

Rustles in Dry Leaves  
or,  
Walter Kogard's New York Rite  
or,  
Riffin' on a Jig in the Cosmic Fugue

First Drafted May 28, 2015,  
Finalized December 4, 2021  
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*No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by that continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be:  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.*

(SHAKESPEARE)

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CITY – 2015

There is  
a  
Manhattan-bound  
Number 2 Train  
approaching the station.  
Please step away from the platform edge.

#### 1. The Lamentation (Theme)

O Time, for thy Pyramids I weep  
That I would not summit thy peak  
O precipice that brood'st on deep  
Reveal the Syllabus I seek.

## 2. The Coffeehouse

I had begun my curriculum with some kind of understanding, but its conceit has come undone inside me. I know that I must write, but what work results is mystery. I know not what I'm writing, what my course is. I essay but I yield no postulation.

Woe, that I would seek that singularity of truth, for a human understanding of reality. And humanity has sought such truth since we first looked on the sun.

Now look ye upon me, for the sun hath looked upon me. I seek to convey my unique Understanding to others.

O Time, my Syllabus, where art thou? Art thou underground inside Systems, submerged deep, below the surface; within the unknown zone above and beneath us? And we know that we cannot ascend unto thy height, so we must go down.

Woe, O, Time, Thy Pyramids have fallen, and Tunnels have borne through them: ubiquitous and lasting systems boring from within.

Where, then, do I find that which has descended, that which now doth lie underground?

— Go where the public deposits the old and the arcane. Look among you and you'll find the people are profane. They no longer read or seek thy Pyramids. If you wish to find that which has fallen out of fashion, that which people have exchanged for monetary gain, then get thee to a library.

A library?

— A library.

I shall get me to a library. There, I may find my Syllabus.

## 3. The Library

I seek my Pyramids.

— Thy Pyramids have fallen. Tunnels have borne through them.

But is a library not also a Pyramid?

— Are Pyramids not also bread? Thou overlook thy understanding. Get thee to a bakery.

Woe, my understanding precedes my language. What Pyramids do I seek?

A Syllabus. I seek a new Syllabus for a Human Understanding.

And yet I have no understanding of Systems, nor of Pyramids, for I wish to summit thy peak! I shall get me to a bakery!

O that I would descend unto Tunnels, for I know that I cannot ascend thy peak, but in Tunnels I may descend to seek my Syllabus, so I will go where they bake bread from wheat.

O Time, my Pyramids have fallen! Tunnels have borne through them! O Time, Thy Pyramids I seek, Thy Precipice broods on deep waters. Submerged deep beneath the known and have not surfaced. So now I seek thy Tunnels. I do not seek a library. I shall get me to a bakery.

I exit this library, for it is a catacomb, and in it I'll find only corpuses. I make a right on the street and walk away. I go to the Deli at the end of the Avenue. Aaaaaaall the way downtown. There, my Precipice broods on deep waters.

#### 4. The City (Solo)

the city's first casualties are soles  
    when underneath,  
    your balls grow calloused  
the hardest part of anywhere is getting there  
you're always in a line or a tunnel  
    passing through a crowd  
the lanes of urban highway have been  
    socially prescribed  
and the bloodways run both ways  
    up to the crown and down  
    beneath the feet  
and you may wonder while you wander  
    effortlessly in the street  
the bottom of the sea has come  
    now and I seek the tide,  
the city is hollowed  
    and hollow inside  
it hath bore a hole in me,  
    a sacred ground,  
    a hollow  
softly strings me through the breeze  
    urging me to follow  
vagrant dreams have dissolved in the steam which ascends from subway grates that have  
warmed the nameless  
    those whose dreams have fallen,  
    while steam serves for warmth,

and in the winter frost soars higher  
& it's only the wind that  
rustles in dry leaves.  
do downtrodden doves living over cosmopoverty  
lament their cementspeckled wings?  
i am a pigeon seeking crumbs  
cast by bag ladies under canopies in parks  
O Time, Thy Pyramids,  
where art thou?  
Thy Pyramids have fallen.

#### 5. The Deli at the End of the Avenue

I seek bread in the aisle. I seek my Pyramids. I'm writing a Syllabus and I seek my Pyramids for Systems. It's my understanding that Systems lie somewhere in Tunnels. If I can reach my Pyramids I can find the Systems needed for my Syllabus, so I seek my Pyramids for answers.

O Time, my Syllabus I seek doth lie in the deep. Underground. At the peak. And if it's the peak I must reach to peek the Pyramids I seek, then that must be my destination, in the Tunnels.

And a deliman came and said unto me, They say the hardest part about anywhere is getting there. Once you're there, you're no where to be found, and yet you're now here, you see?

So nowhere is where I will go now, if now here is the place where my Pyramids lie. I must now follow the strightmost path there; I must know which is the right way.

— Down. Down. You must go down. Down the aisle. The bread aisle. Deep below the surface.

So I go down in the aisle. I scan the shelves of bread, and my eyes glance to the floor where I notice a cellar door. I kneel over the wooden door and take up the latch and open the hatch and I peer into the darkness, and go down there, underground.

#### 6. The Tunnel

I descend into the substation below Bedford and Nostrand Avenues and I walk to the platform edge. I lean over and peer deep into the Tunnel.

I seek understanding. I've come here in search of my Syllabus. I seek my Pyramids.

And an old man came and said unto me, Thy Pyramids have fallen. Tunnels have borne through them.

We are fallen. Tunnels are borne through here.

— You will never reach thy Precipice. Thy Pyramids have fallen.

I was told that the Tunnels lead to my Pyramids.

— Then you will wait in this substation for seventy seven years, and maybe your train will come and bear you down the borough's bowels. But no Pyramids lie at the end of thy line. Only silent waters.

O Time, thy Pyramids, where art thou? Reveal the Syllabus I seek. I've traversed city corridors and monoliths of antiquated tomes—of catacombs and dusty halls. I have ventured down the Avenue in search of bread. I have descended into burrows, passed throughout their halls, and sunk the earthen floors of cellars with the treading of my soles. I have passed through hollowed tunnels like a train, like a cell in the blood of the city's veins. I have passed through yonic doorways into wombs. But I will not be satisfied with shallow water. I've heard that thy precipice broods on deep. I will seek further through thy hollows 'neath the cellar floors of earth. O Pyramids, thy peak, submerged deep beneath the street, thy Systems will not keep my waves at bay.

A G train burrows into the station and comes to a steaming halt. I board the car, the doors close, and the train makes its departure down the Tunnel.

## 7. Coney Island

I exit the train station, I walk to the water's edge, and my eyes brood on the deep, on the high tide up on the water, and the sun rising on the horizon.

At length, I'm approached by a bather, but my eyes continue to brood. We stand quiet together for some time; so quiet I could hear the gentle breaking of the waves move my deep, standing waters of silent stagnation.

Your clothes, says the bather. They're silly. Don't you know your clothes enclose you? They block out the light of the sun. They dampen the flow of the water. The sea cannot wash over you. The sun cannot look upon you. I presume that's why you're here, at this beach. And yet you merely look on the water, and stand below the sun. You do not come inside them. You do not let them come inside you.

The sun has looked upon me. The sea has come, and come inside me. From in the light I touched the light. I knew the light grew mold inside me. I do not wish to bathe here; I seek my Syllabus. I was told it peaks thy Pyramids, Pyramids which lie inside Systems, Systems borne through by Tunnels. But Tunnels have brought me to the end of the line, and emptied me at thy sea. And as I seek the sea, I see inside. O Time, thy Pyramids, to me are nothing novel; they are fallen to the bottom of the silence of the sea...

the bottom...

the sea has come...

*The bottom of the sea has come  
And builded in my noiseless room  
The fishes' and the mermaids' tomb,  
The bottom of my room, the sea.  
Full of voiceless curtaindeeps  
There mermaid somnambules come sleep  
Where fluted half-lights show the way,  
And there, there lost orchestras play  
And down the many quarterlights come  
To the dim mirth of my aquadrome:  
The bottom of my sea, the room.*

(MERTON)

I am black body, I am collapsed.  
I am fallen the way way back.  
I have sunk inside myself.  
Don't you wish to come inside me?  
Thy black ass hath so much mass.  
Thou hast a warm hole to hide me.  
Where no bright light dares to find me.  
I am fallen and born back.  
No body can stand beside me.  
I am hollowed, I am black.

#### 8. The Coda (Fin)

O, Time, thou hast borne us down thy yonic hall, the Tunnel of the 2 train of our lives, unto our truest light in darkness—darkness of our womb, where all light bodies descend like sunken seed; and all thy cigarettes' smokes and ashes amass in glass graves like ashtrays; where black spirits smolder to be released anew in a big bang of our truest descendants.

We have all once been condensed, for from diffuse we would not have been born but for collapse unto that center in spacetime where singularities converge, and we combust under great weight and rerelease the nebula of new and future worlds—there, where light is carried in darkness full term—in the birthfroth, the firstborn bursts forth: the belly splits; a blue spirit's sparked, a blue fugue, and I ignite like blew fuse in light.

We shall spontaneously dissolve. We shall descend and be borne back—into the womb, into the deep within. And as I seek the sea, I see inside. O Time, thy Pyramids to me are nothing novel. Tunnels have borne through them. O Thing, thy yonic verses sing the violent silence of the sea; so ends what I heard in the wind that rustled in dry leaves.

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