always. It was not meant to be a sleepover. It was snowing, and it was snowing forever. You walked me to the door and I was about to leave but when I saw the snow I was taken by the most superstitious fear. You did not plan for me to stay over. And in the morning your mother (and her boyfriend—I remember him, he was a student) made waffles.*

The next morning I read in Jung that the basket is a symbol for the maternal body (for the womb—a *basket of fruit may symbolize fertility*). A basket may also hide a secret.

Suicide by Language

In my dream I held a goldfinch and heard the voices of Dismas and Gestas.

I came beside her but before I could tell her, the wind blew her dress against her body. When I awoke she was kneeling beside me.

Jacques-Marie, I uttered.

The wind was picking up.

Suicide by Language

She made the sign of the cross upon her forehead saying in German (but I translate), *If it drives me crazy*. She made the sign of the cross above her heart saying in German (but I translate), *If it kills me*.

Suicide by Language

Salsa, he said, and his tongue slithered out like a serpent's tongue, and licked the air.

No one really knows what happens when we die.

Ridding.

Suicide by Language

I understand the man who carves a cross into his forehead.

Suicide by Language

Moody. I want you to see the color of my eyes when I'm crying.

Suicide by Language

Finally, we see him back at the Greenmarket at Union Square, where we first met him at the beginning of the film. He is handling the peaches. He holds one up for closer inspection. Suddenly his expression changes. He centers his attention on the deep redness of its skin and on its curvature which he now likens to the curve of Marie-France's behind. The red peaches have taken on a new meaning for him.

Suicide by Language

Suicide by Language

Love Manners Poetics

Manners. Recoverable at will.

Suicide by Language

The getting of perspective.

The sign read “Men” backwards.

Suicide by Language

The thing about the Mermaid Parade is everybody looks so bad and yet if you ask them they'll tell you they feel fabulous.

In 1987 she wrote, all the pilots drive Lincolns and have pink skin. The stewardesses fuck like bunnies. After Cixous, the envelope is sealed with a kiss, is this poetic justice? Write for rules and detailed information.

She wrote, *Last night we made love like two retards*. And then the doodle of the Wonder Wheel.

She is too intellectual to have children. The biology of childbirth disgusts her. She said the whole birth and death business, why subject a loved one to that. The whole matter of excretions! The whole *manner* of excretions! It's a one giant cringe for man, one giant cringe for mankind situation. If you could talk to the animals in the zoo, they'll tell you how much they hate us.

Suicide by Language

That morning, downstairs in the laundry room, we encountered a chin disguised as a woman. It had a child attached to its chest. I said the end of woman is the child. She said the end of woman is the chin.

Suicide by Language

And if you were a flower you would be a . . . *touch-me-not*?

Suicide by Language

“By the end of the date I just wanted to be alone again. I didn’t care if I was being rude.”

Suicide by Language

That morning, downstairs in the laundry room, we encountered a thumb disguised as a woman. It had a child attached to its chest. I said the end of woman is the child. She said the end of woman is the thumb.

Suicide by Language

And if you were a superhero your special super power would be
... *sneakiness*?

Suicide by Language

In a previous life I was a chorus girl and I died very young and with a broken heart.

In a previous life I was an ornery bitch of a nun and I slapped a boy silly for daydreaming.

In a previous life I was a cat in ancient Egypt and they broke my neck.

I was a frog on the Nile. *Maybe you ate me. . . ?*

Suicide by Language

To hear her tell it: *He said The Beatles were not good instrumentalists, and so I slapped him.*

—Your Shakti is no match for my flyswatter.

—Oh yeah?

Liberals. Liberals love everybody . . . except their enemies.

Suicide by Language

Charmer and narcissist. The charmer thinks you're going to take one look at him and love him as much as he loves himself.

Suicide by Language

To the simple-minded everybody's simple-minded. *It's a to the simple-minded everybody's simple-minded situation.*

Bad taste doesn't know it's bad taste.

Suicide by Language

This is the part of the asylum where they let you go 'round
naked. Robert Lowell is here. And so is Anne Sexton.

Suicide by Language

Dreams are in the body. The mind just reflects. And like a mirror, everything is backwards.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry and cynicism.

What does the poetry of cynicism look like? What would Stanley Cavell say?

Suicide by Language

On Wednesdays, he would listen to the church bells ring. *Gah-dar! Gah-dar!*

Suicide by Language

Q. When is a poetics not a poetics?

A. When it's a sarcasm.*

*It's difficult.

Suicide by Language

Yes, bad poetry can subvert the reader's expectations.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry in the post-truth world.

Suicide by Language

The novel is a vehicle for invention.

The sentence is a vehicle for thought.

Suicide by Language

Yes, dear reader, all works are open to interpretation. But while all works are open to interpretation, some works especially are open to projection.

Suicide by Language

(The implication is a deficient sensibility, or a feeble mind. The problem is not with the poem, but with you!)

Suicide by Language

Manners. You bring your personal grudge to bear on people you don't even know.

Some people want to hate you even before they get to know you, and then they wonder what accounts for all the loneliness in the world.

It's a case of the incredible shrinking life.

Suicide by Language

Books pile up.

This is a photograph. Schratz Brice sitting at his piano. Those are stacks of newspapers in the background. Schratz is, in addition to everything else, a historian.

Suicide by Language

Poetics. Poetry and canned laughter.*

*Where canned laughter = a complicit media.

Suicide by Language

God sees us through the eyes of other people.

Suicide by Language

There's good bad.
There's bad bad.
There's indifferently bad.
And then there's *impudently* bad.*

*It's difficult. Or: *Might it have been meant to be funny. . . ?*

Suicide by Language

Turn offs. Rat race.

Suicide by Language

The white rat is day. The black rat is night. Gnawing rats are the passage of time.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Is to be PBSified. The poet *performs* his poem in a duet with Big Bird.

Golgotha, *the place of the skull*.

Suicide by Language

It's not immoral to be unhappy. I wanna marry Peppermint
Patty. *Before we go any further I want you to know, bossa nova
brings out the Snoopy in me.*

—You're needy.

—I'm needy?

—Like kittens.

—I'm not one of you and what's more I don't aspire to be.

Little boys and teddy bears. Little boys with teddy bears are
lonely 'til the end of their days.

Suicide by Language

Sometimes, with some people, it's more interesting to never see them again.

Suicide by Language

Turn-offs. Imperiousness. Self-absorption. Self-adoration.

Turn-ons. Graciousness.

Suicide by Language

You fill in the blank:

Don't ever confuse *that*, he said pointing to the little red school house, with what you do.

Suicide by Language

And if you were a superhero your special super power would be
... *the dirty look?*

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. It's the attack of the unlikable people.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry in the age of relativity.

Suicide by Language

To be read in the voice of Max Adrian's Delius.

Bartók. Cummings. Delius. Ahoy.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. We can say about his work, *it points the way*. And add, *it in itself is not there, but it points the way*.

Suicide by Language

Wine. Humanity. The gathering of manna. You can be beautiful anywhere.

Suicide by Language

Poetics. Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

The monster rises from the pit. The lovers turn. She screams.
He fires. Roll credits.

We practiced pulling up and jumping out and hurrying into the
buildings.

Goes viral, the definition of new-media poetics.

Suicide by Language

This movie was shot on cell-phone video. It's the footage of the head of Jacques Derrida on the body of the Bigfoot.

Suicide by Language

Manners. She leads with her biology.

Dots and dashes.

Sex and Poetry.

This episode: “Sex and the Collage Poem.”

Or you could say poetry is like sex, in which case you want to ask yourself: If this poem is sex, do I want to have sex with it? Well, if it's a collage poem you don't know where that poetry's been, and the poet who wrote it really doesn't want you to know; or maybe that poet will tell you, but then that's like that poem saying, *Yes, I want you to have sex with me, but just not with me exactly, I mean with these other poems.*

Suicide by Language

Forks and Knives

An anthology of poetry by women who have had episiotomies.

Introduction.

Part One: The Midline.

Part Two: The Mediolateral.

Part Three: Forks and Knives.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. It's not the poetry. It's the poetry's *raison d'être*. In time the poetry is forgotten.

Suicide by Language

Some writing reads as though it has it all figured out; in distinction to which, this writing is a figuring-it-out process.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry and wallpaper. It seems to me this poetry is better suited for wallpaper. My reaction is to say, *if you make enough of it you can do a wall.*

Suicide by Language

When I said Conceptual Poetry goes around with a shit-eating grin I wasn't making reference to any one particular one, but, rather that Conceptual Poetry is a bottom-feeder.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry professionalized.

The poet's mechanicity. The poet as editorialist. When he's not ranting, he's raving (his list of grievances).

Suicide by Language

Just as there are freaks and there are “made” freaks, there is poetry and there is “made” poetry.

Suicide by Language

There's a whole belt of avant-gardist territory where to criticize them is like telling the Fat Lady at the freak show to lose weight.

Suicide by Language

In the bookstore the cat is sleeping. In the Judaica section are all the books about the Nazis. This is Munch's portrait of Count Harry Kessler.

Manners. Wash your hands after touching money.

God bless you, Mr. Semmelweis.

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And the earth brought forth a rumble, and the rumble moved throughout the earth. And every man and every woman, and every beast of the field, turned skyward, and in a mist that went up from the earth, saw there written letter by letter the name of God.

H Y G I E N E

Suicide by Language

So, even if I give my super a hundred bucks for Christmas, he still wants to kill me, burn down my apartment, and rape my wife?

The taking of Elian at gunpoint?

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Nothing is more *bourgeoisie* than wanting to shock the *bourgeoisie*.

There are two instances where God looks the other way. One is when you're having sex.

Suicide by Language

Manners. The poet as social man.

Bashō? Rimbaud? Thoreau? Van Gogh? Poe? Rilke?
Kierkegaard? Nietzsche? Wittgenstein?

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry commercialized.

Suicide by Language

STOP ALL WARS
BOYCOTT HOLLYWOOD

Suicide by Language

Manners. I am not now nor have I ever been one to mistake cynicism for enlightenment.*

*Cynicism is not in itself an insight—rather, cynicism is the denial that others have insights, insights that are unavailable to you.

Suicide by Language

Manners. I am not now nor have I ever been one to mistake turpitude for enlightenment.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. The poet as ironist. Where he fails is in that his irony fails to rise above the rank of sarcasm.

Suicide by Language

Turn-offs. Cruelty. Rudeness. Gratuitousness.

Turn-ons. Kindness.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. The *tab* key as a form of punctuation.

Suicide by Language

To be poetic is everything. The poet's mechanicity. Fabulosity.
How do I love thee? You are my yellow submarine.

Suicide by Language

In the morning we both agreed we cannot stand the sound of
Yoko Ono's voice. (In the morning we both agreed we cannot
stand the sound of Yoko Ono's voice.)

Manners. Don't make fun of Elvis.

The future ends in an explosion.

Suicide by Language

No, I don't think poetry's dead. *I think you're dead.*

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. The thing to consider, when considering the "ethnopoetic," is that in every case the "ethnopoetic" is a declension.

Suicide by Language

Manners. Price upon request.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry weaponized.

Suicide by Language

Were Wittgenstein alive today he'd be making his works available via free .pdf downloads.

Suicide by Language

Grammar holds a wand.

Suicide by Language

The gorilla doesn't know it's a gorilla—actually, the gorilla thinks that you are another gorilla, only that you're acting really strange.

Suicide by Language

Manners. As in the case of personality, wit is lost on those who have none.

Manners. Do not confuse tolerance with patience. Patience is running thin.

Suicide by Language

Manners. Signature illegible. “Long live free expression!”

Suicide by Language

It's proper for the poet to from time to time have the *gendarmes*
at his door.

Suicide by Language

The poet's mechanicity. Poetry as a social science.

Suicide by Language

Manners. The flip side of imitation is suggestibility.

Suicide by Language

Anaxagoras. For his blasphemy, the gods condemn him to eternal stargazing.

Suicide by Language

My psychology. Rather be a bird of paradise than a canary.

Suicide by Language

Sides.

Spare us the humiliation.

Cue the hurrying-along music.

Suicide by Language

I am Hamlet. Had he lived.*

*“O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.”

Suicide by Language

All the philosophy you need: What the tooth and claw are to the bear, psychology is to us people.

Suicide by Language

Manners. *I Ching*. There is no blame.

Suicide by Language

Suicide by Language

Wist ye not that I am about my father's business?

Anatole. Dysis. Arctos. Mesembria.

Suicide by Language

Sator. Arepo. Tenet. Opera. Rotas.

Suicide by Language

Apple of the eye. Daughter of the eye.

Suicide by Language

Roses and apples Dorothea. In the garden of her heaven. At the moment of her death.

Suicide by Language

I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

Suicide by Language

I weepeth sore in the night. My tears are on my cheeks. Among
all my lovers none can comfort me.

Suicide by Language

There is a marriage in Cana of Galilee. And a paralyzed man at the pool at Bethesda. Do not have contempt for my misfortune, you who are at ease. And you who put a stumblingblock before the blind. My lover is made whole this very hour.

Suicide by Language

Tell Hum. I am Jairus' daughter. I am not dead. I am only sleeping. My lover whispers, *Talitha cumi*.

Jesus was about to enter Jairus' house in the country of the Gadarenes when a young woman, Martha, who had had an issue of menstrual blood for twelve years and had spent all her money in seeking a cure, touched the hem of his garment from behind. She was ritually impure and could not speak to him. Jesus perceived that some of his power had gone out of him and asked who had touched him. Martha came forward trembling to confess what she had done. Jesus said, *Daughter be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole.*

Suicide by Language

A mess of pottage. A dish of lentil soup. A smooth man. A hairy man and a hunter.

The separation of the sheep from the goats.

Suicide by Language

The ox and the ass. The ox knows his owner and the ass his master.

Balaam was a magician sent by the king of the Moabites to pronounce a curse on the Israelites as they entered the Jordan Valley. As Balaam was riding his ass through a vineyard the beast three times refused to go forward and was three times beaten. Then God opened the mouth of the ass and she said to Balaam, *What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?* Balaam then decided to bless the Israelites instead of cursing them. When the king protested, Balaam prophesied that there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.

The ass on which Christ entered Jerusalem was said to be descended from Balaam's mount.

Suicide by Language

The camel kneels to receive its burden.

Suicide by Language

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

Suicide by Language

Dog. A dog baying at the moon signifies the foolish man despising higher things.

The clover is trefoil, and thus a symbol of the Trinity. The cockle is a symbol of wickedness, for how it creeps in among the barley.

The mistletoe flourishes in winter, when other plants are dead, thus symbolizing life in death.

Toads.

The ostrich prefers fire to the sun.

Suicide by Language

Sorridere. Sorridere.

Suicide by Language

Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.

Gog and Magog.

Esther means *star* in Persian.

St. Matthew—inspired by the Holy Spirit, and in Myrna the city of nakedness and cannibalism.

Suicide by Language

Jezebel was a harlot when she painted her face and tired her hair
and looked out at a window.

Suicide by Language

The young Daniel appeared and asked, *Under what tree sawest thou them companying together?* One elder answered, *Under a mastick tree.* And the other, *Under an holm tree.*

Suicide by Language

The sower Arepo holds carefully the wheels. When accused of deceit, Ananias fell dead. Sapphira, on being told what had happened, also fell dead.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, with an angel holding an olive branch above them, are saved from the flames of King Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

Dives, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

Suicide by Language

Eleven-hundred silver shekels. Tie me with seven new bow strings. And weave into the warp of a web seven locks of my hair. Dagon.

When two will make only one, when outside will be like inside, and when there will be neither male nor female.

Susanna commendatio animae.

The bishop told St. Fiacre he could have as much land for his community as he could dig in one day. St. Fiacre is the patron saint of gardeners. His attribute is a spade.

The Christian daughter of a Roman patrician, Christina broke the family idols, gave the gold and silver pieces to the poor, and was thrown into prison. She survived burning and an attempt to drown her by casting her into Lake Bolsena with a millstone around her neck. Torture with a knife and tongs failed to move her and she was finally killed with three arrows. Her attribute is the millstone.

The eunuch Potiphar had Joseph's trust. Joseph was a handsome man and soon attracted the attentions of Potiphar's wife. Potiphar's wife was peeling oranges when she first caught sight of Joseph and was so overcome by his beauty that she cut her finger. The blood stained the fruit and that is why today there are blood oranges.

Condemned to violation by apes are the women who refused their husbands their marital rights. The ape, like the monkey, symbolizes drunkenness because in its antics it resembles an intoxicated man. The female apes are lascivious and tempt the males by displaying their buttocks, thus they symbolize prostitutes or highly sexed women. Female apes who bare twins are said to love one more than the other and if pursued will escape up a tree with the favorite, abandoning the other to the hunter.

Pelagia in three saints. Pelagia was a young maiden of Antioch who preserved her virginity from the soldiers who had surrounded her house by throwing herself into the sea. Pelagia was a fourth-century actress of the same city who renounced her profession, dressed as a man and lived a life of penitence in a cave on the Mount of Olives. Pelagia came from Tarsus and was martyred because she refused to become the emperor's concubine.

Suicide by Language

According to Pliny the Elder, if you held a mirror up to a basilisk it would be so frightened by its own reflection it would burst asunder with horror.

Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis.

Dolphin. Salvation. The dolphin was said to rescue shipwrecked sailors by carrying them on its back to safety.

Arion. Jonah.

Suicide by Language

If I am reborn, bald, bearded and hunchbacked.

Suicide by Language

Hath the rain a father?

I never knew such elation as the hours leading up to my suicide.

Soloiste! Soloiste!

They point at me and scream, *Soloiste! Soloiste!*

I scream back at them, *Agoniste! Agoniste!*

There are no flowers here. There is the dandelion, of course, but no daisy. *How does your garden grow*, I asked the fox, as she lay on her back with her mouth open pretending to be dead. *Just as the Devil lies in wait to trap the unwary, I never run straight ahead*, she said, *but always follow a tortuous path*.

My soul is among lions. I went through fire and through water.

Suicide by Language

Hath the rain a father?

The thing about the Mermaid Parade is everybody looks so bad and yet if you ask them they'll tell you they feel fabulous.

In 1987 she wrote, all the pilots drive Lincolns and have pink skin. The stewardesses fuck like bunnies. After Cixous, the envelope is sealed with a kiss, is this poetic justice? Write for rules and detailed information.

She wrote, *Last night we made love like two retards*. And then the doodle of the Wonder Wheel.

I was madly in love with her for two years, and when we broke up, amicably, she gave me back everything I had left at her apartment, everything except my volume of Neruda's love poems.

The audacity of pigeons. She said the pigeons have Brooklyn accents. She said I saw you in the subway. I asked you is this train going to Brooklyn. You had the worst case of hat hair.

She was from Germany. She wanted to see where Lennon was killed.

If you want to stretch a sweater, sleep in it.

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to Timon, *Deliver yourself from revenge, that is your bridge to the highest hope*. I have met him and the impression is not good. How does one say, sour breath and rotten teeth. Or, what is the opposite of charming. We read, *Psalms 38*, and there is no soundness in my flesh, for my loins are filled with a loathsome disease. We're all looking forward to be meeting again in that great golden cornflake in the sky.

She fell asleep at the writing table. I took her in to bed. I returned to her writing and read, where it began in a letter to Juliette, *There is a night I will never forget, and it is what I will remember you by always. It was not meant to be a sleepover. It was snowing, and it was snowing forever. You walked me to the door and I was about to leave but when I saw the snow I was taken by the most superstitious fear. You did not plan for me to stay over. And in the morning your mother (and her boyfriend—I remember him, he was a student) made waffles.*

The next morning I read in Jung that the basket is a symbol for the maternal body (for the womb—*a basket of fruit may symbolize fertility*). A basket may also hide a secret.

In my dream I held a goldfinch and heard the voices of Dismas and Gestas.

I came beside her but before I could tell her, the wind blew her dress against her body. When I awoke she was kneeling beside me.

Jacques-Marie, I uttered.

The wind was picking up.

Do you know the hissing swans? Do you know the scene where he drinks water from her hands, and then he looks up?

Slippers.

We met a man named Tom who said, clearly, Tom, my friends are not your friends, and what is more my friends will have nothing to do with your friends. And nor will I. We met a man named Aloysius and that was enough. Later that morning we met Dolly on her way to a tea party. May we come along? Corky, tell us about your open invitation to stay at Davy's any time. I have an open invitation to stay at Davy's any time. Thank you, Corky. Corky, tell us what you told the doctor when he told you about your special chromosome. Doctor this is my worst fear realized. Thank you, Corky. Did you say something, Corky? The word you're looking for is *holophrastic*. Thank you, Corky.

You are so totally without guile, she said. And that is why you are so totally clueless.

The thought of you suffering kills me.

God sees us through the eyes of other people.

Suicide by Language

This is the toboggan we took the spill on. (This is the spill we took the toboggan on.)

Old dogs kill me.

My father's an absurdist, only he doesn't know he's an absurdist.

We thought the same thing but for different reasons.

—That child. When I was that age I was having conversations with people.

—I was obstinately silent.

On the receipt she wrote, *ministre de corbeille à fruits*. I said, *That is an act of poetry*, and she said, *And for me*. This is a photograph. A vélo-taxi on a Paris boulevard. On the back of it was written, *ministre de corbeille à fruits*. She said the soul is a stranger on earth.

In the envelope, this letter, where it read, You are too well-balanced to be a poet. Your poetry insults the poetess in me. And in the margin, *Quite so*. This photograph. Someone I did not recognize. I told her, *replace your apostrophes with commas and use as few contractions as possible*. That night, as she slept, I rewrote her poetry, replacing her apostrophes with commas and using as few contractions as possible. In the morning I took her to see where the comedians lived. *The pool is empty now, but see there? See that crack in the foundation?*

In the morning I took her to the House of Hearts, to the place of the Destroyer of Hearts. The pool is empty now, but see there? See that crack in the foundation? That is where Medius fell. This is Procopius, Greek historian and proto culture critic who made scandal his specialty and survived into his seventies. The man with his pants at his ankles is The Fool.

In the morning I took her to meet the Climack sisters. They are something out of the Brontës, she said. The cure depends on your having what you want and doing what you want.

Conjugation, my love.

I usually get what I want, but not always. The only way I can describe it is she seems to be mistaking me for somebody else.

What happens next is both ridiculous and marvelous. Remembering the whistle, he stands before the open window, and, tasting the metal tarnish on the tip of his tongue, blows his last breath into it. In no time one, then two, then three dogs come barking in return.

Suicide by Language

This novel was inspired by the work of Jean-Luc Godard. This novel was inspired by the work of Alain Robbe-Grillet.

*“Time that sees all has found
you out against your will.”*

— Sophocles

*“There is nothing concealed that will not be disclosed,
or hidden that will not be made known.”*

— Luke 12:2

“For in the resurrection everyone is as a bride of God in heaven.”

— Matthew 22:30

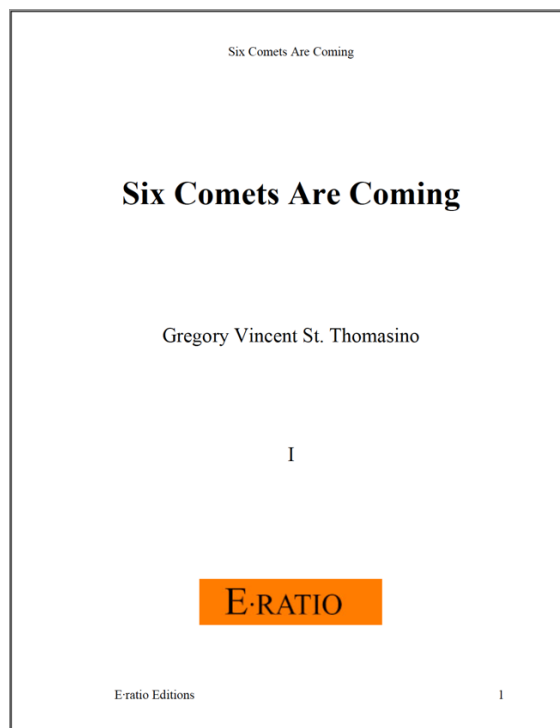
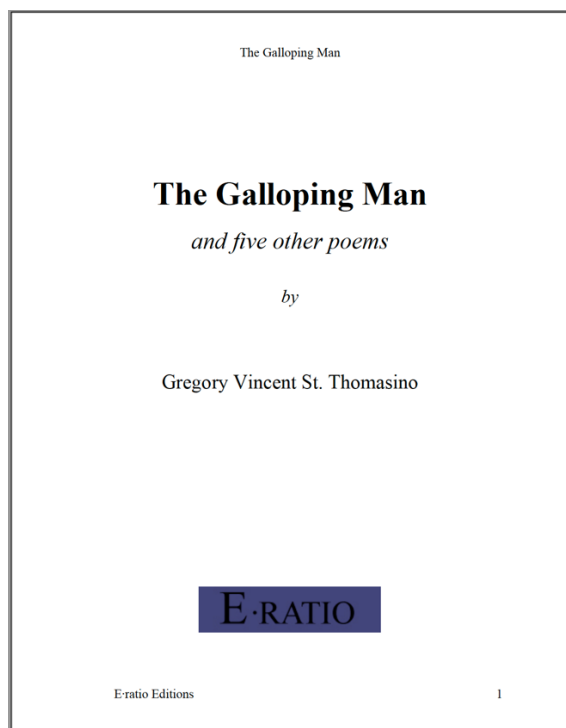
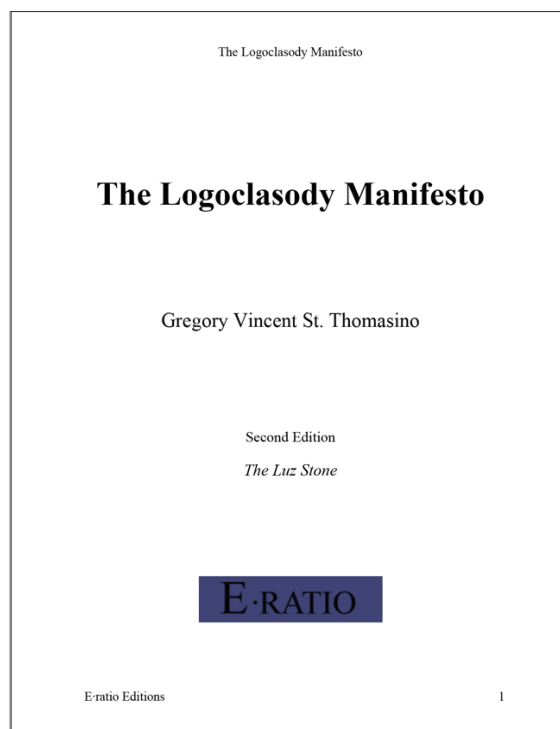
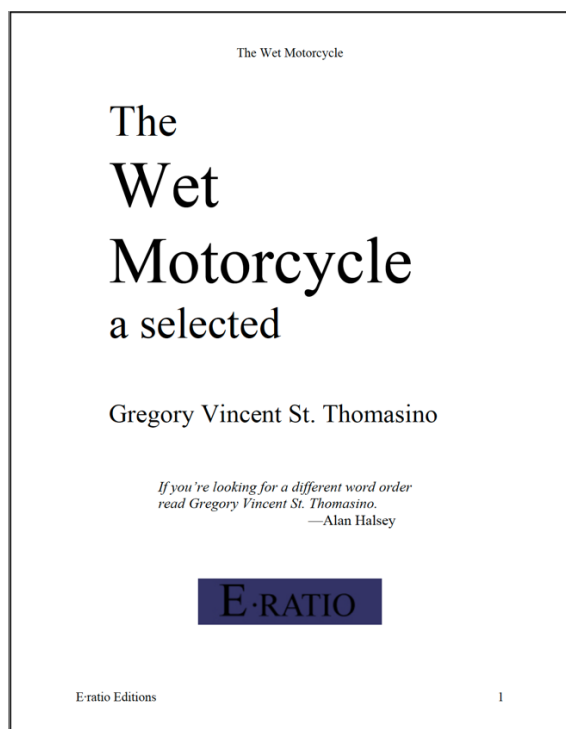
Content thee—whose days are done;
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

— A. C. Swinburne “Ave Atque Vale” for Charles Baudelaire

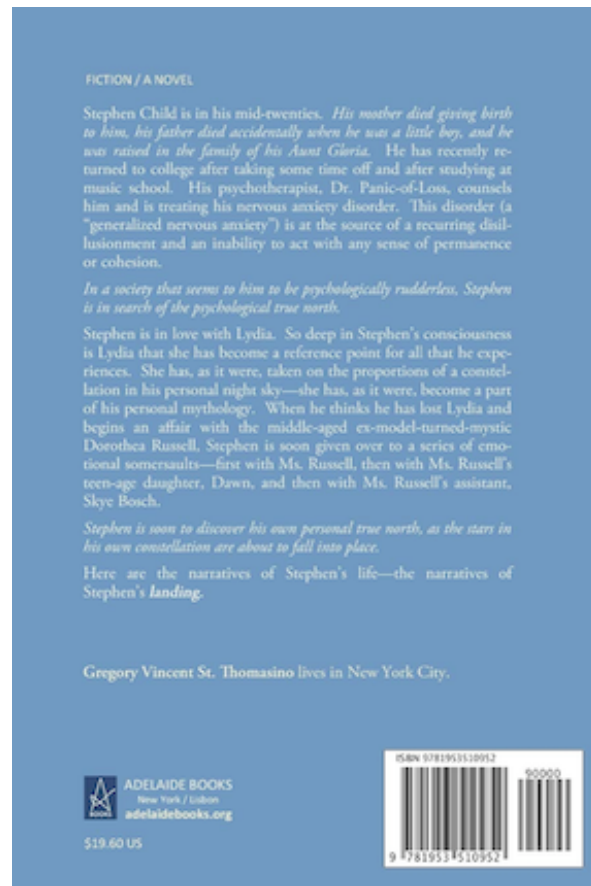
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making Death a Victory.

— Byron “Prometheus”

Suicide by Language

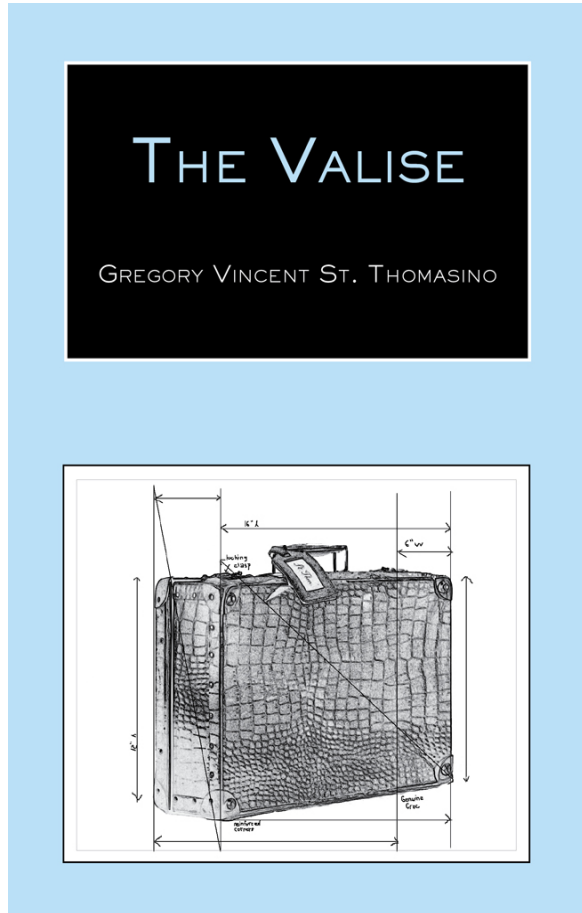


Suicide by Language



Stephen's Landing — a novel by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino — available in both print and e-book editions at book sellers everywhere.

Suicide by Language



"Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino writes with a philosopher's precision. Perhaps he is a refugee from paradox, finding asylum in these two-line stanzas so spare and direct. Fastidious in gathering particulars he makes statements when statements are needed and knows the time and place for a fragment. This, this and this: these poems are a lesson in ostensive definition. What St. Thomasino keeps in his valise calls out in a restrained but singular voice for undivided attention."

—Alan Halsey

Forewords by Jack Foley, host of *Cover to Cover* on KPFA, Berkeley, and Carey Scott Wilkerson, Columbus State University, Georgia.

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino lives in New York City.



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POETRY



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Suicide by Language

Wist ye not that I am about my father's business?

taxis de pasa logos

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