Ideas Like Rocks

by

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

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.  

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

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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, Akliah, 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.¹

How does one keep one’s body as one’s own? ...Some bodies,
like languages disappear.²

... the body is present in the visibility of language... what are
the limits of the body?³

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.⁴

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 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
Glows as the day with its fun.

Who are you in love with?
You will, lost soul, say beauty
Glows 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

poultece

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;
violeut 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 inhales 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 _____ bumbling 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 gutteral 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 hiliarity 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 shy, 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 syek 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 mass 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 America’s 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.