

An Information Agency Manifesto

The Information Agency,
I am involved because I agree with its force:
cultivating the largest portion of free agency for each measure of information.

My post: creating
The Compendium of Poems and *The Compendium of Poetry Definitions*.

A division of one was formed, called Poetics.
If it remains of one, it will certainly be miserable—
the compendiums will be hopelessly impoverished.
If it loses all sense of oneness, it will certainly be abortive—
the compendiums will not be of poems or poetry definitions at all.
So, this text is an image cast and a project drawn to impel,
in future me and other personnel, shades of consciousness
necessary to continue work on both compendiums, to make them well,
as truly themselves as everything.

In the spectrum called body, constellations appear.
Sense them, they will give their light.
To keep what they influence healthy
is sound ecology. Do not forget the future.
The lyre-borne star that flames, summers, in our zenith, should be your pole-star.

§ *The Bookman*

In the Agency's early years, agents held the superstition:
Borges is the Bookman.
It was written that, *he slipped into existence from a boat
float down the unanimous night. Sharp-leaved bulrushes, which invited speculation,
slashed his flesh as he dragged himself to the base of a stone figure of a dream.*

Some speculated the bulrushes meant knife fights.
To others, they were ancient Egyptian scrolls.
A few believed them to be cats' tails, believing further
the stone figure was a tiger
which had once been the color of fire, but was, for Borges, the color of ash.

*In an uninhabited, crumbling gallería around the figure, he slept,
covered with leaves mystics left.*

*He was led on by this telos: to dream a master, to dream a superior completely,
in painstaking detail, and impose it upon reality. He consecrated himself to the sole task
of sleeping and dreaming. He quickly understood molding the incoherent, dizzying stuff
that dreams are made of is the most difficult work, even with talent to fathom all
the enigmas of his birth—much more difficult than weaving a rope of ash
or minting coins of the faceless voice that frets the stone.*

*Initial failure was inevitable, and when it was done, to put it behind him, he purified
himself in river waters, bowed down to the influence of the planetary goddesses.
And in his recovering strength formed the utterances, “Beauty is lurking all about.
Poetry is lurking around the corner. It may spring on us at any moment.
The pattern is capable of almost endless variations—and resurrections,
words, symbols for shared memories and possibilities, brought back to magic,
the feel before a meaning is adopted. I think of myself as a writer what does being
a writer mean to me it means being true to my imagination when i write something i
think of it not as being factually true fact is a web of circumstances and accidents
but as being true to something deeper when i write a text
i write it because somehow i believe in it not as one believes in mere history
rather as one believes in a dream or an ideal,” and he slept again.*

*Almost immediately, he dreamed a beating heart
and pushed his hands into it, and it beat around them,
and they pushed it into their body.*

*He perceived himself with the heart. He lived it,
from many angles, many distances. He felt the universe
is a sphere whose exact center is any gallería and whose circumference
is unattainable. He felt all variations of feelings
felt in his waking life. The heart, a perfect sound and garnet
instrument of all variations, and he,
with it within himself, a god. As a god,
he made himself real and woke with his hands in a book, reading his own writing written:
in dreams the universe is the universe, in waking life it is a library.
The book in his hands: the cipher and perfect compendium of all other books.
He examined it and found the librarian who does so is analogous to divinity.*

For many years a sect of agents beat every possible path in search of him—
and every path in vain. Fabulously, a man named J. L. Borges, proven to have written

the writings of Borges, was found and interviewed, but he could say no more than, *He is mine, yet I do not know how to locate the secret hexagon that shelters Him.* Vestiges of the sect still exist, agents working in the division Sublime, positing methods of searching for ineffable figures.

§ *Imagination*

I am an agent. I am a handmaid
to the multiplicity of words and their coordinates.
To organize, I live as though intimately
I might know a living beyond me.
Poems: mitochondria of maybe infinity. I live as though Poetics is an organ.
And we, we must have lines.
And images, knots of vitality.
To remind,

consciousness	we should include in our compendium of poems,
depends on	to the extent humanely possible, the name(s) of the writer(s), the
poiesis	(approximate) tenth(s) of a second, second(s), minute(s), hour(s),
for access to	day(s), month(s), year(s), and place(s) of all poems'
itself,	creation(s), and all available drafts and translations of all poems;
still—turns	further, we should work to keep the ToC and Index
from literal	adjustable to every method of grouping poetry students
meaning	might use;
remain the only	as for agents, we should create positions for every person
paths	and hire to capacity; by every metric used to measure persons, the
to its feel;	division should be quite diverse; sustaining an ecosystem of all that
images	comes with all of the lives of all people is simply the only best
remain the only	way to produce conditions that allow the division to make good
portals	internal assessments of its work; Caden Cotard: <i>There are x^y</i>
to our own	<i>people in the world. None of them extras. They all have their own</i>
pasts & futures;	<i>relationship with poetry. They've to be given their due!</i> Leadership
voices	will be chosen based on understanding of and dedication to the
are our	concepts and processes of completing the compendiums, and on
understandings	support and consent from leadership across Agency divisions, and
of ourselves as	of course on consent from the candidate(s), and maybe input from
real.	the MacArthur Foundation grant committee.

The gravity of our functions: knowing every event happening in this universe right now yields power to predict, with stunning accuracy, the next event that will happen

in this universe; yet poems—
it is indelibly true that given any state of knowledge of this universe, in it
the next poem written cannot be predicted accurately.

*There is neither beginning nor end to the imagination
but it delights in its own cycles reversing the usual order at will.
By the path to the bookwise tower
under the surge of the current
turns of discourse and silence
—a renewal. Beyond, the
waste from solid and rapid judgments
gross with corrupted vehicles, standing and fallen
patches of standing ambivalence
the scattering of tall names
All along the path the curling
smallish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
stuff of emotions and thoughts
with dead, jaded images under them
imageless hues—
Lifeless in appearance, primitive
nude imagination nears—
They enter the walking mind strange,
cold, uncertain of all
save that they enter. All about them
the cold renewal—
Now the blue, tomorrow
the stiff curl of purplishness
One by one presences are imagined—
It quickens: clarity, outline of life
Now the stark dignity of
forming—Yes, the profound change
has come upon them: figured they
grip round and begin to mean*

Born, I smiled, like a star full of pressure making beams. Yes,
all at once, I love that that made me smile.
I love that in that event my original smile was found.
Such a figure, such a turn, an early smile, found when full and empty
both at once in wonder, within new life and without what it was, organs feeling clouds—
reader, do not live your entire life without being full and empty, both at once, in wonder.

They're powers of understanding and choice. Thoroughly quixotic, too!
And this brought by clouds—ha!—it ought cause laughter
with sense it carries issues profounder than itself,
because it's that feel that what's known is more than what's said and why
isn't someone saying so, and of being charged with vital principles.
I believe at birth I felt I would die, but I smiled, so I also felt I would live.
Early smiles are close, are turns because they ask,
Who else are you? x^y times, in x^y directions, in x^y styles,
and they're arches of this division.
What inspires them is hot, but they must be carried
through cold wind: the wonder is how they survive
it and the muddy fields they transform.
The feel of what ought not be bound and a system of being mobile—
sing, dance your lines—of being able to know nothing and
knowing the kind move to make concerning what comes next,
they're a resolution of grossnesses and poisons,
and they're the cloud that's more than what it is
inside us and more than what it is outside us.
I mean by *feel*, perhaps, *experience* and *response* together.
Do these power your understanding and choice?
And isn't finding these being impelled to help the wind
shuffle the dried leaves, change the standing water, and move the trees?
I believe we have the wind in common, the sky, smiles, and questions about them.
I believe all this can't translate to a calculus of causality.
Do you believe such beliefs take great poise and courage to maintain?
My understanding, choice, and yours
position us in a spectrum that obliges radical
consideration of the cohesion of me and you
and these turns away from being literally full of shit? Yes,
and learning to speak, read, and write has been my method of doing so.
And maturity, mine,
form mapping complexities of gut-feelings to language that doesn't reduce them gives.
So too I become obscure, but to serve this clear truth:
I've grasped that my gut requires I say, *Who else am I?*
It has since birth. It's basic expression: to require that. I do. I turn to you.
Have you let your sense of poetry atrophy
if you're uninhabited by language of concern?
I'm not full of shit precisely because I ask, *Who else am I?*
and let a language of concern answer for me,
and laugh with the fact that out the feel of being shit full

that holy question grows—this is knowledge—the feel
we are all only ourselves ought be divided,
when it sprouts, from the land growing new vines.
And the answers are sublime to my control, voices I can only be altered by,
yet they don't deny me my position, they don't deny me ability
to respond to the question. So to write with other writers' work is a necessary
utopian vision of agency—I choose which voices mediate me
when I respond. And I will, if I can, choose them all.
The choice of spring and the grass, yes, the overwhelming renewal of it frightens me,
but it does not frighten me: I know the wild carrot leaf still swings,
I know no leaf outline is left out.
I know the poems of poets not me give my poems entrance. And I understand,
I feel the edge of my knowledge, I understand,
I experience meaning's material, its seasons,
that every measure of this image is yet is not so.
Rooted down, the paradoxes of newness persist and both harm and heal.
I'm reminded I'm contingencies, pilgrims, agents.
What are we led toward? It was written before us,
but another text will be made. This is the position of choice.
I know we all don't smile at our births.
Maybe caring, awake making
the moves of another voice
our own position—maybe loving
such a figure will be contagious.

§ *Nature the Book of Nature*
Text the Science of Text
Method the Mystery of Method

Anti-poetry will be a problem
It will be annihilative
regularly and irregularly

Life
is one
long labor
in the dark

Even in the midst
and may be even

in the midst and even
in the midst and may be
Watched them

Sublation succinctly describes the relation between time and space. It describes the relation poetry has with anti-poetry, too. They are divided, and united, and they augment each other. This can be said

A light
and a jewel
we are learning
to use

the division Poetry arches over two projects whose scope is comprehensive enough to arch in turn over the whole Agency. The compendiums, at their horizons of completion, include all information. This is not a secret. At the horizon of its processes, the Information Agency includes all information, too. Other divisions have this dynamic,

Watch the labor
and the dark
a chance of more
a chance of not

and generally any tensions between them and the Agency are resolved categorially rather than categorically. The divisions and the Agency accept that each includes the same information in different syntaxes. However, more and more, a genuine categorical dispute is shaping. The Agency is maintaining that it and two of its divisions all include the same information in different syntaxes, yet those divisions disagree. They maintain that, between the two of them, the information one includes in its projects is not the information the other includes in *its* projects. Further, each maintains that the scope of its projects includes all information. The two divisions are Immanence and Philosophy. Philosophy's official project is collecting and organizing all logical, metaphysical, epistemological, and ethical information. For example, Philosophy collects the information of this dispute and then labels its ethical lines, metaphysical lines, *et cetera*. Immanence's official project is collecting and organizing all experiential information, or as they unofficially state it, all experience. For example, Immanence collects the information of this dispute and then labels it "experience of Immanence v. Philosophy intra-Agency dispute." The Agency is not unreasonable to maintain that these divisions are indeed quibbling over syntax: Philosophy and Immanence are both collecting all the information of the dispute, but each arranges it unlike the other. Alternative, and

powerfully obverting when grasped, is the position of Immanence, which their division announces frequently and with increasing boldness: *For any information, the experience of it is equal to the whole of it.* For example, Immanence will maintain that my experience of this text, plus your experience of this text, plus others' experience of this text, equals all this text's information. To grasp how this is a powerfully obverting position, consider Philosophy's response: *If experience of information is the whole of information, then categories of information do not exist. Then there is, exempli gratia, no such material as ethics, or ethical information. Instead, at most, there is experience of considering something ethics, or experience of naming something ethical information. Well, this is a denial of the whole of Philosophy—it denies we consider anything!* Immanence's unofficial response to Philosophy was disconcerting to all divisions except their own. They said: *Yes that is correct. In fact, our position denies that information is material at all. We have discovered that the only material is experience.* Immanence maintains that their position is in fact a discovery. There are rumors that their division has started a project called The Experience Agency. Philosophy, in reaction, now claims it has *discovered experience is a category of material, thus proving categories exist, materially, as objects material forms when it is collected.* There are rumors some agents within their division go further and claim: *Strictly speaking, collection of material is impossible. The only possible actions are arrangements and re-arrangements of categories.* There are quieter rumors that their division has started a project, too, called The Category Agency. This dispute affects Poetics in at least two ways. First, we understand that we are capable of reaching similar extremity: any information, experience, or category is, must be, fundamentally, a poem, *et cetera*, for various reasons, *et cetera*, and then rumors about a Poetry Agency are overheard. Truly, if texts posit theories that maintain all material is fundamentally a poem, then we will include them in *The Compendium of Poetry Definitions* (just as we will include all poems in *The Compendium of Poems*) and explicitly cross-reference them with, literally, all available information. But to go further is to go too far. Though the scope of our division's projects arches over the whole Agency, neither of our projects subsumes it, and both need it to arch over. This is necessary logic to inhabit and be inhabited by. Consider, too, identifying wholly with a theory is doing its bidding, doing its living for it, but valorizing it and not deforming its freedom is caring for it. Our mission ought not be to identify ourselves wholly with one or another poem or theory of poetry, but rather to care for all poems and theories of poetry. This is, yes, a nebular way of life, but I maintain it is lucid. Second, we understand that other divisions need not shy away from wholly identifying with one or another theory, subject, or object, within their own division or any other. The agents in those divisions must, one way or another, eventually engage with poems and poetry. For us, this is hopeful and means strength.