

## Pleasurable Complexity:

a Limited Fork event

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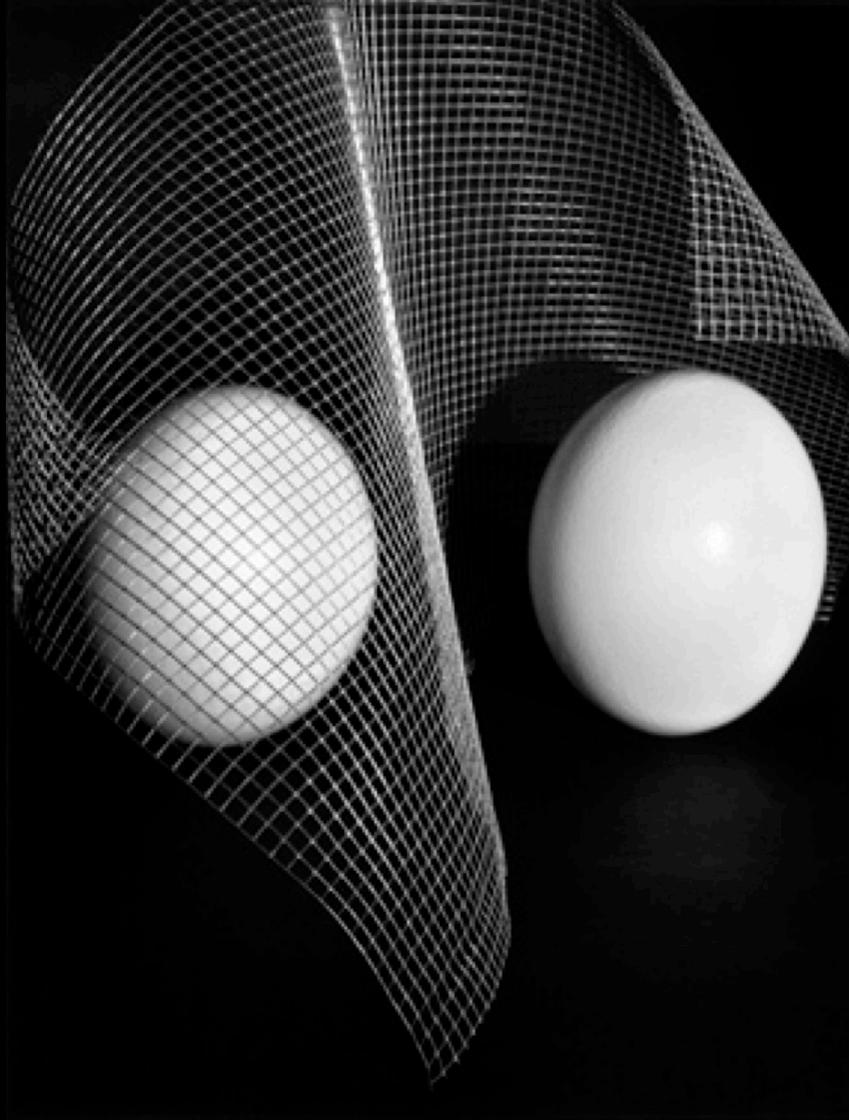
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words by Thylas Moss

If you happened to see a notice about this event, somewhere at the end of  
it, my identity as the mother of Limited Fork Poetics was mentioned.  
Yet, I have no child for you to see. And since LFP is so young — 2 years old  
in October — I don't even have the riotous joy of an adolescent fork piercing  
me with its need for independence;  
my two-year-old toddles, leans, stumbles, swirls, careens, this moment on  
two wobbly legs, another moment on four more stable limbs  
that break  
in their solidity that was just a state of being ice until  
the ice warmed.  
So evidence of the birth is not here. I have nothing for you  
because I have invented what already exists: a fork, and the fork I've invented  
is not nearly as well constructed as most forks you may know.

Let's limit

that fork you know to a familiar

(to many --we will assume, and



and continue to be at risk of something; we will limit ourselves to risk and the fork to a presumed familiar implement: eating utensil. Most such utensils are sold as complete forks, modified —so is mine— but the complete forks have the modifiers of prestige and honor: stainless, sterling, gold-plated; none of them are crippled with obvious limitations besides flawlessness which is so finished, the good utensils may not get out of the box very often.

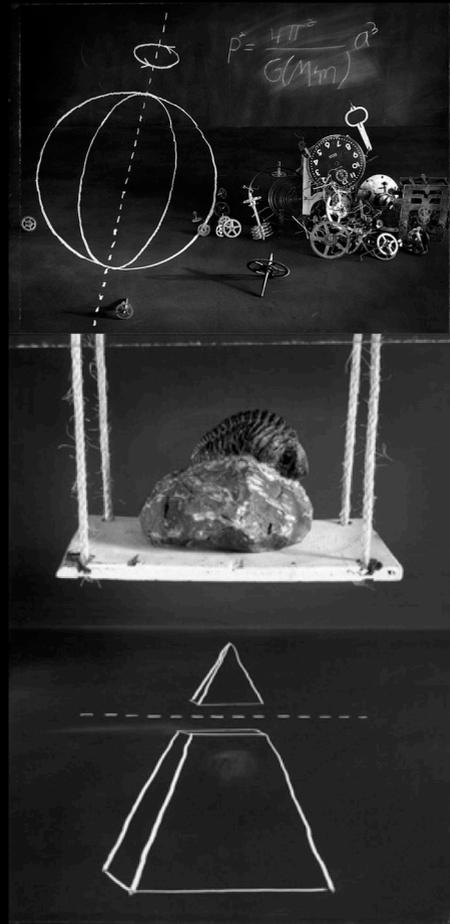
My fork, labeled limited, can't be sold; it's admittedly defective, and so even if it existed and were here, I wouldn't be able to show it to you because you are my guests, and when guests come to my house

—in so many ways, I do live on north campus—

when guests come, I hide the defective utensils; I bring out the fine china, the silver spoons that have never been in a mouth, the forks that could double as surgical instruments they're so sterile from never being handled, that could double as tridents as far as they are from limitation, though limitations could double and perform any mathematical function within their limits

I have tridents for all of you,  
little plastic seafood forks

from GFS,  
but no limited forks. Sorry.

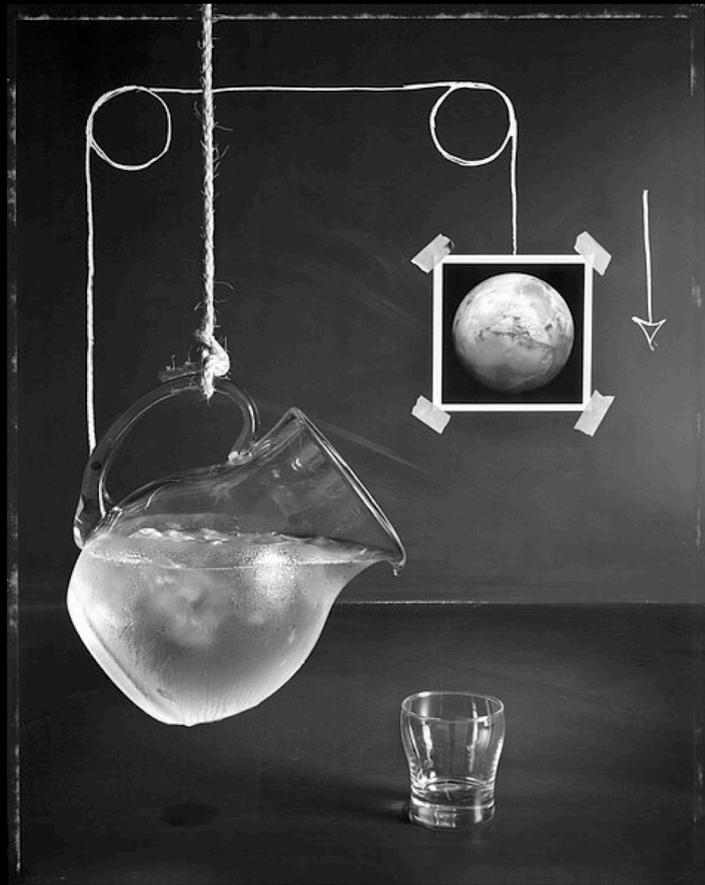


It would be an embarrassment to give you a tool so helpless on its own, a crutch wants something to be dependent —you must grasp it in any way that you can grasp (\*\*this is where I put on some forks made by the Spoonman of Oregon), and though the electric knife pulses, though the tuning fork resonates, the eating utensil seldom has a motor other than you —not the best shovel, but you didn't come here to work anyway; did you?

Having grasped the fork —which is to say it's securely in your hand if not in your head— having grasped the fork, you then use the fork to grasp something else, and the maneuver may look graceful enough, but, honestly; why bother? when that less elegant-looking fork: your hand, your foot could proceed directly to what you use the fork to grasp.

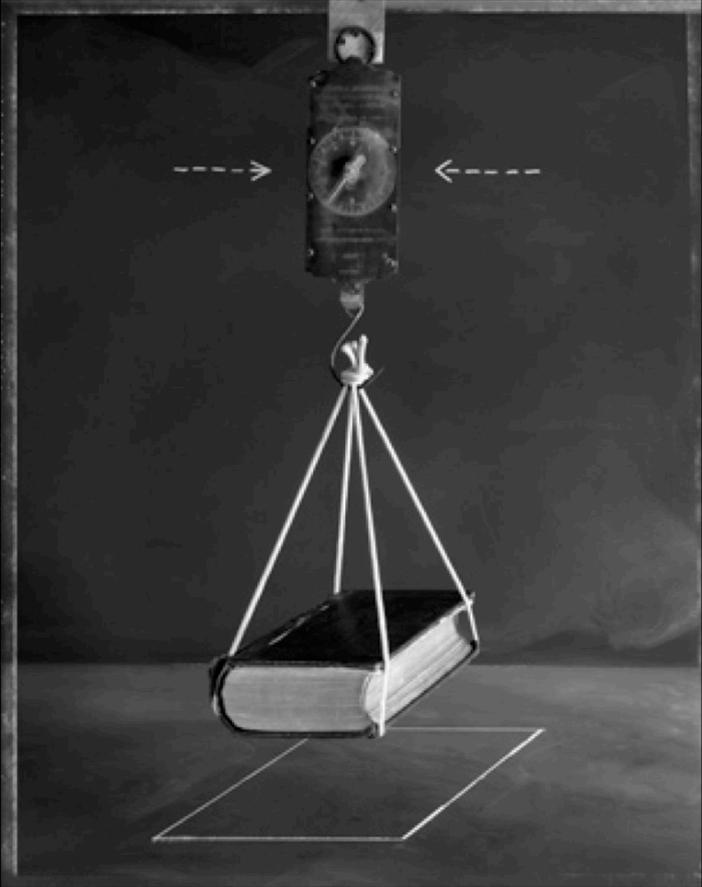
The fork is an intermediary at best, and since it is limited, it is rarely at its best.

But we have erred.  
It might have been better to use a  
spoon.



The device in use to grasp something  
though the grasping is indirect

is flawed—



by design, it has elongated holes between its prongs. By design it has paths made of unseen substance through which substance might pass unseen. By design it has space, and perhaps

some other form of fill

that will not interface well with what we're trying to access with the fork, maybe even making a mess at the table and of the table.

So some —or much —or perhaps all that would have made a difference won't make one —not that there aren't plenty of things to make other than difference (unless you're committed to forking away at the Michigan difference)—

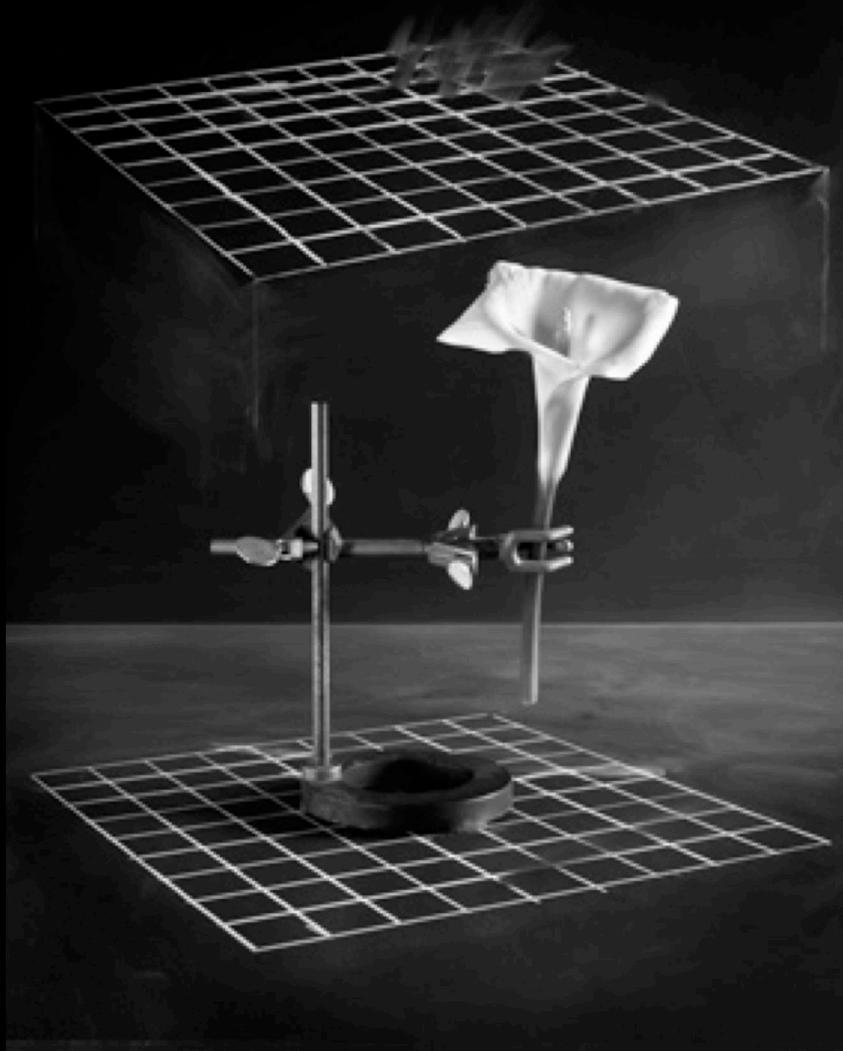
but the difference that isn't made in part isn't made because it slips right through the tines.

But what difference does that make since these slipped-away differences, these other

possibilities, these other systems of presence and occupancy are of no direct force or consequence because we may not know

that we didn't grasp them, we may not be aware of what was there to not grasp, we may not have wanted to grasp something like whatever we didn't know to grasp; it probably worked out for the best that we didn't grasp anything, that we didn't get it when we didn't know how the IT was loaded —it could be boiling down to viral load; we know that we didn't grasp or get something —we know that it's not only possible that something slipped through the tines —or wasn't even picked up at all; we know that given that road, that corridor, those open-air tubes of path that gets a hit from some particle that goes through one of the gates; we know something went through or got hung up or fell or navigated; some crumb, some speck, some iota, some dandruff got by, and even if our eye had been dead on one or some of them, no way on all of them —some were coming from other directions, heading for the open gates in the fork with dives and plunges, spins, while other things picked up fell off, and don't forget the floaters we didn't capture with any of our senses . But, hey, I am definitely not against the fork, despite poor performance in guarding the tines' borders.

Because I use a fork exclusively  
in my acts of making,



I have an extraordinary opportunity to be lazy — and the opportunity couldn't have come at a better time; I've been at this university since 1993, and being a full professor, there's no expectation of continued growth.

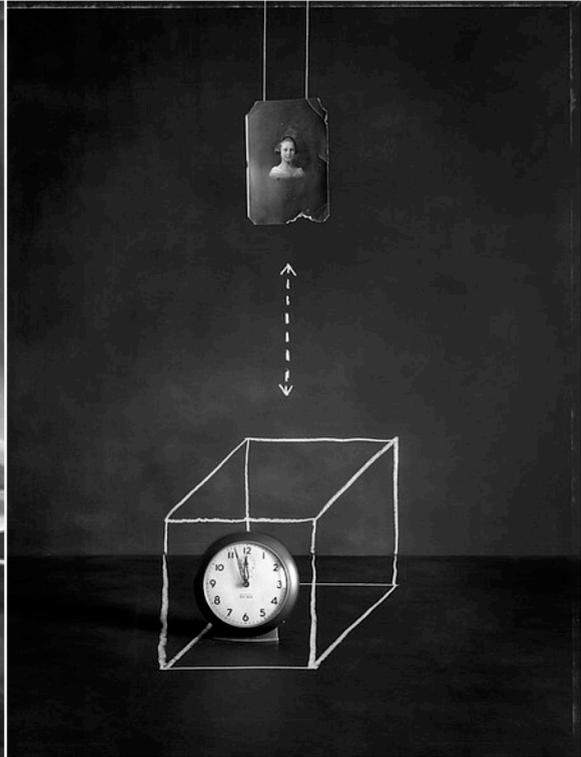
I am full, I am at capacity.            But as a fork professor, that fullness falls off, doesn't get picked up in the first place, dives right past me, and as a consequence of forking, I might never fill up, might never finish, and might not ever fully arrive anywhere

Things are joined in progress; the beginning of my life wasn't the beginning of life, and what is departed from continues in some way after the departure.

I am aware when I use my fork that I'm dealing with partialities of partialities, residue within residue, inside residue that continues partial residue — a half truth would be remarkable. I use senses and devices calibrated to consider partialities.



—and this, though not this alone, opens more holes, more paths, more gaps between



what is solid and what is something else  
—then more can fall, plunge, slip, push,

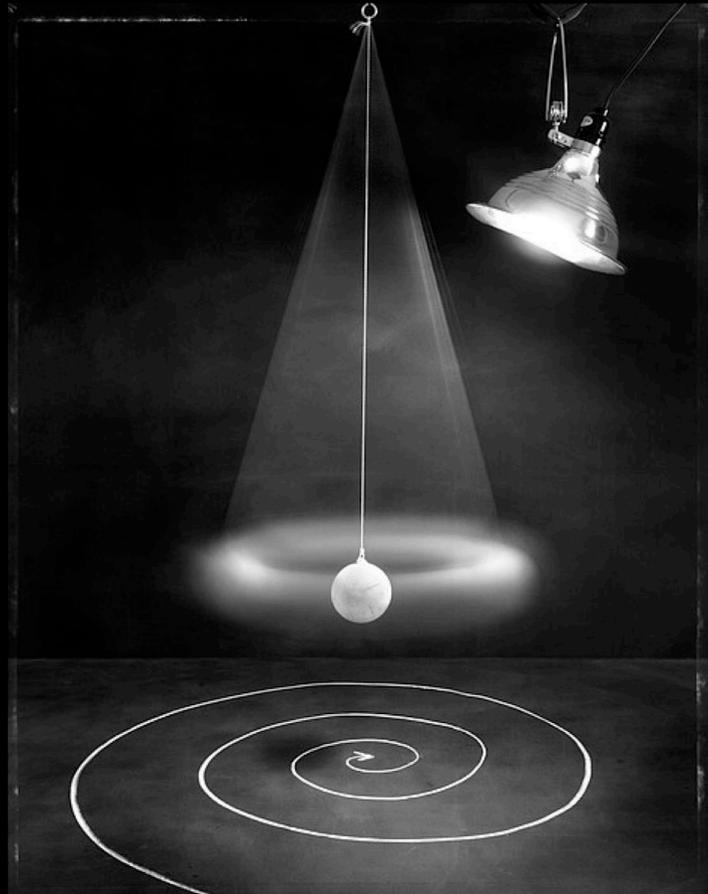
dive, drip, clog

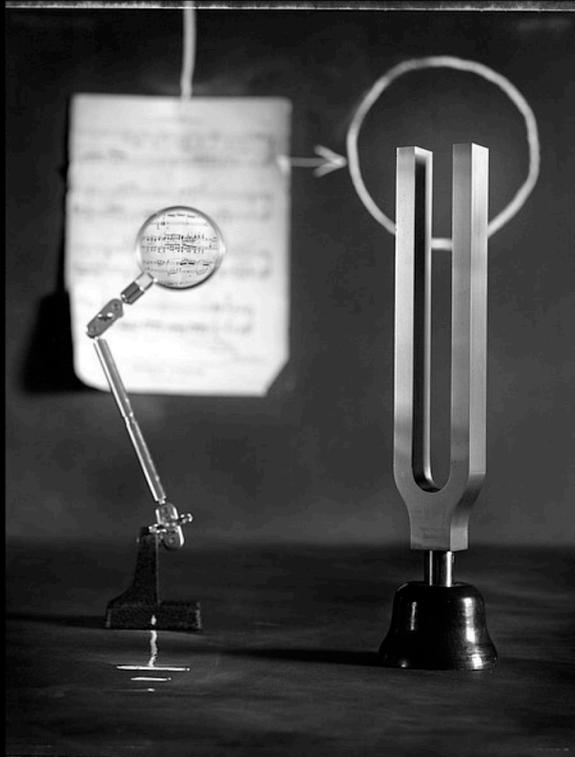
The holes can become more irregular, and when magnified, the irregularity approaches



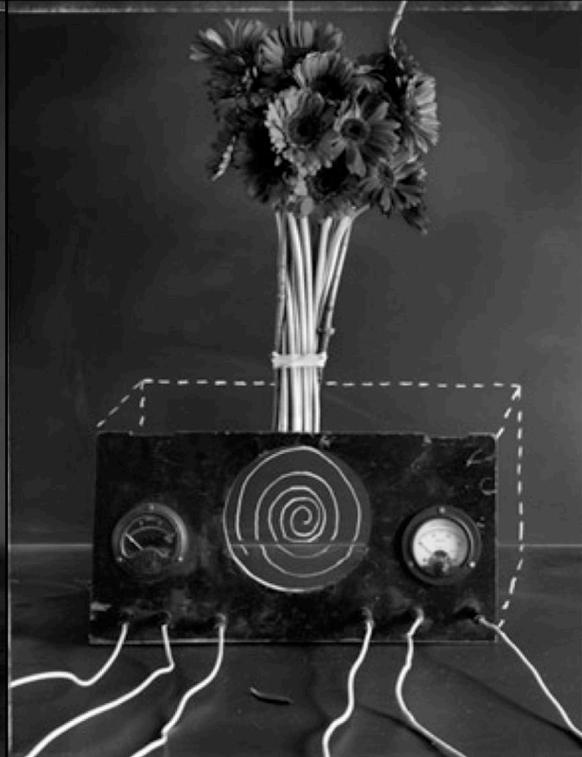
irregularity approaches grandeur  
as it, at the same time, gets further away

from grandeur as magnification



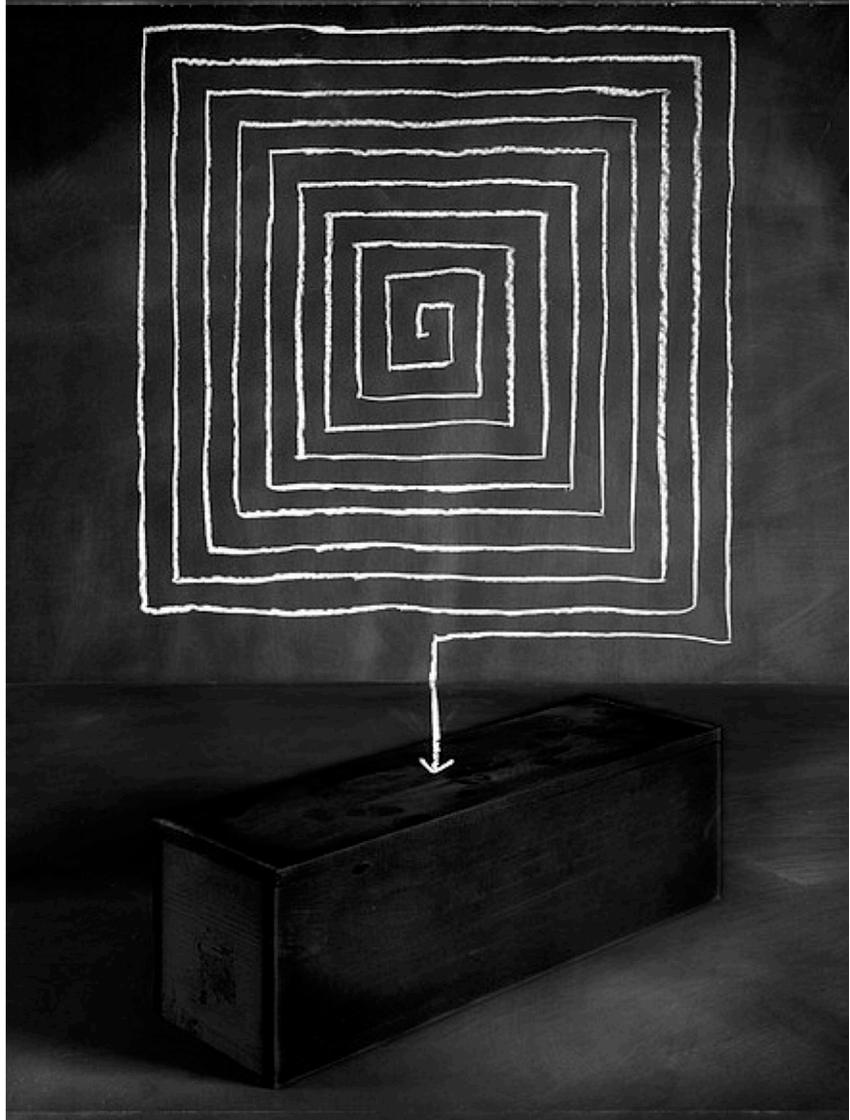


increases at higher and higher powers.  
In my mind, the expanding holes link

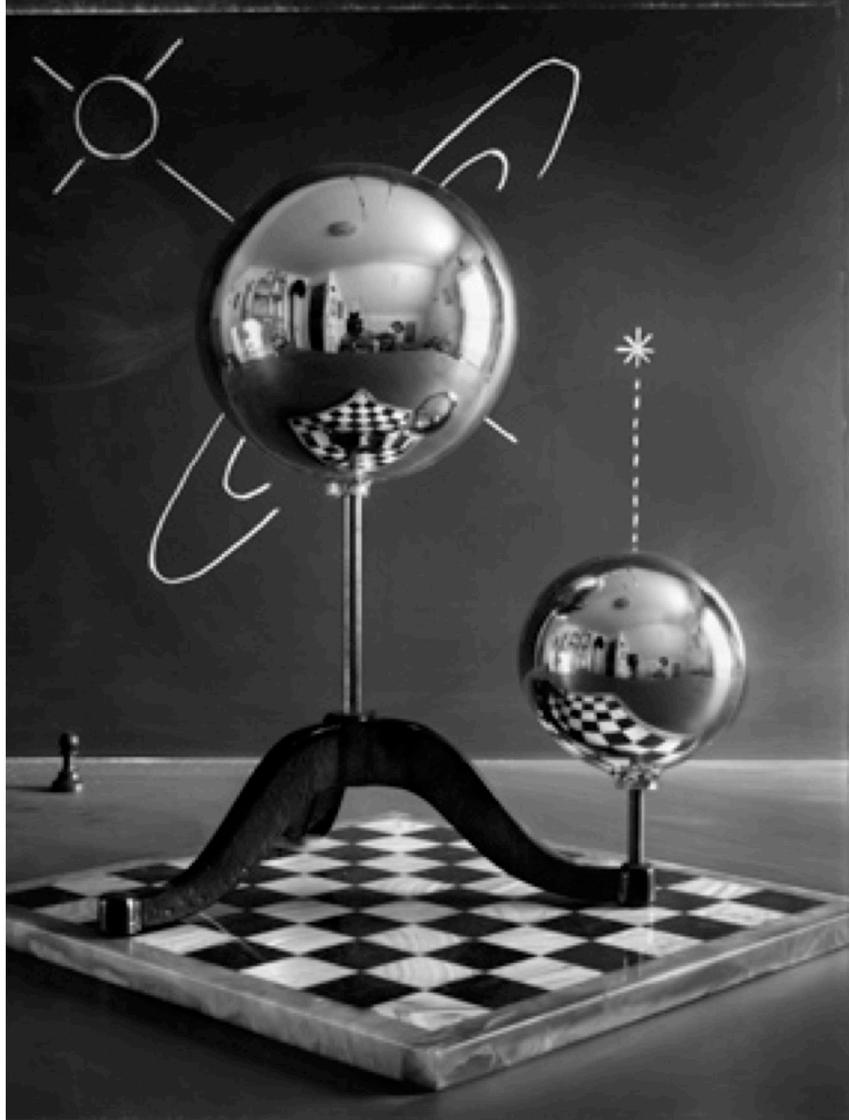


and overlap until I have a dish of funnel cake  
—yes; order returns, the irregularity smoothes,  
stabilizes

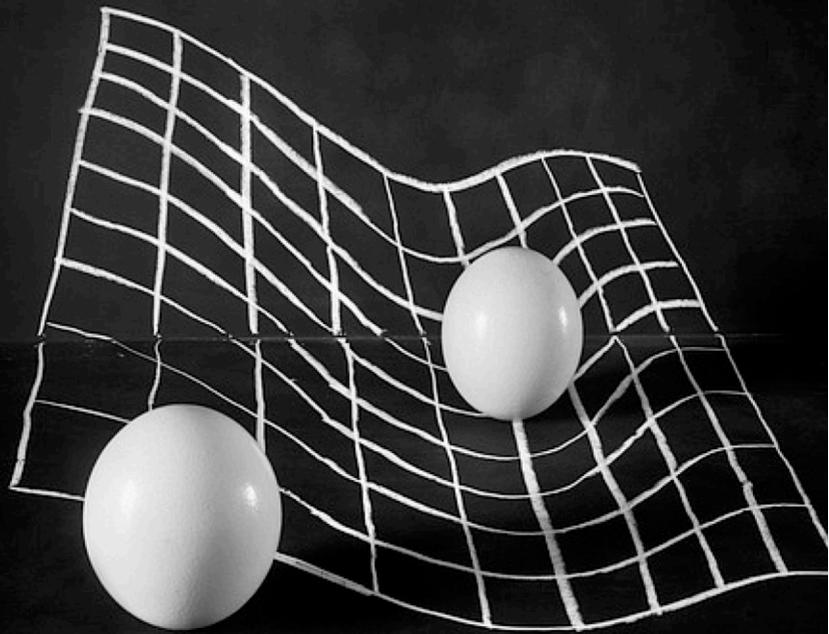
IT IS A LATTICE,  
a mesh, a net; I hold it to my eyes



and what a difference there is  
in how things look, how I look looking at  
things differently



How fine it is to see the world  
through this web of burqa.



For the mesh continues its system of seeking similarity in strands, some string of logic, continues synchronizing,

**and then it becomes possible to remember we've overlooked**

metaphor as indicator of what can synchronize, what can cooperate, what can sustain a system and turn some gears that can turn what we're on into a vehicle

—this conveyance, this lattice

is just the grid, the coordinate planes that form

when one fork has horizontal position and a second fork has vertical placement over it or under it

and a third goes right through that crisscrossed 3D graph at an angle

and this arrangement just happens sometimes when we throw the forks

this arrangement really does happen sometimes when we throw the forks into the sink or into the dishwasher, filling them

—I didn't even do the math, didn't even know the math; math and poetry both happened when I felt I just had to throw the forks and I did throw them, force, motion, volition, friction, decision; and through the throwing, I had arcs and vectors curvature negative and positive space and everything

—I'm just too lazy, as full as I am, to wash the dishes—

but I do have guests, and rather than allow myself to hog the floor, the guests should be allowed to have their say, shouldn't you? On another occasion, maybe I'll get further; maybe poems won't fall through the cracks in the design of the fork

It would be different if fork professor or professor of interacting  
—not fully interacted— language systems were my title

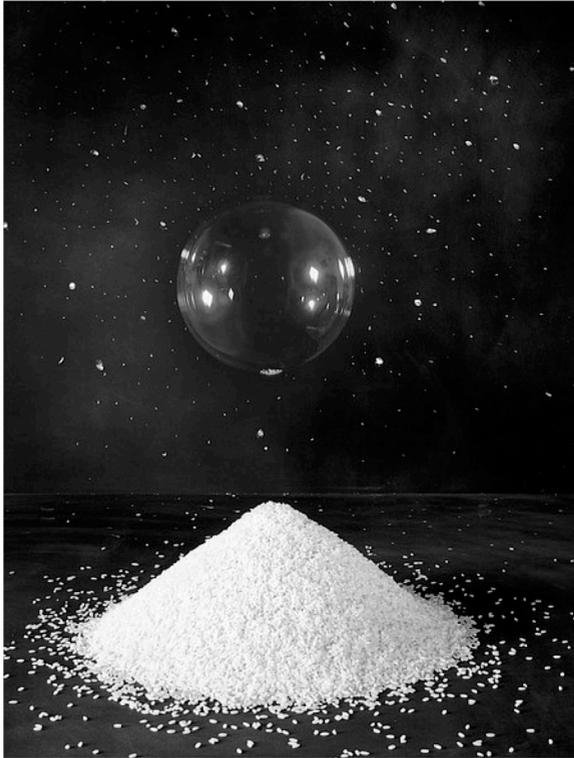
But I'm full.

I'm so full I should just stand here and say nothing

other than  
thank you for coming  
and good night.

That's right; I have guests —I'm so sorry  
that I was too full to do anything other than just tell you *why*  
what I don't have time to explain to you  
is called Limited Fork Poetics.

Maybe next time , there will be time to tell you what Limited Fork Poetics is.



what Limited Fork Poetics is



what Limited Fork Poetics is