

DERRIDA: THE MOVIE

PAUL HOOVER

Derrida has left the building: world.

Derrida has left the word: life.

Voyeur through a keyhole: Derrida at rest,

Derrida on fire, Derrida with a pipe,

Too handsome, too knowing. Derrida

The haircut, his stylist on the phone.

The man who wrote voluminous essays,

Notes, considerations; whose gaze was fierce,

Heart mild; who starred in the film *Derrida*.

Keyhole shaped like a woman, whose

Mouth is shaped like a keyhole.

Jacques Derrida, the concept and the scholar.

Derrida swallows. Derrida wallows.

I will briefly discuss. I will then examine.

I bestow the object. Derrida: fearful.

Two facing mirrors, Derrida between them.

Subject to “infinite regression,”

Derrida the object arrives at true despair.

Footsteps of the beloved: Derrida desires.

Cashmere sweater: Derrida acquires.

Intractable data, what Derrida allows.

Keyhole: mountain. Keyhole: lion.
Keyhole: fountain. Keyhole: crying.
Derrida takes a shower. Derrida glowers.

Nature as the actual, nature as realm.
Derrida: the sailor. Derrida at the helm.
Light writes the real. Light paints the town.

Derrida pales. Derrida: the flower.
Derrida wails. Derrida: empowered.
His eye climbs a staircase, falls from a tower.

THE WINDOWS (PONDS GROW)

XLII ponds grow
sweeps are
 slowly skirts everywhere of
longest of this present

loves
 raw if desire
must mouths you
 changes nature's legs

easy and face
 winter
nothing down every nothing
 poor lasts the season
 lasts world

rain history and
 what indifference
breath
 the intermittent pit
 thrusting all tongue how dry
 we
unconcealed cross with difference
 and
unfulfilled observations
 kiss with offended lips

grace the darkness

itself a mouse
fondness lets in

and velvet speaks world what
she cries sun
models its every it
its every into
world between the page

to owl nothing vacant
beneath forever
open never
light fire

hesitant a world written
hear infinite
returning rain
beneath you
feels afternoon

river making wedding works
semblance sways grief
sleep space happens of

the house staring
shapes the eye
canes the mourning bells

when the moaning child
imitates the mirror
few fossils

grace the first art
words at the threshold
 song time dark
 speaks machine
knows shadow
 stands language
 a jostled path

XLV likeness happens
 air field ready XLIV the plunder closed
 until its thunder garrulous
 then the intermission
i loves its is
 naked

 and
missing must hollow its
 falling mouth Christina
 w x &
rigors silence flickering mirror

 whatever's somewhere
rushes there
 the imagined mind gives
 future love's closed eyes dark
and tangle the begins

body skin XLVI strides
 enters little love's way
except impassive listing

lightning wells by