post•cards ::
Lafayette á Lafayette

Marthe Reed
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Nous-zōt Press / Dusie Kollektiv 5 2011
post•cards:: Lafayette à Lafayette
by Marthe Reed and j/j hastain
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postcards ::
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

Marthe 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
all possible

departures
become a woman

folded, felted
catastrophe
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
nomad no
woman

a single distortion intrudes

burning

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
(the body dissolves)

lines of trust

earth air water fire
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
j/j hastain
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j/j hastain

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humans are congealed desire
in desperate pursuit of form
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 elementals 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
trying to get 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.

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‒j/j hastain