
»» Energy Humanities
An Anthology

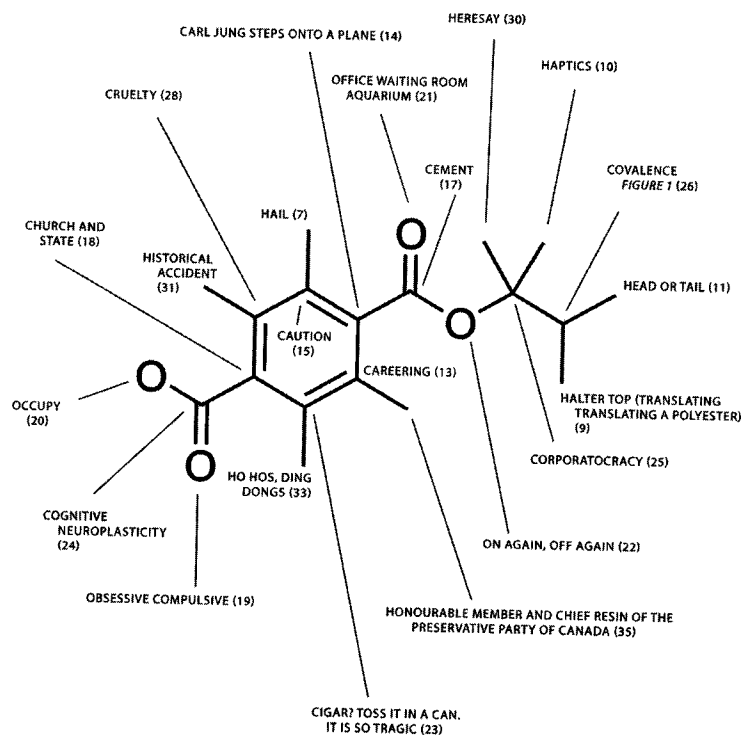
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Excerpt from *The Polymers*

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Polyester



Polyethylene terephthalate, $C_{10}H_8O_4$

HAIL

Hello from inside
the albatross
with a windproof lighter
and Japanese police tape.
Hello from staghorn
coral beds
waving at the beaked whale's
mistake,

The Polymers (Toronto: House of Anansi Press, 2013), 5, 7–8, 10, 19

all six square metres
of fertilizer bags.
Hello from can-opened
delta gators,
taxidermied
with twenty-five grocery sacks
and a Halloween Hulk mask.
Hello from the zipped-up
leatherback
who shat bits of rope for a month.
Hello from bacteria
making their germinal way
to the poles in the pockets
of packing foam.
Hello from low-density
polyethylene dropstones
glacially tilled
by desiccated,
bowel-obstructed camels.
Hello from six-pack rings
and chokeholds,
from breast milk
and cord blood,
from microfibres
rinsed through yoga pants
and polyester fleece,
biomagnifying predators
strafting the treatment plants.
Hello from acrylics
in G.I. Joe.
Hello from washed up
fishnet thigh-highs
and frog suits
and egg cups
and sperm.
Hello.

HAPTICS

Inspired by cigarettes, folding chairs, and the flourished gestures
that accompany escalating disagreements, Plasticus Corporation (a
subsidiary of Dow Chemical) quietly moved into researching the

biological effects of touch on memory. The idea was to engineer nostalgia into the flexible surfaces of goods. Take, for example, the proleptic goodbye of an ice cube tray, the Merry Christmas grip of a Swiss Army knife, or the complementary blisters bevelled by borrowed cash. Researchers impregnated experimental plastics with erotic, platonic, and ritualistic dispersants in order to approximate the uncanny and its unguent penetration into the rehearsals of the brain's transcriptional grease. Soon, the golden age of mothers was upon us. Wine pairings were devised. Moods were adjusted. People saw their fingerprints blinking everywhere like biometric avalanche beacons. In the midst of the frenzy, in bathrooms where blow-dryers whipped pierced barley ears into Arcadian compost, in soliloquies sprung to life on the pocket-dialed sidewalks down memory lane, in gear-boxed convertibles retrograding the open road, in Archimedean armchairs armed with bygone gamepads, in the protopathic nuzzling of machined memorabilia, the retraction went unnoticed. Plasticus had forged the data. All the handheld déjà-vus made it feel like a publicity stunt. The hoax was taken for a hoax and the polyester lilies went on feeling up the valley.

OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE

make a roof for the people, and the people walk
down the street with resin for a roof, and the roof
has magnesium in it, and sulphur, and the people
walk down the street with resin in their hair, and
resins are always falling from the sky to the ground,
and the birds make a people in the sky, a people
of the resin, and the resin is composed of sky, and
it composes the sky, and the people walking down
the street are the strings of resins, and covering
their hair with their arms, with newspapers, with
umbrellas, the people are the birds of resins throwing
their landings in the air like people for whom landings
are uncommon, like people committed to the expulsion
of landings, the resins coming down upon
them like people driven out of countries discovered
by resins or that have discovered resins in veins,
in the countertops of suburbs, and people walk
down the street with resins for hair, with countries
committed to colour, with the bonds between them
the birds circling, and people walking down the street

with hunched shoulders so as not to look up and
call the resins by name, call the resins in the name
of the birds, the people, circling and loosening