

## **poliorcetics**

That they were in  
the kettle / some others  
imagining it later

The feel of those  
hours, during        or sum  
days later /

As  
metadata is extracted,  
satellites clicking  
far beyond the cloud  
cover.

Water bottles flying  
through the air, tossed  
in, toward and to.

Circles within circles,  
so as to piss in  
public, privately.

*Conserving* — water,  
anger, battery life.

Time-space compression,  
siege compartmentality,  
as somewhere a bureaucrat  
strokes his shiny budget.

“This fence keeps you  
in your world.”

The “condition of supply  
depletion” in such encircle-  
ment, clock’s ticking.

Court dates are kettles, too.

A flag hanging limply  
from the embassy  
across the street.

The history of barbwire  
strung through airspace

Copter blades cutting  
percussive marks into  
the soundscape's score

The wind whips round  
the corner, slaps the face.

Construction cranes  
lowering rebar into  
concrete / form follows

finance / police batons  
being rebar too, reinforcing  
“invisible forces made man-  
ifest” in body-blows

Bodies contained within  
concretized relations  
of docility / bound  
and systemized.

Borders are kettles, too.

Time-space compression,  
materialized in fire  
inside or outside  
the kettle /

All that is air  
congeals into solids  
against which solidarity  
reverberates /

New vowels  
in the wound-words,  
sounding out a poetics.

Or vowel-shapes in  
the graffitied street-  
scape, stenciled poetics.

To read-hear-feel such  
in mind-bodied inter-  
pretive acts.

A disorganization  
of the senses in each  
inhalation of the gas.

Legal observers, taking  
notes, is this a document-  
ary poetics /

The cinematic arc  
described by airborne  
medical supplies, tossed  
over the line of cops  
and into the kettle.

Lulz and chuckles,  
fury and fear.

Pass  
the portable solar-  
powered recharger.

Property lines are kettles, too.

Visualizing slow-motion  
pixelated closeups, shot  
from below, a bottle  
of Advil moving through  
the fume-thickened air.  
Mutual aid, whether

fleeting or in fleeing.

A makeshift barricade  
made from repurposed  
voting booths

The infrastructure  
of the kettle, its materials  
and geometric logics,  
the off-hours storage  
facilities, the transportation  
logistics /

Cellphone videos  
digitize the witnessing  
for some future use.

Soon to become  
*evidentiary*, in the eye-  
logics of the Law.

Dispersed street-level pan-  
optics, fueled by coltan

“No, this fence keeps  
you in your world.”

Time-space compres-  
sion in the poem, being  
not the same as

being in the kettle,  
then-there and of it,

From there to hearing  
the crowd-song in some  
now, here /

prismatic  
flares light the night

*quotations from Scott Sørli, CAConrad*