

Interestingly, it reads so differently in different parts, sometimes like a provisional script for a performance piece, sometimes as if composed by an AI program, sometimes playful & exuberant (well, often), sometimes oddly penetrative in its obliquity, sometimes a palimpsest sliced from the poet's own reading, sometimes making for prismatic effects, & sometimes much of all that together. An apt answer to this age of misrule.

--Maurice Scully (correspondence)