

THE GODDESS CAN BE
RECOGNIZED
BY HER STEP

Sarah Mangold

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Produced as an e-chap for the Dusie Kollektiv (www.dusie.org) and printed in Seattle as a limited print edition.

A wreading with *The Practice of Everyday Life*, Michel de Certeau; *The Haraway Reader*, Donna Haraway; and *Travels in West Africa*, Mary Kingsley.

Thank you to the editors of *Versal* where selections from this poem first appeared.

Famous angels

diorama

intimacy from artifice

Take a breath

peephole nostalgia

butterfly

on a dime

Arrested moments of social relations

Capitalize the landscape

What is it that makes everyone want a child these days

Who is this everybody

To call ourselves outsiders is a kind of lie

Sometimes we are forced into this location

Sometimes we choose to inhabit it

Normalized

And comfortable

Our companion monsters

Paws on keyboard

Unblind ourselves

from such

sun-worshipping

expenditures

Goodall and her mother made

2000 spam sandwiches for

fleeing Belgians before

embarking for the wilds of Tanzania

Every technology reproductive

immune system figures

of pregnancy and gestation

the promises of monsters

outnumber chimpanzees

during years of most

intense scientific work

immune system sited

Body Victorious

Outlined like a phone tree I was speechless O

memories O symbolic transgressions Migrate and

devour a strong-box full of meaning O unconscious

kingdoms Pioneering elucidation Poach their

intertwined abandonment *Run it like a traffic light*

faint with expectation

Plunged you down plunged

down by one minor detail

I would have liked to

imitate a certain kind of

writing Device is everything

Quotation marks verify the existence

of the words in another reality

Her own x-ray like vision

furs her landscape

Rocket from A to B a fit gymnasium for action O

consciousness Observable proof Alphabetized

Awake Apples and prescriptives *Woman to forget*

marital woe by fighting African Jungle Beasts

Monster every specimen permanent fact

Enthusiasms for this fine thing and that

What interested me was

the way of conceiving of us

all as communication systems

Women occupied many

kinds of places I do

not think of the monster

as without an unconscious

The blood was rehearsing a kind of speech

Irrational vibrations trailing with frail young feet

Fatal and threatening

social tendencies

fatigue her investigations

Any monster is the absorption and transformation of another

I was sleeping in the priest's rectory

A head filled with couches and TVs

Monsters do travel outside

their place of emergence

Produce a patterned vision

of how to move

and what to fear

in the topography

It is critique in

the deep sense that

things might be otherwise

The separate sorts of plants

stand out before your eyes

Observations on secret societies

the kindred subject of leopards

I was only a beetle

and fetish hunter

Burn all your notions

of sun-myths and worship

Gold-dust and rum

may formed and luxuriant

Typeset in Century Gothic and Didot.

Printed on Mohawk Superfine. First printing a numbered edition of 100.

February 2014