

Hugo García
Manríquez

Painting
is Finite

LRL e-editions

PAINTING IS FINITE

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Painting Is Finite

the objects

“themselves”

materials

fires or
successive fires

the prior condition of all documents is their existence without us

a mass that slowly begins
to resemble them

works of this kind

rocks,
like all matter

every thing in order

what remains of him added to the watercolor

whenever the voice occurs it is in the most unstable places

the materials abandon their speed and rest
in opposite manner

among native grasses and others

memory behaves in both directions

the result that it casts

the present, that is, mobility

winter colors without multitudes

long summer full of parallels

capital moves

nothing that preceded you
has prepared you for the experience

“the return of painting”

in correspondence:

“the occasion”

“painting is infinite”

the present at least in current
terms is the failure of place

who wants that mantle of nontranslatability between their work and the world?

we say it has no meaning, which is a very strange idea

a turn towards foliage

objects in this room are moved more frequently than in others

there is no fiction on plateaus

image does not find a place to resolve

/visibility

history

a “public space,” the idea of which
they make for themselves
and which in turn they sell to us
publicly

memory belongs to this occupation

to the fields

at the age
of seven

What is content?

Pastoral of Things

Or one,
One writes in the cold

Believes he's moving away from abstraction, only
to enter through the back door

The fear of representation, of going back
to representation, that is,

to animosity

.

The unit suspended
in some sense of duration
reduced to a zone unknown

All the natural phenomena
heavens included

The mysterious "quality" of action

•

A mobilization of arguments

A supposed return
to the void prior to the project,
da capo, for there is no inside
that remains attentive to the position of its object

Only outside of nature,
not inside, can there be time

Fire is
the company one keeps

•

The city, the poem, and in both
the nature of human occupation

.

What awaits is love
as language awaits
the terms of its own
insertion in the world

If asked,
they'd say words
grew bitter. Related words grow
bitter too,
necessarily

Better write the "poem" in letters
with "personal communications"

.

.

Alone or in
groups the mind
in a landscape

In the corner of the painting
in that right angle
the moon
closes the circle
the moon eats her quarters

When needed crows will remove
marginalia

Someone glances
into the photograph
something dark is added

juxtaposed against the stars
fixed in the dew
of the mind

Reeds, Grand Dark Black
Masses /

pastoral of things

the range of their movement

some traces of dependency

vast tribe of flowers

constant unchanged

certain mistakes left open
phrases open

diving into the opacity
of that region of the world

in that opacity
touching land like products without history

movement infects the surroundings

in immeasurable quantities and in precise quantities

revise that nature

from the steady just as from the unsteady

what rejects fixation

in the poem is an “unknown quantity”

bugs attached

the Embroidered Virgin attached to the portrait

and the city is open

so is the poem

the word war is used

thickets of laurel

and advancing, what kind

of advancing

your voice raises the sun the fog thickens

panorama replicates from tree tops

you go on with that desire

“plenty of external facts”

in turn/

the stone plenty

among facts

any nest in the silence or

“i like darkness”

or “the stars speak?” or “i noticed it, too”

“waiting”

waiting

notation towards a mass

that it is, deleted
that it is,

in that movement alone

a sort of contact

“to capture history”

to have a pony and then name it pony-pony
that's something, isn't it?

these, varied materials

out of what is

open

one to

each other touching one to each other

this, “varied writings”

this, “first writings”

a single kind of materials

a long series of questions / all of the same kind

at the end of the postcard, Grammar. “grammar” underlined

an exposition, a
“series of works on paper”

divided, just as among other things,
the inventor of a catalog

and the “untitled” paintings are presented

even the “archetypical” forest of the mind
of a man/ among
others
from whom change is expected
and change from one state to the other

and who lives with those
sounds visiting his ears/
with those images visiting
his ears

remnants of contact with others
without the predominance of action upon
process

what survives on the surface
on the softest side of the name
on what will never leave you

reeds, grand dark black

masses/

lilies from one shore to the other rocking/

a form of life sustained

Tiépolo Sky / In the Ribs of November
Seeded with Quotes

caravans of orchids

simple dense facts

landscapes dense or simple

what's the remnant of a landscape or

where is it deposited?

where is the surplus deposited *as* history?

tiépolo sky / in the ribs

of november

seeded with quotes

where is the surplus of ourselves

deposited *as* history

on the surface,

you say, where what's written is written

history is the only matter excreted by

that which dies

politics of the quote

“dear i: positive
pleasure i felt hearing your talk on interesting to witness
that your fine feminine sensibility has been able to capture so
much of this... among the ... tribe...

...

because a dark bloody christ is venerated... what i am
telling you here, dear friend, is only in order to make clear to
you the admiration that your friend and s.y. feels toward you.”

docile dolce fool-

ishly yours

a melancholic conquest

survival hastens toward new objects

and your love has disposed

of facts

and your love/ bent by that present

translate, “he is outside of himself”

or also “he is outside [*as* beside] himself”

that notion we preserve

of what love is

in a more recent photograph
you appear already obscure
already as they say
“turned inwards”

or maybe it is just the expression that has
in the photo its own expression
its own innate history

which is by no means the oldest and already
the features are held towards life or
the first features

working with it [with time]
instead of working against it

we read and reread
and the world seems anew in us

throughout the translation he replaced
“spirit” / “mind” / “soul” with *phantom*

and also *necessity*
means or should mean *that-which-stays*;
that- which-will-not-go

we read and that
marks the cadence
of love

or the notion
we preserve
of what love is

the place where/
with its faults or mistakes

therefore we write

we reread

on the edge, on that edge, if you like,

a doubt is deposited

and on that edge (or the edge)

love

people under the stars
or under crickets which are stars
or like stars

to shelter people, that is,
the first fact, that's the space

something like the love for that
first fact

but even just
as mere dust it rises

“history is made with documents”

or with

diseases of blood

lives of others

Errant Thus Signifying

for Martin Ramirez, painter (1895-1963)

the trajectory of the line
must face this,

“to fall is to fall”

also, “a controlled line is admirable”

first he described him as “he doesn’t speak,
just mumbles.” later he went on
to say, “he was mute,” “he could not
speak,” and eventually
“he never spoke”

living the second half of his life in a search of institutions

*he never dated his drawings, although
the doctor did date some of his works*

a controlled line is admirable and contains the human figure

the materials contain the human figure
and the figure in its history contains them all.

errant, thus signifying

in opposition to the authority of endings

you relocate re-title segments

as response to local landscapes

in which sky of the mind that sky dazzles

Untitled

UNTITLED

With language spread out over the rocks,
we walk under Antares that rules the cold,

down white paths,
unfolding. We are written

by November, holding the rest of the world
with a letter and last fingernail

“Like sitting down to rest in the dark heart of a friend,”
not pale but contrary

UNTITLED

Footprints sleep on earth,
later lit by what we call memory
they rise to coincide with their name, on
what we call snow

In clusters the letters turn inward, to the “region of the heart”
Newspapers seek volunteers for the shadow on the front page

UNTITLED

January takes another chair in the room
last names jealously guard their acquisitions in the hyphen that unites them now

there's a mistranslation piling up on the edge of the map
professors arrive at the coast of a poem years later

The crows join in chorus
and the translation improves
at the foot of the chain that has the primrose tightly bound

PAINTING

In the valley of the last movement
a hand turns toward reality

Verbs clearing time of the fog
of its action in the paint

Now more fog is added from the time of their action

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ON SOURCES

“Painting is Finite”

Lines on page 14 from the interview “Generosity as Method: An Interview with Myung Mi Kim.” Yedda Morrison, Myung Mi Kim, 1997.

“Errant Thus Signifying”

Notes for this poem were taken during my visit to the exhibition of Martin Ramirez’s work, at the San Jose Museum of Art, in 2007. Martin Ramirez, now recognized a master painter, was a self-taught painter, born in Jalisco, Mexico, and died after years of confinement in a mental institution in Northern California, where he produced his entire body of work.

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