only this
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Jill Stengel
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I am a word. I am a word you are a word.

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words to be written down and then day. and i am so many people are do phenomenon, that is to say, rite and ritual, only those who words in inhalations, bliss.

If words roaming the plane f even. and you outside last night without about all those words.

My probably did exist, and rich. sleep in it because i have a to

I name. i really can't recall. ing to do with me. i am not the i, mine following word. read the signs.

all the same word, all different. love was the word. would the fest of sixties dream.

every language. a billion and the home. adopt a word. love in

rating to be turned into chemical sending across the world. each tion of a living and then some.

Is back. also my baby pictures. i had. what then what now. sure relife. there are homeless word

ing. words bundle coats tightly and lions. tighter tires. searching wrapping in peaberry pie boy had told me words were every
not stop, the words.

Single words in a
stream. Words multiply.
Obscure reference. See it.

There are words and there are
some never know and some are
theirs.

Also memories.

Praises for all leaving
Is and they are

The secrets that are passed.
n jolted into awake. then unev
fully we coexist kin i go run.
lessness you l
\[c\]ellophane hats
the ish tho sometimes green g
has nothing: world reach
grey also possible unk ee.
the b sensitive how suddenly i am
and it is all a i never would be
only littl and t word it. word
word. words following word.
ignificant. everything is mean
her. neither is necessary. both
i have today but someone sh
not be able to get it back they
on and tapped them and wipe
erly \( a \) word. this is another wo
to shine make nuggets of brilli
and am full of words anyway and
and when is what is enough.

memememememememememememememememememememememememememec
nter i orally. i running out. eye. ru
ee.
lack of gold, lyn. i have only this
es full time and extra. this thing
words.

\[\text{words multiply, obscure the sur}
d to do with invisible hair and w
rking them. i cannot understand but
and in my arteries. always gold bein
somewhere, it floats
violet words, words bundle coalescence searching for wordmate met what isn't really if you have everywhere and I do not covet them.

and less ness. there are words and cards are born into sending postcards back also my baby what now. surprises for all leaving they are uncanny I want to go inside

ie. this as usual has nothing to do with possible and sometimes a little of all interesting these can both it found in small packages fabrics and her point is sense and who says so I want a s.

is is another word words rollowing we g is bang is meaningless these can both y veins somatic

inside it

looking them not be brilliant today but someone and it it back they slipped somehow all thoughts to do with the memory of words and the done words the world what those words I have only this.

only this.

along in lines.

posts signs everything is significant at night to cover I am living.

it all
Process notes:

The theme for this fourth *Dusie* Kollektiv publication was recycling, as interpreted by the makers.

After thinking of various ways I could interpret recycling, various materials I could use to keep within my (loose) constraints, I remembered a long-set-aside project. The recycling component? Recycled words. Language re-used.

The project was originally envisioned so long ago that I will say Once Upon A Time, I had reformatted and then torn into strips the sonnets of Shakespeare, waiting to turn them into a collage project. Many years, moves, children, and other dear and not-so-dear distractions later, I was left with an oversized manila envelope full of strips of paper, forgotten and forsaken, located exactly somewhere.

I thought it was on the far left corner of my desk.

When this *Dusie* project came along, and I remembered my strips of Shakespeare, I gathered glue, sheets of paper, my far-left-corner envelope, and my journal, put them into a bag, and went out of the house to get some work done.

When I arrived at my destination, I found, instead of Shakespeare, that the envelope was full of my own words, my own writing, from many years ago. I had torn this work into strips, after the Shakespearean sonnets, imagining that after I completed that project, I would use these words, works, for a similar project.

Surprise!

And a new challenge. My work time, being severely limited, was going to be spent on making this project, whether I had the “right” materials or not.

So I got to work.

The end, and the beginning.

I wanted the poems to be collages, and I planned to then transcribe them. After some time of tearing up words, lines, fragments, and beginning to glue, I realized that I wanted this project to be not just a polished product with typeset words, but a more visual project, as I was so enjoying the sculptural sense of the work, the layering and layering, the textural element of ragged edges and varying heights.
I did not want to lose the visual evidence of the hand-created aspect of this work, the visual representation of its tactility; also the sense/non-sense of the pieces would be difficult to capture with transcription. I decided that I would scan them, to retain as much of their visual integrity as possible.

The rules of the work continued to evolve as I created. Initially, I thought I would be extensively building each poem, each collage, as the first was so intricate and multi-layered. But I discovered that some strips were complete enough where only a little bit needed changing; and, in the case of one poem, nothing at all was altered except for a section torn from the top or bottom.

For a time, I had a working rule that each collage would pull from one or the other of the two type styles, that I would not blend these. The last poem shows that I eventually abandoned this notion.

I also had a rule that I would form each collage on top of a main starting-section, a unifying field of sorts. The last poem, while disparate words, was actually glued onto a section of plain white paper that was taken off of one of the other collages; so, in essence, this last poem is built upon, collaged, like the others, from one primary piece. But, because it is a blank background, the interpretation becomes open to questioning: is it built, like the others, upon a unifying field; or is it, instead, several discrete elements gathered together and put into a contrived unification? What is a unifying field, what is unification of disparate parts, and what is contrivance? How does chance factor into this, what is its role in creation?

As with these questions, and with sense-fragments, linearity/narrativity or lack thereof, word meanings, parts of speech (is that meant as a noun? a verb? what?), and in so many other ways, I like to leave a certain amount of interpretation to the reader. My work becomes more yours that way. It is an interaction, an intersection, where we meet.

About the author:

Poet and publisher Jill Stengel is a native Californian who grew up in Los Angeles, expanded her horizons in San Francisco, and is now raising the next generation in Davis, CA. Her a+bend press has produced more than 40 chapbooks and a handful of issues of the journal *mem*. Jill’s own writing can be found online and in print. This is her fourth *Dusie* Kollektiv project.