

# OPEN HOUSE

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Editors: Cosmo Spinosa, Houston Donham

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***Open House*** is a biannual journal of poetry and poetics. We seek to collect innovative and experimental work of many focuses and subjectivities. We are drawn to poetry that maneuvers away from categorization, complicates expectation, and keeps us perplexed. We are based in Oakland and in Tucson. For more information, visit [openhousepoetry.com](http://openhousepoetry.com).

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J e a n D a y

**THEY LOCK THE DOOR WHEN THEY SEE US COMING**

Theirs is the generation  
of no hope whatsoever.

What I know is what I know—nothing special.

Take one waffle  
put it on top of another  
and watch the butter  
feel.

What we mean is reproducing  
all over.

I take the egg gingerly and enter.

## **CELLBLOCK A**

Not what you expected  
but good enough to rise

to the occasion

(bowl or basin)

or anal sun (as they used to say)  
though that was one  
for the books then held

in the library of

where I hatch my escape.

The dummy is fled

without fooling anybody

## **NIGHT TRAIN**

Sad hair, soap.

Loaded.

Rocked gently.

Nobody has good thoughts  
in the middle of the night.

Why then should we be limited to experience?

If the soundtrack simulates  
a real night ride

Father! Mother! —

nowhere to be seen

## **AGAINST WHICH NO COLLAR WOULD BE TURNED**

So as to be amazing  
rather than irrelevant

The wren

knows to fold in  
before we're poor again

in our desert blindspot.

So we're not birds.  
Need rain.

Cannot quit.  
While we're ahead.

## CATCHMENT

Since we're not birds  
                    (not sudden)  
and all our lands are private

We have to plan ahead  
like turtles in sand

                    waiting for an apology.

One pond for rain  
One for retention

                    Two brains cleave  
to the curve around which

                    we're pretty sure

she'll be combing



## **WITHOUT ROUSSEAU**

Her hair—we are

unromantic (not sodden)  
upon a rock

nor will we  
subside  
in the other room  
(figures of doom)

if the present is our blindspot.

Booty's what  
the occupiers keep.

We hold on to everything.

## **ELGIN MOVEMENT**

Springs eternal from her head  
an image of perfection

still to come

Yet the wooden horse  
is all about  
not being nailed

souvenirless

to her toes,

those  
on which had lain our oysters.

*Who, then, are the enchanted people who can afford to live here?*

### **Go hard in the direction of yourself**

In one of his lectures on the concept of the neutral at the Collège de France, Barthes made reference to a private correspondence that no one would have had access to except himself. Later appearing in print in *The Neutral*, the obscure reference appears in quotations:

What I am looking for, during the preparation of this course, is an introduction to living, a guide to life (ethical project): I want to live according to nuance. Now, there is a teacher of nuance, literature; try to live according to the nuances that literature teaches me ("my tongue on his skin ≠ my lips on his hand").<sup>33</sup>

The translator explains in note 33 that the quote differentiating between the two phrases comes from a correspondence between Barthes and Hervé Guibert. The background is that Barthes had wanted what he called a “common sensuality” with Guibert, who rejected his interest rather dramatically. "Sensuality: the sphere of a relationship defined (limited) by the fact that a body is not forbidden to me. Differentiate: 'not to be forbidden' / 'to be accessible.' To live accordingly, according to nuance" (Barthes, "Fragments pour H."). Interpellated as the rejected, Barthes wrote letters emphasizing the literary difference between what Guibert supposedly remembered as “my tongue on his skin” and lamented Guibert’s lack of attunement to nuance. “Barthes could only live life with the story of living that life in mind,” Ralph William Sarkonak writes.

This correspondence took place around December 1977; his mother died in October, and he had already begun the mourning diary. Of this timing, Sarkonak writes the following and then quickly moves on: “Clearly, Barthes was deeply hurt, and his mourning for his beloved mother becomes a weapon to be used in the face of Guibert’s hostile gestures.”

This seriality casts the mourning diary, a tremendous work, in a whole new light. What’s striking is that Barthes takes two losses—a rejection and a death—and mobilizes one against the other, as if to say *you’ve rejected me but look how hard I love. Watch what my love can do*. The response to being unwanted is to fling himself in the opposite direction but simultaneously against the beloved, because rejections demand an exercise of fortitude—verdant, autotelic display as a means to compensate or recover.

Violette Leduc once wrote of her so-called ugliness, “I wanted to be a hard focus of attention for the customers in a cafe, for the audience in a music-hall lounge, because I was ashamed of my face and because I wanted to force it upon them at the same time.” Like Barthes, Leduc’s response to rejection was to go even harder in the direction of *herself*. And what to make of these self-fulfilled rejections? What does it mean to weaponize the ontology of who you are? Aside from an aspirational regeneration, it furthers the split, a self-witnessing, like some self beyond yourself steps forward to speak for you, to say it isn’t right.

## Untitled

there should be a word for the act of reading and finding meaning in work by someone you're erotically invested in

friends respond to the same work wholly unimpressed, thinking it unworthy of effort, irritating, or mediocre at best

they're not installing it with plenitude (overvaluation), or they're not open to the gift of the other person, which you became open to through the conduit of sexual interest

seeing another person with this halo is always overvaluing them, but their capacity to be overvalued—or valued at all—and the way a person can open up under the light of that valuation, is always there

this act of imbuing someone with a worth that overestimates them is a prerequisite for them having the chance of meeting it

and the people who walk with the confidence of having obtained it were overvalued at their origins—they now carry that gift as part of their body

for others, this is a gift that still needs to be given, regularly, and from raw material

ask yourself if you can love like this and stay with it

**Anamnesis**

get over here come over

here

get over here

throw that away

right now

throw it away

get in

well see

get in

dont

dont

dont

get down

song of the open

jaguar road

get way

sass shout

get way from me

chest in out

baseball field switches

I am

anonymous

mom

paid

worried

his ear his earth

stills eviction

menial

public

shooting

partnered her name

is leave

my concrete

porch steps

figurating sudden

me without

her

clapping

if I am  
help  
utile  
pick-up  
truck til  
he was  
buried in a tallis naked  
in his tallit  
see molt  
by now the pitcher  
ascends the mound  
empty field  
choral  
thinking  
Ted  
was competing



ana a tidal note

ana a breaking in

ana a

dont forget I was strong and you were weak

now that I am weak and youre strong

ana curled up

ana

curled up

the potato field heave rotted

down the excess

rain the rain is a boundary

to not beg for voices

actuary rations  
Ill fine  
the bus  
stop seeds  
bring the media  
to a root milk  
dawn dusk  
glass breaking  
on my grandmother tongue  
happen to be happen  
ISBN salvific lbs  
new  
cant washing  
nothing for weeks  
own vegetating  
ask Whitman  
buried in his family

when links  
rattle voice  
lessons  
his Tagalog  
but drought where  
the future of  
the future of my clothes  
thumbnails offd raptors  
sobbing over  
heard mesquite  
dripping so  
you know the seeds  
emerge clobbering middles  
sleepingbag  
over her darker arm  
a claw they  
call back  
so can grow out  
the sun system

rabbinic brakes

that compost

a clinical apex

dads moms

head

rapped

by straw at

no crossouts no con

no phonecall no cough

glacial dispensary

cause charless

bleating woodrat

I study

the photo

cannibalism

Lindsey Boldt

**from SOME ENNUI**

**Just That Kind of Face**

What is it  
about my face  
that says  
lost lamb  
please tell  
what to do

All this time  
I thought  
my face  
was saying  
I'm glad you're  
human right now  
too

& isn't it strange  
figuring out what  
to do with this body  
amongst other bodies  
in space  
I thought we might  
converse

Never meant for  
this face  
to be the  
kind of portal  
that only goes  
one way

I was going for  
omnidirectionality

## **TFW**

You really just want  
to incinerate everything  
not in the general  
nihilist sense  
of everything should burn  
or even the usual  
political one  
but rather  
that you want to do  
the burning  
and not with your hands  
by lighting things  
on fire  
w/ matches  
or gasoline  
but rather  
by commanding  
the energy within  
everything within  
eyesight  
to accelerate  
to such a degree  
that it bursts  
into flame  
everyone  
at the cafe  
on the street  
inside the computer  
just  
bursting  
into flame

xo  
Lindsey

But I was not wearing  
enough black that day  
and felt my softness  
seep into the collar  
of my blue denim shirt  
and felt the cars pass  
and their drivers  
dismiss me as  
safe  
—some lady

I walked the blocks  
to Stephanie's house  
saying

I am no longer afraid of death  
it's all that meditation  
I've been doing  
and this is why  
I feel so bored  
with life  
because I am no longer  
afraid to die

Lauren writes about  
hypochondria and I  
feel almost jealous  
of her anxiety because  
it means she wants  
so badly to live  
I don't have that  
No, I do not want to die  
but neither do I sometimes  
want to live  
as I have  
in this way  
with coffee  
to get me up  
and soy creamer  
to make it more  
exciting

But death is not  
the only thing  
to be afraid of

I think I am more afraid  
that life will continue  
at this pace  
like this  
unremarkably

## **That Passing Feeling When**

You think  
you want to die  
but what you really  
want is to stop feeling  
that nasty ache  
in your chest  
that lets you know  
all is not well  
and eating right  
and brewing herbs  
and living simply  
and having a nap  
isn't relieving it  
and neither does  
the sensory deprivation tank  
it is in fact just  
underwhelming  
all around  
and you yourself are  
an energy healer  
and yet the ache  
is dull and painless  
almost undeserving  
of attention  
and yet impossible  
to ignore  
and that trance journey  
revealed little besides  
the intricacy of things  
and their unending  
complexity  
and your questions  
just led to more questions  
and the Gods don't know  
but what they do show you  
has little bearing on  
life lived in a body  
within the bounds  
of space & time  
it is of course intriguing  
and beautiful but  
also impossible to  
communicate while  
still maintaining the  
gravitas and wonder  
you experienced as it  
was revealed to you  
as drawn by an energy



best described as  
otherworldly  
through your own hand

## **Life Long Learner**

Today  
I thought  
I could learn  
to weave  
then to spin  
then to dye

It occurred to me  
that I could just keep  
learning things  
& in this way  
perhaps not ever  
feel bored again  
perhaps not want to  
sleep thru 'til  
the end

I should remember this  
I told myself  
& file it away under:

To Do When  
Would Rather  
Not Do  
Anything  
Anymore

But then  
isn't that just it  
when Melancholia strikes  
& it does  
& will  
perhaps it is already  
doing something  
& making one  
busy with it

All that time  
under the blanket

All that time  
knowing full well  
the falsehoods  
so intimately  
that they are  
all there is  
until that thing  
that needed you

no longer does  
and you are released  
to do those things  
you liked doing  
so well

Dang a Birthday  
how it *stirs*  
a person

What my love  
might have made  
had it been less afraid  
to be itself  
and how much containing it  
is much the same  
as any pain  
that might come  
from outside

If that is ever even  
a thing that happens  
I am unconvinced

I have pulled  
worse things from  
a body  
                  squirming  
as I flicked it  
through a garbage portal

I have pulled  
a chord  
from my own chest  
& saw it stretch & go

You know, how we  
follow these  
threads around  
always walking the dog  
through space & time  
you and I like yo-yo's  
rolling

Thanks for being here too  
it's better when you are

You could just as easily  
not. I know that's true  
or come else-wise &  
never been near me  
on this grid

I have sat & stroked  
a string or set, rather  
like one might pet a harpsichord

like one might drag fingers through wet hair  
not knowing if it mattered  
but doing it to do it  
hoping some tangle might loosen  
& something come of it

At least it felt good  
like finally being put to use  
you know  
how you go around  
not knowing what you're for  
some dug up instrument  
lacking context

They think you're an over-sized fishhook  
but really they just had to bend you  
before they put you in the ground  
so you couldn't  
cast spells  
from the other  
world

## **That Feeling When**

You want to  
let everyone know  
that you are down

So down  
for some things in particular  
& then sometimes you're  
just down

You may be the most  
down person  
you know  
but no one knows  
because your head  
is too far under  
to blink out an S.O.S.  
let alone a solidarious, Yes  
& hands too busy  
drawing symbols  
to continuously signal  
a thumbs up  
to the cause  
laying, thrumming  
in and out  
under this blanket

You want to let  
everyone know  
that you're doing work  
down & over  
down & thru  
someone has to  
maybe  
dunk their head  
in the bog  
part their lips & filter  
the chunks

You know it's not  
the same  
& everyone could do  
w/o you  
studying root hairs  
from the underside  
of the soil

There was no call for  
dirt-workers

head-planters  
shadow-tasters  
but what does an Ostrich see  
when its beak is planted deep?

What you saw  
in the Winter months  
what the dirt told you  
when it crowded in  
to work your ear holes  
to clarify the shape  
of doom

How she would turn  
herself inside out  
from core to cloud  
to be rid of both the toxin  
and the eczema  
she had otherwise  
tried to slough

We being  
not so special  
that we can't be  
scratched  
chicken claws in the dirt

When you tapped that line  
& buzzed forever outward  
having not so much a body  
as many bodies  
having so many you could  
call a storm  
and ask it to crash  
to direct itself  
to take a side  
as you have done  
to block the coming vikings,  
romans, spaniards,  
klansmen, cops

I don't have to say the words  
for you to know it is true

Ass in the air  
head hollering  
down & in  
every syllable you know  
to wake a beast

Whatever interest you had  
in saving the world  
has transferred to  
a kind of sacrificial blood-letting  
an allowance is due &

May you always be  
on the side of those  
whose throats  
have historically  
been cut but  
who won't allow  
that anymore

Peace be among you  
& within you  
but only once  
your lives are no longer  
on a block for chopping  
forever & ever  
amen



**Seminar I:**

**Name / Nomos : Plank, Skinning**

perhaps  
that the first condition  
No longer but as the general name  
The proper that comes out of a naming of  
Property as people render as themselves  
“Anything that had no English name has  
here been given only a simple designation:  
the jay is the blue bird, the cardinal  
the red bird; every water bird is simply a duck,  
from the teal to the wood duck, and to the large  
black duck which we do not have in Europe.  
They call them “red ducks,” “black ducks,”  
“wood ducks.” It is the same  
with respect to their trees: the pine  
the cypresses, the firs, are all  
included under the general name of pine trees.”  
noting as approximation  
that inventoried general forms  
as naming recedes  
A world that one cannot  
form though one has  
Induced that  
Anticipated autonomy’s  
Condensed image atomized by  
That actualized name  
As though to open the space for knowledge  
Of contradictory reference: the retreat of the wilderness  
the earth, they said, ab origin revealed  
Shoveling the earth back into the body of knowledge  
to the question of writing  
or solution qua poetics  
of that ground as  
The revealed body politic:  
The procedural at best, a form  
used standing in time beside a self  
Fleeing down the dimly lit drive  
Or peeling back some vaguely  
Representative automotive genitalia  
From the short-lived theological  
Dispensation granted, writ large  
By the judge and governor  
As a conventional plank  
Done away with out of a genuine  
Sense of pride in the telling.  
Who’s? Whoever’s.

I am I, too, share  
these terms by this I  
Washed up on the shore of politics  
A cursory anvil for the grounding of time  
Husbandry is a history of servitude  
The dog, perpetually  
roped to the wheel  
Rubbing himself against a dead bird.  
Prayer whereby he must clothe himself  
In the dead, or this earthworm, so as to  
Placate some permanently occluded channel of repair  
Taxonomy, the history of subjugation  
As a liberation into stratified work  
Rousseau thought ended with adjectives  
For every adjective is an abstract idea  
And abstractions are painful and  
Unnatural operations  
Although the proper even in the general  
Malfeasance of an open palm is ever  
Singular in the possibility of mutation  
Risen from the stench  
even though it seemed for a moment to have  
escaped it in a flight of angelic and lyrical purity –  
the flower seems to relapse abruptly into its original  
squalor: the most ideal is rapidly reduced  
to a wisp of aerial manure.  
Perhaps he meant that any supposed first is  
Always negotiated by antepode in the refusal  
To render origin. Perhaps it was  
A calculus of the inevitable

ii.

“Socrates interprets this sudden silence of his god or his demon and the good reasons the god might have had to keep silent, and to drop him, to let him speak so as to accept his death from the laws of the city.” - Jacques Derrida, *The Beast and the Sovereign*

And thus waking  
He was convinced that he had been taken  
to Hell (which was confirmed by the heat),  
and that he had died of septicaemia,  
or perhaps from AIDS or from an overdose  
of a yellow fever injection. He thought he had  
"borrowed [his] mother's spirit to show  
[him] around hell", and that she  
was asleep in Scotland.  
He complained he was dead, smelled  
like rotting flesh, and wanted to be taken  
to a morgue so that he could be with dead people.  
Upon interview in the hospital, he  
feared “paramedics” were trying to burn  
down the house where he was living  
with his cousin and her brother.

Whenever one is not  
as measure of justice  
against {of} (having) happened]  
{is} of the event  
Happened become the responsibility for  
As having deferred to and of  
non-time  
Each  
Paginated by the triumvirate of  
“too many” is nine, as  
Flesh parts from the island a fortunate mass  
Grown out of the lingering dissonance  
Whereby it might have charged  
rendering account an historical marker of my  
Ratcheted fundament  
a lingering dilatory  
fresh water escapism, the  
Crust of our affliction.  
Where do I fall in this no-growth  
Economy of scale?  
Opioids of looking or the fleshy  
Protuberance of PJs with the ass-flap  
From which this warming event  
I assimilate a new professional dictum.

Finally, a tan.

I fear that my houseplants  
Are dying.

At times  
believing your husband is your  
long deceased father.

Is it ever enough  
To think the transcription of  
Murder the keen inspiration to  
Write? To raise one's, let us say, my  
voice to that lumbering din of a  
Supercilious poetics of conciliation  
Of course impossible though readily  
Demarcated, and rightly so, were it not  
When brought to bear  
As though the accrual of sensory information  
Were not an arrival, here and an attempt  
Not to assimilate loss but to inscribe it  
As though one's (possessive) As though  
it, so told, was  
Yours, or what a yours might mean  
When abutting it  
And so, danger, an assessment posited  
By a phenomenological paucity  
In a politically jejune store of what  
Saccharine barb one cuts one's teeth on  
Where all action is error, one still cannot  
Resolve arrival as though  
you would have delivered him  
from all his automatic reactions  
and restored him to his true freedom  
When a door is not a door, it is a jar  
As you would not, as it is  
As if the children of Israel  
felt, had the presentiment  
that the voice of God carried a  
sinister message,  
announced the news of death,  
the threat of death, of the death penalty,  
at the very moment  
in which he has just prohibited  
killing.

## IIa.

Socrates interprets this sudden silence  
of his god or his demon and the good  
reasons the god might have had to  
keep silent, and to drop him, to  
let him speak so as to accept his death  
from the laws of the city. Each, constricted  
By cause  
He walked from the  
House that night and  
along the late and empty streets,  
Wrapped up, intent, the  
Pale electric lights  
    that rough planking into a  
Semblance of white, that  
unfastened, the unfastening where  
At the echolalic point,  
tugged into the rope the  
Punchline kept revolving in  
His head and outstretched hand:  
Do you know how  
Long it took me to take out the  
Knots at the bottom? He would breathe  
Turn it back over, these smoothed  
Over stones as one is  
Covered in as they  
sustained emptiness  
Of the daemon poised at the limit of  
Speech - apparition of the  
Furthest chain - the knots at the  
Bottom. Iceberg...Goldberg...  
Within the limit of one's metabolic  
Field, the air slips patiently into  
The lungs. Sudden silence,  
Bartholomew dangles his skin  
Over the pit  
The phagocytosis of  
Mediocrity, irreducible  
    balance on the oily  
Precipice of Disaster. It is then  
That it ceases to speak – perhaps to  
Call in the name of the knot  
To lodge itself, to pause  
Being sure it is strong  
Perhaps nylon with 1000 pound test  
Strength, durable and reusable.  
Or that, then, an incision as high  
On the neck as possible rung  
completely, a straight line

Down to the  
Opened intestinal  
cavity for gutting and then  
down, around the  
Knees to remove the skin  
placing a rock, small block of  
wood or best of  
all a golf ball against the hair  
side of the skin, folded  
around the object  
to tie the skin  
around the object tightly  
the other end of the rope  
tied from the neck  
to the bumper  
or trailer hitch  
the direction that would  
swing away from the tree  
working toward the loop,  
making three  
Loose wraps around each line  
turned to any cause of  
polity familiar as  
a command given just once  
and leaving no traces of itself in them  
Such is a sustainable unity against  
Itself or the unsurprising underpinnings  
Of a motionless apathy toward a calendric  
Time in which a sustained now as a nounal  
Shape to the other is a collapse of slowness  
Of an end that roosts in the consequence of daylight

iii.

### **The Cult of the Vehicular Fleet**

you could feel its heat, and  
for a moment  
read a fragment of text in  
a strange kind of black and grey  
negative, until, as the heat dissipated,  
the page melted to dust in your hand  
The omphalos of any successful partition  
its potential deployment toward regicide  
Of nodal coprophagic condensation  
The film ultimately about a retreat to  
“Little Daydreams”  
The dream of hunger manifest in the  
Physical pangs, the discolored pallor  
The trolley, drawn again and again  
As movement first and then as  
The stagnant reperformed  
Possibility of these lungs  
Even the stones -  
said a child, meaning  
the marble which rolled  
away but then awaited  
The coming of life  
presupposing  
that towards of after  
the mimetic, prosaic monstrosity  
And so the anticipation of  
After’s bonded  
political as otherwise  
Resemble the failed present of  
This principle cast aside  
For the lashed tongue of  
The semiotically tasked  
Though within  
What is safe and returns  
The will destroys  
the house in which it is  
bored and in which the best  
things are forbidden  
fed by a belief in  
The existence of a single world,  
the widespread conviction that there is only  
One space and one time for all  
Living things.

**Full-Time Position Available**

Because I'd never been raped, I hired a man  
to hold me down. This way, I'd make sense  
of the fear that others were about  
to. Because I had never been hit, I found a hand  
to explain my wince, paid off the sun.  
I'd never been abandoned, so I hired a girl  
to take my partner, I asked her to  
study my faults and improve on them,  
I'd never starved, so I trained myself  
to find all food indigestible, got thin,  
had never been beautiful before, got to  
be taken for empty and blonde for the first  
time, I'd never been taken so I quit  
giving, borrowed someone's force,  
because I'd never been lonely, I have so much  
now I didn't have before: I'd never stared  
with love at the back of a sobbing stranger  
who'd read this as my problem, no, I have  
stared that way before. This is when I started  
repeating: I hired a man to hold me down  
in the same closet where, 12 years ago,  
I wasn't raped, I hired a woman



to love me and deny it, I hired a bartender  
to make my lover drunk, bought glass shelves  
for him to throw, crouched in the corner, took on loan  
a lover to make me feel small, stayed, waited  
to get smaller still, got bigger and smaller at once, downloaded  
a book to teach me to top, held him down,  
put one hand inside him and the other  
on his throat, stayed big, lost the struggle,  
they all resigned or requested their shit back.

Brittany Billmeyer-Finn

**a tiny seedling once stood**

a light rain was falling when I walked through the garden  
seeps inside the heart  
rage & play the messy undone  
each body  
its own world & language  
in the stream  
being pushed off the cliff  
there are no words  
for the faint of heart

what is the quality & tone of your thoughts?  
depends on how we are already occupied  
the sinners/the wicked  
the rage is breath taking  
it is preferable to the charge to have actually done the work  
which is different  
than standing behind it  
despite the pain it has caused  
& you know it has been painful to others because they offered you this experience  
as you go on & on

in the little book of saints there is Saint Agnes  
when Agnes was 13 her life was turned upside down  
she was paraded naked through Rome  
by the will of God her hair grew long & covered her body  
a saint or a witch  
a lineage in the little book  
glorious oddballs  
girl  
on girl  
a storm  
strikes

the sky lights up  
& I count  
one mississippi/ two mississippi/ three mississippi  
like my mother taught me  
until it strikes once again  
to measure the lightning's distance from here  
it was titillating to count & wait  
like distant approaching emotions  
& the desire of finding meaning there  
in the message emerging

I tattoo the image on my chest in honor of the woman I love most

as it resembles the first letter of her name  
in the heart of Texas in the hand of Michigan  
equally in love with both  
I am regularly inspired to write her into my poems  
an image of wearing her armpit like a hat  
an act of self soothing  
my belly on her back  
I feel I should be upfront about this  
so that you can find her  
in the garden  
in the stream  
on the cliff  
in the storm  
on my chest  
in the little book  
in the message emerging  
sorry/not sorry

lift a finger  
in easy virtue  
moon/d rising  
white disgraceful  
the pressing questions in twilight orbed patterns to change  
& if you get very close  
it is made of parts of women

the self sits  
registers certain messages  
a portion of the message is always lost  
it fails  
an interpretation of certain vibrations  
beauty in  
the magical tones

I am preoccupied with the flock of birds in the field  
on the way to the river  
& in the flock of ascending birds  
there is one  
illuminated by light  
the wings of course widely spread otherwise it is not a holy vision  
conjuring fear & guilt  
as I fall below  
a wicked creature

my great grandmother's name was Agnes  
she was mother to my grandmother  
who was mother to my mother  
I knew little about her  
but what I do know is she had red hair  
& I wonder if she rested her hand

on arms when saying something sincere  
the same way my grandmother did  
my mother does  
& I do

this is my home  
not all my own of course  
a tiny seedling once stood  
as something emerges  
relentless  
a rat in the cup  
a crescent moon  
a tattoo on my chest  
a flock of birds  
a river  
something to follow despite the fear  
& something else  
that is beautiful in the search  
as my mother leans into my ear to say, "I'm just planting the seed"

*from Meditations on TV Land Late at Night*

**The Munsters**

--4/5/2016 3:45 AM

--“Have you tried counting wolves?”—Herman Munster

All demons tend the sentimental  
Out of the can, squealing

To unfinished “is”-ness Appealing;  
obsessive serial-killer

Crap: a state assigned Dad,  
Three smashed fingers, butt-

Fucked and window-scented  
In the playpen’s funball-pit, etc...

A large-print Thesaurus for “Sad”,  
All of it just

Uncle Ream-us’s folk-ails,  
Briar-rabid, mar-baby;

Lacerant pediment,  
Least us, leash us—

What little there is  
Left of deal-

Suckled audit, adult-  
Diapered rashly id-

idioted per knit-  
shit wit: Guilt’s

great exit- wound:  
My Quest

For the

Holy Fail;  
Only  
the tenant  
In man  
will.

--*Pass.*--

## Happy Days

--4/3/2016, 11pm-midnight

--*"The body is where you spend most of your life."*—*The Fonz I:*

*Potsie's Soliloquy by the Pool*

My work is not yet fun,  
No elf in the self,  
Tepidly trepanned

With a history of missed  
Connections double-  
Dipping in my crazy

Sauce—

Rage-runted, slut to shame,  
Orphic I sing the body  
dysmorphic,  
Hypocritic mirror slatternizing all my fraternizing  
Till cashiered to nil,  
I near my 30th year, the third  
Decimation in my estimation:  
Destination: pill and alcohol placation,  
Depression's stay-cation;

Orphic I sing the body dysmorphic,  
The armies of those I love inert me and I inert them,  
They will not let me off myself though I'm on to them,  
And discorrupt them and charge them 'fool' with all the charge of my soul

Was it doubted that those who irrupt their own bodies  
re-seal themselves?  
And if those who de-bile the living are as bad as those who defile  
the dead?  
And if the body does not duly as the soul?  
And if the body were not the sold, what is the soul?

I sling the body emetic

I king the body hermetic  
 I ping the body infected  
     I cling the body uncathected  
     I ring the body unsexted  
 I bring the body apoplected  
     I sing the body rejected  
 I sling the body fever-hectic  
     I bling the body septic  
 I zing the body splenetic  
     I sing the body of dog's-bodies for hot bodies,  
     Those perfect tens needing no corrective lens,  
 Those happy and cis-sheltered of taxes, naked to fear of stalker's with axes; sing  
     (S)Hymn to intersectional beauty, shill ease, art of pap,  
     Hell to thee lithe Turds, brave spirits, though never hurt;  
     I fall upon the horns of cuckoldry, I glee  
 The sprawl and dullness of babes, the normative-teacher's pet-play of faves!

*II. The Fonz's final soliloquy of the inferior paramour*

State of sin: the  
 Urine you're in, star-  
     Bored, sunk by 'Chunk,'  
 The ship of sate.  
     Pause. Listen. Count.  
     Begin a din:

I can't just uproot my strife,  
 Ripping into your ass like a X-

Mas present, post-pawning  
 My feels, prolonging

My meals: a coup upon  
 Twice will never abolish  
 Chance, but *malheur, mais...*



Two burning lips  
unzipping Like the  
chamber

Of a dying  
heart;

Irregulars

In the

army  
Of sorrow, know

Life isn't a gift If  
I can't give it

Back, like a road  
Adopted, or the old

Swimming toward death & Dairy  
Queen—Grace: Ground Zero,  
twin Candles in the existential-  
power Outage...

Sky, you old respirator,  
Lisping and spayed,

Drawn ace of base-  
Impotence scarcely

Deputized by living's  
Officious "Share-if..."—

Reset: hit  
ctrl + alt + stiffed.

\*\*\*

I was wearing shorts  
& you sat next to me,

Pizza Pete in the living  
Room calling his last  
family

Meating: That was a mistake.  
Pre-cum ci comme ça—

Así así  
Asiago—

The mom nostalgically  
Bangable, the dad

Neuralgically hangable,  
The adexperience

Of mental reservation  
I prefer in a death-sentence...

We never got to get past this.  
If I had known...

St Francis of Assists,  
Going hard on the taint,  
Slam-dunking Augustinian  
Newborn, befouled  
But never fouling

*These days are ow ow ow ours*  
*Happy and free*  
*Share them with me*  
*Happy Days*  
*These days are ow ow ow ow*

Ours, half-livid fallout,  
Black-bog god

Churned with obelisks  
The body where you lend

Host to your strife:  
Rest in the canticle  
Of a giant pie-  
chart:

Trueman, in  
cold Blooded  
callote  
Botching bocce

Watching *Hachi*

U-Haul it  
Your  
whatchamacallit So  
ball it,  
Shot call it;  
    Why don't half  
    The people here  
    Now, be here  
    Now

*That summer kneeling That  
summer kneeling/*

*These days are ow ow ow ours  
    Happy and free  
Share them with me*

*Happy Days*

*These days are ow ow ow ow*

A walk can tear the sub-  
Stance from silence, grow  
Rabid in the marrow  
Of beds. And then rub-

A dub-redubbed, there  
Is the sound of entirety  
Halving, as if  
turbulent  
Tills cashed out, dog-eared,

The final properties, fenced  
From the encroaching horizon  
The arc of final days.

At the high kitchen  
Table in my  
childhood

Home, I sit,  
thinking Of killing  
myself,

Fat, ugly, log-  
Headed

Sum-timed alcoholic;  
Shaken between the un-

Stirred the heart muffles  
Entirely: glass into abandoned  
Symmetry—

Sky, you old respirator,  
Lisping and spayed,

Drawn ace of base-  
Impotence scarcely

Deputized by living's  
Officious "Share-if..."—

Reset: hit  
ctrl + alt + stiffed.

\*\*\*

State of sin  
The final proprieties, fenced

From the encroaching horizon  
The arc of final days:

At the high kitchen  
Table in my  
childhood

Home, I sit,  
thinking Of killing  
myself,

Fat, ugly, ledger-  
Headed,

Sum-timed,  
Shaken between.

## Cheers

--4/7/2016 3-4AM

--*"Prison is my home. I wanna go back to prison, can't make it on the outside."*—*The homicidal ham actor, season 2 episode 4.*

### I.

She was like family, something  
I never thought I'd find.

I walk through the hardware,  
Near the aerials, needing

To erase someone from time.  
Is it safe to come out?

Water soaks down my face;  
Depending on your definition

Of what's right, I don't  
Think there's anything sadder

Than when two people...  
And something intervenes.

### II.

Dark sky, glass eye,  
Over the amber-old inn,

The street fills out  
The years like fields.

In the first chapter,  
A distant bell peals.

She takes off her hoodie,  
Sucks the inhaler.

You were alone,  
Practically empty

Getting something good.  
I can feel it.

### III.

Mist over the swamp. Frogs  
Croak. The piano proceeds

Lightly, as so the reflections  
Of the bridge, rippling.  
I don't much like going

To no doctors.

### IV.

A baby photo, red under the bridge.  
What is this some kindajoke.  
I'm going with you. On Broadway,  
The best friend passes in front

Of the truck, hustles, makes  
His way to the 4th floor, and

Suddenly he understands the death  
That awaits, gasping, stabbed

In the elevator. The door closes.

V.

Sea, white as an accident, all  
Accident. You sip, don't wanna tell.  
But you know all about homicidal impulse.

On the leaving table, I still have my key  
To really hating you.

Pretty pretty ice responsibility.  
I'll risk around midnight a  
pizza  
At the club.

VI.

When you dropped out of college  
Outside the rain. It gets boring.  
I know how to do it. I get it.

Banging continues. I walk.  
Fuck. What the fuck. Banging,  
like  
A banging, man. Fuck.

Ever since then just a child.  
Both laughing. How come

VII.

Vanquished with index  
Where I have:  
Goodbye to holds.

I shall put my head under  
The kennel of hours, Safety,  
Avid of the last carcass  
Hatching good upon me.

M a d i s o n   D a v i s

**from DISASTER**

From up here the water is as much nothing as the space  
between myself and the water. I begin to feel the plane  
is only mine to hold as the woman ahead of me fans herself  
with the safety instructions and the woman next to me sleeps –

and the voice on the radio analyzing the plane crash  
at SFO last week says, *the magic number is 90.*

In case of emergency there are 90 seconds  
before the plane becomes a *fire ball.*



Tenerife Airport Disaster  
March 27, 1977

Two planes collide on a small runway in Tenerife.  
Carved into the ordinary.

These facts are part of the order of things:

The fog rolls in.  
The airport is too small for the unusual traffic.  
The PAN AM plane misses their exit.  
The KLM plane takes off without permission.  
Heavy with fuel. Very low visibility.  
One 747 jet runs into another.

The high pitched noise that clouds the radio  
is called a Heterodyne.

The 583 dead are laid out in rows.

A panicked reason, holding against an exceptional dark.  
This dominating situation is pushed to a boundary,  
because the boundary is what is left,  
is what can be opened and contented.  
These facts are part of the order of things:

Sometime around 3am my brother decides to take a drive.  
He uncharacteristically situates himself in the passenger seat.  
They drive down a swirling road bordered by forest and ravine.

I wonder if two bodies constitutes a row.

*Since the disaster always takes place after having taken place,  
there cannot possibly be any experience of it.* There cannot possibly be the sound of it.

The way it is hot and cold. The way it has a tendency to breathe and ask.  
It hasn't happened/it happened and there are only bodies in between.  
Bodies in a row. Bodies in the water. Bodies in the fire.  
Bodies in the rubble. Bodies in the air.

There is a spark, a shift of energy that evacuates the happening.  
*How can one enter a relation with the passive past,  
a relation which would itself be incapable of presenting itself  
in the light of a consciousness?*

I ask myself into the room. I do not ask to be spared the details  
as this question folds into a negative space within me,  
creating rather the same lack of possibility  
that I have become skeptical of.

This is a beginning: imagine there is (a) room.

There are more than I can hold up.  
There are 90 seconds before the plane becomes a *fire ball*.  
It takes 3 days for my brother's body to be found.  
No one knows where exactly to look.  
The numbers are in dispute.  
There is beginning a flood.

It is suspected that the KLM pilot in Tenerife  
took off without permission because he had practiced  
too much simulated flying, that reality got confused.

One rarely fears the impossible anyway.  
The disaster cannot be averted. The moment evacuated.

My brother drives down a mountain. He drives ahead of the disaster.  
The disaster finds a pond filled with water.

*This cannot possibly belong to the order of things which come to pass.*  
I process to the extent of my fingertips.

The passenger plane on the dining room table.  
The dissolution over head. I encounter myself without present.

And without present he would be driving back home,  
without present his friend makes the turn in the dark.  
To give agency to disaster feels both useful and a forfeit.  
*The disaster takes care of everything.*<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*



2016

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