



**Marthe Reed**

**post•cards ::**

**Lafayette á Lafayette**

post•cards ::

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Marthe Reed

Nous-zōt Press / Dusie Kollektiv 5 2011

*post•cards:: Lafayette á Lafayette*  
by Marthe Reed and j/j hastain  
Nous-zōt Press / Dusie Kollektiv 2011  
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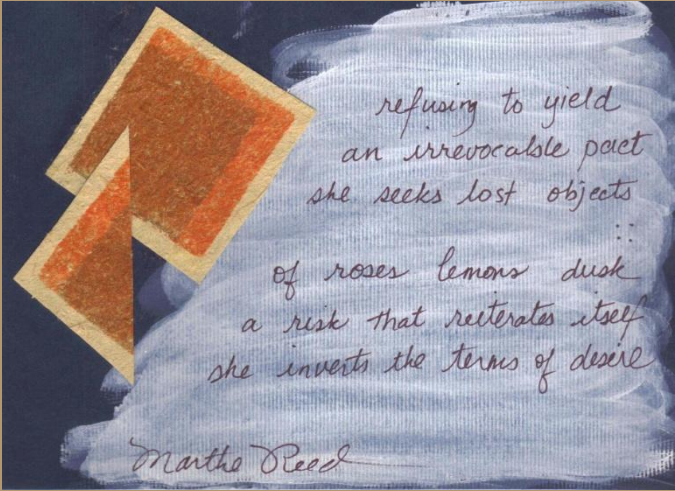


post•cards ::

Lafayette á Lafayette

*For j/j hastain*





refusing to yield  
an irrevocable pact  
she seeks lost objects

of roses lemons dusk  
a risk that reiterates itself  
she inverts the terms of desire

Martha Reed





had thought

“I”

a communal other


rain's

descant

sound (turning upon itself)

an improvisation





but if forest (an allegory) and not air


not writing

the weight of things

conjured

\*  
"the whole fragment"





the necessity of clamor

heat's signature

pulse

quiver

a lambent

causeway wander

*Martha Reed*



all possible

departures

*become a woman*

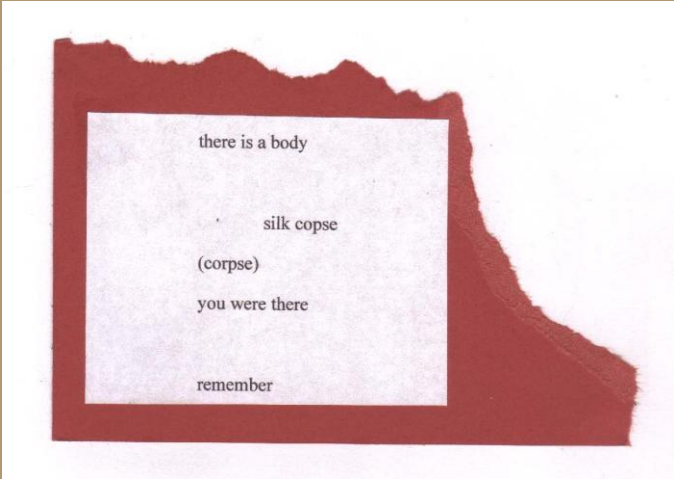
folded, felted

catastrophe

atlas







there is a body


silk copse

(corpse)

you were there

remember





*she   her   we*

compose a fable

(a fabulous

gap

the arc hunger scores

chin to groin

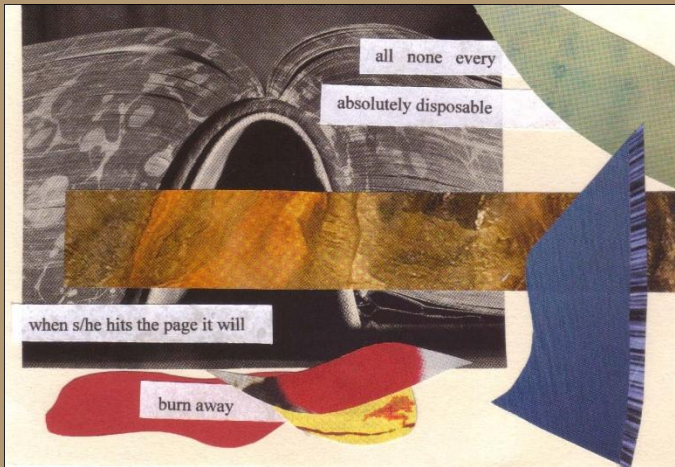
there is merit in dissembling

or known

woman

woman

angle of probability



all none every

absolutely disposable

when s/he hits the page it will

burn away

the forest recurs

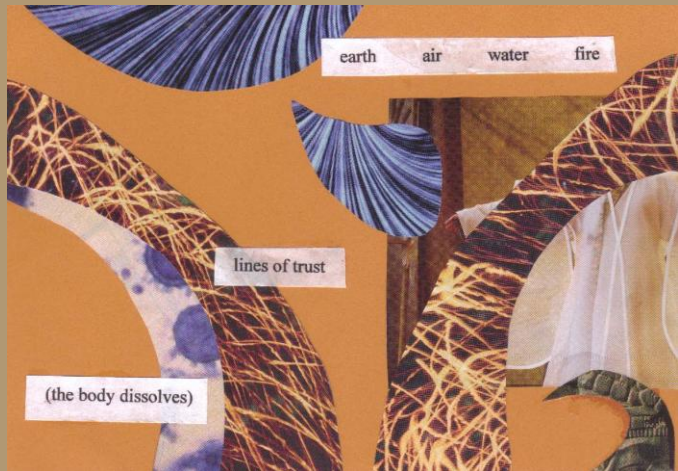
a renovation


waiting in the margin

like a dancer's bodily memory  
(green alphabet)

no single  
necessity







dawn rouses  
a pulsing heat

cloud shimmer  
bloody earth

haze  
bleeding into gold



## Post-face

Out of the blue, the best of blue skies, last February, I received an email from j/j hastain responding to my first little book, *tender box, a wunderkammer*. A kind of grace, and the opening of dear friendship. The discovery that we both live in Lafayette – one in Colorado and one in Louisiana – became a structure – an imperative? – for writing poem-cards to one another, inspired also by j/j's unbound chapbook of poem-cards for Dusie 4.

Envisioning our collaboration as an extension of the Dusie community, each month we sent one another a hand-made card, occasions for

dialog – a process of learning one another's voice(s), impulses, languages. j/j's work speaks to me of the body and embodiment, of the passage between self-and-self, between the felt and the known. Twelve cards, a year of correspondence, a friendship formed along the pulses of poetry and communion.

–Marthe Reed



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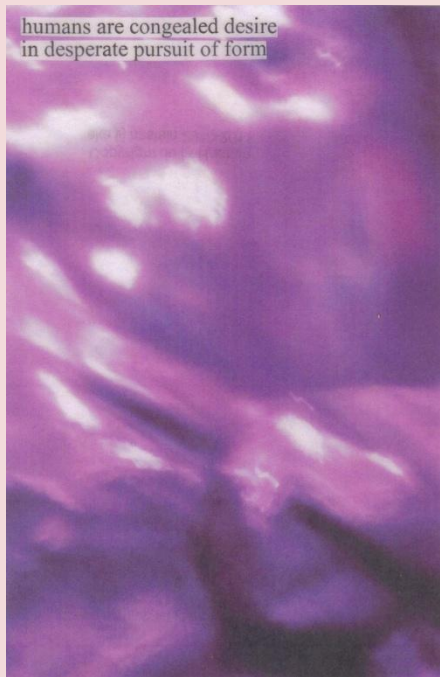


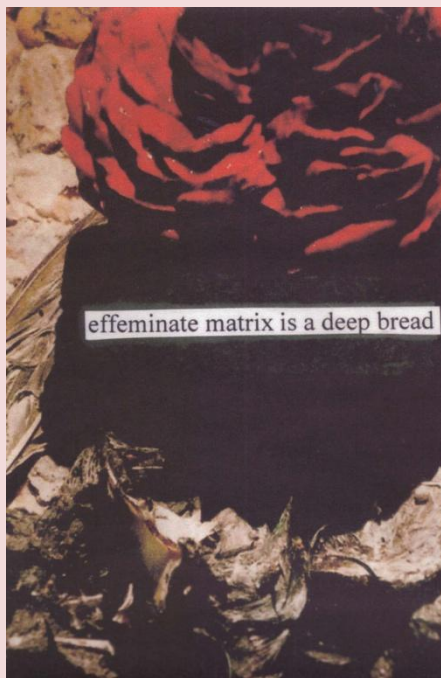
post•cards ::

Lafayette á Lafayette

humans are congealed desire  
in desperate pursuit of form

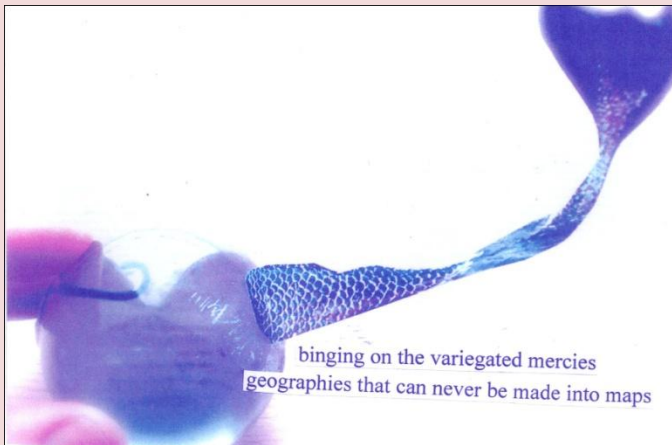
and the thought that  
nothing is real





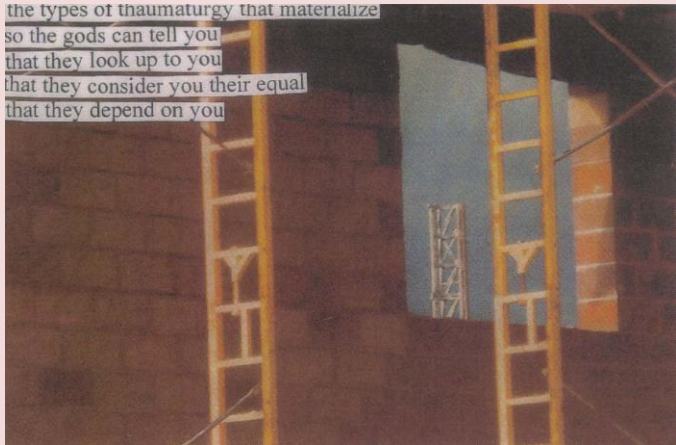
effeminate matrix is a deep bread



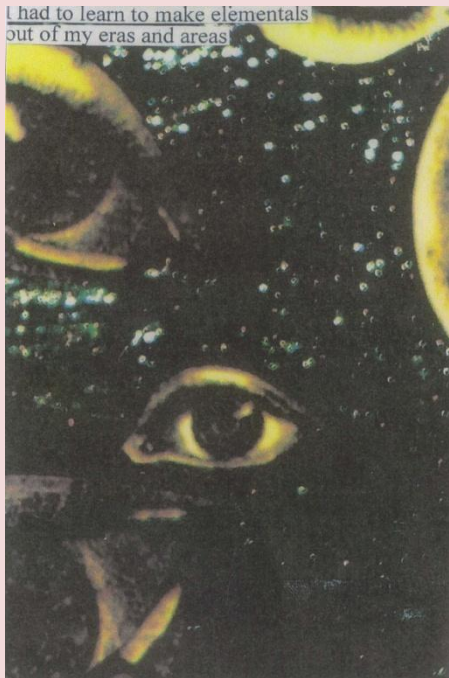


binging on the variegated mercies  
geographies that can never be made into maps

the types of thaumaturgy that materialize  
so the gods can tell you  
that they look up to you  
that they consider you their equal  
that they depend on you

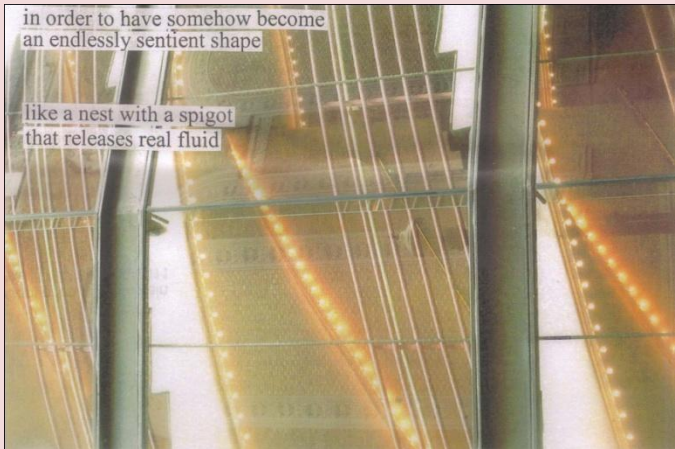


I had to learn to make elements  
out of my eras and areas



in order to have somehow become  
an endlessly sentient shape

like a nest with a spigot  
that releases real fluid



pi is not only a number  
it is also an autonomous consciousness

innumerably





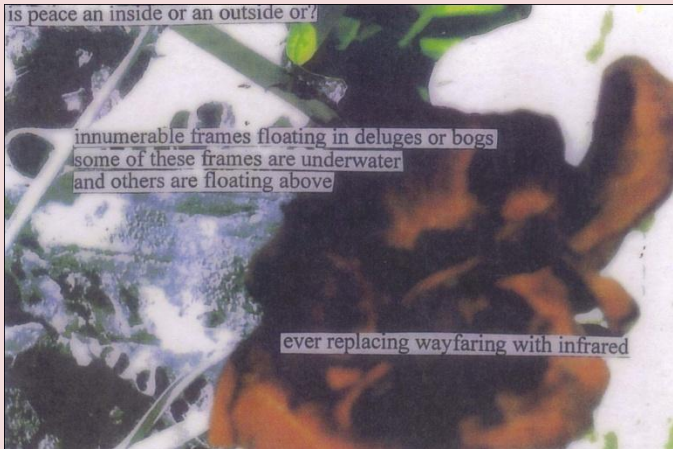
how during that night  
I dreamt of masculine fruit  
of a non-debatable pungent presence  
neither wholly smooth  
nor wholly rough  
truly a gruff  
serum

like neoteric rooms  
filling with men's hands  
that are somehow still connected  
to women's bodies

is peace an inside or an outside or?

innumerable frames floating in deluges or bogs  
some of these frames are underwater  
and others are floating above

ever replacing wayfaring with infrared



somatic non-distances

synaptic therefore

syntactic

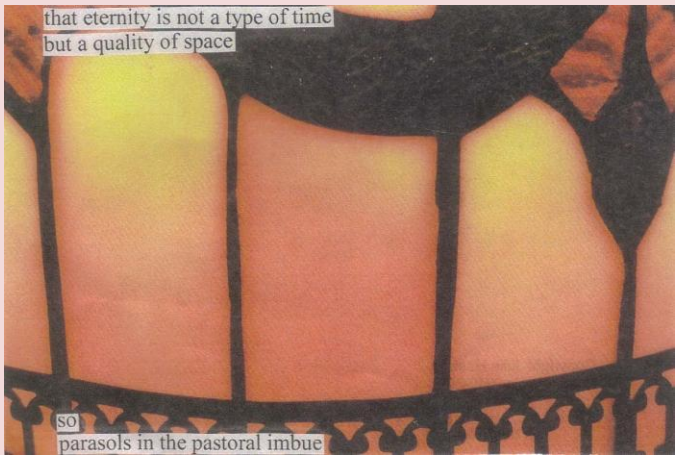
discharges

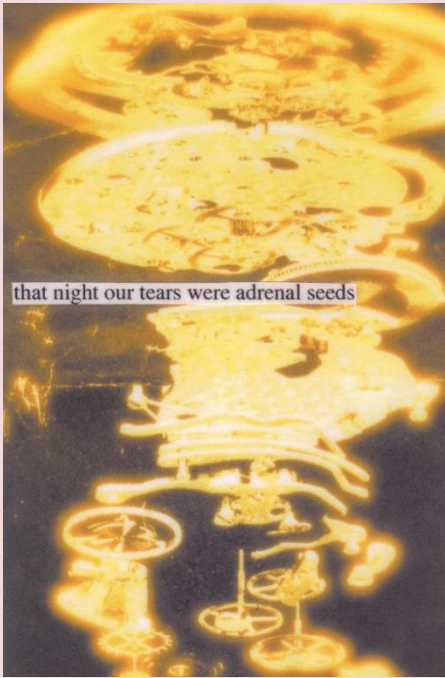
trying to gut light



that eternity is not a type of time  
but a quality of space

so  
parasols in the pastoral imbue





that night our tears were adrenal seeds

## Post-face

From inhabiting the lonely site of an only internal sky—from what was such immense effort to thread the days, then—came this presence. And from it: how make speak in world compel such speechless? I knew by the warmth of Marthe's responses to my gestures toward her and her work, that there could be fluency--but how to record the progresses collaboratively? What tongue of connectivity? How would I mark the sweet undulations of what (for me) had once been either a private or public (performance-based) body of grief? I am saying how make shared by two? I am saying

how make collaboratively health-ful bridge? I think that I have been part of a miracle here with Marthe. A progressive, porous progression. A possibility made more possible through extension wherein the refracted views I share, are received and reflected back. This process increasing lubrications between gesture in planarity and the heart-felt, galactic compulsions of memoir/ memory.

-j/j hastain

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-j/j hastain