“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
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

February 10

Dial down self-punishing intensity

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

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

The Atacama blooms / without permission / with all its bone and life

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
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

mí ser mucho malo
porque quemó 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

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.

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/](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*. 