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 subscribe 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 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" 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.

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.

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

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\(^2\) 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
Didn't 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."

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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. When I say women don't need men for anything I mean it not even as a way of joking.

I wish I could get you out of my head.