



The Hyperobjective Marthe Reed

by
Carrie Hunter

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Inhospitable Jettisoning

A memory that is a story, but then some magical element.
Looking back at a past, and what you hear.

The fly, the key, unclear proper name reference, “the gunwale un-kisses faster,” ammo scuttled, “adamantine resort.”

Marthe Reed's "illusion of mastery," Sarah Rosenthal's investigation of "anti-virtuosity."

The metaphor where we are all a horse.
One-upping the theorists before they can even get to it.

An alibi, foxglove, doves who have been given permission.
A plangent river.

So that all children could have at last
 what was ours, what was to be ours,
 what will be ours///
 but, we, us///
 will be no longer,
 so it will be theirs.

[laborious happiness]
 [idiom] that applies to [X] applied to [Y]
 [prematurely grey] [hair] [slab of expanse]

Two friends are constantly gossiping about each other, misanalyzing each other, but I don't say anything. What ecoterritoriality is understanding?

Grenades and rockets,
metaphor for society,
but the individual
's path through society.

Partially indoctrinated into the structure, but not quite.
Or given a structure, but none of the privileges.

We are not separate from the mess;
as if we didn't make it. As if we made it
but can evade the effects of it.

We are the mess, we made the mess, we are the mess.

The seeming literalness of a metaphor
enjambled together with a sincere but flippant
question.

Enact what you deserve.
Questions where the answer is clearly yes,
but not something anyone's thought of.

*Critique of nature writing:
an experience that is only an echo
which leaves dualism firmly intact.*

You asked me how my theorem was,
I asked you how your mother was.

"The Usufruct of the Sparse"

Mythology but not a particular one.

"The day of doom universally misconstrued
as a time of relief."

An occasional I, an occasional him.

"I was depressed when I wrote that. Don't read it."

What sleep is.
As if memory must be renounced.

Reading about ecomimesis after having dreamed
about going to a museum of the Ft Worth airport
that was a replica of the actual Ft Worth airport
item by item, and wondering if this was a dream
of a Baudrillardian simulacra, and why would I dream this?

Post-millenarian tintinnabulations.

Then a list.

A memory of the mis-
step is not as bad as the mis-step
at the actual moment it happened.

Narrative story as just another fragment of the collage.

We are always trying to replicate ourselves
to save ourselves from extinction.

Your rival, your double.

"Just be calm, don't/rush, it's all over soon."

Reorganizing irregularities. What is hidden's
explication. *Roulades* in italics.

Huge issues of the day casually alluded to.
The future's recognition of the lie, obscured.
The religious host needs a religious parasite.
It's easier to cut than to fill in.

That we could capture the other
on the page, through art, and thus dominate it,
but we don't realize the other is ourselves, and
we are only dominating ourselves.

[the sadness no one will recognize]

Poetry that's undermining poetry
's anti-monument.

The Patagonian's Love of Connections

The light patched up later, after the fact.
The conversational you, interjected.

Bright, snazzy, fabulous slownesses, fantasticality.
Skipping a comma just to throw you.
The center disappears in the middle.

The furniture, what we walk around,
use's communication
came to be seen, comes,
to seam.

If you view yourself from within the ecoterritory,
and not separate from,
there is no need to replicate the self.

The abusive companion trope.

The light splitting apart our structures, mundanely.
Performing your life with no witnesses.
"Finally, the memory became an object."

[extremely taupe] [barking low like a hiccup]
We are not only cataloguers, but heirs.
Apothegm.

The poem must eat earlier poems.
"Invade each other's privacy in a significant way."
Postscript in invisible ink.
Personification of houses, air.

Naps as a metaphor for naps.

The glacier's job done.

meliora probant, deteriora sequuntur

I've heard that the subject matter is on its way.

Not saying *exactly* creates a space to pull meaning out of
vs

a specificity which is useless.

Memories mixed up, only recognized as such through changing
gender pronouns.

Cataloging the ancestral despairs.

"All of my déjà-vus were ones that could have occurred to him."

The implication that there is truth, even.

The kind of age we live in. Only one
's first initial.

1st person plural possessive, when one becomes I.

"Glamour and chrysoprase."

"The exhausted trope, 'Nature.'"

An undetermined choice vs an indeterminate state.

The poem ending with "you."

Beginning with music and gender.
Not gender, or genders, but the gender,
as this one amorphous thing that affects us all.

Lovers silently arriving then departing.

Space on Earth and on a bicycle trail.

The "celebratory [of] what once was."

Using only the gender neutral indefinite pronoun.

Our — I — you — Miss Winslow.

"That an answer actually exists."

Hems of the pastoral.

“The Saga of the Sheepgirl and Her Friend the Pelican Merchant”

Casual, conversational asides.
Causal film chant.

Archetype’s actions academic causal physicality.

[an absence of typewriters, but not of bells.]

Random third person singular masculine’s story.

The dream dismantled, fallen down, crumbled.
That terrible moment when you like your life.
The location given but the location unclear, mythical.

“The esplanade.”
A scene in the dark.

The quasi-natural human, the unnature of nature.

Sullen waiter in place of birdsong.

Analysis of memory. The title of a stray book.

Casual everyday dissociation.
Sometimes it’s just about language: “in the nadir of a pause.”

Making a choice, making the wrong one, and being certain
of it. A comfortable privacy, but entering the wrong door.
Pathos, nimbus, limbo.

Precursor to hell zones of experience,
 being sultry, being adulterous,
 vast and unclotted spaces.

Denise Newman's anti-paradise, Dana Teen Lomax's guilt.

Modal of possibility, “your” possible situation.
An old “chromo” on the wall, innocent as a “lintel.”

Hate-filled cubicle jobs
 and how that leads to an explanation
 of what Osiris would do.

How snow is truth and how you show truth.
Against reinvention and for becoming more and more the self.
Votive angel gatekeeper’s actions at the gate.

“Gravity Isn’t About to Save Us”

Clues fated to not be found.
How you rinse charm from bones.

The difference between disintegration and return.
Awareness as a scientific measurement.

Looking for symmetry or order and having it withheld.
The mythological, but mixed with the legalistic, liturgical.

The disintegration of the form into the previous is not itself
anything new, but just another iteration made out of the same one.

no one: how are you?
everyone: suffering in the anthropocene.

She says, “Some words are better in English.”
He disagrees that opposites attract, but it also never works out with
people who are too similar either.

Stationary saraband and all the sudden talking to mother.
If I only understood what the subject matter even is.
Hitting solid objects with shadows.
An atmosphere breathable but tenuous and contingent.

Enough cognates to make us believe in doves.
Time being the subject matter, and where it resides.
“fons et origo, nemine dissentiente” in italics.

A swoon being a type of rest.
Finding the “good” — a dreary proposition.

Minotaur, slaked blood, sacrifice, and austerity.
Dead wood and an expanding afternoon.
Paralysis takes over as if it's a type of action.

An additional isolation,
as the solution to the problem
created by sequestration.

An unrecognized substitution of [landscapes [of elsewhere.]]

A series of questions with no questioner.
One’s voice unheard even when heard,
at least in the way it’s heard to the self.
A litany that is just your own life.

A quire is not a choir and not quite a quagmire.

“Lesser Animadversions”

On an island together, and it's a jail.
The persona as an “us.”
It's like you're them, but not one of them
and they recognize that,
but also you belong there.

How we're privileged via isolation.

My handwriting all around me, as if you're wearing it.
“...accept the face [people] give to you.”
The fiction of the ocean.

A quiet mumbling over attendance lists.

“Redo everything,” “chatter,” “subsides,”
“forever opaque,” “a longing one does not subdue.”

A quotidian act and how it's monumental now.
Those days, generalized snap judgements.
Realizing that the story has disappeared.
Mélisande.

An effort to let in mythology's muse, but not finding her.
All that's left is wind.
Progress enfolding you so much
that “you” are no longer evident.
Development without resolution.

“Too fast for compliments.”
Advice in a lobby that's not really helpful.

The narrative leaps up in time.
Indefinite pronoun, but we don't know what “it” is.
Its whole isness, I mean itness, is unclear.

Our ecological solutions
destabilizing,
harming biodiversity,
soil health.

The vexed questions continue.
Their erroneous impression actually true.
“Harvested, but still sitting around.”

The lake's opposite shore's lost object.
In the palm of your hand.
“Easy definitions and only so-so resolutions.”
Taking the path of giving up.

Green water. Blue sky. Gold leaf.

Pencil shavings vs. dead tea-leaves.
Philosophical rantings about what constitutes
a social event.

Problematic nature writing.

Steal what you can before the stark light comes back.

The Dieffenbachia vs the Aspidistra

The difference between planning future actions
and practicing for the perfect Kairos moment.
Daydreaming away the perfect future
that doesn't exist.

Shocked clocks doing their being.
Life in the dead leaves.
That moment when you realize the poem is a letter.
Pampering the abandoned.

A confusing heterosexual narrative embedded in one
that cannot be.

The sunset's delay striking terror.
(I've actually never had this experience.)

"A basso-profundo fibrillation."

"...no closer to complex interpenetration."

A list of things that made the homecoming truly grand.
The problematic included.
The end result unimportant
compared to the process
of getting there.

The twilight, lost.

Too young and refused admission to the bar, lying face-up on the
street, missing you. "Uneventful," but don't look
at what my heart's been through.

Having forgotten your theory, but still
researching and trying to prove it anyway.

Eureka with mistakes.
Eureka, a madness.

Collapsing into objectivity/subjectivity.

How one is helped along in their work.

They expect you to do what they are not expecting.
Windlasses are not women of the wind.
A summary is not necessarily a translation that is comprehensible.

Is nature an environment or (a) being?

Reading backward to find the subject.
Earth's felicitous result.

The river sometimes disappears
when the obstacles prove to be too much.

"Like a moraine" — your life never what you thought it was.
Just the desire to sing is enough.
Escaping into a future I want is not exactly satisfying.
Excommunication, society a stronghold.
The word you're forced to pronounce.

The third landscape is of things.

"It doesn't seem anything/can establish itself
as the slab of meaning I feel central to my situation."

Déjà vu in nature/
of the landscape.

Not the real me; "to rain past thirst."

“Psalm Emanating from Some Debris’ Psaltery”

A visitor is OK, but a lot of other things are not OK.
Sympathy, frightening.
Concern about gardening, keeping a lid on it, manners.

A poem that is a letter, but the reader of the poem is missing
information that the reader of the letter would have. Palimpsest of
consciousness.

Isolating privilege. Isolated within privilege.

The disinterest of logic’s emotionality.
Desire to be exchanged, I will go.
As if you or whatever “she” there is, is a hostage.
Take me instead.

“We have no way of forcing others to cooperate
except by vaguely acquiescing to their most intimate desires
and pretending we don’t know what it’s all about.”

Suspicious unconfirmed, action diverted,
so all you can do is stand still, give your speech.
The paperweight rolling, snow falling upward
because sagebrush, engulfed in snow.

Damaged interrelations due to the classification of "human."

A semblance of time, luck turning, doesn’t mean for good,
just this is what happens next.
More terrible events, fate, nature’s waters hissing.
But when everything’s rolling, it keeps on rolling and will
eventually roll past, won’t it?

Paperweight,
sagebrush,
bunkhouse,
a warrant,
refund hiss,
rolling fire ants,
billows mandibles.

Who survives is no better than who does not;
it’s just incidental.
Some sort of static intermediary place
between work and church. Every extracurricular
activity is intracurricular.

The anthropocene restructured.
Fantasy of restructuring from within
because from without is illusionary.
The only option really is to smash structures,
but the anthropocene is not a structure, so how
could it be smashed?

What you would do differently from others.
A lot of large pieces on the freeway today.
Meditation on remaining single.
Teetering on the edge of forgiveness.
Also, fluff. Or at least wooly.

“All Cakes and Notions of Pleasure Screened by the Past”

All the sudden, dialect.
Petty but also important accusation.
What saves you is a ghost,
and so is the saving, itself, even real?

Interlocutor there, interloper here.
The retrieved's missing parts.
The self given back to you in partialities.

The poetry ecosystem, engaging with the collective.

Devoted to or at least agreeing to the secret, secretly,
our downfall.
A severity without greeting.
How reassurance incompletes us.
The list revealed as a list of heaven. Pathway into.
Roseate flames point toward.

The topic geographical, polis is this.
Something amiss, but as if nothing was.
A rusted tackle indicative of a lost owner,
not a faded-away rendezvous.

As if the mountains had a motto,
and we obediently buy what they're selling.

Difference as intimacy.

Not my lot, tilefish, beckoned, loitering.

Long lines that purposefully force spaces that wouldn't
otherwise exist.

Those who live without assurances, and those who wonder why.
Mutual gratitude's pointlessness or the skewered perception
thereof. Revenge in A minor, muted, underneath.
Middle C's politeness.

//Getting even *with* or getting revenge *on*?//
//People you've just met//

Decentered anthropomorphism.

Ebbled not fused. A spontaneous privacy.
A secret daily routine, but not really secret,
just unremarked upon.

And in the utopian future that is only a safe haven for
my terrible present, I told him a secret. Really, any secret.
Everything I know and I am, almost, is a secret.

The last fractioning outcome.
Of course, split decisions can never be planned.

"Radical diffusion."

I know I'm peaceful when I only do one thing at a time.
An ambience of living freely, in the moment.
The lull of spontaneity.
If you went into cafes and I went into bars.
Some post-atrocity calm, sour.

“Like Hebe to the Rainbow’s Gauzy Showers”

Trails, incompetency, trellis of clouds
following the sun’s slide away,
and city spires.

“Madhouse statuary.”
The previous dispelled in dreams.
Variations and textures cannot exist in time or in daughters.

A nice day decreed.
That which is only accessories,
unaware they are central to the entire thing.

The blossoms go away because the judge told them to.
But it’s ok for the others, the transitory, the transient,
we just don’t say so.

Mary Burger’s memory and doubts about memory.

Intermediary between what is allowed and what isn’t,
and the place these places reside.
Work, a lot of work, as if you have work
like it is weather or an environmental condition.

An extended metaphor of a common idiom.
A woman’s complaint. The hangman suddenly.
Work, doing the work, the problem of the work
and characters coming out of the woodwork.

The “wildflowers in the wallpaper.” Taking it more internal than is
meant. Not wildflower wallpaper, but a hybrid form of two things
which would never be hybridized.

The Yellow Wallpaper palimpsested over Ashbery’s wildflowers.

“Presto, no one was there.”

Memory of the ecosystem (genitive) collides
with lacunae of the individual.

Another empty room.
What Joan said too.
Ornery purgative exodus.
The father, and disobediences.
An injunction, chamois costume,
what about when it’s really too late.

“Love That Lasts a Minute like a Filter/on a Faucet”

A clear subject matter.

Writing about one’s own’s writing’s incoherence, coherently.

“Do not read what is written. In time/it too shall become incoherent but for the time being it is good/ just to tamper with it and be off.”

Twisted creeper and listing tundra.

Not your subject matter but taking it anyway.

“Things that happen” in relationships.

The gay male narrative’s “lesbian truth.”

Another story: a barn, someone says, a general stampede, “the situation” someone (else) seems to be repeating. What couldn’t bring the child back. You could be open-minded, but not be kind.

“Together” or “To gather.”

“The apricot lamé of the distance.”

A cliché as soon as it is written.

Adrienne Rich's Trees vs Nikki Wallschlaeger's grandfather’s lynching.

The place where we are is a festival. And there are hogs, and it’s possibly Asia, or only Asia in possibility. The owner of the grain elevator as a character in the poem. The punishment that you are asking for.

When story as metaphor becomes so much story that it can’t be metaphor anymore. Superstition Mountains, the Lost Dutchman Mine, undiscovered gold. The Mineral Springs. Some sort of settling down in nature forsaking what you never forsook.

It’s like some Walden Pond narrative without saying so.

Narrative of a famous text, as if you wrote it, but you didn’t, and also not using their words, using your own.

“trees have an entirely different meaning in Black history, you know? so I’m always surprised when I see trees being held up as this complacent object in nature to avoid writing about political realities.” — Nikki Wallschlaeger

Too smart to say anything.

The topic a heist that took place.

Not sure at this point if it is a metaphor or not.

I don’t really believe that Ashbery ever had a barrel he debated looking directly into or not.

What you must sell out and just buy, and by the way, you’re addicted to it.

“Never Let It Be Said You Didn’t Ask for It”

Haunted house with blue shutters.
Only in this one situation
are two people unable to
occupy the same space.
Your future actions unclear,
and ending the page on that.

Christina Sharpe’s “weather” of racial violence.

The subject is that there is no truth.
Don’t do what they tell you to
if what they tell you to do
always dislocates your knee.

Ashbery’s distinguishing between types of truths,
and the truth that does not exist
is the truth that is an occasion,
that has been fitted to an event.

Trash doesn’t disappear.

The truth that does exist is the kind that is more
or less appropriate to its time and place —
although it might just exist “here and there.”

Sending the scribes back to their tablets.
Framed silhouettes “as I walked in.”
Corporal punishment, pussy willows, a sitting room,
a waiting room for crying.

Looking for others to compare spiral notebooks,
apparent politeness missing, children talking,
conclusions not reached.

Anthropocentric white privilege.

Mispronunciation due to mis-parsing the syllables.
Not rag-out, squirrel ragout like a dish.

A kettle. As if one might read by the light
of the kettle but it’s too damp to read by.

Marthe Reed’s last words to me via email: “Ok, thanks.” — April
9, 2018, 12:14 PM, PST

Figures blended into walls.

A casual entrance, probably unplanned, as if just in the area,
wearing a hat even, a casual “having your say,”
so maybe it wasn’t a casual happening by after all.
But what this “say” was isn’t said.

“No Discussion of the Circumstances Will Ever Be Possible”

But we know it's not brusque.
After saying what's needed to be said,
a tour of the house is given.

Fate something that has a home where it lives,
when it's not going around creating havoc,
and that home is a cauldron.

As if climates are conditions,
but conditions aren't real,
so climates, temperatures, weather
are not real either.

The body, places, the world's
constantly evolving, wiggling state.

What you must do
hovering around you insisting,
but you don't know
what exactly it is
you must do.

In what space and time
when all is demented
is, certainly, this one.

Those who will not leave you
in peace also not giving you
permission to stay longer.

If she was alive, she would have gone further.

Onondaga territory is not former territory, Ohlone land is not
former. A culture is not past tense. Thinking requires so many
crevices to bleed into, threads to follow; is never finished.

This coming and going is very much
the same thing to me.

“As I Live in a House, and Am so Bound to Its Principles, in the Corners”

Unfragmentable writing.

But sadly, it's not to be, so I change my clothes,
accept my attitude, or change it as well.

Bound to the corners,
bound to a house,
and its principles.

When you have to type out Ashbery verbatim because there is no
other way to say it:

“But what if there were other, adjacent worlds, at one's very elbow,
and one had had the sense to ignore one's simulacrum and actually
wade into the enveloping mirror, the shroud of a caress, and so end
up imbued with common sense but on a slightly higher level, one
step above this one, and then everything you were going to say and
everything they were going to say to you in reply would erupt in
lightning, a steely glitter chasing shadows like a pack of hounds,
once they tasted the flavor of blood, and then this light would
gradually form prickly engraved letters on a page — but who would
read that!”

Dream of what might have been
erupted into lightning
in some adjacencies,
but then just accepting worn places/tea
kettles, misted windows, “cum
frumentum” in italics.

Global warming, Marthe Reed, other things
hard to pin down.

The hyperobjective Marthe Reed.

The end that will be commingling in heaven.

In a sort of heaven.

Losing a good idea by not writing it down.

“Yet by losing it one can have it.”

None of us opinionated
because we all have the same opinion
of absolute horror against the prevailing age.

Not a list of contradictions.

Not a list of similar things.

No one present
to compliment the sloppy
record keeping.

Tyrone Williams's Outsider Ecopoetics: *“tethering the present to the future.”*

Critique for another time paralleling our own/
or critique in its own vacuum.

The introduction at the end. A book ending with instructions
outside of the book. A glossary without attribution, but with a
contributor list and their statements at the end. Decentering the
author, decentering the anthropomorphic. The painting left
unsigned.

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Bibliography:

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The Nikki Wallschlaeger quote is from her twitter: @nikkimwalls