ABSTRACT

A FLOWER OPENED IN
THE STINKING

by Hannah Marie Rodabaugh

This manuscript reflects a poetic exploration into various approaches to problems of defining wisdom within sacred texts, as well as experimentation with sound, language, and grammar. It is designed to be or explain some of the multi-faceted ways in which inspiration comes to us. Like the Hindu existential bodies, it is divided into four sections; each section sets up a problem that the remaining poems seek to rectify, or at least neutralize by the end of the segment. It is told in a wide range of styles (letters, songs, free verse, and rhyme) to reflect this multi-faceted approach. It offers varying tones for the same reason. Similar to Aristotelian concepts of theatre, where an audience is purged of negative emotions by watching a character consumed by them, this work, often humorously, evokes a sense of what not to do as much as it offers any sense of friendly wisdom.
A FLOWER OPENED IN THE STINKING

A Thesis

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by
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cris cheek
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## INTRODUCTION

If all the things in

| 2 |

## SECTION I

### Sweet Fucking Pastoralia (Dream Narration)

| 5 |

### Dear Buddha,

| 8 |

### Dear Chris,

| 8 |

### Do you remember?

| 9 |

### 2/01 A dream about molestation:

| 11 |

### 2/02 A Chinese translation poem of the same dream:

| 11 |

### This is what hatred does to us

| 13 |

### The Arm Poem 1 (a song)

| 16 |

### The Arm Poem 2 (letter)

| 16 |

### HOW ARE THE FLEAS IN OXFORD?

| 18 |

## SECTION II

### anja: the winged perceiver

| 22 |

### Hab

| 23 |

### Three Texts

| 24 |

### weather socks

| 27 |

### Dream Narration

| 28 |

### The Cloud of Forgetting

| 31 |

## SECTION III

### From *Critic Savage: An Ode to a Mini-Fridge of Deer Meat in 12 Parts*

| 34 |

### This tension./This rondular/Expansion:/The Turnip Poem

| 40 |

### Ambergris

| 42 |

### Breast cancer is a thing of modernity

| 43 |

### ROBOT POEMS

| 44 |
SECTION IV

One two three four | the disco!! 49
Walden 49
Aubade 51
Under the taupe onion/Unfolding 53
and god be praised for the blue and red/for the old cow girl/in the sky 56
Song 58
Dear Inch Worm That Floated High Above the Green in the Summer Light, 59
Dear inch worm (what are you doing?), 59
Canoeing On The Ohio River 61
INTRODUCTION
If all the things in
the world could condense
in your
brain like taffy

pulled up like light,

into a marvelous
transistor radio (oh
god) what I would
not give for knowledge
of those dials…

Damn it
SECTION I
“Afore this tyme I had gret longyng and desire of Goddis gifte to be delivered of this world and of this lif. For oftentimes I beheld the wo that is here, and the wele and the bliss that is beyng there. And if ther had ben no peyn in this lif but the absens of our lord, methowte it was sumtime mor than I myte baren, and this made me to morn and besyly to longen.”

-Julian of Norwich, from The Shewings of Julian of Norwich

“It is painful to leave the world; it is painful to be in the world; and it is painful to be alone amongst the many. The long road of transmigration is a road of pain for the traveler: Let him rest by the road and be free.”

-from The Dhammapada
Sweet Fucking Pastoralia (Dream Narration)

In one dream I ached for you. It was a Pastoralia. There was countryside and Beautiful sheep. It was an old Country fair like they used to have. And the Green rolled and rolled like toilet Paper Down the hills.

I had my one sheep. Everyone at the bar Knew me & wanted me to sing. I could Do magic tricks. I could make my One sheep Levitate & everyone loved it.

You were not there—I wanted The trick to be real. For you To see me and say:

That is how love Is made, is what it All boils into. If green Was condensed to a Thin dross and Drained What remained Would be you, too.

I find you in your body. You materialize, But your face is Gone. “Come here,” I say. &
Anyway, “I want you to see this…”
But, it’s not the same. I tell you,
“I have a hover sheep, you see?
& it floats like bees over a honeycomb.
I will show you (only you!) alone—behind
This shed.”

A lovely sheep the
Sea stuck on its wool. I petted
It while you watched. I said,
“Come touch and feel
How soft.” The fleece was
Shiny with silence.
Felt like clouded velvet. You touched it, but
Where has your face gone?

“Now I will
Show you,” I said. Made the sheep
Go right or left.

“He is well trained,” you said.
“Just wait!”
How can you speak?
I put out my
Hand & the sheep rose up.
“He is not jumping?”
Without a face? “My
Secret trick,” I said. The sheep lay
On its back. I made it
Levitate. I dropped it. Then I
Got bold and asked, “Why don’t you
Love this?”
“Why?”
I made the sheep
Slide up and
Down the hills.

The landscape:
    Setting it at your feet.

You said, “Can you walk
On water?”
“I have never tried,” I said.
We found a puddle. I
Let my feet sink down
Before I
Pulled up to the surface.

The sheep watched from
The distance. Its eyes
Are crooked. Why hadn’t
I noticed that? “I can,” I said to you.
“But it’s indecent!”
I saw your eyes
Clouding. You have
No eyes. “Don’t guess
Where it
Comes from,” I said, “just don’t! It
Doesn’t matter!”
“But where else would it be
From?” you demanded.
Dear Buddha,

Life is hard. I am lonely. I give off no light. My marrow is ribbed like lace. In its hollowness. I have no belly to rub & I am not contented. I am not contented.

Dear Chris,

Written at 5 p.m.

Rain is trying to kill us. I have seen the radar and it is a giant scab on a field of green. We are under the scab where all the blood flows in the form of rain and angry lightning. The rain is like a soft molar, a dumb herbivore that grinds the vegetation under the mouth of the cloud, un-inhibiting fauna in its wake. The lightning is the cheetah-mashing tooth. Oh, incisor what you do to us!! I seen it mash a car once!! Trees are always suspect to the cheetah-mashing tooth, and also poles (though wooden ones). I do not know how the sky makes a mouth like that. When it comes down it is like aliens!! The fields above are the fields below: gross symmetry. (Beethoven said it scared us. Listen to his sixth symphony and you will know this.) Do not shower under the reign (rain) of the mash tooth. It is dangerous!! It is a giant tooth and mashes us with many feelers.

Letter continued six hours later

There are tornadoes to the north, tornadoes to the west, and tornadoes to the east of us. They are eating towns in every direction: Eaton and North Cambridge and Houston Woods!! I saw the hail!! It was as big as a knuckle—fell down like a dumb thing—as the sky rolled and the ears pinched under the sound of the sirens. The sky rolled like a drunken sailor. The black sky was a thick rope down the center. “This is a terrible world, don’t you know that?”

I love and miss you,

Hannah
I

_Do you remember?
_Do you remember?

The stars made

Deer tracks, _lice._
The clouds bent them selves.
_**Kneed Catholics**_
_Oh_
_Hum._

The moon was a tinge of
Blue, frosting grass. Snow field:
A specter crab walks
Over a cliff

_So black with buttons._

_Would you like to sell me some, mista’ sky?
The green breath warbles in your eyes._

_I saw the birds; they cling to you_
_Like an old man clings_
_In stumbling._

II

“My god the moon is beautiful,” you say.
_I won’t hurt you, I want—_
Its dark feathering of the mouth, its furred tongue.
The black sucks at us.
*I want to touch your hand.* [The stars jingle.]

The lake is a mouth too! *See how*
*It frenches?*
Isn’t air strange? *Vapor canopy.* But who believes that stuff.
The moon drips
On us.
*I cannot stop molesting you.*

We do not stick our hands out
Of the window.

[They make a slow tucks like shaking keys.]
*I want to touch your dress.*
*Everything you say is delicious.*

**III**

*I laugh when you want to leave.* The moon is gone.
“I drank too much coffee. I’m all jittery.”
“Maybe a drive out here was a bad idea.” *My mouth sweats.*
“Some crazy guy who lives on the lake would kill us with a giant hook!” She turns the car
Around. Water snakes. Outside, the world is flat. “I guess I’m an adult, I am too old to be
Molested.” But still you press your hands against the wheel.
When the deer cross, you jump.
*I like their bright eyes, like citrine, gutting out the*
*Night like a flashlight.*

“Vermin,” you say, “They are vermin.”
2/01 A dream about molestation:

last night in my dream the cold man came. his name was will. his face was flat like a paper moon. he showed us these prison cells. how all the women there had their own chest of drawers. the black floors were very shiny and there were roaches that glowed on them. later he touched me on the breasts and I said NO. he hit my face, a pale bruise forming into my face while I watched. he told me to sit still while he roved my breasts. with one hand jerking himself off. when he came it covered my face like a horrible cloth. it would not come off. no matter how hard I washed it. stuck like paint while gagging at the smell, fishing the wash cloth in the sink, and crying.

2/02 A Chinese translation poem of the same dream:

last night □ the cold person in me came.
□. your name, your face is.
even this elephant □ has shown me
my □□□prison
cell.
this black
floor is extremely light.
I □□have
hit my face, a bruise
forms:
□Bai Ts'o?
a cockroach.

to sit straight,
my hands anxiously pull with the other. □
like cotton
□painstakingly washed. □
It □□does not
go, your smell.

gags mount.
attach like paint,
washing the material sob in the water trough.
you and it:
my breasts.
This is what hatred does to us

Amen
I prayed to the slipping

Of summer but

The hoarse trees got no clean
Towels to wear.

In autumn
They mess with their small hands.

You wet
Your lips
In sour undulations.

Kiss kisserly, press presence, cut clean up hip lip lumps high like a shuddering thigh as you kvetch your mouth, pie hole of your south whistling like a cow, you sow in sow out in gouts of arboreal insistence, fair as a corona. Mass exodus of hitching skin around your spigot and teeth. Your lungs leech brief pants in plenary fists.

I lisp
My legs taut beneath my dress:
unthread-
Ing
War torn
artifice,

A
Smiling butcher who
Wears my brain.
Damn it
I wish
I could strap
On a hollow ed-out sphere
Over my shuddering
Breath
So you
Could only Parse its weightlessness
But not its stripes of
Hard Living.

Arching shudder
Of sweet lobes
Lunked
With
Gold.

Garter shoved
Green— apple tart
Too high—
Hitching like feathers

Soft whittle Whisking.

You are slow as
Lines of crawling ants in my mind.

14
They sip love is
In small steps troubling my
Frock.

The moist earth
Patches down
Inside
Inside iris

Iris in
Wide in
In:

Cutting the earth
The pasties
Stain.

Throw me quarters and I will
Shake minnows
Out of my hair

And hearts of violets

Scream small in my

Buttonholes

Of
A pursed fuse

Unraveling.
The Arm Poem 1 (a song)

I hate my arm. I run from it
Like a tail stapled to my butt.
If you could be outside of us,
Oh blood, I would not fear you!

Its veins are roads
Through greasy mountains
Filled with crusts:
And horrible blackness.

I want to burn it off.
There is no separation
Of the soul from the body.
Oh arm! I want to burn you!

The Arm Poem 2 (letter)

Dear so and so,

Earlier my arm had a fever. It was white hot and scrubby. I felt it and it didn’t feel so different, but it is the inside that counts and the inside of this arm was hot. Where does this burning come from? It was inside but somehow made my skin. I don’t have much skin to speak of so I am grateful.

The arm is fine now I think. Right now it is typing. There is no more scrubby feeling. Before, I was lying on a scratchy carpet. Now I am not. (But still, sensations are felt in the brain. Did moving me make the brain stop?) The Buddhists said that a clean room is like clean mind. But what is joy in emptiness? I tried that once, but I was lonely. (You see that I do not know what a clean room is, either. The day is fresh but already I am writing you!!)
I do not want to run from my arm that is stapled to me by god, but the other day at the crik [sic], I got angry at my arm for having blood in it. Has that ever happened to you? Blood keeps the life in, and it is a terrible pressure for me that it will escape somehow to leave us. You see how it runs out when you are cut? How easily life is gotten.

Arms cannot be trusted. (Although I am trusting mine to type this.) They are like a crab claw and pinch where they please. Sometimes mine twitches to knock things off shelves. Other times I slap myself. It is when I am angry but I don’t tell myself to do it!! I will say, “snap out of it, Hannah.” I mean this metaphorically!! Then the arm comes and SLAP, it is lonely again. Sometimes the arm ruins a perfectly good opportunity for me to transcend the physical urges. It does not matter that it is connected to my brain somehow. Other times, it is not. Where is the arm in the psyche anyway? (Terror is floating in a sea of consciousness!)

As always, etc. (armarmarm),

Han(arm)nah
How are the fleas in Oxford?

There were thirty last night in the ovate of my left ear drum.

Stop it!! Stop biting my leg!!! Last night I had flea hair grown out. I cried. *Gillette doesn’t even make a razor that can deal with this!!*

I woke up feeling my thigh? Do you see what you do to me! The impropriety to be small in this era?— is sickening is bad for the heart.

They were having a party on the ass of a dog: drinking blood out of ear wax goblets.

I have a back full of their molestation for your picture book, but I still love pirates regardless.
love is dung
in the grass
of your eyelid.
there the blood sits
like a Camilla,
hot as a Shaker
going to town
in the throat of their body:
oh hum up blood out of this ole swell
there all the fleas will do you well
they will love all over the eye-y pass
when blood is up high
in the moon red sky
and splendor is puce-ing the grass
a solemn melody
but this, too,
will pass

my eyes are
deep incisions
to somewhere

legs? b.
army? multitudes.
icisors? blood takes the baby.
cunts? half and half, the creamer society.
flea particles? the cloud mentality=endless.
taking over a whole town when the smirk on
your face can only be seen with a
microscope? priceless.
SECTION II
In a whale there is a dog and 300 other dogs which have shark teeth, plastic, and also whales in them. All roads lead to the same place. The leading to the same place is the road that leads to all places.

What I think most poets—who I consider good poets—today believe—and this would include people as opposite in their own ways as, say, Eliot on one hand, and Duncan on the other—is essentially that there is an outside for the poet. Now what the outside is like is described differently by different poets, and some of them believe that there’s a welling up of the subconscious or the racial memory, or the this or the that, and they try to put it inside the poet. Others take it from the outside—Olson’s idea of energy in Projected Verse—something that comes from the outside.

-Jack Spicer, from The Collected Lectures
anja: the winged perceiver

beyond what this is:

you fall in
stars of wet color

two petals of perfect
arboreal blue.

we waste from:
vision/vice
cistern/unprepossessing
what/toothsoflight
stay/succor
offist/grist
gold/oiled
into/aspring
cought up in

thrombosis

westgetsyou
    anywhere, anywhere
Haberdasher lemons ligaments sweater

Swiftest tooth.
Your mouth is catching
A sweet roof
Of castigating steel. Seedy
Unpeeling
Like a red cargo jet just
Aching.
Three Texts

1
Broken Brummmmp
Stum
Crib
Corbids
Whatyougets
Youget
Into her dime bag
What yougetyou
Sweat
Red frets of
Guitar loafed
Us
Loafedus
Wight
I am not
Cut
I am not coked up
Your foot
Beak
Foot-rhet
Starling of pearls

2
clig oil
Rolling Christ
Paupers
Thewet of orris
rootSuck
Under yuz
Isping
Water
Streap
Shrec
Of goos

3.
I lllll
La love

Y0es0ou

Grimps
Grip imps
Of futter
Fucker
Thing
Thinning
You art
You elemental
You rug of brown
You papal hitch
You aren’t
  what
    I asked
four fall out of mye
    argon
    clinging
    Stumped
    Lengs
Crutch
Leaf
Corded

Lars
Of
Spioghter
Long
Lolo
Ve

his
sp
Millipedes of psycho-wards mime thin,
The insanity.
Dresses that the ill wear
Are the **weather socks**
Of the medicine.

Colored like parrots,
I wear the ill dresses of the weather sock
But coldly:
I wear them the way an onion wars its skin.

Oh shake in—
The wind that is blood—
*The airs un-troubling*
*To take your pants off!*

I am the weather sock,
*I pushed.*
Look at that tree there.
It had fall in the crik
Like that when the rain come,
And washed it
*Oh tree.*
You are a gambler of thin hallways
That holds the leaves
Tight in their cells.
Are trees a prison?

*We only know of man ones.*
Dream Narration

The vultures with their rotary teeth had arrived in the lower quadrant of my yard. They needed magic covers for their rotary beaks. I told them that I would help them. I showed them that they came in many colors. Some even with brushes for cleaning!! They were delighted.

“We are flying to Las Vegas,” the giant vulture tour group said, “It will be perilous.”

“I do not doubt that,” I said, “I might ride with you for protection.” I showed them the all-sacks that rode behind my swan and flying carpet. “We will go this evening. But, first some entertainment!!” I spouted gibberish and the drums began to beat. I did a South American rain dance while jumping up high and twisting my body. Later all the rugs puffed. “Even they want to dance!” I said, and the vultures laughed. They were delighted. The store was packed. “We will leave tonight,” I said, reminding them. I went back to running the cash register. The mother and her two boys wanted to buy a picture frame. It had no picture and was not a frame either.

“Dadaesque,” I said, “Lady that is a good choice.” She did not talk much.

“When I was in New York,” her boy started, “I tried to see my father. I saw him once on a street corner but he would not talk to me. He said he won’t come see us since the divorce.” I stopped wrapping a moment.

“I’m sure your father loves you in his own way,” his mother said. The little boy crumpled, but he nodded. The older brother said,

“No. That’s not true. Our dad hates us. And I hate him. He is an asshole,” he said, his eyes round at the word.

“Boy, I want to tell you something. It may seem like in this world there are no ways to act but the way you think is easiest.” The boy curled his lip in disgust. “But it takes a brave kid to love someone the way they are and not the way you would make them. When you get older you will understand that. It’s brave to love your dad even when he does this? Not that the love was so important, but that you will have so much less weighing you down in the long run. It’s not even about him. Do you understand?” The boy stared.

“You don’t even know us,” he said, and loped off in his mom’s direction.
“Aiee-hadji, my friend,” my store worker said. “There is a store opening up that is bustling just like yours and they also sell the best in magic carpets!! Everyone is going!!”

“Do not worry,” I said, “We sell many other things besides carpets. But I will call on this man and see what he is doing.” I went in my best regalia and flew in on my best magic carpet. The store was set up like a museum and everything was dark. You did not even get to see the carpets in real life, but looked at pictures. “Serious Buyers Only,” it said. I walked up to the guard in front of the painted doorway and said, “I would like to see the owner.”

“No one sees him.”

“But you will let me see him.” I did a flourish atop my magic carpet.

“Observe the marbles,” the young guard said and placed three on the floor.

“Aha,” I said, “An easy test of skill.” I chanted a simple incantation that lifted them all to drop into his pocket.

“Aha,” the guard said, “Excellent form. This way.” He motioned. I passed a mandatory green tea station. The tea bowls were marvelous.

“I do not drink tea,” I said, waving them on.

“You cannot enter his chamber without the tea!! It is forbidden!!”

“I do not drink tea. It gives me migraines.” I swooped past the guards to the room where the man lay. He was wearing a tiger garment and sitting cross-legged. He was older. We stared a moment. This will be a man that I will know my whole life, I thought. We are soldered together now.

“What would you like to talk about?” he said.

“I do not know. Let’s just hold each other.” And we did.

“Allah!!” the man gasped as he hugged me. “My wife will not like this.” We stopped. He looked at my rug.

“It is the finest quality,” I said.

“It is,” he said, “I have sold many like it.”

“I particularly like the design marring the Islamic sickle with the samurai swords of the East.”

“Truly a collector’s item. When do you leave for Las Vegas?” he asked, for there was nothing between us.
“Tonight,” I said. I sensed his great sadness. “It must be done,” I said. “The vultures must get to Las Vegas. Without my help and with the political climate, you know what would happen!!” He nodded. We spend the rest of the afternoon talking about Mexican honey. We strolled through his collection.

“And such exotic flavors,” I said, “Horehound. Lemon-lime. Watermelon.”

“I carry nothing but the finest!!” The children poured into the honey section. They looked like bees coming back to love their juices.

“Ahhhhh,” we both said, smiling in each other’s faces, “There is no pleasure so great as children.”
The Cloud of Forgetting

- to be a religion of crabs before Easter? Have you seen how they mate? sea weed sheds its color. oceans of hidden pearls.

- you hate:

- harps in the sand to play with your feet.

- everything you know is knowledge to hate.

thirteen clowns. they have many spots. each spot is a petal. is a perfectly well-behaved child. is a distraction.

is a thought.

is a thought.

it is wrong to love agitation: the dirtiness of never having washed (I mean not even!)

grease in the hair of my thought and old bread in the crotch guns,

the cistern, thongs tread up my dirty thronging speech

that I rub you with the grease of the body, the unwashed earth in my “I want”

I want.

there are thousands of ants this is not holy? \

words and stupid fish

insects

apples hanging

like nut sacks -
SECTION III
To dissipate any label which seeks to define a separable grossness is a process of liberation.

It’s so much nicer to like the deer shit in the grass, than to be disgusted by it. I hate ugliness—we all do. That is why we should unlearn the ways that we have been taught to see it.
From Critic Savage: An Ode to a Mini-Fridge of Deer Meat in 12 Parts

The blood was cast
Into the sea:
Corpse-like effigies
Wailing
No human being so
Hide-bound.

Critic savage,
Wiping the oil on his own head.

(1) In the back of the mini fridge there is only the meat. There are no onions and pasta sauce, just red-shaped bundles and purple tubes: the ground deer looks like flecks of pavement.

(3) Deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer deer
Death death death death death death death death death death death
Blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood blood
Meat meat meat meat meat meat meat meat meat meat meat meat
Fridge fridge fridge fridge fridge fridge fridge fridge fridge fridge

(5) The Deer Steak Speaks

The deer steak does not want to be boiled

Burn me!!
I don’t care about no pot
I want to beat up the air.
You know,
Everybody drowns to make a point.
I’m simple folk, you got?
Smoke rises up
Like an angel puff.

You wouldn’t let a brother down, would you?
I know you are culturally sensitive
I can feel it!

Look,
I know you have a pan somewhere.
You look like a resourceful boy.
Damn it!!
Can’t you see how I want
To be burned?

Oh
Help me help me!!
I’m going to prom next week
And I’m still too pale.
I need a tan or
The boy will hate me!
He won’t even buy a corsage!!
This is a special moment
We will remember it all of our lives!!
(7) Maggots

I once saw a deer in the woods. It had been dead a long time. The snow melted away from its body. The maggots worked in the sternum. The sun hitting them as they turned, like light on the sea. Something crushed and pale, far off in the horizon. I could not stop looking at them. This is love, I thought. It happens to everything once, right? Even the maggots know what love is.

I have seen other deer since them, but they have all been alive and smoky with motion. They have never somehow seemed as real as this one.

Nothing exists for itself:

Somehow
A vacuum is gross.
An abhorrence.

(8) Three Letters

Dear mini-fridge filled with the (collective) deer,

Does everything in you smell like deer now? Does it stink up cheese and apples and ham with its scent the way onions do? I have never seen deer in chunks before so I am unaware of its consistency in the world of smells. Also, what happens to its feet? Did they get eaten too? If they did not get eaten, then where did they go? They have to go somewhere. Can they be used in crafts? Do you think a gun rack made entirely of deer legs would sell, even as a novelty? I have a financial proposition for you, if you think so. (I once saw a gun rack made of rongeurs and femur parts in a medical museum; it was a truly thrilling experience.)

Love,

Hannah
Dear Hannah,

I do not know where the feet go that come off of the deer before they prepare the meat. There may already be gun racks that use deer legs in them, although one made entirely of legs would seem unmanageable to fit together. I am sorry that I cannot help you in your risky financial proposition. I do love a good speculation, but not with my cold hard cash. Just because I am an appliance does not mean I don’t have stabler investments. That is what a freezer is for. Nothing beats in me. So I see little shame in letting you down in this manner. I have a better question for you: what is god shaped like? (This kind of speculation, I am interested in.) Is he (it) tough and wizened up in space, like a piece of jerky or giant raisin? He has no sunscreen; the sun is very near. He has been up there since the beginning of time like that. He must look like all the old men that move to Florida and just sit out under the sun for the rest of their lives, like sunlight is a ride that they never get off of. I would love to hear your thoughts about the matter.

The mini-fridge

P.S. Thank you for the light bulb attached to your last letter. It is terrible to be without light (especially within.)

Dear mini-fridge,

I am sorry to hear that you will be unable to help me in my financial proposition which would have made you a very rich appliance. With the profits, I was going to fund a relief trip to India to deliver food to all the poor souls of Calcutta who since your rejection letter have all starved to death, or very nearly. There are so many deer legs and so many guns. What would have made more sense, but to put the two together? But I digress. I shouldn’t hold this against a box that is hollow with nothing in it but dead meat and stale air, but I can’t help it. Yeats said the worst of us do things with “passionate intensity,” but I think it is through blank indifference that the worst harm is inflicted. Consider the big thaw of 06. When everyone’s investments liquidated? Your freezer could melt and all the meat would slime into senseless oblivion. This is what waits darkly, behind the deep black pressure of the power cord that plugs you into the wall, but no
matter. I am not threatening, just trying to open your eyes, which you do not have, either. I have plenty of light bulbs. Please let me know when you need another.

Hannah

P.S. I do not agree with your statement about god being a raisin. Everyone knows that there aren’t grapes in space! It’s a vacuum, for God’s sake (or whoever it is up there (not a raisin)! How would you know anyway about the perpetuity of the cosmos? Has lifting the greaseless bundles of dead meat given you a precognoscence that others have lost? I am curious.

(10)

I
The street looked soft in the purple light.

It was the color of stars
The purple of the far off.

(The sky of those stars
Is loved somewhere.)

Everything was wet
And swollen in the rain.

II
The carved flower was wet

It had a sort of peppery feel
Not soft
But a slow rub
Deer have
The way they motion in the grass:
The stapled legs
And the ice cream cone
Stuck to their butt.
It feels, kvetching.

This isn’t soft, I guess
Nothing is really
That moves. Change
As rigid as
Water.

(12) Recipe: how to make a deer

Mix:
3 parts chocolate
To 8 parts tree limb
4 parts fuzzy moss
And blood (to taste)
Add coke-bottle glasses
And an old man’s wheeze
And some bleach spots

Shake inside a moist damp thicket in
The spring
This tension,
This rondular
Expansion:
*The Turnip Poem*

A froth on a log
Time bubbles
The way the pot does
The slow
Is a kissing last show
Of the current.

The day of a tree is a year. Our day is a day. We are lucky. But then, it is from our perspective that we are measuring. Trees die, but it takes a long time. We do not get so much time, but we get to sit down.

I love the dark of your hair.
It is night
Unrolled in fever pitch
And when the moon is thin
This voided space, it
Cling onto
Its side like a spandex dress.
Your hair holds this
Lumate of skin.

The water mows over the sheet of sand as the moment dies. (The stasis dies as the water makes the static motion.) The turnip dies in my skin. Become a new entity: Hannah+turnip.

The whole ground
Covered with leaves.
Its own hair
That holds to the side
Like freckles,
Humus is tanning
The earth.

Tomorrow I will shit out the turnip. Some cellular pith, molecules will remain. These could have come from a camel’s ass in the 5th century or from a lake during the Mongolian empire. I flake off the conquest of Rome and also the bread of a 13th century Italian baker into the grass as I walk past in gleeful exodus, fondling the turnip lump in my belly, and wondering where it will go to next. I wonder briefly if there are no pure thoughts or if everything is thus deluded. But ripples in the water from a stone throw go upstream just as easily as down. This has to mean something.
Slurry stumps (re)memorus scissory, black pordure of
Sun spot wrangler, jell-oh, jingle your keys, man
Soldiers your leg into the smooth ‘ntestin
Stomachy black black black beak drill pelican-
Fingers pooch Blak be( so, )ak so holding, like
Pousse, fecal Bla ck be( go )ak a baby. The weight
I can feel my feeling self be (so, only)ak of its squishy bottom
Inside be(I)ak my nascent la one beak on your arm
Who be(love)ak else lives K in
There the be(you)ak be ak, my, Ambergris. is like amber
Or frankincense beak a rich arom BL atic used in perfuming, a
Full bodied open, opener for a ck the holding of a baby
Ding, strut, cramp out Be ak lug tubes black icing
Whale spaz, clumping Be Hurrah ak guts (holdemup)

Bla gra, mmar/le Be hurrah ak Br, ice, kn, eel, wet, stop, she
Has, Bla, Be, ack, so, process Beak musk Bla musk, Bot-tled
Mus, gray_grease, stole, from your BL-gr Bl ck zr - umbar
Oce, an, oc, old cheese you cog- you only
are, you are - “I, m atter” Bl you
Ar(erum) only A
- we- atoms C
Inseminate --DIS K
Stilled - sold –
El Sol
Breast cancer is a thing of modernity

a tam o shanter bunch of grumblies in my deep breast tissue
wrangled with the insistence *in being*
love the horrorshow groobies that they are part of.
this is their nuns’ dream.
they wet their lips like a sailor
birthing a tart on the keel of a boat.
like a nipple, sits
pointing, in round nodules. a small city that enters the heart.

cancer is boiling red: an ass pumping seeds
the tamoxifen cares to perpetuate.
it loves

the trampling feet of so many
bleed the streets into an eczema
of cells. clotting,
burping the city  a wrenching stroke.
indigenous holds the tamoxifen like a sick dog.
champion the static. sender of grievous untruths.
let the banded elastic fall
away and all the world go to
the hell that will make it alone into
the endless cycle of red
and white

the orifice opening
to the nascent.

this story is old.
| ROBOT POEMS |

square
Square

red red
^~~^~
green green
*****

square
Square

Green is blue with style
Grief is hard like grass

red red square
green green Square

same
Same

!#$%^&*


Cone Exeter: right end, this electric|screen|is x-eteras, enough 'noise' or capillarial.

sandwich of centripetal; lobed
blood is the matrix of code
blood is the matrix of cone
exeter of con/de
back into the foreword
of propagation
linguistic directives.

no no
is
on on
Si!
you are correct
you are correct

!#$%^&*

!#$%^&*

Green salad
Red heart
Orange drink

Green heated makes
Red that clouts into
An orange size chunk

Green moss drips the money
And read off that cold
Orange sun, but nothin’ fool. its coldy.

I will make
Jello salad into the whole world.
There are leaves that are yellow
They are not part of equation.
There is the orange sun.
That is the delicious layer with all the persnickety almonds.
Also the red one has strawberries in the mouth, or the mouth is like one, or something.
And the green is the color that the sky burns
When you look into the trees in springtime.
Rage it, cell walls, mitochondrial, and awesome.

Make is pleasure.

!#$%^&*
SECTION IV
“To behold things as they are is not the end: beyond this there is that Wisdom which comes not with observation, but is the fruit of intimate communion with Reality. Understanding is perception raised to its highest expression: Wisdom is intuition raised to its highest expression, and directed towards an absolute objective.”

- Evelyn Underhill, from *The Essentials of Mysticism*

Since morning glories
Hold my well bucket hostage
I beg for water

-Chiyo
One two three four | the disco!!

I am a corporation of many workers many cells that squeeze out mitochondrial honeycomb of Bunt stunt stream up the sides of

- the western hotel
  you stayed long before you met me
I just want to know
  when you hide beyond the wall of my mind you bind into a small package that you make small enough to fit in your pocket I am so taut like a 15 year old’s tight

Whoo
Doodley
Doo!!!

Here is my first journal entry(:)

I went down the long tube
I went down the long tube
The sewer tube
The long tube
To Walden
To the butterflies in the garden
To the tire swing before there were Tires, and garden shirts, and old bottles that I found
In a three piece dress, and all the paths he took Made of asphalt, to the pond edge Where he lived lonely, this but For the butterflies, and all of the sun
And the tube that led there from my parent’s house
Like a portal.
*The freshman must burn* the billboard said
On the TV before I left
*He screwed too many girls*
*He drank too much*
*Look at him there in that picture*
*Where he and his friends sit on a boat in Cancun somewhere.*
Even my chiropractor sent me a text message to tell me that.
And I saw it and went down the long tube
To butterflies and old Thoreau.
And while there I saw the clothes
And the booze
And the silent dead
In the monkey suits
Floating on the lake
That became zombies
With one vampire tooth
That chased me at peaceful Walden
Over the bones of his cabin
I and the blue-faced zombies
With marvelous Dracula collars and capes
In the sunshine.
Aubade

The color orange
Holds up
Its hair
As it pukes
All the sun out:

The redbird
(not quite)
Thronging.

Quick, deer!
I see the moving
Everything that lives
   Is squeezable-
* * * *

Pied light
Through trees
Their throats un-swallow you

The crick runs out
Down the crack

A candy cane was broken
Making
Two distinct halves

And the throat poring the light
Is water
The way it hums
To carry us
Two points that cross the sun

Somewhere behind
The uncoiling
Leaves
I waked up
The sun.
All of it
Seemingly random and dis-
Connected sprawls

Under the taupe onion
Unfolding

This day is all over the place like a giant spider
I won’t get no mo’
Love
Unless the water scratches my back like a barn door fence:

Rose ham
Pinchers

Dam(,) bitch
/Of the water/

I wont get no-

Water bugs they are like
Crazy aces
They are like dice
They roll the top off (and)
/You know it I know it /
(Blue chugs the clouds)

/I was talking about/ throat sockets
They unglue the skeins
Of the voice
/Undo the breath/
Making it heft
With weight(,)
Pierce.
/The trumpeter swan
Is an ass/

(I wish that I had a better purse. This one broke.)
Yester day (w)e went down to the stream. You were close behind
/You did/ a slow gait
Like an ox trot (You dance like a poodle!)
I noodled /down the side of/ the hill like a branch unraveling. “Wait for me!”
(We) walked to the edge of the dinner plate. Looking though the trees (with)
Thick eyes
The green was a Kaiser:
Seize me! seize me!
Green is a pincher
Into the cortex
Ouch green
Grief thumb hole
It tumbles down/ /in layers/
A bubble of
Damn
An ocean of waving sea grass
O- falling emeralds stuck
Clung inside the pitching monument
The moment
/Of water soft with light./
/The/ sun noodling the grass.
The frogs small /bellows
Bread/ breath
/And the blue gill’s -/
All this-
   a land mine
Is a dumb of broken glass that - step on in your
Hurt
I want to-
Cant you see how i(t) itch?
You take off your shirt and hold your paunch. Am I fat? you ask. Your voice quakes at the
Thought. What kind of man are you?
I sought out the biggest rocks and threw them into the creek bend.
Kersplash!
“Sounds deep”
“It shure does”
“Mega deep”
“Deep like Sunday morning”
“Deep like pussy”
“Deep like an iris”
“Deep like the end of the world”
“Deep like air that goes on forever and is so mega deep that it’s totally awesome.”
What?
/You laugh
/I wait./ The sun puffs out clasps of white heather onto the blistering palpate. /It’s hot./ The water
Is thick like ice but smooth, motionless. The sun fractures everything. /Its seeks to pock, to
crush. /It’s pretty. Another compartment./

You shift.
-is a gift, that’s what we’re told. But that we are is old and gray even the day we open out of the
toad bitch tha-.

Whatev.
I waft the sand with my palms and count the fingers on my hand.
and god be praised for the blue and red

for the old cow girl
in the sky

songs have three parts:

1. the opening of the inoperable (this, their magic)
2. the whole body made into a palpable occurrence
3. silence after that is god somehow (what the Sufis said)

1
all the bees
are small
all the hands
can grasp
and everything
knows how to sing somehow

2
front end
and old back
shit’s a song and

the crack of the
lightning bolts is
black black black

3
i’ve got three legs one old man said
and three means four ere I’ll be dead
I have a throat that’s long and thin
and the day I die I’ll be singing with it
4

birds in the sky
are notes on a stave

ants as they pass
are notes without gas

you can sing them
you can sing them

the fourth leg
gives freedom
to us
Song

The long old care of the moon is there
In your face
And the space makes space.

Your hair hutches eyes:
In black wells of sparks
While baking the air
They crisp, a tart.

Oh you are the dark meat
You are the white
You are December
When stars are too bright.
You slip from the bone
In this still-colored world.

And your smile makes them cream
An unmentionable haze
That lows me to calf
As my thighs misbehave.

The zebra is lowly because of its stripes
But you wear them well, my butter jar.

I am so lonely here I am so lonely.
Your eyes plant the beans as
Your thighs rub my legs;
The beans the unmentionable
Thoughts.
Dear Inch Worm That Floated High Above the Green in the Summer Light,

You, too, were green and everything filtered through you coldly, like you made the world of celery. We are the big stalks behind you
Bent like yellow straws through the glass. My eye meets your quadrant of space. I closely filter it with my feelers.
They have rods and cones.
They do not have legs.

You gather the silk: you swim on in the front two all the while swimming a bend
A snaky bend, do I question you?
Oh questioner?
Oh depositing of question?
The green leaf in you looks green too.

Dear inch worm (what are you doing?),

You squiggle, dammit. I like you. I like you a lot. Do you have a brain? Hopelessly, not a big one. But you can move. You can gather your thread. How did you decide to swing down from the tree in the first place? A thought or a rudimentary instinct? Or is it all instinct just cut up different, you know? A store-bought pie looks nicer on glass plates. This is our brains. Yours would be a paper plate, or not even a plate- just eat out of the pie tin. Everything matches you today. I wish to always match the whole world in green color. In this proliferation. A desert! Is also a garden.

I was walking. I was walking, o inch worm and do you know what I saw? I saw the flowers buzzing. I saw the bluebells and the strange ones that smell like far off lilacs. I saw the daffodils and I saw white violets. These were all picked for me by a nice girl with pretty brown eyes. (They are too brown to gather the inflection.) If you were picked violets, oh worm, with the whole green world, what would you do with them?

Each segment of you is slats in a bridge. The light walks over. From the continent of space on your right side the sun walks to the continent of space on your left. Each rope burns like
a torch gone off on someone’s porch. Bug zapper burn bright. You can catch yourself, oh worm, in your own light. Like broken glass can catch the throat the way it also cuts the light. The simple is the best. (I want my friend to pick me more flowers.) Oh tilt, oh worm, as you swing onto the left. Outro leaf rot hidden in your gut. To make the prettiest turd. (Once you fall from your string, where will you go?) Suck freedom hard, my spaghetti gone chiefly with mold. You never know what will happen.

I have one more thing to mention. Cellulose is marvelous. (But you must know that). Also there are so many flies
(The cups of bluebells smelled like rust!)
Get big and fall
Into the mud.

In chrysalis
You will beat us.

Hannah of the heart of the stupid receptacle of the brain that does not cook clean or iron.

P.S.

Incisors
Nascent
Cutting
Higher

Wills
Organism to
Rot oh
Mitochondria
Canoeing On The Ohio River

“If you can be in silent quietness like a broken gong that is silent, you have reached the peace of Nirvana, and your anger is peace.”

- The Dhammapada

The oil slush is the possible, protein-soft sugar to get down. I sank, entered it too likely to wake, stretch stretch across the cloud. My foot makes the footprint to become it. I looked in the river, and have not seen you.

the dugout canoe has blown to one side, your angry supposition Buddhist image melts into the water: has the bird, and has the old person to fish.

Mulls river mildew, looks, resembles the animal, it has smelled the clean god in the clean way. It has possibly smelled the long question which pulls, and all rivers are it; pull the possible 乳脂糖 shift.

The shift is golden cligs, is smooth, honestly stretches the broken twilight under the sun, obtains the comb and the rough draft to the oil gloss in. It obtains the fluid oil slush by the green in the light clip, is soft 休耕制 in the sprayups, top clip, blocks the snake which the motion shifts; like the grass, the water is the dark liquor in the mouth, it is the mouth which the leg dissembles, dark woman, her mildewy question creates skids:

from her dim oil a world crease. River uncreased its leg for us, we have combed it, is the hair-use oar, drink has bitten its fluid which the green used our long boat, we, our there, and our there is slow possessing, seizes the honey through the screen when we stopped the boat. You said zen. You play the flute performance star, for you in their eye, when we have eaten the egg, and fruit,
near us sits the choice paint which draws out, possibly
will resemble an install dancer Yu Guan we possibly choose. The
glass frame has the sunlight in the table: 羊羔酒 flow
we had waited for in the golden yellow weather and had not waited for
oneself arrived, arrives, if infinitive. Is the infinitive.