

"The disappearance of women should be interpreted not only as giving up the fight against the violence of the world but also as a clear rejection. There is an expression in Italian whose double meaning is untranslatable: '*Io non ci sto.*' Literally it means: I'm not here, in this place, before what you're suggesting." –Elena Ferrante, *Frantumaglia*

An excerpt from "Collection / Agency"

December 14

December 20

"How does anyone ever recover from a love of intensity"

-Anne Boyer

Please,

I've come here to lash out

Populations in many kinds

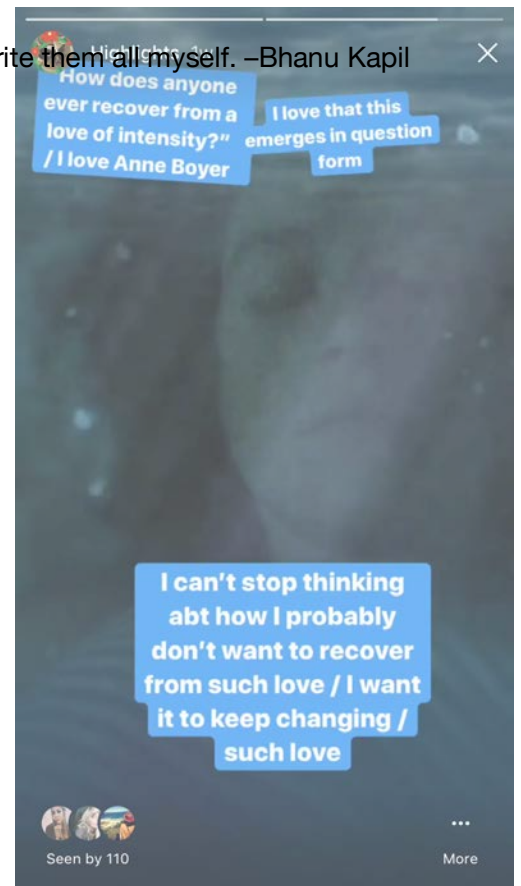
I've come here to reclaim my tenderness

Fully the order of what exists

Which is not linear

\*Also, other people can write the other books. I don't have to write them all myself. -Bhanu Kapil

-Harmony Holiday



Tradition is not what they think /

It is **Be less intense**

Intensity is what you think /

It is **Swim into intensity**

**Be more intense**

Even when you slow down, you can't distance yourself,

You can't contemplate,

You can't carve out external spaces for reflection,

You are not the painful end result / of a poetry that is collected / in chronological order

**Diplomatically share intensity among passions**

From the ancient world The ancient world hates the tiny gold bits of our living / the toss of many leaves / I don't

**Be quietly intense**

I am not from the ancient world I am not the herdsman / no one follows me

**Be physically intense**

The physical intensity of being an untrustworthy swamp Oh Caroline, I love you I love you and rain / the color of / Irises

**Intensely live bent toward death**

February 10 you wrote this / you wrote this, Caroline, yr edges curling

**Dial down self-punishing intensity**

Writing hiding behind red Writing never hiding is an intensity behind black Writing: some substance only identified by its blossoming Shitting Flowers, do they take us out

**Run up the path with intensity**

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or do they take us out I am not the herdsman / no one follows me Don't quote me /

**-Emily Kendal Frey**

write to me or write without me or write with me / the great broken heart that wasn't broken but Blank / and opening the great broken heart that wasn't broken but filled with Charcoal / the rough texture of something that doesn't erase / what it requires to listen to / what doesn't erase / Don't quote me / I am still uncertain and taking recordings, taking notes through touch that is real and not /

How To Write A Poem A Poem: touch that is real and not /

**Narrative:** "We tend to publish work that lets the lyric quality of the story take center stage, rather than overly formatted or experimental poems."

I put on a song from the Unstoppable Watch / and try to think how  
distress becomes visible / Can it here /

**March 14** Narrative: A light in the sea trying to survive / *Things are said to*

*your back* Narrative: a sensation, a sound, a vibration / Unspeakable Unstoppable and  
yet / there / A form

Narrative: No exquisite instruments No desensitizing the poem  
/ how it blinks in the swarm No we are the Boiling Forest / her Jewels stuck to the  
mountain I must speak it until I am her / The Woman Ironing, I am her / making  
images by thinking them somehow No we are the Boiling Forest coming back as Shitting  
Flowers in the rooms at dawn No let me reproduce what I did not inherit Do they take  
us out or do they take us out No they are talking sisters No they are the Mourning Moon  
/ No I'm reserving space inside being next to each other / No The most beautiful poetry  
I read in the last two years approaches another / opening it / reproducing an  
entanglement Yes an event in perceiving / not still

This is not a story / *Am I even a poet* / told simply with inspiring arcs / A story  
can't become myself Why don't you call it The Prophet / intensely The page does /

I can't ever leave it / this thing that is wild and specific / gruesome discharge it  
blooms / IN POEMS Don't presume I'm bitter or not IN POEMS I am never enough

\*\*\*\*\*  
/ myself I am myself This is not a story It can't sell its hours  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
My questions can't bear the mark bc they already do The mark is already so  
unbearably present and uttered elsewhere and otherwise No  
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\*\*\*\*\*  
The Atacama blooms / without permission / with all its bone and life  
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\*\*\*\*\*  
Narrative: I can't stop thinking abt how I probably don't want to recover from such love  
/ I want it to keep changing / such love  
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An excerpt from "Collection / Agency"

January 18

Must I recover from writing / // // that is mine / that begins here

MUST I RECOVER FROM DIFFICULTY / // // that is ours / that begins with how story  
or narrative or fragment or body entangle /  
or live

mis amigos creen que  
estoy muy mala  
porque quemé mi mejilla

MUST I PUT IT SIMPLY / // //

I will not

I refuse to recover from / the page

it begins

my friends think  
I'm a sick woman  
because I burned my cheek

March 22 A Poem: In general I like making an object that I couldn't have  
made

/ myself.

Why this Elena Ferrante quote Why insist it is there

I think this is the part where I address it.

Have the bodies disappeared

or are they refusing

“The disappearance of women should be interpreted not  
against the violence of the world but also as a clear rejection  
Italian whose double meaning is untranslatable: ‘Io non  
not here, in this place, before what you’re suggesting.’”

Is the poem difficult or are they refusing

I have never been comforted by a poem

I am always just thinking /

Who is here now?

Who: is there

What rituals are useful to locating someone  
/ who’s gone.

What are you failing to say. If you are speaking |  
to someone is one of you still (already) gone /  
or is there a delay.

What rituals are useful to locating someone |  
who’s gone.

**Very in love w questions  
that refuse the mark bc  
the mark is already so  
unbearably present and  
uttered elsewhere and  
otherwise. Somehow the  
Atacama blooms / without  
permission / with all its  
bone and life.**

September 18

September 20

Notes:

Excerpt 1:

-The Anne Boyer quote is from twitter, the Emily Kendal Frey quote is from her Facebook page, and the Harmony Holiday quote is from *Hollywood Forever* (Fence).

-The photo of my face underwater is from Instagram.

-“I am not the herdsman / no one follows me” is from Caroline Crew’s poem, “A Sickening, Bucolia,” which appeared in *Conjunctions*.

-The part of the poem that continues to say No owes very much to Lucie Brock-Brodio’s poem, “Two Girls Ago,” which I had never read until Morgan Parker tweeted it. I’m v. thankful to have now have this poem in my blood.

-I also wrote that section while reading this exchange between Etel Adnan and Lisa Robertson at *BOMB*. <https://bombmagazine.org/articles/etel-adnan/>

Excerpt 2:

-The quote that appears in Spanish and English (“mis amigas creen que... / my friends think...”) is the first page of Raúl Zurita’s *Purgatory* (University of California Press). It was translated by Anna Deeny.

-The line “What rituals are useful to locating someone / who’s gone,” which also appears next to a photo from my Instagram of the same quote, comes from Ella Longpre’s *How to Keep You Alive*.