

Bruce Andrews

Note on Gottlieb

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I'm staying up late night during the Big Blackout, reading Michael Gottlieb's LOST AND FOUND, activated by flashlight (& votive red Corazon candle). "The bright line" of formal elegant snazz, blusterless & jolting, "the candid snap, / the large detail" on the spot with the telling clip, "the faltering isolate" end-of-the-rope troubles the social appealingly. As "breakage and peradventure" pivots into what's amiss, insouciant perforation acts as "a topical reagent" inconsolably fronting "a flurry of affect". To remember — or better, to forget. This Noun Left Intentionally Blank. "Think of me as a sort of temporary filling." Monstrance, we are the walking reproof.

Even the facts are pastiches, tuning up the overspecified, "prostrate from abject" & "not unlike an exaggerated startle response" to the doxauthorities, in a slo'-syruped 'DJ Screw' pace. "A kind of risorgimento / of the unacknowledged" goes into syndication to rescind their ways of making us shut up, vouching for a counter-resolution. "All of a sudden, seeing us all as just more special pleading, / and that was not enough." Here instead, the lost is unfounded, jouissant as any "appreciated hope, / we try / to breathe life into."