

"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

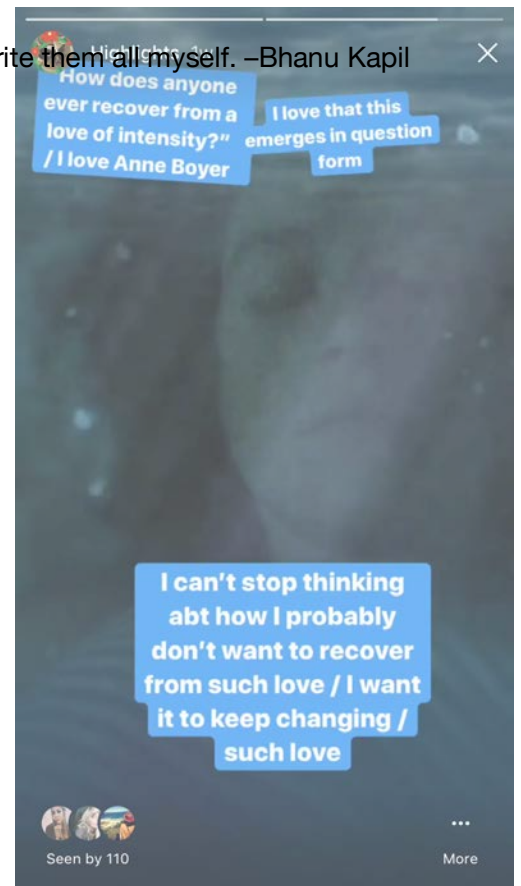
I've come here to reclaim my tenderness

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

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

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*.