

Echo

And if I were to submit my file to revision? To, like an echo, allow each line to reemerge as if pure from the archive, as if a bee from the mortar or ant from the socket?

In this regard a woman might be a kind of postproduction medium, a filter through which the desires of the ground are felt, through which she is made at once transparent and available.

Buried to her chin in the dirt, the dirt she'd made out of her own skin.

The "source material everywhere," dried like blood on her lip.

And if, as a child, I saw myself reflected in the lens of his glasses, saw that elongated face as if the portrait of a saint in a portico? The "advancement community" includes every eleven-year-old girl with her tongue in her mouth and her hair yanked back off her defiant brow. And if that portrait appears proud, so be it, so be the schemes made at desk, the schemes made in the bath, schemes written down in journals with their little locks.

"Like the hides of oxen parched" the daughter must please the king, please or be killed. For the king said, "come to me not clothed, not naked, not riding, not walking, not in the road, and not off the road, and if you can do that I will marry you."

Not only does she swim the waves of her own spit, she becomes her own spit, mixed into that dirt.

"So she went away, put off everything she had on, and then she was not clothed, took a great fishing net, seated herself in it and wrapped it entirely round and round her, so that she was not naked, and she hired an ass, tied the fisherman's net to its tail, so that it was forced to drag her along, and that was neither riding nor walking. The ass had also to drag her in the ruts, so that she only touched the ground with her big toe, and that was neither being in the road nor off the road. And when she arrived in that fashion, the king said she had guessed the riddle and fulfilled all the conditions."

And when a woman is described as "intelligent but conventional" has she simply managed her own survival by outwitting the one who would take her child, or take her?

And if Echo's punishment extended beyond the loss of her voice, included as well the loss of her body, might we take that as a warning, not a warning to be less chatty, but a warning against the remix as the best route toward becoming?

I think about the word "measure" or "measuring," remembering the act of mixing sugar and butter, but must I also measure my face pressed again against the pillow while time passes?

"As in all the congregations of the saints, women should remain silent in the churches. They are not allowed to speak, but must be in submission, as the Law says. If they want to inquire about something, they should ask their own husbands at home." (1 Cor. 14:33b-36).

History Day

It's always a preparatory breath

So feels summer when I kick open a door

But now mountain town pour sun poor son

Our community is an amplification of accidents

I can no longer be

The saving hand in the kitchen

The process is mechanical and should not be tampered with. Should run its course

If the woman finds freedom only in abandoning her brothers

Her brothers to the tracks

Sun becomes street becomes ocean then rain

And I am a bleacher on which other mothers sit, holding their heads

Irrational thoughts should be followed logically

On history day

Above the voices fans spin

Half way into the presentation I fell asleep in my chair

A mystic, rather than a rationalist, I drove the scholar to the bus

And found in the bar a dying man

His narrative of poolside girls in red bikinis

Dogging me

Think of the woman as a medium

If you listen closely to her feet on the stairs you will understand how she is mutating herself

The man, though he smiles in the coffee line, must destroy the origins of his becoming

Still, it is true that I wanted to wrap my glorious son in an embrace through which he would forget

his desire

What, exactly, is a medium?

As an instrument, the woman acts on whatever ground is available at any given time

Rests with her pure intention, the infant thought

Acts with the pure intuition, her fetal heat

The next plan is to rip out her hair

For the female belongs only partially

What does it mean to “go out of one’s self”?

If she is, for her beauty and her vagina, her breasts, targeted

A novel form of creativity, a trance ritual transformed by film

Into a collage of sensory data, she must imagine the faces of her children in order to
free herself into the group of other women who wrap her in black cloth

Driving, nearly sleeping at the wheel, I punched myself on my legs and arms

They prefer you on the earth, I said, all three

Driving nearly sleeping because the night before I’d

Been on the couch with the language before me

Am I not the verbal label?

A platform of mixable frames?

Had not slept but like a dog in wind

Her reason, with dirt blackened face and body, with ripped hair and skin, to remain living—her reasons—
there are two children

Then on windows and sign posts the bands advertise:

Flogging Molly, Broken Spirits, Kinetic Congress, Female Trouble

By May we've adapted to the green virus on the avenues

Her hacked face shines from her fixed face

An ecstasy of green