

MAY & JUNE

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from *As We Know*

; whatever he writes

, it will always be a vested discourse, in which the body will make its appearance (banality is discourse without body). In other words, what he writes proceeds from a *corrected* banality.

—Roland Barthes

So, the plan is to move from morning until evening, mostly the past tense ends up getting present as I talk I dreamed about waking along the river. A three-story drill I keep pulling sneakers from under the bed, but never match. I stretch in a sunny, long rectangle. Or maybe It's bright and drafty Maybe today I put a letter to mail in shoes I'll later put on: (these should be past tense). K needed help pronouncing words. Centenarian. Phenotype. Okinawa. I stretched toward shadow. Impatient in the kitchen, I burned my knuckle pulling out toast.

Things learned at breakfast:
From the book on Ukiyo-e "A geisha's kimono" and then, "Eventually, however." "The mode of cool" "In Edo."

Running to meet Wayne I passed somebody getting handcuffed . He smiled and seemed newly vulnerable and optimistic.

In the cafeterias, A hip man had amazing white mesh shoes. I stopped reading and took in all the voices. under my shirt

I played with apple skin walking my face kept knocking over the stack of books Iranian music played in the courtyard. I had to learn how pointless it is to postpone putting stuff away. Later, in the courtyard, somebody sang "Don't Fall in Love With a Dreamer." Now It's nice to be back in my room having been away several nights. sort of organic- There are prints hung on these walls An ink drawing of a rooster A square in Italy I think the word for this is daguerreotype And some sort of Campana the path leading up to a red-tiled estate.

I like standing in socks, on carpet, at night. Floors here creak . Lights from somebody else's apartment (probably cut that.) when I stepped out of the shower on my right eye right in my face.

I enjoy watching pigeons ascend vertically in a courtyard. Through the cracked door, Not a fully blue sky, As I stretched, reflections curved across the ceiling like fan blades. I had to meditate excited to read *The Life of an Amorous Woman*. a stodgy translation. 138: "Again, when evening comes one may go out on the front veranda one can give one's hand to the town drum-holder praise his modish fan or any other mark of elegance instead I picked up Rosalind Krauss specifically Bataille's déclassé : " action that (1) lowers or debases objects by stripping them of pretensions—in the case of words, pretensions to meaning —and (2) attacks the very condition on which meaning depends, the structural opposition between definite terms." another from Krauss "It is the impossibility of definition according to self identity—male, say, or female—stabilized by the opposition between self and other: horizontal." I have to be careful facing away, I work my face

Crossing through Prospect Park, musing on the many meanings of "muzzle."

I decide the best thing to do would be rain There are many umbrellas hanging from hooks in the office. placed by people who mean to rely on them having been forgotten themselves Anyway, in this room, all over the place umbrellas, with nice, plastic, tennis racket grip handles. Someone has Celestial Seasonings. a plaid grey scarf Coffee cups invitations to Fabian Socialism. There is a Dickens A photo of somebody's cat A copy of *Mien Kampf*. Endless literary Destruction I should make it clear I am taking an umbrella a rusty small black one. On the B train, a strong couple in blue sweat suits entwined their legs. Just before we went underground a woman switched cars Crossing the Manhattan Bridge on the B, I always stand—out of respect for architecture. -Guitar licks sprang out (I don't know what to say there) from the walkman beside me. wire fence covered with lottery tickets -wrappers.

I love leaving an umbrella in an apartment building hallway, how this changes the space.

as I stretch

This morning

Prospect Park's already turning green to gold. ~~when I look down, my glasses~~ slide off my nose and I catch them. Always

during my morning stretch - TV voices next door stirred

with traffic sounds and bird calls.

This was the Rosalind Krauss :

"It was not the relatively superficial type of blurring... rather the deep categorical blurring involving transgression of boundaries I prepared for and found in stunning abundance." I like being prepared :

"The passivity so important to this conception of writing participates in blurring the difference between the inside and outside of text. They are both on the same side , on the same side of the page. The one who writes doesn't know any more than the other."

For many years I divided work, creative and critical, into morning/night routines. I never ~~thought I could~~ work on the same piece twice in one day.

my dissertation took an entirely new coordination. Like

where you constantly tilt the face backwards and forwards,

~~left and right, using both hands~~

I feel I can do something new.

pouring over recent conversations

concerning

becoming a self to figure it all out By

4:50 I felt piercing chest pain my mouth

tasted like scotch with blood. When I stepped out hallway floors had,

for the first time since I moved in, been washed.

faux marble shined. In the park, little league teams

warmed up, or played, everybody talking. At 6:20 grey skies

gleamed yellow. At Grand Army Plaza, pink cherry blossom rings around black puddles.

A fifty-ish guy without socks began telling a stranger eating chips about

his first date with his wife. At Nevins,

too bright

I loved watching the train come in At Bowling Green, grape soda

rolling around half-full . A teenage girl read a book called *Booty Call*

O n Lexington, a guy spilled the top out of his deli coffee, making the streets smell great. *Designed for Pleasure,*

the show at the

Asia Society .

tonight I went to the index to look up pornography

erotica Ryutei Tanehiko

and Tamenaga Shunsui (1790-1843, died a year after being imprisoned for writing pornography).

the self-evident beauty of Ukiyo-e prints often gets lost when they don't combine pretty clothes with architecture.

Cold on the trains, clammy in the museum, K met me at 8:30 to

go to Slice for organic pizza.

in many Latin American countries

you are supposed to be happy at a funeral. When we got back,

we tried just slightly better.

As I left I spotted one foot hooked around a pillow.
 People still wore dark, bulky clothing.
 with
 glasses
 on, I raised blinds, full
 bright branches. heard a
 German newscast on the computer When I
 closed my eyes and bowed to meditate, I saw green triangles.
 K asked about
 advanced directives breakfast kiwi.
 barely helped. I reached for something which spilled
 a stack of books across the carpet. Later I needed Kleenex and ~~getting up~~ stepped inside a book and
 slipped
 today:
 I realized I could
 always listen to German newscasts.
 — Sentence opener I always hate: “The American Heritage Dictionary defines...”
 Heading to the Grad Center, K pointed out pink ~~stuff~~ on the back of my pants, which had
 probably been there weeks. Rain drops as we walked hung.
 We walked through ~~them~~. At West Broadway my nose
 was bleeding. below 14th, tiny yellow asters. In mist, me
 fake pulling my arm away from K and a girl getting it and laughing.
 at a corner, I

flipped the paper I’m writing on and read
 “I give myself an A- I never knew
 I touch my hair so much. it must have been
 nervousness.” Heading to Whole Foods,
 On one corner, a suitcase with books and clothes .
 For dinner, chile verde
 burrito, mixed greens, and
 sparkling mineral water. As I paid , 26 cents fell in my lettuce
 a worker swore in Spanish, hung up
 on somebody, began to cry and called back. No toilet paper to blow my nose from the
 other stall “None here either.” I couldn’t
 help the
 cold my hair has begun thinning . I’m
 now noticing how white and purple combined make my
 skin glow . I cannot continue to walk taking notes.
 I don’t think I’ll be able to sleep . K and I splitting
 a chocolate walnut brownie.
 Rosalind Krauss on Susan Suleiman on Marguerite Duras
 “And this lack of knowledge, of authority about both the
 story’s details and its meaning, is
 at the level of form , a type of writing she will also
 characterize as feminine, hesitant, uncertain, full of silences.”

Woke twice with little snores after dreaming about baking rolls.

Someone came out as I stretched, but
without my glasses on I couldn't see. I'd cough,

and coughing

My balance one percent off, I bumped into the half-opened door and spilled water all
over. For hours as I worked, I sensed K trying to figure out a perfect flight
to Berlin. The computer I use has

been making a repetitive, digital clicking

I kept trying to create
. Remember to mention the guy from Colgate had
really long fingernails. Maybe also mention mine were long. A professor
wrote back, deeply offended by my recent email.

As I open the bedroom door Harley Davidsons
roll away. I've been trying to stay hydrated
worried about losing my voice before Friday's—I don't know what to call it—literary recording.

Walking past I often scratch

It turns out K and my mom will be flying to Berlin together on July 10. On the J train (these
are obviously out of order) at sunset the skyline behind us mustard
. At dinner, arguing

with the person beside, by talking to the person across.

Now I'm looking at the room
reflected in the black courtyard window, where bookshelves look built into the wall and K looks
totally immersed in life.

I've got a new plan end the entries
 as if it's 10PM. always end in present tense at 10:00 wherever they are.
~~I just mean in~~
 the fictive sense I have to at least make it seem as if they are always ending
 wherever I am at 10:00 PM, so there's variety in how they end. They should
 move from past to present it will be a good contrast.
 what happened during
 the morning can be just immediate
 impressions, so there will be that contrast in them.

I woke with bloody boogers. I took
 out my dad's old white noise machine . It was depressing
 . As I stretched I saw the Whole Foods
 sign had gone in across Greenwich.
 The West Indian strikers stopped early today (been at it three months).
 Around 12:00 I realized it is, in fact, hotter
 . I'm starting
 to remember how I edit best: changing a lot of things a little bit . tired, I
 noticed toiletries all around the sink like seashells.
 "Alright."

All afternoon as I worked, K kept putting things away. Finally came
 and kissed my head . At 7:15, K's elevator smelled like
 napkin
 . A bike deliverer wrapped an extra
 thick chain around shoulders

I stepped on a temporary street cover as a car crossed A woman
 stared out a hats/sunglasses stand.
 A high-school boy in white t-shirt blushed A cop beside a bus stop placed
 a call on his trunk A thin woman in blue Saucony
 quietly shook a Styrofoam ice cream cup full of change. A woman
 accidentally photographed sidewalk. New Jersey's sky had many different layers
 of dull yellow clouds.
 A woman with an eye patch looked dignified, and Swedish. On the 3 train, I
 bump a woman,
 younger than me
 A Hassidic guy stepped on at Park Place and asked, Is this the train
 to Brooklyn? a volume dial.
 Lucky Charms
 cereal New
 Hampshire,
 Hampton Inn. And in Michigan, Gain laundry detergent instead of full-
 priced Tide."
 I sat waiting for Laura
 For two minutes in the co-op,
 I flipped out (I'll have
 to figure out how to say that.)
 from the freezer. Wyman's frozen fresh
 wild blueberries. The grey woman just ahead
 pulls out a copy of *The Nation*. The woman behind is
 buying a Gaiam balance ball beginner's kit.
 I think the scariest English word is quorn.
 That's how the entry will end.