

PRIZE: TWO DAMN SHEDS

Months ago, I typed “LETTERS” into the hollow/hello of the search on Bhanu Kapil’s blog. I was given options that spun* whenever I hovered over them. I clicked the one that said, “SENTENCES.” The entry discusses writing sentences over and exactly on top of sentences that are not yours, but become yours, are transformed into y(ours) maybe because of different colored ink.

It is kid stuff, tracing.*

But it is tracing that reveals / revels by adding more layers instead of stripping them away. “A practice of writing over the words in a holy book to re-transmit, I guess, their vibration to the tendons of the hand and thus the veins, eyes, others,” says Kapil. I think of correspondence / of dense writing, of how it might also be the writing on top of person already written, of how it has to be tracing towards what Bracha Ettinger calls, “the stranger inside the known other.” Here in the color on color on color on stupid blood is the hope that we might stumble upon new intimacy despite an acknowledged and unavowed distance. The person does and the person undoes. The first line of a letter W writes to me says, “I don’t know how to talk to you properly - I just know that you are one of the people I want to talk to.”

*E and I know we are going to go past a car alarm. Car alarms convince me they are hurrying up or speeding up despite the exact pace I know they keep. Urgency. I tell E I wish a body in distress could make these noises. Not so long ago, F looked at me and said, “Don’t you wish you could just rock in public?” E asks me if I’ve ever seen the documentary, *Straight, No Chaser*. Theolonius Monk in an airport spinning around with arms wide and his head back.

“iztok you are not making me dizzy you are making me a dangerous” - Tomaz Salamun

*E and I are standing outside. I am taking a break from writing this. She is taking a break from writing *The Miasma Manifesto*. I appear in *The Miasma Manifesto* just as she appears here, standing next to me, looking out onto the green that is finally coming through where grass is. We talk about Ettinger’s idea of Wit(h)nessing, which we both plan to incorporate into the parts of our bodies that lock from the inside like old refrigerators. Ettinger stops in the middle of page, tabs over, and asks, “So, what is your witnessing worth?” I ask E if what we’re both trying to do, by blendingsosshamelessly THISVOICES, has something to do clusters, with the idea of tracing over the top of togetherness (real or imagined), with the exposed point being exactly where intellectual-ness has a fold in vulnerability. “Shit, animals, days,” says Tristan Tzara. To trace is not necessarily to experience what has been lost or is lacking. It’s trembling with the someones that are there, with the someones that are changing. She says, “I’m not sure we know yet, but questions are more than answers.” The bomb goes off and only it inward touches.

PRIZE: BLOTCHKNOT

Horse statue or single tree pink . come to pressure? Pube on
an apple . a force to jetski into Ashbery with Pube on . an apple
is my skin down . to the black cardboard . Dear E, I AM CY-
PLOPS . & the tropical drinks . by puberty I'm driving . to
California to build sand & wrestle it . Will it breathsome? Will it
be fun . in the underwear? Because I was alone hit . I was a
node or little bods . of Amaranth where your eyehauls . were
trustbags . were mock snow & excessive They ward . no much
light that you . need to be under

Ashbery Jetski - I had to remember forces. The room was shaped like something crawled in
my head. I choose a black and white telephone booth of a thing. I said a poem about fish
that were choking on coin rolls while I moved. Mostly it was several push ups & some
confusion figures & carrying a dripping forest around like scissors & with the blade down.
The text is dead tires somewhere now, but it is painful something like this: Come here. Why
not here? Months later, F reads my tarot to me & says there is a King of Swords covering me
& it makes me think of when I was trying to be a dragon & an umbilical cord & a flag.

Amaranth - R says, 'There aren't many people I care about lettering mainly because people
think lettering is dead & so are people. We have a long conversation about drops of animals.
N takes notes on startled waves, baffled liters that we say. She says hurt is small asterisks or
sherbert lips lodged in a part of our shoulder. My finger holds the place of a page in Donald
Dunbar's *Eyelid Lick* while we talk. It says, "The ultimate desire of the letter-writer is to be
orchestrator of a consensual tyranny: the voice inviting a specific mouth to a kiss."
Whenever I am writing crooked & contained pieces of GLORYWATERS to J, it is
something like Lil Wayne tree stumps or it feels raw data like that & while we are writing
across from each other, he gets an email from me, a picture of one skull and its jaw & teeth
& tongue & the roof it hits against made entirely out of sharp and splintering grain.

Mock Snow - When F is reading on my couch, she is pink shorts. She says, "C, I hate when
poems are about sex." I say, "But F, why?" & gently, as ever, I turn my chest into the ice
holes brawn into lakes grasped of you & other. "Because there can never be more than one
speaker."

Underwear Alone - I write all day in the alone hits of my underwear. I have fog thinking
about bath dirt & name myself *mottlevolves*. F writes to me, "Why do we care? How can we
reclaim our hormones?" Another page in that same Dunbar book writes to Dear Maribelle
II. "First prize: I take the muscle of your cheek and give you a new flag. / Second prize: I
take away your flag."

PRIZE: RATTAIL SNUGLER / CAT SCAB / BASTARD OBJECTIF

How can I pull you . down into . the structure with me?

How

How do I shove up my mermaid slips ? “Gin, look like a drag.” –John Berryman I maul in the yellow number because I have chewed on myself.

Can

Right where you are reading to me, I touched my eye with an ice cube.

C, What is the world?

I make the building climb to elsewhere in the rain.

I

Oh my god, that’s all
we listened to.

I knew it
because of the pictures.

Too beautiful.
Too much light exposure.

Pull

N,

I know the storm
is horrible.

I know the
damage it squeezes
between its wrists.

You

I can see you.

God, that’s such
a beautiful ratio.

Down

“Who matters it died.” –Alice Notley

It is sad that it is dead?
Does that mean it runs around naked?

Into

I do know what you are saying. I don't think you always have to real life know someone to talk to them about button smashing. I have a friend who sent letters for a couple of years to an address she made up save for the zip code, city, & state. One time she decided to check to see it was real. It was.

The

C, I want to see the things that you see. I want my fingers to be cold. And the bourbon & the papaya in avocado light. All this looking at things & smelling things & putting things in our mouths, taking photos of all these shapes & colors & lines. This is how I want my body to remember. In piles. I want to torch in things, their waists, & talk to them.

Structure

"Honk, can be the mailed rose?"
-Kenneth Koch

With

Swarm equals slow bolt
of material, silky & a good test
for godbones.

Me

My legs shake all time. Celan & Bachmann, they wrote in caps to each other. They wrote in bone vases to each other. Dear Low & Low, I wish knees were cold. Poems, they cry at zero. Here is today's wonderbrunt for you. As promussed. "He's howling in the pines / at the edge of your fingerprints." –Fucking Brautigan & his kumquats.

PRIZE: GERANIUMS BLOW HAPPINESS AND YELLOW CLOSED

How did you get so much . of what's happened . in here?

How - Dear Human Interference, I DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.

Did - Previously, a fragrant backfire unable to amber. Previously, I am foaling across. Previously, an American sunscreen whose name I don't remember was shining. It was so many flowers in fold widers, who said, WHAT A MAXIMALIST YOU ARE.

It's spoiled, my real self, with some waters stung to do.

"People with moral standards naively think of me as "wild."

-Georges Bataille

You- C, Wounded life forms. Wounded Life-forms.

"But the wound of incompleteness opens me up. Through what could be called incompleteness or animal nakedness or the wound, the different separate beings *communicate*, acquiring life by losing it in *communication* with each other."

-Georges Bataille

Get - Dear Human Fight Clearance, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HUFF OF IT.

So- F, I have needed Plan B four times to wound light. F, XO backwards is OX. I never notice.

Much - C, Yr dream seeds fast. It's sort of got this Whitman recollection I can't shake with the sunset yelling; but the sunset is behind you, which is a brilliant departure from all of that.

C, I thought you should meet because D.H. Lawrence.

Of- Is writing how I sit behind you? What do I learn about you? What are you reading?

How
you
root
through
your
things?

What's- I found a picture that I took of my note hanging next to B's morels that were drying from the ceiling in his room. I used a paperclip to stick it in. I liked the idea of the note being bombarded with spores until he came back. I wrote something I remember thinking might scare the dog, who already liked me, into liking me.

B, A buck shot & soaking in pineapple juice is what the sun is for.

Happened- I was halfway through my visit. We had been to the ocean already. Fucked there. It felt bright. You looked up from reading something I had written over the last few days & asked me this question: “How did you get so much of what’s happened in here?”

“I want to know how I lose you,” I respond. HOW I FALL OUT.

In- Who is this person this chasm this lost event? -Anne Carson, “The Interviews (3)”

Here - A has a fight with his sister after dinner. I walk as far as I can towards Tijuana, letting the phrase, “Had an Ugly Sun hit the bottom often,” layer & work me into, safely, feathers. On the ride back, A is drunk & a tender & insistent starfish in the backseat & things are fine & Motown in a VW van. He looks at his sister & says, climbing over the other sound, “You have to tell me anything. I’m the most emotionally open person I know.”

“TT IS / I WHO / SAW WHAT I SHOULD” -Brandon Shimoda

I doubt him as immediately & beating as I feel the fact of rising, dissolved & lucky, on the inside of slapped breaths.

“LOVES REBELLING / SOON” -Brandon Shimoda