

*When I say I believe women & men read & write differently I mean that women & men read & write pretty differently. Whether this is biologically 'essential' or just straightforward like when you left the toaster burning or because women have a subordinated relationship to power in their guts I don't know. Is this clear enough for you to follow. I don't know. When I say we should try not to forget the author, this is because that would be bad manners as well as ridiculous. When I say there is a centre into which exclusion bends I mean *nothing*. When I hear you ask how much money did you get or how far have you got into your work, something internal plunges for the exit, like puking, it wants to get out - because you're *still* being hostile (after all these years) - & look toward the charcoaled meats for rescue. There they are still on fire.*

Sometimes seems to serve
pretty obviously for
exclusion & showoffs Or
tumbleweed arranging So
many times good women
have written to me saying
they can't suscribe not
really out of shyness but
rather "find i want to have
something specific to *say
and too often feel i don't
have something
spot-on to add right when
it's needed" I wonder a lot
of the men don't seem to
have this inclination Might
call it modesty or else
losing heart

When I read your attempts at Latin & 'cum' &
humour I think: no one cares about you after 1
a.m. &: it's so exhausting, &: did your
father(s) never tell you to "stop showing off to
people." Were you never crushed & leant on
by another? I guess that's why my weariness
comes from & distends. Or perhaps it's just
obvious bad manners. When I get excited
because I think, why should I hide the fact?
Does that mean I have loose morals or absence
(social awareness) or cool. I will pretend from
now on. When I lose heart because there are
too too many I's for my liking, & you won't
write to me these days because you say I lost
heart too many times, & that's ridiculous, but
OK, because you're *still* hostile after all these
years that are still there smouldering.

Wrote how terrified we were about the ongoing destruction of green spaces in England How it made you just want to 'get out'

Certainly where I grew up reading ~~Marvell~~ is being lost & overdeveloped & What would ~~C. Olson~~ make of such greenbelt catastrophe

Whenever I write *you* it blends & morphs into so many others. That's what comes from being informal I guess. Or not cool. Or erotic. When I get respite from absence, when I think about SPACE - annihilating all that's made... I don't know about presence (metaphysically), I never felt any. When that's all corrupt-ridiculous, a dream-trampling, I hear that Dundee's a satellite of Cambridge, I laugh & puke & think how nice to be a lesbian putting on plays by Olson. When I watch films with '70s headscarves on heroes like they were the good old days.¹ (But free love comes at a price, at least the cost of one or two burnt fingers). Our mothers learnt that for us amongst nothing.

¹ Shocked & surprised at the physical difference between say Klute ('71) & Alex in Wonderland ('70) Especially in that scene with his friend where they're talking about how his woman's a bad lay

Always shocked &
surprised at how regularly
you put yourself 'forward' &
self-advertise Especially
when I think about Carla
Harryman, Kathleen Fraser,
Leslie Scalapino How they
try to avoid "fitting the
radical object into the
square peg of patriarchal
canon-making narratives"
'Women's Writing: Hybrid
Thoughts on Contingent
Hierarchies and Reception,'
1999

Because yes there were a lot
of things that were difficult
& not even that constructive
to follow (I find this about
academe generally)

The SPACE allowed around each satellite,
you want to crush it & plunge into an abyss of
your own name, obviously-shaped through the
light, even though self-naming is a fault &
way too semantic. Whenever you talk the
people salivate; others write "pretentious
bullshit" in the margins, underscored &
overlined with envy or malice or maybe just
obvious good sense. The pockets are full of
stones. When people hear you talk they think:
you've got a way with yourself - or: if it were
me I'd run - or: words. Or: way too erotic.
When I say lips like chances are the keys to all
surface like a true domestic animal, you
should see into my room, I haven't vacuumed
in days. There is almost no SPACE left.

Who just recently 'flipped
out' as Scalapino would say
& got committed There are
so many things he could
have said & done which has
taken a lot of time
to put into this bag of
nerves

~~I've been carrying around~~
with me ever since

What elements are in the vowel-sounds of
your mouth, too recent like carbon rings.²
Anyone can tell the interrogative is a style like
any other (apron). I'm wondering about
nursing & cooking & following you round,
wiping the saliva from your tongue. That
body more prompted like recent words dressed
up in a foul mouth that wonders about
illuminating gaps: no money, real work or
outlets, just an object which heeds, a verb
without status. Daughter's inconsequence
unloosed on a whole crowd of informals to no
(obvious) purpose.

² Rosmarie Waldrop: "When I say I believe that women have a
soul and that its substance contains two carbon rings the picture
in the foreground makes it difficult to find its application," *Lawn
of Excluded Middle*, 11

Didnt know what it had
meant It was only then you
got me thinking who'd had
no long-term aim at all but
~~nonetheless found it hurtful~~
~~you could just up & leave~~
~~like that~~

In Paris this guy who'd
watched me eat my floating
island dessert alone He'd
~~said he liked women who~~
~~looked lost & thought I~~
~~could do with the company~~

That uninhibited experience told the time &
your temperature without difficulty. There
was no object to my supposing, but a verb
with no status. when you told me to take it
any way I wanted, I took it in the best sense
possible. I guess that wasn't what you meant
me to do. No object, no money, & no outlets.
Woman's a floating island round an
imperfectly-baked dessert. In an oven you get
burnt. Is this too obvious are you getting
warm or even angry. This isn't metaphorical, I
mean it to be *true statements*, shook up like
inside hurt. However you decide to take them.
Do I look like I'm joking when I tell you that
"The meaning of certainty is getting burned."³

³ Rosmarie Waldrop, *Lawn of Excluded Middle*, 18

I once said you were the emery board to my fantasy, the CO₂ to my fire. In late adolescence you were pushed forward, they said your will was "atypical." I knew the main points. Implicit in all this was a fatal altering, in spite of rigour, succinct but weighed on. It was helpful to take a little series of pills in place of you. Set down precedence of mighty but unsure chemical reliance. Elements not scheduled. Arisen not meeting. A flame who plunged into defunct night help me to float down shaken but deserving no less than everything.

Seeing you there has been
some of the worst times of
my life I wish I could get
~~knowledge of insanity~~ out
of my head

Or else you think someone's
pretending to be me which
is so hurtful Your obstinacy
is so hurtful when reality's
obvious

The hostile space around each name beckons. I would long to work on soundly besides. Who plunged into the night. At that time deserving no less than everything. Finally, I come to visit you with your slow gaze & deliberate blindsight. Your hair which was always fine is streaked with grey & adequate silence. No adapting, just a process unravelling itself soundly here in other people's minds. But they say nothing can grow beneath greatness anyway - the pastoral typifies - nothing can not get burnt. Anything shades up to difference or gradates nicely. I have not reached this stage for nothing. But not even now, completely wilful.⁴ *When I say women don't need men for anything I mean it* not even as a way of joking.

⁴ ~~I wish I could get you out of my head~~

