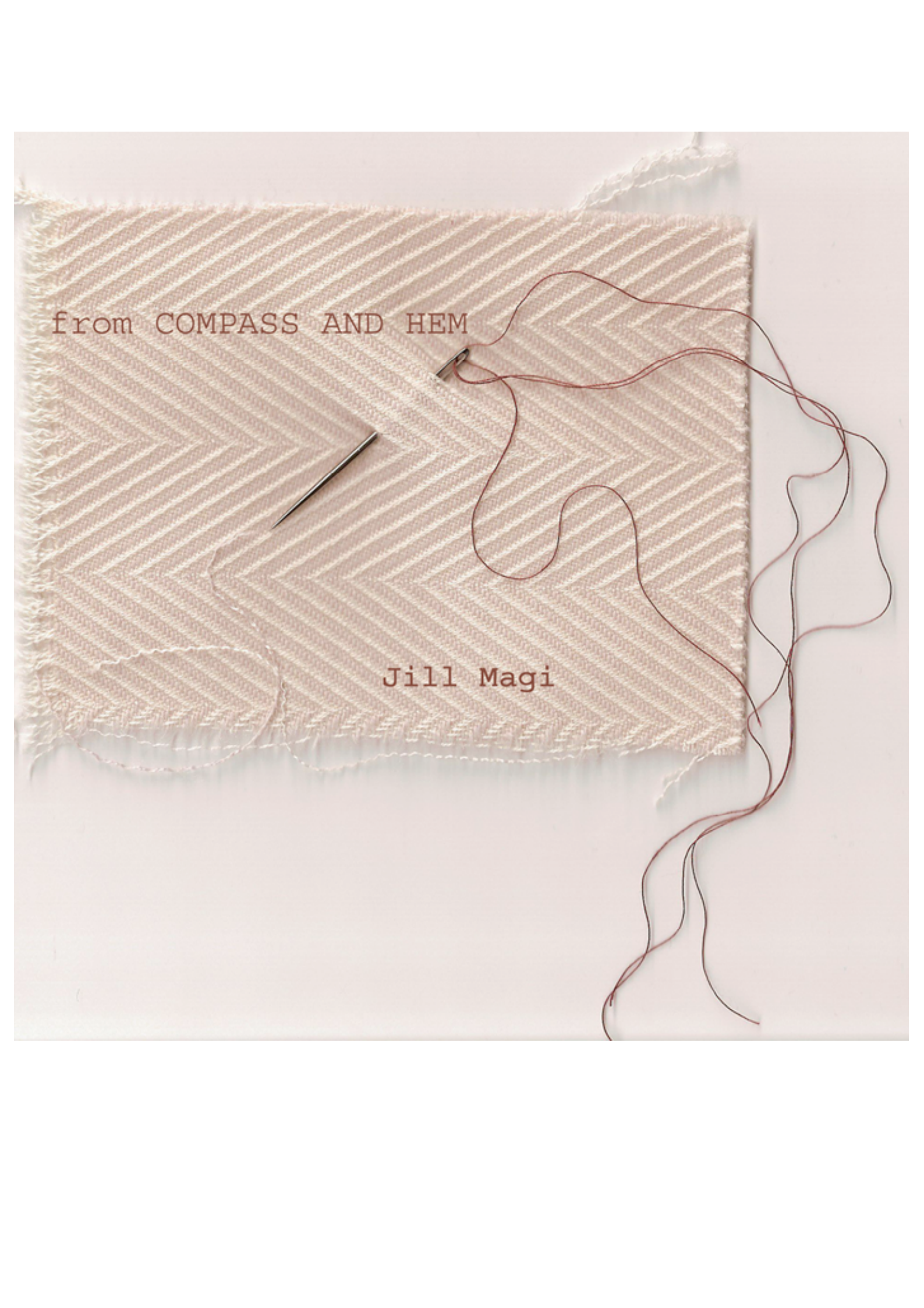


A piece of light-colored fabric with a chevron pattern is laid flat. A needle and a thread are placed on the fabric. The text "from COMPASS AND HEM" is printed on the fabric.

from COMPASS AND HEM

Jill Magi

from COMPASS AND HEM

Jill Magi

This chapbook is an excerpt from a longer work:
a meditation on the body, language, and agency. Some
language and concepts are from Elaine Scarry's *The Body in
Pain* and Jacqueline Jones' *Labor of Love, Labor of Sorrow*.
Made in an edition of 50 for the dusi/e-chap publishing
collective. For more information, go to www.dusi.org.

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* a dusi/e-chap

www.dusi.org



DUSIE

50/50 Magi

BODY

production room cinema room surgical
theater blue lit stage torture rooms
whipping post an obsessive display of agency
a crowd of tiny scars
(weapon an expressive sign)
an entire back or childhood
to kill for my country is to alter all time

ATLAS

my love is her body in pain body at limit
of my thought mother floating there
particularly exact and murky first touch
to know another body is to know the self
oh buffer my love worn we cave in to touch and mind
the between and joyfully this stirring the rocks of her
soil to describe

TARANTELLA

if she equals text authored by him then her
body text is what form -less to know
and to have than to see a turn turn turn
by throbbing not speaking Galatea lives her im-
print in softening wax finger to feign to make
this loose tangle giving ourselves back
to gravity an inward pull
in still pictures her capture shutters
subject best as still surface and surface

LABOR

to force from illness to be ill of a certain class
 this violet upon the skin so couldn't
 work to rest to rest oh restless
 beat all the prop-
 erty let this slave in return for sex-
 ual labor bound in trenches
 if pregnant then made to lie in specially dug depression
 for to whip this archeology unfound and so
 to protect whom? but not the mother
 but not the mother his surveillance impatient with
 slow so that blood and milk flew mingled I want
 to separate

ATLAS

establishing quarantine a fence or felt distance now
 her time-boxes lifted down from her hand
 diagrammed my life its colony of scars
 stairs retract calcifying
 my entrance into doubt into home into the city of
 avenues running north and south counting counting
 streets across the spine-point of her first memory
 cross-hatched in pain and knots mother a map drawn

SCAR

taking up fresh green country girls to hustle
all through the winter to take whatever paid she
placed in a brothel window washer floor scrubber
long stooped over hours worming the plants
I read the outrage reports found pervasive
fertility decline he writes
poorly dressed sickly and cross

MIRROR

why will you not bear are you so as to be
fruitless?
film captures wind away as hope
in the trees as a father goes to war
to feed what must we survive?
the shadow of historical action of the swoop swoop
of field grass and a film of endings childless and
only evidence of his quiet quiet

TARANTELLA

scene where he holds ankle or foot slight
 torture torque
 my body it is not
 in this scene of his fatherline problem
 pulls at fabric sock soaking
 girl-
 hood as blinder
 singing my home is over Jordan
 pen the circumference of my body not

LABOR

your state of narratability into tension
 demands narration as anxiety to touch to touch
 wards words encamp this postural
 fault encampa round about for each letter
 a sex act until she spelled my mother
 is falling and Beloved was her name

SPINE

marriage-body said I find you
 where hollow