

issue 77 part 2



@pauline mccarthy

contents issue 77 part 2

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high hi *

a laugh will echo(es)
between knotted hands
close against my heart

dangling from a spike-studded belt & erased— but a stronger absence than death

fertile hunger will consume(s)
ghosts of all my lovely sins
heavy as a lecher's kiss

I am so distant from the hope of myself

joy has gone the way it came keeping itself it seems in a state of miraculous repair like moonlight dissolved in fog

maybe the fire in my lashes is a reflection no lame excuses can gloss over (as) one pauses long before pictures pass in long review

quiet breathable atmosphere—
rehearse your list of loves to me
slow mute explosion(s)

time's brittle drift

upward, upward through my heart vowels rise like balloons with the blunt edge of a practiced tongue

exquisite early morning light you can go on breathing but I'll be safe in hell (when) zeppelin drops me from a (this) terrible altitude

*Abecedarian Cento Sources:

Claudia Emerson- Lines 1, 6, 12, 15, 19, 23 Mary Oliver- Lines 3, 5, 9, 13, 20, 24 Dorothy Parker- Lines 2, 7, 10, 16, 18, 21, 25 Sylvia Plath- Lines 4, 8, 11, 14, 17, 22, 26 Vicious

Vicious

Vicious

Vicious

Vicious

Vicious

Daily Log: Week 18

Day: 1

Calories time: 22 weeks

Breakfast:

Intake: Coffee, cream, sugar. Herbal tea. Silence.

Liquids: Urine: dark. Red?

Exercise: Breathe.

Note to self: Buy eggs.

Midmorning snack:

Intake: Granola. Top envelope in pile: bill for sonogram.

Liquids: Sweat: cold.

Exercise: Lie down. Prop legs on two pillows.

Note to self: Cancel maternity photo shoot? Buy eggs and yogurt.

Lunch:

Intake: Salad. Ibuprofen: three capsules.

Liquids: Blood: copious.

Exercise: Stand under shower spray. Avoid staring at the red clots lumped on the drain.

Note to self: Cancel baby shower. Buy eggs, yogurt, and shampoo.

Midafternoon snack

Intake: Potato-leek soup.

Liquids: Tears: abundant.

Exercise: Curl into fetal position. Try to remember to breathe.

Note to self: You will survive. You have before.

Dinner

Intake: Pizza. The creak of the door. Footsteps.

Liquids: N/A. Throat lumped. Nauseous.

Exercise: Sit up. Face him.

Note to self: Say it out loud. Host the baby. "We lost the baby."

Dessert

Intake: Blanket.

Liquids: Hot tea.

Exercise: Folding into his arms.

Note to self: Find hope.

Becoming Furniture

After Seated Figure/Jacob Lipchitz/ 1916/National Galleries of Scotland

The seat was so comfortable, she found it difficult to move. The seat was so cosy, she started to take on its form and colour. The seat was so relaxing, shebegantomergewithit. Now beginsshewhoknows whereorends. She'drise ifonlysheknewstartwhereto.

.

About a boy who is pure of heart

The answer was yes. Without another word she dropped the moth. There were messages in a bottle and he was mildly interested. Tell me a better story, she said. About a boy who is pure of heart. The idea was to go back to the beginning.

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\{[Bra(n)]kets\}
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you + me
[when a (petal) drops]

me + you [and another (one)]

 $me + you \neq you + me$ [the crownless (flower) dies]

me – you[our gloomy (garden)]

you – me[taught (me) to master]

 $me - you \neq me - you$ [the (art)of letting go]

$$\frac{you}{me}$$
 [the weakest pasture (weeds)]

$$me/you$$
 [(perish) in cold (wind)]

 $you/me \neq me/you$ [and (numbers) say (I'm) right]

$$\sqrt[love]{me}$$
 [(you) were my {forever}]

$$\int_{-\infty}^{sex} \sqrt{you}$$
 [and (I) was your |now|]

$$\sqrt[love]{me} \neq \sqrt[sex]{you}$$
[our unequal (feelings)]

[left our (matrix) empty]

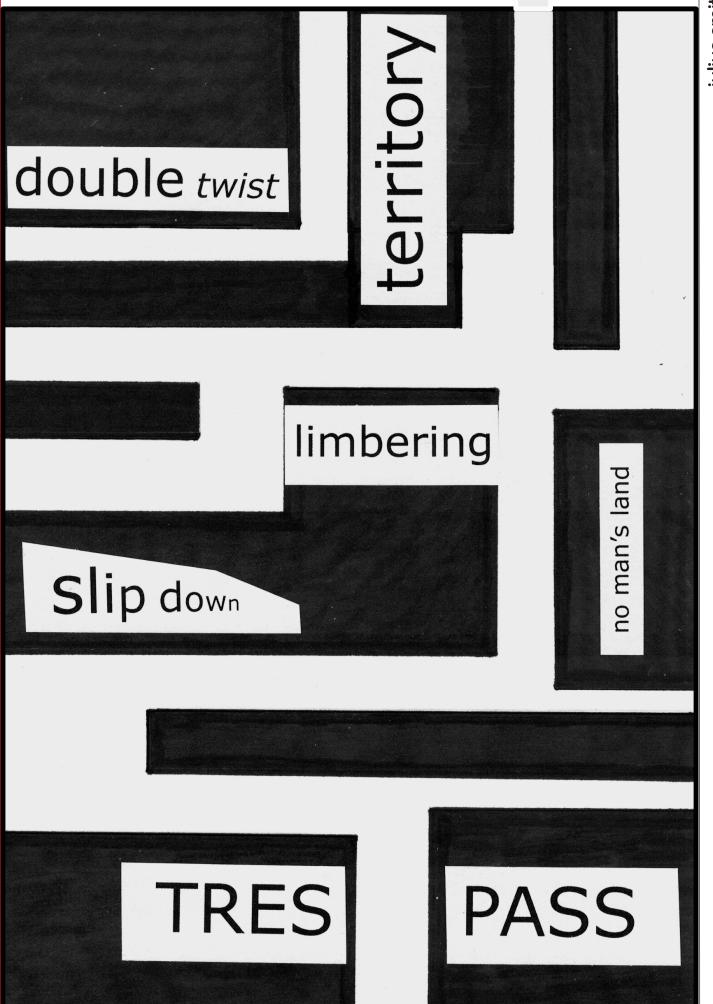
$$(you + me)^{sex} = \sum_{k=love}^{sex} {me \choose you} me^{love} you^{sex-love}$$

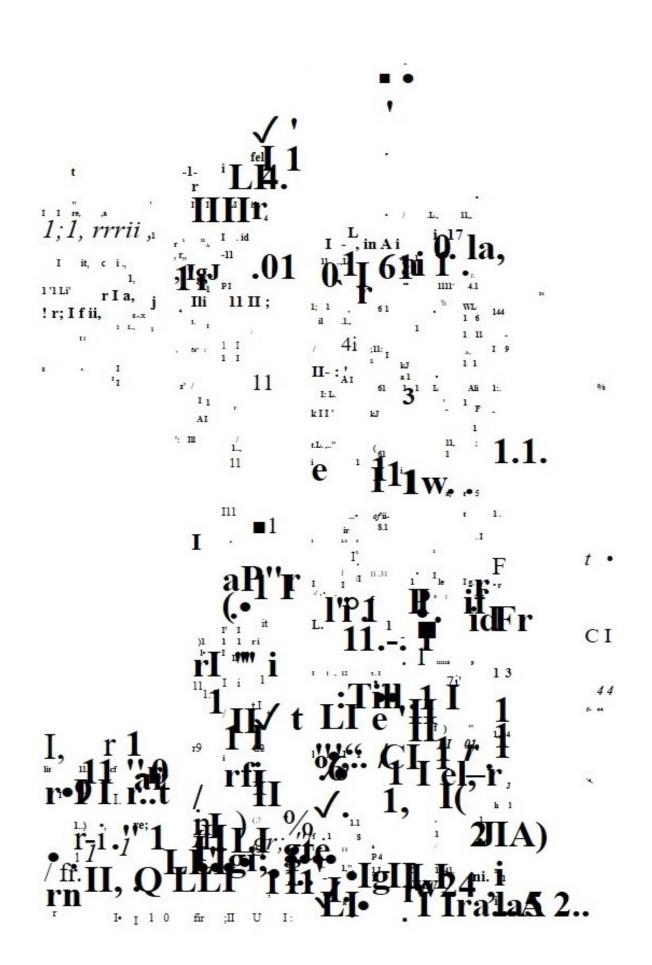
{and even if (I) could read this, (we) couldn't make (it) [count]}

Pride

Pride breeds on a steady source of income.

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Now or Later

Third floor, going down What's that big building right there? One Caesar Salad Huge, I know I didn't see you yesterday Please make sure you are paying attention to all announcements Ma'am, you have to put your shoes on Nobody's complaining Somebody just did Where can I buy the yellow card, the Metro card? Whenever you need anything, let me know Ma'am, please wear your shoes At the door you have to show your vaccination card Is that Robert? It's me One side of French fries, two mahi-mahis, one sea bass Are you waiting? It's against the rules and very dangerous

No, you calm down!

And the artichokes

Calm down!

Oh my god it's already kind of

perfect.

This is a found poem. The title and the lines are things I overheard in New York.

Autocomplete

- (0) I will only hope that I have your heart and mind not knowing how much
 - (5) one of those two
- (3) Three continents
 - (4) Fourth and the first one is the same
- (6) join in on a whim and then do it on a whim basis
 - (13) we are not listening
- (9) get it to the green house on Friday night
- (12) go back and forth with the world with the world with the world with the world with the world
 - (1) and the sky in your head
- (11) I am an avid fan and would like a loaf
 - (10) have a few
- (8) not sure yet how long I should wait to see you
 - (15) Fifteen seconds
- (16) and the occasional human experience
 - (14) was it dream or death
- (7) incendiary
 - (2) the sky
 - (2) the sky has lived a little
 - (2) the sky has lived a little long
 - (2) the sky has lived a little long since it took me
 - (2) the sky has lived a little long since it took me so
 - (2) I was the only thing left

PROCESS NOTE: I typed an ordinal or cardinal number (e.g. "zero", "sixth", "fifteen") into my phone, then inserted the words that autocomplete suggested. The autocomplete function seems to be based, in part, on my previous typing. I used the numbers 0-16 to create strings of words. Then I sliced these strings and rearranged the fragments, whose word order was not altered in any way.



Rescue, 2022, acrylic on paper, 11x17 (cm)

'Rescue' ... after 'Ninth Street Women: Lee Krasner, Elaine de Kooning, Grace Hartigan, Joan Mitchell, and Helen Frankenthaler: Five Painters and the Movement That Changed Modern Art' by Mary Gabriel, 2018

Lee couldn't help Jackson.

Grace couldn't help Frank.

Helen couldn't help Robert.

Elaine couldn't help Willem.

Joan couldn't help herself.

apocalyptic horses

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Note: The source of this erasure poem is liner notes written by Patti Smith for her album Horses.