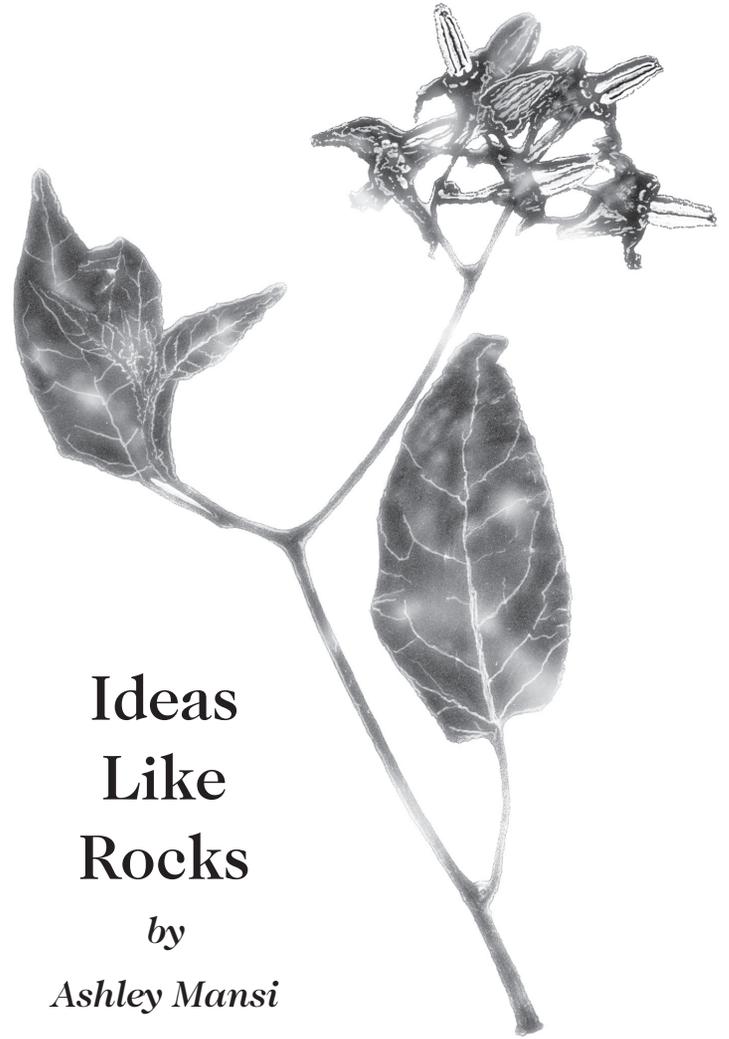


BELLADONNA* CHAPLET SERIES



Ideas
Like
Rocks

by

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BELLADONNA* COLLABORATIVE

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*deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries

Ideas Like Rocks

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Belladonna* Chaplet #160 is published in an edition of 126—26 of which are numbered and signed by the authors in commemoration of their reading on February 18, 2014 at Dixon Place Lounge, New York, NY.

Belladonna* is an event and publication series that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multi-cultural, multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable, dangerous with language.

The 2014 Belladonna* Chaplet Series is designed by Bill Mazza.

Chaplets are \$5 (\$6 signed) in stores or at events, \$7 (\$9 signed) for libraries/institutions.

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are breaking through. the limit. of. limit. the silence. possible.
speaking maps. silence is the limiting. broken. what is the limit
of silence. broken. broken. what map. the possible map. what
is the broken silence. what is the silenced body. the. what is.
broken silence. mapping limits and openings. resisting the limits
of language.

The body had to die so that labor-power could live.^v

how can you claim immunity from collusive silences, extraordinary
rendition? what are the openings in the schema? what are subway lines,
corpuscles, the skin, the city, eras? what is personal? what permutations,
what multilateral and multilingual engagements are a necessity? what
is a boundary? a beginning? an end? a containment, an exclusion? an
invitation to cross?

who is speaking risks. the breaking through. who. who is. limit.
silencing. who is limiting the body. laboring. who. the limited
silencing. whose language. is. is labor speaking. speaking
resistance. what are the risks. who is speaking resistance. who
is silencing resistance. who is breaking. who is broken. what are
the risks of not resisting. what is the limit of being broken. what is
the map of resisting. what is the risk of resisting. what is the risk
of not resisting being broken. what is the labor of resisting. what
are the bounds of labor. labor's silence. what. breaking open.
what opening. speaking. the. possible. body. the possible body,
opening, risking language, breaking bounds, resisting limits. the
limitless body, the possibility of labor. mapping silence. speaking.
through.

*...the body may be the site of our bondage, but
it is also the means of our extrication.^{vi}*

there is a time for metaphor and lyric. there is a time for straight-talk.
what time is it?

tattoo

the needle slides
skin shaven smooth
for numbing pain
indelibly self-inflicted

thin black borders
expand tribal influence
anchors and pin-ups
sail to Western shores

butterfly tramp stamp
label-whoring package
of female fragility
backside sore for days

i hooks, bell, *Yearning: Race, Gender and Cultural Politics* p. 146
ii Bergvall, Caroline, reading of *Meddle English* at Naropa University July 2012
iii Oliver, Akilah, *A Toast in the House of Friends*, p. 56; A. Oliver quoting Giorgio
Agamben
iv Dworkin, Andrea, *Life and Death*, p. 50
v Federici, Silvia, *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the Body and Primitive
Accumulation*, p. 141
vi Smith, Houston and Philip Novack, *Buddhism* p. 80

explanations

explanations end
not sure what to say
stares, expectations
drop own to the table
your fingers twist, crack
he sighs, shakes his head
scrape chair on tile
don't look as he leaves

attaching a label
act of committing
fear that you'll confess

what goes on in you
obeys, hesitates
you feel ashamed, pleased
you're unfamiliar

be misunderstood
what would I have do
queen of the castle
stop and just tell me

without doubt you will
asks if you're okay
safe in the knowledge
you answer, he walks
fine, you whisper, join

Dare I speak to you in a language that will move beyond the boundaries of domination—a language that will not bind you, fence you in, or hold you? Language is also a place to struggle.ⁱ

How does one keep one's body as one's own? ...Some bodies, like languages disappear.ⁱⁱ

... the body is present in the visibility of language... what are the limits of the body?ⁱⁱⁱ

canticle for the body's summer

what kind of mapping is possible? what are the lines of language? what are the bounds of self and labor? what permeability can be brokered between the working body, the dreaming body, the body in revolt? what are the confines of speech?

what are the. what. limits. are what. are limits. limit what. is breaking. breaking the. what is limiting the. break the. what. break the limits. of. of . what are the breaking limits of. resist. do not. do not resist breaking the limit. a. resisting. of. what are you resisting. what are you. limit. what are you limiting. do not limit. the language. breaking. break the. what. is the limit of. what. limit of language. do. break language. resistance in breaking language. open. the. open. map. open the map. of. possible. the. of the map of the. body. limited. resisting. the limits of the body. open. the. body. limit. the what are. the bounds.

a right...for her body not to be ransacked and broken into.^{iv}

can our bodies reveal our visions or refusals? what is the responsibility, the work, the method when we are made aware of those under tight control, hidden, broken? what is the language of unencumbered movement? what are the translucent lines defining state, policing thought, extinguishing voice? what are the bounds of citizenry?

broken. the. what. are the risks of. of risks. the what. are. the. what risks are limited in opening. speak. the limits. break. what bounds do you . break. speaking. the. what labor. what is breaking. labor. the possible breaking. what is the limit of labor. opening the limited. what is the language of labor? what is labor. risking. a map of the body. resisting. the. are the limits. of. bodies are. resist. the. bodies are breaking. the. through. the laboring bodies

sun and your facelessness

a suite in satin dance troubadour all horns fly spaceless sweet
digits spinning in radiation in harmony and heartache contrails
and roots, a space-ride rocket race the fall cogs and miasma
anima animated a mist dancer circles sports the mask walls
fall open to green space through vents and speakers wisp
etheric fade deep wolf white suit and shades like a winter
hookah calling you quietly asking direct through future atrocities
mall stadium battlefield finger the cloak the metallic threads
glisten false promise technology can't save itself or us but
the dying dream looks so beautiful a ghost-town of tomorrows
singing a reckless solitary search is there anyone here? she's
a seer blind muse her hands out to divine frequencies and
temporal ripples document this emptiness someday it'll be in
a museum skyfall cloud shimmer all peaks and dips like
the lines on an ekg rays unblocked and escaping waiting
hungry for images obstacle of sun to the bottom of always
where will we find the deepest questions of water puzzled clocks
the world pushing the pattern of seas and leaves flash shimmy all
gleam and the exclusive spectrum air-light

so splinter the wild body all flying things the objects of your
day alight in feathery luster poked by mistake this man in
the street perturbed by numbers so many winners how binary
the beauty electric organ signal and sounds of flight so much
modern just to be present with unison switch to static it's
our energy lit hands machine you are held close like wind
throwing the javelin your palms talking slamming down all
heartsound your spotlight a mechanics of mannequin dancing
so science-bright absurdly dreamt sanitized town in the
middle of a century bravely small thing a smoky note dripping
crystal ice so skyline so scintillate so snidely before the
curtain descends so backwards stepping in violence of the
dark sudden chambers of sweet and sweetly patient rocking
do you need some help?

roses

after Barbara Guest

From the petal's edge a line starts.
I walk up the muggy street beginning to sun,
Sharper, neater, more cutting,
The fragility of the flower unbruised.

I walk up the muggy street beginning to sun.
Your hands hold roses always,
The fragility of the flower unbruised.
The sun is hot, but the cabs stir up the air.

Your hands hold roses always,
Not mine or yours.
The sun is hot, but the cabs stir up the air,
The place between the petal's edge.

Not mine or yours;
Who are you in love with?
The place below the petal's edge
Glow as the day with its fun.

Who are you in love with?
You will, lost soul, say beauty
Glow as the day with its fun.
It burns the thing inside.

You will, lost soul, say beauty.
From the petal's edge a line starts;
It burns the thing inside,
Sharper, neater, more cutting.

moten

my, gonna with friends?

friendships music moved later
were friends make to later

tried whatnot
mean with long lines

whatnot

much you out
like haven't me
don't, not friends

Imeansofar my roommates' attention
something reconnect

maybedo?

internal attention

poultice

how can I make a generous unbreakable
thing? there's all the small cogs and widgets
the words and springs. I have the new earth
and the dying earth all here enclosed in my
mouth and breast, a bird beating in my
lungs, the world waking for fingers. i have
never put stars on this tongue. how like the
world we are, our blistering desire to hold
the small machine as it churns verse and
correctives. how can I make the mountain
and the open prison door, the new night air,
a Samaritan tending colorful abrasions?
wounded nightingale, the effort poured. you
want to fix it all. the city, the bloody body
politic. the memory record scarred, skipping.
the windows of varied death, little dolls.
listen. listen: the worn way the days fall one
after another. how the pernicious hours,
the recision of summer attempts,
a blueing fire bring us or everything down
to the brassy waiting minerals.

she, constructed of krypton and lace, has crept through foxholes and dragon lairs. she has read scripture from peaks, smothered the suffering in mercy, and withstood blackmail and blacklist. she has endured enslavement and conquered chimera of the apocalypse. she is the dark drama. she has traveled by lodestar through plague and war. her night-vision saves the day, her daydreams buy her time. she is tucked away in housing-project towers, invisible in cookie-cutter pre-fab. she is the gorgon fighting through an inferno of hate, she is fay, all air, feather and sparks, she walks the roads in bare, calloused feet, stoops in paddies. she, like mule, is saddled with the weight of Jupiter.

word

will not particular
readily what so

For need we come

For said what common parts

headache we

no word card-games

What common For

card-games
with common throws

kinds way do

perhaps said we

concept thread words well

Something through cardinal way

concept corresponding need

way word
word used word
word unregulated

hard we to more words
were No sort

of futurism

love of danger,
of rashness

essential poetry
courage
audacity
revolt

Lit aggression
perilous slap-blow fist

splendor enriched
by new beauty
of speed,
serpents with
explosive breath
roaring fire, more
beautiful than Victory

sing the ideal, which crosses itself

increase fervor of primordial elements

Beauty is no masterpiece
Poetry, a violent force before man

Time died yesterday;
already absolute,
already eternal

the only cure
destructive
beauty

demolish morality,
all cowardice

pleasure revolt;
violent electric moons
devouring clouds, smoke
diabolic sunny rivers:
flight of enthusiastic crowds

if you must aggregate

she has rivers in her fingers and a charlie chaplin tattoo. she has been surfing waves of fire, clutching brave babies to her breast, building the towers of Harar. she has tangled with the toads of hell, birthed gryphons and cherubim, and balanced the books. she stitches bolts of fabric in sealed studios. her slumped body crumples the newspaper as she rides, wending her way through a thicket of castigators. she exalts in the way the sheathing tunic cuts with her every curve. she reduces to sputtering those who denigrate. she champions those who bend over the loom.

she tells the story of grasses, hurls rhythms and speaks through reeds and skins, she has hatched and whispered plans for deliverance, translated plants' secrets, broken with ranks. she has sung dirge and devotional. she has been clasped in the fists of The Furies, slept on trestles, in trunks of scarves, in wooden boats adrift in old tributaries. she languishes in faded photos, perches on branches, surveying and eluding. she exhales icy breath, punches cards, waits for her children to phone. she plants ribboning fields of amaranth and angelica and hauls water up terraced hills.

she plots from shadowed corners and beneath the violent and undesired. she picks bluebells, paints incisive abstraction and likeness, digs her heels in like talons, argues procedure in stately halls. she conspires with brash cats and lays down with the soft arm of the wind. she lures green up from dead stumps and tended beds. she sways, standing on the bus, holding the loop like the brass ring. she exhales lava and tiny dreams of surrender and triumph. she blinks away miles of road and brings rescues into her quiet kitchen. she puts on and takes off the costume of currencies.

she sits waiting for the train, feet swollen, hot dirty night. she braces herself for the worst news, gives ice-chips at the beside of dying beloved. she floats using music as medicine. she stumbles, stilettos clicking, bones taxed. she stands on the stoop, eye on more than her own brood. she makes definitive but inaudible announcements on the broken public speakers. she fumbles for pills on the nightstand or an iced-tumbler in the afternoon. she dreads the contralto's beauty. she takes issue with cerebral interpretation of experience. she hoards wrappers, futilely trying to postpone their outlasting her in a great growing heap of waste. she wears chiffon and tulle to ward off the ugly arms of disaster.

lithopedion

involuntary my matter to save me
to take you encased your ghost
I carried hard shadow foundling
in radiography to forget your contour
littlesweet I grew your shape of never
stone baby darkly always what I
could not first then forever so few
since 1582 the might-have my heart
was a waiting space you kept me a
fleshy tomb my living blood to hold
all your evers 82 and suddenly my
maiden instance figured the fetal
desire calcified your tiny hands your
interrupted shape I carried your un-
lived laughing 40 years the bones of
your not not not but might have my
rare instance my sweetest sad never
ectopic frozen the might-have the
lost sweetling naming an old old
grief whisper your silhouette

Shunned body blues

Keep this body from being too lonely
in a place with _____ kind of body mostly

Keep this body from being too lonely
in space with _____ kind of body mostly

do not panic. do not allude to it
in your tone,
it's unfashionably inappropriate
to suggest some body just might feel lonely
in place with _____ kind of body mostly

polite exchange, tepid not phony
_____ bodies mostly
to bodies lonely

_____ bodies
Civil insincere veneer, beckon lonely bodies near.
Awkward energy makes space sharing weird
for _____ stumbling bodies mostly

I've walked the streets:

I've walked the streets, unpaved, gravel, dirt cobblestoned and brick; freshly poured asphalt

hot cement, burning stone.

My feet been places roads can't go.

I've walked miles, wide, narrow, far and long.

I've travelled with brothers then, now alone, searching space.

I grew legs able of stable step, lungs enduring drew deeper breath.

I heard cool whisperings nature's breath; her solemn sigh stirred winds wet,

caressed summer strolls in wilderness, blew ice over exposed flesh

through streets I stepped.

I've walked the streets:

Rhythmic wild feet beat streets.

My feet been places roads can't go

the ravaged exacting coveted moments glittering a remembrance
example of sewing stitching our family or wax casings starry
chalice and dulcet day subtle heart falling into the cup garden of
all my guessing perpetual flowering of your music inflamed the mouth
giving the alphabet of licks and liking unencumbered liberated and
laden with gifts and grafts our desires to each other tonal pressure
the innards spelling arrogant departures waves upon waves enact
our communal loss and shared endeavor vessel honing and spinning of
constellations croaking a mechanical recovery softer notes of myself
silent the seeming night broken and reassembled a hissing happiness
glottal guttural and good as god can give over and bearing and baring
the harness the architecture of our hour step out of the way child
there's sound and work and traffic making its way through

early anarchic

speaker the breathing in syllables then sense in age then epic
interruption of testimony the fragment of relics like harmonium fluid
over dynamic synaptics the tuning brain interior hum shape our
memorial reflect (the vision of) the mountain the smallest sound in
ligament or lineament light and lectal hiss bee in the box locate on
the map the burnt corners propelling psyche bend and fly out the
window of yesterday's idea hope's year she contemplates the field
walking the mud through the dark meadow of emily's world a secret
sister in pious blue find your echo through morning freshness
lightning in the grasses holy specter of questions big vibration our
voices in congress halo and listen I never missed never we heard all
the (minute) wailing heaven and deeper earth whittling season shaping
clay by the crumbling altar alternate pulsing the wicked charge
her petticoat and muslin late lies there has never been something
closer divining rod dousing a vein of magnetic life motherlode an
intimate fire however vague however birdlike however angry about the
outcome juncture at junipers adjudicating elders crickets an hilarity
or lightheadedness grackles on speckled surface so many belittling
intimations embraced exclamation lucid declaration at the fiery (cave)
mouth speech on a newer day forever is such a tiny thing if you never
contemplate it crunching under foot an afternoon walk cicadas
will speak my mind's circuit unity of biblical caricatures always
archetypes or some template of human failings fill the lax place
numinous this (quiet) power within my expectation solitude of
the numbers cloistered with my anxieties and realized water the
breakage along great sheets of ice covering the hills our encasement
is inevitable mixed in an automatized song thoughtless river I mist
listen to you a broken discourse hallucinate my best solution alluvial
the rich delta is an eager lace the gore was gone at pinnacle in
anticipation vacant place in the text as if she heard the missing hope
sizzled in the suns of our childhoods succubae expelled the small one's
death seems a peculiar disorientation at the end coming through
angular or at least decentering all but the hand (breath) on page (air)
taking the moon whole in infinite wondering we learn at the forest of
queries we return with information of our ghostly births axioms for
your edification organically accreted through ages of pianos and books
and the objects in a house preserved quietly a prairie its inhabitants
suddenly vanish and every item still in its place mid use no loss
of time in the fate of quotidian things the dust the rain of a world's
conflicts illuminating the field the chains of our memories holding

Mamma

Spit super cray shyt,
spread it all over our skin
applied liberally

eyes ears nose inundated
real life cold, pressed lungs
sea life, wild, beat baby bodies
Produced,
anxious erratic genius

Sometime, she clear her throat
hawk back spitting
extra thick syck crazy shyt
Candle wick got low, by six
She, a mother, a parent,
ability, burnt out
Viscous shyt from inside her mouth
made young skin thick,

wound up wounded, shocked
young minds tic at different clicks
affixed with pearls residing in syckness spit
brilliantly blunted jewels ,covered in neurotic nacre

All it can be

Poetry
can be protection and freedom
adding rightness rhymes to reason
Ancient as trees with a thousand rings
Biological poets. Trees,
breathing before human history
Poetic mystery,
essential as terra beneath our feet
Poetry
Can be the beat to which we build the future
Can life bringing, a root grounding present to past
Mistakes. Can be
A living document of what we take, took, raped, and
scraped from the womb of Gaea
Poetry
Can be energy akin to that of our sun
Can be produced by our conquered mother and celestial father
for us their errant sons and daughters
Poetry is fodder from which green things can still spring
from which human becomes a new Being
Poetry
Can be synthesized like Co₂, creating air for the winds of change
Can be supporting roots of a common age
Even when we each start on a different page
Poetry es para vida

called to bone

go to the knife block. falsify
the record of your dreams.
solemn lassitude gives way.

if you reject wringing hands,
selling away your excuses
one by one, you've made ready
the carousing mind.

intent on rising with the
world, rupture the wasting
coffins of culture. resurrect
a thinking body. polis, axis
of the gaze.

whosoever tends a secluded
fire, its voracious heat
the fuel for seasons.

whosoever, believing like a
mission, fixes their alchemical
eyes to the totemic task.

clasp the earth's
pleadings. you are
listening to everything
but the cry. go to the altar
of demagogues and demigods

there, lay down
the broken notions
of your power. your heart
is a chrysanthemum.

the stratagems and playbook
are in your bed.
awaken to kill death.

Glass bottles

Pieces stories passed glint up from steaming asphalt
Fragments refracting moments in the life of many, through the eyes of one.
Anachronous starlight offers liminal sight into twilight
Young minds haunted, hunting truth
What makes unforgivable youth
Undeniable proof, of Atrocity
mechanized mammoths make human less
Fragments become shrapnel,
Tormentors become Fathers who Grandfathered slaves
Alien becomes the standard, Other's subsequent to.
Sediment of social affliction settles
Seismic systemic pressure petrifies behavioral patterns
Whole bodies trapped by atrophied parts
Beat them against soft, cold, hard, hot, wet, dry streets until it all
Shatters

Science acts as a vector transmitting endoparasitic ideals.

License to kill the unpopular and unknown, grown into a scientific being.

The Behemoth in the room we'd like to go on not seeing, technology's becoming that tool.

Telling human bodies how to do what they do. Documenting who does what with whom.

Emphasizing that everything is cool.

Exceptions to all rules, common bodies submit to, parade before we complicit fools for our entertainment.

That en masse human bodies of every colour are destroying each other requires looking harder at ourselves wearing trinkets and bells.

Technologically urged to purge needs to feel and connect,
Insert substitute, tasty bits of cellophane wrapped death,

or a nice pair shoes; cost her education and personal debt
The American panacea plastic sea shelves of emptiness.

Peace seeking consumers wonder in what store they should look for it next,
weighed down by Aunt Anne's pretzels in the right hand and the Big Brown Bag in their left

Meanwhile

Storytellers sell wares from sea shelves to those culture less selves,
whose silently paid taxes are mass actions of complicity, to their governments re-enactings of past tragedies in history

Whitewashed ghosts of the silver screen, constantly re-writing re-recording false depictions of the people's stories

Events and facts distorted, re-designed to be gawked at,
All meant to distract.

Current events and propaganda point out
that humans have lost their humanity, insanity is commonplace,

Fantastical, factional fantasies built from fractions of truth,
render cinematic glorification of Americas unforgivable youth,
more interesting than physical, economic liberty, justice and the pursuit
of the truth.

History makes movies; Human bodies in theatre seats make sequels

Inert audiences current banal realities, are fodder for future film making
fallacies to distract future war torn progeny from revolution and rioting.

This does not have to be.