Use your blood to paint.
Keep painting until you faint. (a)
Keep painting until you die. (b)

If money comes into the world with a congenital blood-stain on one cheek, capital comes dripping from head to toe, from every pore, with blood and dirt.
Flyleaf: from Blood Piece, Yoko Ono and Capital, Karl Marx

Image: mirror, by Jake Reber
P-QUE U E
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Editor: Allison Cardon

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EDITOR’S NOTE

As concepts, blood and language often stand opposed. This conceptual opposition persists despite the fact that they tend to work in tandem as materials: blood rushes in to communicate what words cannot. It outlines of what logocentrism erases, obscures, or rationalizes into de facto and de jure meaning.

In the visual art tradition, this dynamic emerges in pieces that use blood to answer violent demands to account for one’s self in limited and oppressive vocabularies. Ana Mendieta’s *Silueta Sangrienta* features blood as both residue and impression, marking the sites of disappearances of the women who are routinely targeted merely for their aspirations to a more secure existence. Andres Serrano’s *Blood and Semen* series uses blood to commit secular sacrilege; abstracted from the bodies from which they came, these fluids are subjected to photographic scrutiny. As images, their aesthetics betray the insecurity at the root of masculinist concepts of impenetrability. In Portia Munson’s *Menstrual Prints*, blood reminds us of the monstrosity of femininity; overlaid on the scribbling of a woman, we see how menstrual blood’s messy necessity—its status as the underwriter of history and culture—must be ignored in order to make the whole machine of racial capitalism (and its structuring assumptions) go. As Carolee Schneemann has it in *Fresh Blood: A Dream Morphology*, “THE POWER OF THE BLOOD MADE OVERT HAS THE RISK OF SOCIAL CENSURE EMBARRASSMENT PUTTING OUT SECRET ESSENCE INTERIOR FLOOD FLOWS IF BLOOD WERE A MENTAL PRODUCT WOULD IT BE ACCEPTABLE?” As it crops up at sites where inside and outside lose definition, the sight of blood (or blood as site) makes it possible to imagine order and power drifting apart.
Blood is also associated with the power to spill it—perhaps because the body is itself associated with its vulnerability to that power. Blood can make connection as well as making threats, animating political community and effecting excommunication. It can contaminate or be contaminated, it can reveal and display. The specter of blood as the expression of discipline, the letting of blood as the overflow of communal identity; these powerful tropes are always in tension with the idea that blood is also generative, shared. Do we not bleed.

Like and as progress, blood is an alibi for history even as it the occasion for history—giving us reason to tell a story, to offer an account of ourselves. At the same time, blood is *the natural* and the ultimate naturalization: when blood comes to answer a question, its conclusions are beyond dispute. It is therefore a commodification of truth as well as a commodity in its own right (a fact made apparent over and over again—just now, the wealthy attempt to extend their status infinitely by injecting young blood into their aging veins). Under racial capitalism, blood is surplus value as well as proof. The recent “discovery” (one like all white discoveries) that trauma passes from one generation to another through blood makes one wonder: who exactly didn’t know this already, why did they need that proof, and from whom?

The work in P-Queue’s *BLOOD* issue takes issue with the overdetermining conceptions of blood that I have just outlined. Removing it from the quagmire of common sense, the writers featured here suggest that we have more to learn from blood. In “Yogini,” Biswamit Dwibedy attends to bleeding of an ancient and historical order. Blood does not separate life and death or even the living and the dead. Carved in stone, blood is instead divine architecture. Vital and animating, Dwibedy reimagines the concepts of ruin and connection through sacred study—blood invites a submission to quieter modes of
account. In her offering, “Blood * Litany,” Joan Retallack is also interested in how blood links what has been with what is—the past and the present—as well as what might have been and what cannot be undone. She considers the possibility of giving an honest account in a mother tongue so monstrous that it lacks the vocabulary adequate to encapsulate its own vampirism. The poem highlights the irony of reason’s history while blood—a polyglot—undermines the fallacious confession of ignorance.

Eunsong Kim follows with another incantation of sorts: through twisted repetition, we witness the interplay of recognition, incorporation, and isolation as effected by the reflective surfaces of global capitalism and colonialism. Trauma initiates a circuit between nihilism and regeneration: “Woman is euphemism for recorded state property.” What to do with repetition with no difference? “the destruction of art—a long hundred years ago, and then repeat repeat.” With Kim, we question global connection and contingency as distilled and refracted through identity.

So too in Blood Compost, in which Petra Kuppers traces portions of the asylum’s difficult history. What is this institution’s relation to trauma? How can we understand its bloody past in a way that makes new growth possible? Documenting its transformations in both minute and grand scales gives us an idea of the task and the care it requires. This question—that of an ethical relationship to the past and its institutional residue—occupies Travis Sharp as well. By appropriating and enacting ecstasy, he begins to find an answer. By disentangling senses of self, inside, and outside from the hatred that animates certain forms of community, Travis uses rhythm to sustain an anger that is wise and hardy enough to find a positive sense of “together.” Indeed, this togetherness aspires to be sensitive to loss and to maintain a commitment
to digging into the pain of embodiment—instead of trying to transcending it.

In Renee Angle’s *The bloodletting of Renee Angle*, we witness the march of capitalistic convenience over the solitude of illness, the enthrallment of bodies by the institutions that monitor and maintain them. If the angel of history floats backwards as it gazes over the heap of carnage called progress, these drawings illustrate how that carnage is as eeked out through the mundane as much as through more spectacular displays. Blood is spilt in the borrowed money, the lost time, and the dignity crushed in waiting-room pleasantries. Blood is the secret third term in the cliché: time is money (is blood).

This kind of status quo is precisely the kind with which erica kaufman has lost patience. In her poems, she takes issue with the taken-for-granted answers that justify everyday cruelty. Following Sylvia Wynter, she wonders “who wants to live/ on a disgusting iceberg/ accredited?” and what is the task of education exactly? What is to be learned? How can blood become a sign of the common?

The excerpt featured from Soham Patel’s *The Daughter Industry* is a mourning spell that considers what it would mean for women to have access to, rather than be the material of, the commons. What would a world be without girls? This impossible referent materializes and dissolves as we witness the becoming of girls in language, “girl” is becomes a name for pain as well as for their interpellation.

In this, P-QUEUE’s fifteenth issue, blood conveys a wealth of information that is less in need of discovery than of care. As blood covers the intersection of history with finitude and relation, these poetic, polyvalent explorations of this viscous and revelatory bodily substance help us imagine a form of vitality disarticulated from blood’s labor time, net worth, or progression.
dwibedy, biswamit

YOGINI
Bhubaneswar

Word unknown by their names
goldsmiths
filigrains & pilgrims
are muslims, surrounding the city, in the suburbs
with Rameswara to the West, Bhaskerswara to the East,
Kapileswara to the South, and (again) Rameswara on the North.
“studded with ruins more thickly than the Campagna of Rome”
and then, studded again with hills —Lord Canning
The earliest records of which is in the reign of Yajati
From 474 to 526
And before it, the Buddhists
Who are accused of killing & on whose ashes
These kings were giving out rent-free lands.

His vassalage on a copper plate records the evidence of three contemporary questions
a) was the city “removed” from the mouth of the river to further down?
b) does it take just a single person to raise a city?
c) the distance and direction being given,
however, in mistranslation in every corner of every city you’ve ever been in.

Some say the city was a counterpart to Benaras. An action reflected on water. The fire that blows out the darkness someplace else: if you have been to one city, you must go to the other, or forever remain circumambulating the boundary road.
The living rocks are the tooth in question, that went through a long series of migrations. It takes a temple to complete a city. That place is like a great secret. Whose body is like a blue cloud; who, betaking to sleep, made me a stranger. Sacred pools all about this place, and the roots, a blazing crystal, I behold that lingam

   Every rivulet, a rival
carved in blood, vein

“He commenced the erection of a Great Tower”
giving rise to counterparts in different parts of the county,
so the temples kept proliferating on their palms
the pilgrims followed the architect, artisans around the stone, the wood, numberless black bees “flying about in quest of honey” will make the goddess assume the shape of a cowherdess and act wicked, dressed in yellow.

At the spot on which it fell, formed a fine lake.
Another name is: Ekamra Kanan or Mango Forest
The zoo right outside the city: Nandankanan
Kundaleswar near Tankapani
Khandagiri

A circle of caves now form a mouth was a groove of mangoes
an inner city as extreme boundary that turned to what drop
of the sacred going around the buried stayed mid-air, a word
in the Elephant Cave unsaid a prayer
of the rising hills unanswered

The Great Tower that remains unnamed because its name, translated, would be too profane that stone of three colors that hand that changed colors
She cannot help but put the milk on a stone. All because of her love for a cow
Which changed colors Why speak to me so compassionately?
From your words arise an entire campus, a compound of tiny temples,

A thousand stones sticking their heads out, each linga, an homage
To a dead teacher
Gopalini

Goddess Durga in the form of a cowherdess exists inside the Lingaraj Temple.

But it now also includes a special place for drama.

Not unrelated to the failure of an entire university (Nalanda)

* 

That the male had so much female energy; they could make another person out of it
Which forms an army
That eventually defeats him so many bodies

Dissolved into one

In another episode it is the bloodsprem (raktabija) as the simultaneous
That had to be defeated

Formed out of a part of her body
Chadika
Varahi formed the back.
Mother promised our fates as soldiers
And those who cannot stand, pray to
This goddess of speech

complexion
compared to
a storm cloud
Kali

To trace back the history of her most famous pose
We recollect her battle with the demon
    Also Raktabija
        who bled
And with each dropped formed a duplicate.

She licked each one with her tongue
As other forms of her kept wounding him

And so it is a multiplicity inside that overcomes
The numerous and many of me fight many of

    rampant with rage

Was shocked to discover she had stepped on her
Own husband, and hence her tongue sticking out

On every wall in this neighborhood.
We worship the generosity of the Queen Hiradevi of Brahma Dynasty
in the 9th Century
whose gift is the most unique temples of Kalinga in Haripuri: Chausathi Yogini Temple. Circular with 64 (Chausathi) Yoginis carved into the inner walls.

At the time of writing this, I hadn’t been there yet.

Now I find out there is more than one of them.

Research happens in the forms of tweets, blogs, but this isn’t that—why not?

The other day, she tried to analyze my love for architecture back to Enid Blyton, when I thought it was more because of an uncle who took me along to his construction sites, having been a contractor. I made castles

Out of tile samples, plywood, a house in which Everything moved.

The goddesses are nested in cavities built into the inner walls.

Many queens ruled Kalinga around the 9th century. It was a time when tantric Buddhism was influencing Brahmanical Hinduism. We worship the absence, not the idols. The space created between. Bhumandala. Atmosphere.
I was wrong.

There are 56 idols inside
and eight along the outer walls
Who stand, a cup in each hand,
Balanced on an animal
Who opens its mouth and stares up
for the blood from a sacrifice to trickle down

You cannot quench their thirst
BLOOD * LITANY

błóō sangre ejê xwînê .

*Landscapes of misery and ruin -- outward and visible sign of this rational species’ disgrace; sustained by policies, wars, countless violent logics, in the dissemination of perpetual catastrophe. Those we don’t care enough to notice bleed out words we’ve had no interest in understanding. S.M.Quant

Virtue is in our own alterity. See animal fables. See weirdness of saints. G.Tallique
The Ancient Supplication

To be read silently, said or sung; crouching, sitting, kneeling, standing, or in procession.

agnus arbor flumen vulpes avis
dona nobis pacem tuam
equus ursa avis porculus marinus
dona nobis pacem tuam
perdix serpens elephantus balena
dona nobis pacem tuam
simia avis lupus simia herba
dona nobis pacem tuam
sapien homo qui facit peccata mundi
miserere nobis
The Confession*

We have been guilty of empty rhetoric

*wé sangue Nee'gig blod lem igazi

Rationalization

bobheman bluț 25ṭ asinis wē

Phantom eloquence

sangue xwînê Abn'dak krv krv

Pernicious binaries

 motorists san Đ blood bldōū

Misleading dichotomies

blud (delusion) sang blut sang

Negligent formal and informal fallacies

血液 magazi wē krpē qon Nah-hak

Shirking burdens of proof

bldōū wpmun sangre toto krvnû

Constructing arguments with internal coherence but no external relevance

wē Kpûw wē Ab'mik blød ke koko dōł dhîig

We have played logical games with faux metaphysical premises

vēr jini ᵐab Abn'dak েরা ḍobheman

We have played logical games with faux metaphysical implications

wē ṡmēq blood 템 sangue getih wa wauş ka' ehe

We have proclaimed QED when none was warranted

wē 25ṭ ajak kri ɰyc she'sheeb ntshav

*See Language Keys at end of text.
We are guilty of numerous formal fallacies

\[ \text{Denial of the antecedent} \]
\[ \text{Affirmation of the consequent} \]
\[ \text{Affirmation of the antecedent} \]
\[ \text{Denial of the consequent} \]

\[ \text{Illicit major or minor premises} \]

\[ \text{We are guilty of numerous informal fallacies} \]

\[ \text{Fallacy of origins} \]

\[ \text{Genetic fallacy} \]

\[ \text{Ad hominem fallacy} \]

\[ \text{Ad feminine fallacy} \]

\[ \text{Reductio ad absurdum} \]
Ad Misericordiam

Ad ignorantiam

dhiig blod krvny Ma'heen gun

Tu quoque

Sang fuil

Sounds less shameful in Latin fallacy

Koo-koo ku'hoo blood aima dhak

Sounds more authoritative in Latin fallacy

The moralistic fallacy

The naturalistic fallacy

The pathetic fallacy

The false analogy

The weak analogy

The red herring

The slippery slope
Use of straw men

कान साँगे तो तो संग वे रा

Fallacist’s Fallacy

रक्त खिने क्रन्य इगाजी जोन

Irrelevant appeals fallacy

क्रोब माहीन गुन क्री ब्लोड

Appeal to antiquity

लॊग्न ब्लूट जं वे संगुए

Appeal to tradition

रोबा ब्लूड अबन्डाक रेखा

Appeal to authority

dहीज मगाजी इशाह्ग गाउ जाउ

Appeal to consequences

वे डामु असिनिस क्रोब खून

Appeal to force

रगित बॉबबूजो शिन’गोज

Appeal to novelty

ाोडॉ ब्लूड वे नेग’गिग

Appeal to popularity

की कोको जमा

Appeal to "the masses"

वे माली डेम्म खिने

We have enjoyed profiting by means of the bandwagon fallacy

रूट खून स्थी ब्लूड डूगो जेथ
The circumstantial fallacy

kraujas  blut  kroī  shin'goos

The fallacy of compulsion

toto  kan  blōō  we  ṣbara

The fallacy of composition

darāh  Nah-hak  krv  ñg  we  kan

The fallacy of division

sangue  gwaed  Ma'heen  gun  krvný  krev

The gambler's fallacy

Ádāb  ñm  vér  bloed

The genetic fallacy

aiwā  Wah'boos  qan  blud  ñm

Accent fallacies

igazi  ḃobbbōō  we  ñm  ṣrūk

The equivocation fallacy

veri  jini  Ah'mik  sang  ñmbāh

Fallacies of relevance

māu  KPB

Fallacies of ambiguity and deception

māu  sangue  ntshav  KPB

The rhetorical fallacy

Bōc  mpunlu  krew

Denying the antecedent

sang  zahe'gaug  veri  we  lēetk
The prosody fallacy

The Poetic Fallacy

Fallacies of presumption

The fallacy of accident

Hasty generalizations

Biased statistics

False dilemmas

The ”after this” therefore ”because of this” fallacy

Ignoring contexts

Affirming the consequent

Arguing from ignorance

Invincible ignorance
Addendum to Confession:
We have made lists that appear complete but are not. This may be one.
Note:
The Bishop explained that the reason the incidents had gone unreported
was the church considered them a sin rather than a crime.
Language Keys:
With one exception, all translations of “blood” are from the Google
Translate site which invites corrections and improvements, as do I. The
exception is the Lakhota Sioux Ṳेह. Google Translate does not include
Native American languages.

Ojibwa animal names (in Courier New) are from NATIVE
AMERICAN GLOSSARY: OJIBWA ANIMALS AND TREE
(users.michweb.net/~orendon/americans/glossary1.html)

OJIBWA ANIMALS
Bear - Nah-hak
Panther - Ke’che kaks’shu gans
Beaver - Ah’mik
Otter - Nee’gig
Crow - Abn’dak
Owl - Koo-koo ku’hoo
Deer - Wa waush ka’ ehe
Rabbit - Wah’boos
Duck - She’sheeb
Skunk - Zahe’gaug
Eagle - Me’gee see
Weasel - Shin’goos
Elk - Ah’tik
Wolf - Ma’heen gun
Fox - Wah’goosh

Blood in Other Scripts

Amharic: ይም (Arabic) Մարինկա (Armenian) ক্রোয় (Belarusian) কার্কা (Bengali) КРЪБ (Bulgarian) မြန်မာ (Burmese) 血液 (Chinese) სახელი (Georgian) αἷμα (Greek) રાખ (Gujarati) ִה (Hebrew) ῤ (Hindi) blóð (Icelandic) ọbara (Igbo) 血液 (Japanese) భర (kannada) ҚАҢ (Kazakh) Кేరా (Khmer) 血液 (Korean) خون (Kurdish - Kurmanji) ک (Kyrgyz) ທ្ម (Lao) КРВ (Macedonian) മലയാളം (Maylayalam) 血液 (Marathi) ЧУС (Mongolian) မြန်မာ (Myanmar-Burmese) रागिन (Nepali) خون (Pashto) خون (Persian) ਕ੍ਰੋਣ (Punjabi) КРОВБ (Russian) رت (Sindhi) ම (Sinhala) krvný (Slovak) చంద (Tamil) స్థ (Telugu) เชื้อ (Thai) КРОВ Буковин (Ukrainian) خون (Urdu) 불 (Yiddish) ọjọ (Yoruba)
TEN POEMS
there was the girl in 7th grade, the one who wore light jean shirts and her hair in fishtails: she unbuttoned her shirt but refused more and before much else returned home completely

whites some in between then the second the end of high school. short skirts longest hair no makeup. she didn't say much but yes, i'll go to the dance with you & this one lasted for a time.

third the girl tucked inside of Sleepless Nights the one who smiled into the camera on the beach. bent, her hair into twos. a mosaic of features

her small things scattered throughout the apartment, still: travel-sized toothpaste, lactic acid serum, hair bands, eyeshadow, mugs, specialty napkins. Her language brand imprinted into backs. Made in where she lives now, made there made there made there.

fourth and gift baskets.

you walk up the stairs and press into the phone her number. fifth is downstairs but it's not yet over with third. she expects time-sensitive calls: her time zone, her few imprints, her specifics.

for her, you comply.

fifth looks through your things, finds partial clues so you send her to an infirmary.
you look at sixth on the bed and press into her shoulders. you write her name everywhere. she is the kindest, she is gearing for children, she will be let go.

you call her twice a year when you’re down and whisper: happy birthday

them, only them.

seventh accidentally saw fourth’s photograph and left in tears.

their hairs swept to the fireplace every christmas their clothes donated their body parts overlaid their skin cloned their insides measured their languages checked their contents collaged then salvaged.

you age and forget which memories where: mismatch so they match and part quickly. Is that so?

you never called eighth on the phone. or learned how to pronounce her name.

she had long hair

black unbleached longing
your first asked you to crave
you could press her skin blue
and tell her.
no, you’re wrong.
I do love you.
in person
every two months
when you return
from the others.
Hello Some

We all know that some cook & some clean some cut leaves gather stones some pick them up some others open & close & unravel

Some eat quickly some take breaks some list grievances & others say them out loud

Some dream of violence & murder & some dream nicely some take triggers & wait by the road some clean their afterthoughts

Some protest & some watch walking on the other side by the hour some hold hands & some travel tell stories some are the stories some count for much longer and whose some, hello some, whose some. Hello.
THE PURGE

—not leaving before the danger becomes settled
—missing ending cues
—the love for someone who does not love me
—waiting for things to become different when they are the same
—dying before accepting all of this
—loneliness and in love which is different from, being alone (a summation of the greatest hits)
—repeating myself being unable to recognize that I am repeating myself
—loving you becoming an unloving of me
—not being able to protect myself like the time before
—that time before structuring the whole of my life
A show where the woman grows out of her abusive father
Along with everyone else
SUBROSA

Ammunition through
The hope that we don’t grow up to
Be a denouement

The danger zone
Between politics as currency
And the rage concealed as historical rage

Dear secrets, dear bullets
You are not flushed with shame
You are a longing

A desire entrapped by those
Who lived long enough but could not write them down.
Museums are
Desired destroyed
Always—by us.
Evidenced served in
Wars
Revolutions
Sales
The like
A life without art has already been done as art.
The destruction of art—a long hundred years ago, and then repeat repeat repeat

People who don’t believe in writing & expression but adore the methods of cut and paste—
People who believe their hearts are the most important in the world & demand others cipher.

Machines that produce meaning: television cries

Be predictable: tell yourself you’re done with it.
That you’re into less embracing evils

(if everyone speaks this ironically—however could one ever scream)

Found as Art. The Artist Corporation: there’s nowhere for their things to run.

Art sold as extinct. Art as the most expensive kinds of things, after real estate of course! St/art portfolios.

Buy me.

Writing is fifty years behind objects because for fifty years we haven’t been able to figure out how to consume language whole?

We haven’t figured out how to consume without reading, writing. If reading no longer exists perhaps we could catch up more completely?

Or die like the scientists predict.
We fell in love with the fragment and
There is no exit.

Be predictable: tell yourself you’re done with it, everyday.

Tell me, unfaithful fiend, of a complete and voluntary finitude
For other things and their appearance—
For the hellos that create goodbyes!
CONSIDER TOO, RETURNING AS BODIES NEAR THE OCEAN

i’ll return as coral
    the edges mine
only cliffs all kinds of dying imbreas strewn treasures mine
i’ll poison the fished prey of your enemies
—sushi by death panic
    the papers will read
    though i plan on precision
you’ll remain a strict vegetarian
    i hope

the memories lingering in episodes no longer ours
    a floating constant we might even work to remember
    the betrayal vague: mnemonic devices full of wonder

return as distance, return as nearby & incapable, return in other forms

    return all other forms
This city’s symbol a woman who killed her colonizer

Woman is euphemism for recorded state property.

State propaganda plaque reads quote trained in the art of entertainment and companionship end quote aka forced prostitution was socialized and so became her life:

Nongae takes patron to the cliff and holds him
locks the embrace taunt with her rings
knuckle ring kin custom for the kill and
throws herself, him, into the river.

To push him and only him—to kill him and only him and so herself

A jewelry clause
her body a secure for his drowning
Yes?

Another placard about love for her country.

Her face on bus stations city advertisements announcements
At the cliff I hear a girl ask, was this where she jumped

I think of Lucille Clifton’s “Lorena” about warning shots about

The names of women I cannot remember, that I know only in passing and others as witness those

who have killed or tried to kill and bore a different name

Near the cliff a portrait of her with an offering box

It reads: with a calm heart offer what you can

Nongae, deity of those who decided some other way. And in love for some country nowhere to be found violence for violence for violence to become her violence with the calmest of hearts please do collect in dedication to this lineage her violence
BLOOD COMPOST: THE ASYLUM PROJECT

the stink of beginnings and endings

Larissa Lai, Salt Fish Girl
i. Blood Meal

Blood meal is dry
inert powder blood
high-nitrogen organic fertilizer
high protein animal feed.
N = 13.25%.
P = 1.0%.
K = 0.6%.
one of the highest non-synthetic
sources nitrogen
from cattle or hogs
slaughterhouse by-product.
I visited Eloise, a closed-down asylum and poorhouse on the outskirts of Detroit. A local historian led my class through hallways in the administrative building, showing glass cases with mementos.

And at the end of the day, we walked out onto the mud field where the dead of Eloise are buried, without gravestones. Thick fields. What did we expect to see?

Performance scholar Dwight Conquergood’s concept of the Custodian’s Rip-Off talks about taking what we find and making it our own, using other cultures, other people, other pain as material for our production. How can we find something of value here, something that speaks about missed dialogues, a respectful meeting with the dead?

We walked about, gothic imaginations of hidden signals, looked for grey concrete marker stumbling our feet, my cane sliding off rain-slicked surfaces heaving up from the mud.

The graves could not be found. We found the trimmed and proper cemeteries, but what about the unmarked, the seven thousand bodies hidden somewhere in that square mile of land? The ground was so muddy, so moist, I expected things to resurface. When my cane sank inches into the mud, I imagined it hitting something hard, a tombstone, a coffin, a bone. But the sunlight was thick and the wind was relentless and we couldn’t find the graves.
4. *Children of the Compost*

*Camille* [a fictional entity of the Children of the Compost, a collaborative web of speculative narratives hosted by feminist theorist Donna Haraway] *came into being at a moment of an unexpected but powerful, interlaced, planetwide eruption of numerous communities of a few hundred people each, who felt moved to migrate to ruined places and work with human and nonhuman partners to heal these places, building networks, pathways, nodes, and webs of and for a newly habitable world.* (Haraway: *Staying with the Trouble*, 2016: 137)

For our *Asylum Project* performance research (2016-8), my fellow disability culture activist Stephanie Heit and I worked with communities in many locations – multiple sites in London, New York, Belgium, Netherlands, Norway, California and elsewhere. We explored meanings of ‘asylum’ – from nation-state sanction to refugee status, from mental health institution to religious sanctuary, from lesbian bars to forests. In each of these workshops, small temporary communities formed in acts of creation, poetic exploration, situationist drifting, communal psychogeographies, urgent languages and feelings grown anew out of the detritus of history.
5. Field Work

fake sunshine: heatlamp wind
incubate, infiltrate
inoculate medical invention
TB patients’ bone meal
deep beneath my feet

smell of yellow
stringy weeds
last season’s dead seeds
hair across the land
6. The Dunes

Dunes are unstable land. Protected wildlife, precarious flowers, shrubs, do not walk here, dune grass ready to un-anchor, shift down the steep hill, fill in where your knee has skinned itself on your ascent.

Duin en Boosch, founded 1909: dunes and bush, this is land on the edge of reclamation and naming. The ocean roars just a tad further out, whitecaps mark submerged hillocks, calmer edges, turbulence. The asylum’s “design reflected the attempt to control difficult patients and the marginalization of the most difficult patients to the outskirts of the grounds” (Marjan Onrust, 1993: 92).

The wind scours all thought out of the twisted trees that find a home here. Long straight bike riding trails fit for my wheelchair, slowly undulating into the history of this place. One of the big Netherland psychiatric institutions has found roots here, anchored itself to the edge of the sea. Something about the edge of wild and civil, claimed and open, gives sanctuary or security, depending on which side of the guard house you stand. Are you the police man with the painted shutters, guarding the entrance against penetration, from within and without? Or are you the inmate, overloaded, willing to retreat into a room of grey, a world of monochrome, wind and sea mist?

Bubbles by the seaside. I look at the dune hollows. Remember youth dates, backs arcing out circles of kisses in the sand. One of my lovers was a young soldier, a poet, whose book I still have: Dar Var Flinders Starven, where the butterflies die. It’s in Flemish Dutch, and I deciphered some of the poems, without
flow for me in my other tongues. But those nights, in the dunes, we poured ourselves into the earth and the sand, sea in our back, young liquids mix well with disco highballs.

He was a soldier because that is what one did, when I was a teen, young men drafted into national service. All men were soldiers, all women were not, and that never made sense, for any of us. The gender division was starker here than in any other realm: clothing or demeanor, future dreams or histories of assault. I knew soldiers soft as butter, sweet as cream, gliding over my taunt skin and pressing kisses into the night.

Before my life with Stephanie, I had not been with someone with long histories of psychiatric institutionalization. I had known nuns, and soldiers in their barracks, all in their own histories of confinement and accepted walls. Lots of us disabled people, including myself, with months of hospital stories. But not the madhouse, the asylum, the inside of the bleak spaces reimagined as safety site, as a hovering place to keep without without and open the insides to one’s ownership. So I am learning new ways of appreciating the sites of asylums. No longer do I think of Duin en Boosch just as apart, as thrown out, as lost coast.

My love has entered walls like these because she needed to, to retreat and hear the lock turn behind her. So I think Laputa, the floating island, the country that unanchors from the known and the familiar. Lying in the air, with dunces’ caps, its own rules and patterns of behavior. To look out at the gentle land, dunes rising and falling, shifting, gives a new temporality to the presumed stability of land. Here, much land is reclaimed from the sea: polders drain the fields, desalinate what otherwise might be grazing grounds for sea cows, old mermaids, not the Oreo cows,
the black-and-whites. Think fens. Think flood. Think milk and slaughterhouse blood.

All changes, but behind the tight octet of glazed eyes, windows in brick walls, there might be a stable moment. Hum, birdsong, murmur of sea’s presence. Breath against the cool damp air. A hint of ion, salt air, expanding the lungs. Boundaries slightly smudged, a grey-blue-green watercolor of a map.
Behold this compost! behold it well!
Perhaps every mite has once form’d part of a sick
person—Yet behold!
The grass covers the prairies
8. Adinkerke

Adinkerke Military Cemetery is a Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) graveyard for the dead of the First and Second World War.

Before our Duin en Boosch visit, Stephanie and I slept for a few nights in a tiny cramped caravan near De Panne, Belgium. The area is part of a long strip of coast where I had spent many childhood summers, 20 kilometers from Dunkirk, a town in which over 1000 civilians were killed by German bombs in the battles.

On one of my adult trips back to De Panne, one member of our travel party was an older man, British, not a family member, a veteran of WW2. We all went together to Adinkerke, to pay respects.

The dune landscapes hide flashes of battles, of dying men, of soaked blood, of rape in villages. There are too many elegies of the mixing of fluids, ocean and blood, with the sandy soil of battlegrounds. It was easy to find ordinance in the sands when I was a child. Accidentally exposed unexploded bombs were written about in the local papers each summer. Dune memories.

In British and New Zealand hospices, I have worked with elders in the last months of their lives, writing, dancing, exploring objects like stones and shells from their favorite woods or beaches. I mention that I am German early on, when I introduce myself, and I learn to gently bow out when I can see upset spread in a blood tide over a face.
In the reclaiming of the Duin en Boosch asylum site in the dunes, I see no space for survivors, no narratives (yet) that shape how the large institution is remembered. Stephanie and I, travelling tourists wheeling over the site, encounter the nurses’ wing, in the process of being rebuilt as a private condo block. A separation into a different kind of nuclear life.

We go up to talk to the workers. The contractor knows nothing about this being an asylum before, part of a huge site dedicated to psychiatric difference. “Nothing like that here. I know nothing. These will be nice private homes.” He is belligerent, and we veer off.

The young man who now lives in the guard quarters is much more welcoming. “Yes, this was the police house. That over there, the nurses’ quarters. The dorms are behind the trees, and yes, there are still five or six active right now, with many spaces abandoned.”

How can asylum space be part of life space if stigma still persists? I try to see all sides to the dunescape, to the impermanent markers of lives in abeyance, before entering back (hopefully) into the flow of Dutch life. But the vehemence of the worker irks, sets the needle where it hurts.

Institutions are part of the social contract we have built for ourselves: soldiers and nuns, hospitals and schools, prisons and nursing homes. Let us renegotiate the contract, care in the community, become the kind of social people who help each other interdependently, create rules and laws for interdependent living.
The smell of hair, a shirt that holds
compass of someone’s arms, endangered

bed becomes mellow ocean
sails toward an invisible edge

‘here be monsters’
racket beyond the door, the Cerberus demands
its due on the threshold
the nightingale that sings at the wrong time,
against the beat again, again.

Too soon, the warm gruel

the bedpan tilts,

and the ocean spills into a delta
that holds no body

no hyacinth, no round,
no nightflowering jasmine

no wine-dark seas
no camp, no fire

just the dream of sails, away.
The compass of these arms empty
dragons rise when I dream of your eyes
your tongue turns in my heart
the key drops out of my hands
into Jonah’s belly, falls,
an elevator of despair

a knot that won’t unfold in the night wind
in the hurricane in the cyclone

that howls on the other side of the door
the grey corridor with its stripes of green and blue

please please let me
let me
just lie here, pillow dolphin
duvet dreams
blood tick
till the 6pm dinner tray and the yogurt cup
stirred, counter-clockwise maelstrom, for luck.

let me
close the door again and dream of arms
outside
SIX POEMS

sharp, travis
Anti-Protest Protestant Patriots
For Jesus Southern Evangelical Confession Session

“bodies held tight near together”
“a sort of energy ripples adroitly”
“can you feel it”
“the parade of voices”
“the train sound of tornadoes”
“the bodies under the spotlight”
“someone’s crying”
“someone’s crying out”
“someone’s breathing unevenly”
“someone’s taking off a suit jacket”
“someone’s getting on their knees”
“someone stands up”
“someone takes their place”
“did we ever hear it”
“the sky turned black”
“sweet mother could you hear”
“the spirit emerges”
“a new hand joins the caravan”
“someone’s getting excited”
“the spirit a contagion of feeling”
“the fan whirls overhead”
“i’m shaking”
“where’s the end of the event”
“we return home”
“we spend ten minutes stomping on roaches”
“everything always smells like dog shit”
“in the image she drew we’re mostly heads”
“and she drew us around the trailer”
“and in so many vibrant colors”
“do you see it”
“do you see me”
“the red of it”
“we snuck off and rode our bikes to school instead”
“when she hit the door they fell on her in waves”
“it’s really about the flag”
“the red stands for our blood”
“the white stands for our skin”
“the blue stands for our police”
“we talk about the weather”
“we talk about immigration”
“your lips move”
“the image hits me”
“i fail in all directions”
“wrestling was on the television”
“it was delicious”
“he threatened to kill the dog again”
“he passed a dollar for us to add to the collection plate”
“we pretend we’re all of the spice girls”
“this one’s your grandmother”
“he heard God after his hand almost came off”
“we were both wives”
“our husbands were late coming home”
“we were grateful for the additional time to finish dinner”
“we thought they were fancy hats”
“in the beginning there was air”
“and this one is your father”
“the falling back of meaning”
“son trying on all the heels in church”
“the women coo”
“pitter patter of water in a bucket”
“finger tapping a piece of wood”
“tongue clicking in frustration”
“from the front seat she watches”
“the color of the lights of the passing vehicle”
“small blonde hairs on the stomach”
“he told her to stop complaining”
“that’s so hot”
“the syrup leaked onto the leather”
“at least three tongues clashing together”
“he pushed my head away”
“the industrial fan was nearby on medium”
“we ate cans of cat food”
“can i have some of your milk”
“he’s in a car accident”
“that’s all we know”
“we pretend we’re at church”
“the cat runs away”
“he colors his images of the apocalypse with crayons”
“the white noise of the conversation”
“she lists the family deaths”
“he made the home visit from the nurse uncomfortable”
“it’ll put hair on your chest”
“grandson called wanted to visit told him no he threw a tantrum florida is so far away doesn’t understand distance yet”
“they’ve been sleeping in that bus for a year now”
“the tornado sirens blare”
“why is the sky green”
“at least he doesn’t vote”
“mouse traps placed along the edges of the sink”
“they can convert or they can leave”
“he calls asking about the weather”
“in the church pew i imagine being fucked hard”
“red clay of the earth”
“he made an indian joke”
“the town center burned”
“after the planes hit there was silence”
“the images carved into the mountain”
“can you imagine the cost”
“reach into the ground”
“put my face down into it”
“fire ants scurry away from the vibrations”
“birds nesting in their crevices”
“time becomes an accomplice”
“the designers were paid handsomely”
“placed on postcards and sent to friends who would understand”
“the figures’ grayness an aura of spectrality”
“buy a southern heritage mug for $9.97”
“pour coffee into the mug and the figures appear behind the text”
“they slowly erode”
“there is no them”
“all roads lead to pulaski tn”
“snake body contorted against the dead wood of the pole”
“everything held in a stillness”
“the trailer where they still live”
“the church where they still live”
“the color where they still live”
“the distance where they still live”
“there and not there”
“loss and so delicate”
“what distance speaks”
“the birds seemed suspicious”
“piles of clothes molding”
“what the siren speaks”
“helping the dog stand”
“man in tights pummels another”
“scenes like rolling universes”
“but memory has no scent”
“no taste compels me”
“it’s shabby chic”
“he kept kicking the dog”
“what the body speaks”
“bodies altogether now”
“here and also there”
“gain and so abrasive”
“what nearness occludes”
“here is also there”
“dog hides in the crevice”
“always so much scrubbing”
“what the birds know”
“the universe is a rolling”
“the there to there”
“the smell hits like new”
“but memory has no sent”
“no taste impels me”
“watery gravy clumps of flour”
“he mows down her flowers”
“there is not there”
“illume and they scatter”
“placing things in the fire”
“placing things in the body”
“what speaks”
“shirt covers the red marks”
“a little private carried on the skin”
“there is no there here”
“clothes from the molding pile washed”
“washed clothes put back in the pile”
“so many totes of images”
“all we do is arrange things”
A small figure appears on a field. Part of the field, it swerves in and out of being made real. The small figure, retreating from the field, beaten and bloody. The bruises expand, contract, heal. They return. Over time, the effect is a pulse. The blood of the body pulsing up through the skin from repeated contact. The field etched into the pulsating bruises, the pulsation etched into the body, the body etched into the small figure. The field pulses across seasons. The field pulses across the body of the small figure, crouching, flecked with mud. The small figure smiles. Over time the smiles form a pulse, the continual coming and going, the inevitable collapse. The overalls overlarge and sagging off the hollowness of its body. A branch from a small tree ripped off the body of the tree leaves a small wound. The branch, decapitated, applied sharply to the body of the small figure, decapitating neat bands of skin. The effect is mesmerizing, the pattern a sort of drip painting. The blood dripping in small beads leaves a stain on the leg for a few days which is traced by the finger, up and down, up and down, the rhythmic caress calming and erotic.
The visible opens a field of cotton made neat for the machines, made real for the small figure in overalls smiling for the disposable camera: this is a site made real making a family real. Both are up for grabs but are, in the moment, pinned down by the arc of curated events. It doesn’t matter that this is not the field where the small figure’s father picked cotton to place into bags, before or after dropping out of school, before or after the patricidal confrontation. The field is a field: it is disposable, metonymically; it is disposable in its metonymic replicability. It swerves in and out of being made real. The field itself doesn’t matter. The small figure’s father, retreating from the field, to go back to the home paid for by the laboring in the field, beaten and bloody. The bruises expand, contract, heal. They return. Over time, the effect is a pulse. The blood of the body pulsing up through the skin from repeated contact. The field etched into the pulsating bruises, the pulsation etched into the body, the body etched into the small figure, the small figure etched into me. The field pulses across generations. The field pulses across the body of the small figure, now me, crouching, reaching for a clump of cotton left behind by the machines, flecked with mud. The small figure smiles. Over time the smiles form a pulse, the continual coming and going, the collapse. The overalls overlarge and sagging off the body.
In the hospital twice in two years, first a heart attack and now a mugging. Sitting in his van outside his daughter’s pharmacy, he is dragged out of it, pistol whipped, punched repeatedly, possibly kicked. Daughter and coworkers inside lock the door and call the police. In the hospital face already swollen beginning to bruise. He smiles when he sees me.

Now staying up late and with a machete under his chair. Now circling the yard with the machete. Now asking everyone in the house if they, too, saw that light across the lawn. A flashlight? Do you think it was a flashlight?
excited ecstatic or more eccentric the circles the small body was making speed the fantastic speed around an imagined center on the move unstable was how the body liked it eccentric the expressions the gestures the wildness of the small body it tumbles over the edge of the porch it tripped on a knob it fell into a hole in the wood it slipped on a wet patch it flung itself away in ecstasy it made the ground a evacuating sound of sound like air a space a grass scraping clothing shuffling feet somewhere moving and the unnoticed crack in the bone and bruise now readable at the opening of the small body’s new concentricism a pain a throbbing a delight and now being pulled up limb ripped off nearby tree the small body pulled up by its arm the pants pulled down the body bent over ass exposition the delicacy of the air the delicious feel of it
“I am broken with longing”  

*aft*er *Sappho*

a low humming

vibratory bone lattice echoing through the bloodline

I’m shaking

its structure obviates potential

syllables pool inside cavities

form canals

calcify

sentences are myths not handed down to us

can you remember

did you hear the words inchoate
syllables thrumming

originate in the bones

fetish memory

I can’t don’t know how to speak it from syllables
trapped in cavities in this bone lattice unreadable

in bones we become a type of factory
in words we become a type of factory
in words we become a type of bone

an issuance of syllables

each time  my core feels weaker
the dissipation becomes me
unthinkable

melancholic erotics

image of farmhouse small child in overalls, dirty balls of cotton

mind set out of time

excise meaning cast off loosely
THE BLOODLETTING
OF RENEE ANGLE
November 9, 2017 at 8:40 PM. Insurance policy canceled. Calling Arizona Department of Administration with proof of canceled checks. Total length of call 56 minutes. "Let me call you back." she says.

November 13, 2017 at 12:01 PM. Calling to request open enrollment forms I did not receive. Total length of hold: 55 minutes. "Ugh... give me one sec. I'm going to have to put you on hold."  

November 17, 2017 at 8:18 AM. Calling to confirm my open enrollment forms have been received. Total length of hold: 10 minutes. "When did you send them?"

November 3, 2017 at 10:00 AM. Calling Tucson Water because the water has been shut off. Total length of wait time: 15 minutes. "Pay online and call us back before noon to reinstate your service."

October 25, 2017 at 12:16 PM. Calling Mayo Clinic for consult with gastroenterologist. Total length of call 45 minutes 10 seconds. "Our next opening is February."

January 11, 2018 at 2:16 PM. Calling Mayo Clinic to request they request test results from Dr. I can not get him. Total length of call: 5 minutes. "Yes, no problem."

November 9, 2017 at 4:35 PM. Yvonne from AZ Dept of Administration calls back and immediately places me on hold for 5 minutes and 13 seconds. Insurance policy reinstated. "I'm sorry about that," she says.

October 25, 2017 at 11:19 AM. Calling United HealthCare to check benefits for Mayo Clinic. Total length of call: 45 minutes which includes two transfers. The Dr. is in network. I don't know about the clinic."
November 29, 2017 at 9:41 AM. Radiology Limited to reschedule my MRI due to lack of prior authorization from United Healthcare. Total length of call: 15 minutes. My calendar is loading slowly.

November 3, 2017 at 10:22 AM. Calling Tucson Water to tell them I paid my bill and request service. Total hold time: 21 minutes. "Your water will be back on sometime today but I don't know when.”

January 15th 2018 at 8:42 AM. Calling Mayo Clinic to check if they requested test results from my Tucson G.I. Dr. Total length of call: 11 minutes, 2 transfers. "No, not yet.”
Where is the line between enduring just this one moment of pain and knowing it's too much? And how do I communicate this to you? Did you notice she's kind of using a loud voice? Sorry you got hurt. Are we not going to live in this house anymore? Mommy, mommy, mom.

- How do I communicate the actual pain I have to the staff? who is glazed and spangled in the pain of others? I seem to the specific human face before them, feeling only the bottom of their bunch brush at the timed pressure of the next sense, or needing to put in the computer some small data. How is a "present" in the present is recorded but how wide or in my detail am I seen? My own impressions of myself never match the doctor's notes. Why does no one want to talk about the picture of my overall health?

"How do I want to talk about the picture of my overall health?" I often say, "fine" because I don't really want to explain to the nurses or health aides. They can't really respond. They can't answer my questions even asked? Why aren't we the healer and the sick, more aware than

If the exercise this colloquium performs on us all...
Mayo Clinic: Hi RENEE, your appointment is Feb 16, 2018 at 9:15 AM in Shea Campus. Reply RS to reschedule; CK to cancel. Reply STOP to opt out.

Appointment Reminder for Zola Angle-Davis with Jennifer Labrie on 1/26 at 11:00 AM. Call the office directly to reschedule. Reply "1" to confirm your appointment.

November 6, 2017
A recent vision screening indicated that your child might have a vision problem. We recommend a complete eye exam.

January 31, 2018 at 8:56 AM
Calling Mayo Clinic to inquire about my bill and to confirm that prior authorization for tests has been requested. Bill tells me he doesn’t know where the bill is and prior auth is not needed. Total length of call: 7 minutes. "We'll follow up in the next day."

"Your symptoms are NOT FROM ACID REFUX DISEASE." Electronically signed by Mark Lin M.D. December 32, 2017.

Jade Star Acupuncture and Wellness: Renee’s appointment is today.
confirm the tests my in-network gastroenterologist ordered are in-network. Total length of call: 12 minutes.

"My name is Ashley and the reference # for this call is 00541."

February 7, 2018, arrive for Eye Dr appointment at 8:15 AM to learn that Diona's 8:30 AM appointment had been canceled due to Dr's illness. Reschedule to the following day.

Arrive to School at 8:35 AM.

Total length of drive and reschedule: 1 hour 35 minutes.

"YOUR SYMPTOMS ARE NOT FROM ACID REFLUX DISEASE."

Electronically signed by
Mark Lin M.D.

February 8, 2018 at 8:15 AM arrive for Eye Dr appointment and sign times acknowledgement of no show policy and $25.99 fee. Diona needs glasses. Total length of appointment: 45 minutes.

Appointment Reminder for Zola Angle-Davis with Jennifer Labrie on 7/9 at 11:00 AM. Call the office directly to cancel or reschedule. Reply 1 to confirm your appointment.
POEMS
Post Classic

a riverboat is one way to promise
to get air circulating like questions

of hierarchy rectify & perhaps process
ballet as invention simple local

movement  be my horse ask to be
told a story swollen with hallow magic

a hats off narrative mandate to perform
earnestness as choice where boundaries

are called anniversary or vocation
& a woman walking more precious stone

i want to hear you in differentiation
when i say i’m driving through
mountains i mean not just words
or filth, skepticism, & pronouns.
staccato is ordinary reception
like rabies or powerpoint or generic
welcoming verbs who need punctuation.
redemption is fascinating a narrator
with personality is all fiction.

my hero dissolves all men build
fences instead of hauntings she draws
on emotion & other vocabularies
of management somehow located
between two houses yet outside of any
home underground roofless still hosting.
if directives are always fully
preposterous to begin let’s focus
on lyric as weighted speech weighted
because no period costume serves
rapture proxy for roughness for posture
annotated a heat map i need to see
precision sincerely its public outlets
intimacy laden social every limb
should concern us every visage perhaps
constructive our rapport steers
imitation severs anatomy from
i know i worry respect common sense
worry about desirable & human &
ecology & anger but no one asks us
a hypothesis defines common sense
after the descent i stitch together blood
type in favor of showmanship a cappella
multifaceted in our conversion narrative
driven by tablets and injury and various
drugs dug up to replace boundless anatomy
aim to earn rumor shrouded in shipwreck
temptation historically iron more powerful
than prophecy and other currency excessive
i become transfuse by how enthusiasm
wears the weight of detail how meaningful
is defined randomly a substitute for authentic
connection rather a bandage parasitic
lab coat lap dog sterile lyric epistolary
gestational play de facto rehabilitation clan
stranger i ask after the defense commercial
after ants gather to assert behavioral vice
in flip chart desert process let’s not boast
or bench service plot neuroplasticity
equipment commission i say sustain
me enabling matrices inventive most
mornings a tree is just a tree
to say i don’t read the newspaper is misleading
the problem isn’t offense it’s where to put the ball

how to reconcile the fact that the past is important
is valid because i need to understand how to shoot

from another’s shoes to say be mindful of the air
you inhabit take up require imagine a construction

who holds up a mirror works as autograph book
full of pre-secondary theories of friendship

& cliff-side bleacher seats my bed is uncomfortable
where sense reckons splinters i’m adulting so hard

say to joshua this project i have feelings
like anger and drama neither portable sanctuary

psychometrically viable visible i speak only
with strangers tell derek i’m interested in names

not characters a weird notion of public exclusion
of thought clouds we carry into monolith
Post Pedagogy

i got a deep problem
with evaluation. there’s a
method to glancing

over our hypothetical
futures—it ain’t standard.
effective needs improvement.

who wants to live
on a disgusting iceberg
accredited? who wants

to become harbor-
reliant treeless bodies?
migratory swallows

rockhop from finding
to findings like cloud-
based floral arrangements

or failed cell small
balloons. i’m always
taking a look at our project

plan always trying to use god
in the pejorative. i’m interested
in indirect perception
as countrywide deployment
sort of a pantomime of nature
of gettin’ aligned along

our improvement journey
all about still lives and stilling
lyric responsibilities. i’m not

a woman. lack proper
rubric etiquette outcome
verb funerals are powerful

like google and importing
forms as dude hat
patterns for shooting

guards. i’m also hard
to find in hotel room
casting couch tableaus.

catalytic pocket squares
convey empathy no head-
stone can shout out

to legacy to litany to
sibling rosters complete.
dissent is not exclusion

but a duty to construct
myself then kill off
professional martyr
pregnant with tactile
definitions of intermission
and balance and i don’t
want to make things easy
take an oath or vouch for
affectation as its own

warning i always want
recorded images ingestible
capsules a way to get

misty moved to my core.
what can be gained only
through a close reading

machine close to combat
communication diagnostics.
really i just want to neighbor

sincerely valorize the unstable
stand behind knights in training.
i can’t share ladies i love
POEMS

Insanity has six kinds. By body type (three) and destiny, sins and by poison. Indulge in meat and wine (and women). Become exaggerated. Oblations of victuals that are greasy and sweet. Uncooked meat. You drink the water by the cattle shed where the rivers make union. The mind becomes disordered due to loss. Thing(s) most liked become normal—cures are the opposite of greed. Let them migrate into the body like assurances and consoling words. We will put you in a well without water. Endure hunger on purpose. Your acquaintances assure you this new loss of your beloveds (money, drink, etc.) is an amazing thing of the body. They smear you with mustard oil, heated metal, make you itch. The common girl beats you with lashes. Throws you into a ravine. The king’s attendants bind you in a dark room empty of weapons and stones, bandits or thieves. A toothless snake bites you. The time is right, so illness can be alarmed right out of you. In the room will be a decaying dead dog. A plump dog. Inhale—deeply. You can eat his meat. It will make you bleed but only in a place devoid of breeze. Urine, bile, excreta, hairs, hooves, and the skin of a jackal, porcupine, owl, and a kind of sparrow, bull and goat. Anoint your own skin. Breathe in. We macerate the herbs in elephant’s urine (made into pills) and dry it in the shade. Drops mixed with elucidated butter into your eye. Evil spritis and epilepsies—just like nectar—bestow astuteness and growths of the body in children. When you have no semen, no brood, no intelligence, want good memory, can’t digest—drop
herb paste (appropriate kind) up your nose and your barren woman will bestow sons that produce good speech and voice, (intelligence). When you are corpulent, oleation. When you are combustion, purgative therapy. When your visage is blue and your eyes are red--you will be rejected. Loss of money, your woman, etc. which is unbearable, persists for a long time leads to insanity. You become pale, timid. You black out often. You weep for reasons other than death. You desire a woman (sex) and solitude. Secretions gush. Out of the nose and the mouth makes a copious saliva. Startling activities. Hatredness to cleanliness and sleep after taking rations. Attack others with a clenched hand. Desire a cool shade and cold water. Remain naked. You see fire. Blaze. Stars. A lamp that is not actually present.
from The Daughter Industry

a wound heals
bight and bite

a mother wakes
before daybreak
to make soup of boiled down bones
to make soup to swallow of boiled down bones and potatoes
to smoke before daybreak

before children
wake to whir(ring)
machines light fires

a kitchen and riches she can demand
from the men

surplus
world without girls—

these the odes
to take us out
when we take
count what we found
nest down by the maps
ask the dead end when
these odes can take you and
you and you and you choose
somebody hates these odes
passes as touch then moves west
and by no shame
she comes face up
my dawn smock on
avenue on top of my body
the want on my head to
a woman’s body comes to feed
she eyes shut
a mod ocean
a skyed bay dashes
she asks: “what’s open?”
my mad notebook
world without girls—

they shadow types
to keep the way
know them and know
the advocated unknown
they not a man they not a woman
they came up and cupped
my hands to my chest
they they know about you
world without girls—

of my name
say sweat
of my name
say ban say upon
and at about two a.m.
say of my name
a body bent
say my name say
my name say
namesake say
out put out put food out
the books state names
face them
they symptom
they say an abyss
that’s what they’d bet
world without girls—

we nose the cement
beneath steep
boa necked pushes
the pavement washes
off a penny on a toy
and she moves out of town
mast aback she pouts
dances off
mud bottoms my shoes
world without girls—

a bamboo on a one
a hopscotch
and spots
stacked woman want
to keep the way
of my name
on the stone
on my body
the want on my head to
shampoo tub wet but no
move on odes out
move on out of town
world without girls—

mast aback she pouts
at what names the state
she catches a sway on a peak
apt to feuds
not houses not towns not feet
the estate has went has moved a
few tones stay as epochs
fastened to the dead
once doubt packed best-shots
as quotas decayed each season
hens had waned to stoned hope
to become the baby’s face
world without girls—

the day that ends at
the past moment
when movement escapes a husband she
jumps the body on
that makes a type
she heaves to the sound
not so sea beasts move away
at the _________ of a woman
when face up on the stone
each of the opaque names say me
each of the opaque names stay me
NOTES

PETRA KUPPERS

The poem “Asylum” initially appeared in White Stag (2016)

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