Kalends

by

Mairéad Byrne

belladonna* books

458 Lincoln Place, Suite 4B Brooklyn, NY 11238

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belladonna® is a reading 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.

Rachel Levitsky and Erica Kaufman, editors, belladonna® books.
458 Lincoln Place, #4B Brooklyn, NY 11238
belladonnaseries@yahoo.com • http://www.belladonnaseries.blogspot.com
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| 21. | Deborah Richards, *Put A Feather In It* |
| 22. | Norma Cole, *URNS* |
| 23. | Jocelyn Saidenberg, *Dusky* |
| 24. | Gail Scott, *Bottoms Up* |

| 25. | Carla Harryman, *DIMBLUE and Why Yell* |
| 26. | Anne Waldman, *THINGS SEEN/UNSEEN* |
| 27. | kari edwards, *a diary of lies* |
| 28. | Bhanu Kapil Rider, *from The Wolf Girls of Midnapore* |
| 29. | Rosmarie Waldrop, *Trace Histories* |
| 30. | Tina Darragh, *from rule of dumb* |
| 31. | Chris Tysh, *Mother, I* |
| 32. | Jennifer Mackley, *The Occasion* |
| 33. | Zhang Yi, *Cross River, Pick Lotus* |
| 34. | Tonya Foster, *A Swarm Of Bees In High Court* |
| 35. | Lauren Gudath, *Animal & Robot* |
| 36. | Alice Notley, *PHIGENIA* |

| 37. | Caitlin Moccodell, *Dreaming the Tree* |
| 38. | Eileen Myles, *We, the Poets* |
| 39. | Suzanne Wise, *from The Blur Model* |

| 40. | Lydia Davis, *Cape Cod Diary* |
| 41. | Elaine Equi, *Castle, Diamond, Swan* |
| 42. | Maggie Nelson, *Something Bright, Then Holes* |

| 43. | Summi Kaipa, *One: I Beg You, Be Still* from *Was. Or Am* |
| 44. | Julie Patton, *Car Tune* & *Not So Bella Donna* |
| 45. | Joan Larkin, *Boston Piano* |
| 46. | Minnie Bruce Pratt, *The Money Machine: Selected Poems* |

| 47. | Anne Tardos, *A Nightingale Understands a Tiger's Camouflage Totally* |
| 48. | Michelle Naka Pierce, *48 Minutes Left* |
| 49. | Veronica Corpuz, *Untitled* |
| 50. | Leslie Scalapino, *Can't* is *Night* |

| 51. | Jen Benka, *A Revisioning of the Preamble* |
| 52. | Susan Brante, *Neotropics* |
| 53. | Joanna Fuhrman, *Belladonna* *Marjorie* |
| 54. | Nada Gordon, *SONG Of My OWNself* |
| 55. | Catherine Daly, *Surplice* |

| 56. | Caroline Bergvall, *GONG* |
| 57. | Maria Negroni, *Art and Fugue* |
| 58. | Lourdes Vázquez, *May the Transvestites of my island who tap their heels* |

| 59. | Belladonna* Bilingual: Women's Work In Translation (vol. 1)* |

| 60. | Belladonna* Bilingual: Women's Work In Translation (vol. 1)* |

| 61. | Jaimy Gordon, *A Month of Love* |
| 62. | Rachel Daley, *You and Me Story* |
| 63. | Latasha N. Nevada Diggs, *Manuel is destroying my bathroom...* |
| 64. | Joan Retallack, *THE REINVENTION OF TRUTH* |
| 65. | Renee Gladman, *Untitled, Woman on Ground* |

| 66. | Nicole Brossard, *Matter Harmonious Still Maneuvering* |

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— Cralan Kelder
STOP

THAT'S ENOUGH STOP I HAVE FOUND EVERYTHING I'M INTERESTED IN STOP FREDERICK DOUGLASS FAMINE FLUXUS CONCRETE VISUAL SOUND KINETIC CYBERNETIC POETRY HOPKINS SWENSON TOLSON HUGHES ITALY MAINE NATIVITY CHILDBIRTH METAPHOR EXAMPLE KOSOVO IRAQ STOP IRAQ STOP IRAQ I HAVE TO HIBERNATE NOW A THOUSAND YEARS I AM MOVING INTO THE INTERNET I AM MOVING INTO THE FUNNY FURRY HILLS OF MY BLOG STOP I AM FLEEING FROM LIFE OUT THERE INTO LIFE IN HERE STOP WHERE EVERYTHING IS FLUID & SLICK & SHADY & DUSKY & FLAT

mairead 4/7/2004 12:30:53 AM

THE DAY

Himalayan peaks
Smith Street
cucumber slice
44 West again
silver-grey light
my intersection my traffic-light

mairaid 4/11/2005 11:23:00 PM
know, left us in Mississippi, several times, and returned. took job because said he would live in but not Mississippi. to be married in but left again, having taken the job in got involved another relationship, then changed asked to come taking the job and leaving me + the children a mistake from in September + joined planned to here end of year. got married in November. Almost immediately angry + anxious again, we pretty good

10.17.04 A brilliant cold sunny day in Providence: from the inside looking out.
10.18.04 A cold sunny day in Providence, brilliant colors & energy.
10.19.04 An overcast day in Providence; rain.
10.20.04 A coldish sunny day in Providence.
10.21.04 Quite a bone-chilling day in Providence.
10.22.04 A gloomy wet day in Providence.
10.23.04 Nippy enough in Providence.
10.24.04 NYC
10.25.04 A grey October day in Providence, bark worse than bite.
10.26.04 October day brimful of blue sky, gold sun and cold in Providence.
10.27.04 A surprisingly benign day in Providence, altocumulus flocks—my Honda felt like a Boeing on the upside-down flight path of Smith Street.
10.28.04 A shining day in Providence; flexed starfish arm of cloud high over Smith Street.
10.29.04 Sublime sunshine & altocumulus clouds in Providence.
10.30.04 A drizzly day in Providence.
10.31.04 A pale gold day in Providence, sublime.
from THE WEATHER

10.1.04
A fine sunny day in Providence, glittering.

10.2.04
A fine sunny day in Providence, big-drop rain towards night.

10.3.04
A fine sunny day in Providence, state buildings on Smith Street rosy towards sunset.

10.4.04
A fine sunny day in Providence, edgy with high skies & clouds.

10.5.04
Providence this evening: a bowl of cold sun.

10.6.04
A fine sunny day in Providence, working all day & night.

10.7.04
A balmy mild day in Providence, sublime.

10.8.04
A very fine sunny day in Providence.

10.9.04
A beautiful mild day in Providence, no jacket.

10.10.04
A warm cloudy day in Providence, sunny in the afternoon.

10.11.04
A wonderful mild sunny day in Providence, wind in the trees during the night & early morning.

10.12.04
A sunny fall day in Providence, a nip in the heir as Keats & Chapman would say.

10.13.04
A warm enough day in Providence, sunny.

10.14.04
A day to stay indoors in Providence; but I had to go out.

10.15.04
A rainy day in Providence; gloomy towards evening: glad I put the elbow on my downspout.

10.16.04
A golden October day with big blue cirrus-swept skies, sparkling breezes & blowing leaves: a very successful poem.

EMPLOYMENT

Using the same black ink
Using the same pen and ink
Using fine dark charcoal black ink
Using the same pen & light sepia ink
Using the same pen and pale grey ink
Using the same fine nib & light sepia ink
Using the same pen and charcoal black ink
Using the same pen and thin medium-grey ink
Using a finely sharpened nib and charcoal black ink
Using the same finely sharpened nib and coal black ink
Using the same sharp quill and medium grey ink
Using the same nib and charcoal black ink
Using the same pen & medium grey ink
Using the same pen and dark grey ink
Using the same charcoal grey ink
Using the same pale grey ink
Using the side of his nib
Using black ink

mairead 3/7/2005 11:11:00 PM
THE RUSSIAN WEEK

Inside this week is another week & inside that week is another week & inside that week is another week & inside that week is another week & inside that week is another week & inside that week is another week so that instead of 7 days each week is actually composed of 7 weeks each one a little smaller than its container week but still workable & with rosy cheeks. This arrangement is necessary. If a week were only a week aka a standard 7-day week it would not be possible to get things done. Therefore voila: The Russian week. As soon as it becomes apparent that everything cannot get done in the albeit larger, more commodious week, one can simply crack open the inside week, only slightly less commodious in size. Then, when things pile up as they are wont to do, one proceeds to the inside-inside week, its size only slightly less commodious again. And so it goes. I will not go through the process in tedious detail. For that it would be necessary to have an inside-inside-inside-inside-inside-inside-inside week, i.e., 8 weeks in all and obviously that is impossible. There may be some future in developing a system where each of the 7 weeks which constitute the week would in turn contain 7 weeks, giving 49 weeks in all inside one week, and indeed the prospect of an ad infinitum progression. But this proposal lacks the calm symmetry of the established model. It is knobby & hectic where the other is smooth, rounded, generous, economical—and natural. Thank God for the Russian week.

STATE HOUSE, SEPTEMBER

candle-flame against turquoise
pearl against lavender
mint against rose
breast-milk on mauve
metal against mackerel
yellowed lace on watered silk
graphite on glass
silhouette on pale blue
eggshell on streaked blue
grey cut-out against sky blue
velcro on azure
cupped flame on indigo
old snow on cerulean
gravestone on cobalt
sepulchre white against Ascension Day cloud
mausoleum white against Renaissance cloud
light slate against milky cloud
soft white on white
dove-grey against white
old bone against smoke
thumbprint in smoke
dead bone on dirty wool
haze on fog
lemon pith on light grey
ivory on blue-grey
rosé against blue-grey
spooky grey on grey
graphite on glass
mauve against ash
shadow on shade
LIGHT IN FEBRUARY

gold
golden
rose-gold
light gold light blue

light-grey
grey
high bright blue
golden-blue

blue-golden

transparent light blue
blue-time

bright grey
calm grey
grey w/ light blue notes
grey/foggy

lucid grey

high cold blue-sunny
light-blue-sunny

blue-silver-gold
grey-moist
blue-gold

blue-gold-cold
yellow-blue
white-grey-cold
golden blue-snowing
yellow-blue-cold
blue-gold

grey-white-cold

PERSONAL INSURANCE

These are unpredictable times. I got a call from a man at dinner-time who wanted to sell me home security. I was not polite to him. He started to talk about murder. He said, "I know where you live." It got me thinking. I've seen movies about guys like this. I feel I'm prepared. I take care to keep a fresh copy of myself in my closet at all times. I back up my files. If anything happens to me there will be another Mairéad to look after my children. That's the least I can do. I just can't believe some parents. They don't seem to realize the consequences of sudden death on a family. I mean, you could lose your house. The children would have nowhere to live. They would be split up. Everything would change, even the cat. And what do you do with a little black cat in the event of the death of the mortgage-holder? Send a piece of the cat here, a piece there? No matter which way you look at it, the cat would lose out, or at the very least go through a difficult period of adjustment. And I know all about them. I'm a single parent. I have to think about these things. My dream is to have a whole rack of Mairéads back to back in my closet. Some people might say it's extravagant but I see it as an investment. What can you do when you have children. It's about peace of mind.
INVENTIONS: THE HANDY EVERYMOTHER ZONE-OUT CAPACITOR

This handy device pumps out standard mother issue “I Don’t Know” responses every 15 seconds, deflecting the child’s steady stream of questions away from the mother freeing her from constant jaw-ache, numbness, feelings of uselessness & endemic ignorance, & the sense of being tethered to a stump when all she wants is to rise into the blue ether, while also satisfying the child’s ongoing need for attention, reassurance, and news from the kingdom of adults.

The Handy Everymother Zone-Out Capacitor

CAN BE ATTACHED TO keychain, belt, collar, or secreted in purse much like a cell phone ADJUSTABLE volume COMES IN 5 SEPARATE TONES: “Honey,” “Brusque,” “Speculative,” “Firm,” and “Playful” PROGRAMMABLE “Periods of Non-Response” mimic real life: Your child will not be unnerved by any sense of robotic or unmommilylike consistency of response.

Testimonials

“I could zone out for quite long periods and Willy continued to scamper along beside me chattering away” —Joan, Pawtucket

“My Handy Everymother Zone-Out Capacitor” actually had a very deep voice which I do think Duart noticed but soon adjusted to” —Irena, Skowhegan

“I’m a moral theologian so occasionally need some decompression time. The Handy Everymother Zone-Out Capacitor allows me to collect the twins from school without being scared my head will break” —Sandy, Fall River

When Your Brain Waves Must Run Along Parallel Tracks The Handy Everymother Zone-Out Capacitor Can Make Those Synapses Snap!

(Note: Shorten Slogan)

THINGS I’M GOOD AT

Smiling at children