

**Elisabeth Workman with Jenni Schmid**

**From** *Miasmafest*

Text by Elisabeth Workman

Artwork by Jenni Schmid

*an excerpt from Miasmafest, a forthcoming limited edition book in collaboration with artist Jenny Schmid*

O quotidian taboos, civic sanitation inside us. Phantasy is full of contradictions. HUMAN HISTORY IS FULL OF HOLES. Fog of phonemes mistaken for pheromones convey something else, something also billowing out, to reappear again, deformed, now beast, now driftwood, now buoy, now a bluish boy, or is he a she, leaning against a tree, reading a book by her bicycle now a pirate now a dandy pony now an ooze. Or am I looking down from the gangplank and seeing her face flicker in and out of the depths? I have the kiss of x still on my lips. Wherein x marks the myth of knowledge, the guillotine master with the charming bladeside manner.

*What if we communicated emotion solely through our thumbs?*

*Our thumbs would need sphincters?*

*Every pore is a kind of sphincter.*

*We are 99% holes.*

*We are all thumbs & all sphincter!*

*Every asterisk the butt of a rowdy owl!*

The owl of any direction ruffles eons. Whose risk. Whose agency. O, Venus! O, Anus! Or what's at stake, Paleolithic, still obviously with us or else

*a roar only deer can hear*

*says who.*

We who are left are listening. We who are rubbish of the fubar state. As an elaboration on our taste for simulated, aka "French," showers, we wash our bodies with the book of revolution each morning.

*I am powerful and smell of perfume!*

*Anthropocene's a censer fueled by the dead*

*let's listen—la la la la la la*

*All of the censors smell of passengers!*

*All of the deer smashing into cars*

*with flowery clouds*

*with loud claws*

*with lawd have mercenaries on my blood clod soul*

*It's nothing personal, this noisy contamination, muss & mess around, this body beginning gilled & tailed, the first hole the asshole, then the mouth, then a pushing out, always pushing out to roam the territories with a distinct nausea that is history mistaken for miasma. That there might be everyday standard issue miasma—smog, pepper spray, oil spill, [name your pollutant], World Bank miasma, Western Civ miasma—but these are imperial, empirical, & therefore not miasma at all. That in this moment I get lost in the anti-miasma, which is the most miasma of all.*



When the owls of law were not laws at all. All of the axes smelled mistakes. I no longer I am jacking off to the pink index, the punk codex, o maladjusted hissy fit miasma. Misfit samsara tuk-tuk miasma. Hawt utopics. Noxious quixotics. Tall undone voluptuary with milfy yin miasma. The vast swollen other side miasma. The vast desiring surround. Totality's erotics, deathjoy's parodics. Spastic dust spinning in the red accordion universe. With each orbit another imaginary I ride & I ride & I ride & I ride. Dirty to the center of the earth.

Elisabeth Workman's chapbooks include *Opolis*, *Megaprairieland*, *ANY RIP A THRESHOLD*, and, with Michael Sikkema, *TERRORISM IS WHAT WHALE*. Her first full-length collection *Ultramegaprairieland* came out with Bloof Books in spring of 2014. Her book arts collaboration *Miasmafesto* with visual artist Jenny Schmid is forthcoming from Bikini International Press. She lives in Minneapolis.

Jenny Schmid, a visual artist, exhibits her work nationally and internationally and is represented by The Davidson Galleries in Seattle. Her prints can be found in collections including The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, The Detroit Institute of Arts, The Block Museum in Chicago and The Spencer Art Museum. She lives in Minneapolis, where she is an associate professor at the University of Minnesota.