

BELLADONNA* 9

Everything Automatic

by

Laura Wright

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

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“Accidental Necrophilia” is forthcoming in *Fracture*.

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Accidental Necrophilia

1) *the accidental necrophiliac*

he was a narc with narcolepsy, a saint with vegetable ability who craves a good stew and so it is decreed: "above all the apostrophes"

(it appears) a spectacular ripping out at the seams I'm sure I'll forget
and touch it now contradiction (but Brutus says he was ambitious) takes a
turn for the worse
except for the part about the dissonance — that's clear
you catch yourself — it could be fatigue — you always wanted to fall over
even if camaraderie has designs on me (and Brutus is an honorable man) I
am an ice pick
and it's always "Hockey Night in Canada"
so he hands his cigarette to the unwilling waiter (so are they all
honorable men)
it's the night of pissing-off while I dreamt I was disgusted by someone
(that when the poor hath cried) I am disgusted by — nothing has changed
(ambition should be made of sterner stuff) try to comprehend
my own smaller mass and its greater resistance to the wind

2)

the pedantic pederast

what hegemony can occur around the moving tables
the elevator key that must be returned a slip of the lips
this is not your only chance
to incur wrath, dissimulate what can pass for
indolence or genuine concern
whispering behind empty boxes or filling them
now we are getting somewhere

but don't throw the bathwater out with the baby there's still room
for "improvements" that will cost a pretty penny
keep the distillery running who loves grammar so dearly
there would be no margin of error
*I was trying to figure out what good reason you'd have
for not beating him up*

3)

the photogenic flagellant

*it was, after all, a movie so everything was condensed:
the milk was thicker, love was hotter, bones were heavier
and books were very concise*

a manual of church history declares the sheep are passive
when he says binaries, dualism, opposition he means the sting of
words or he means
she says a big fat cock up his ass the night creates its own disturbance
maybe I could have learned something from television from where I sat
I couldn't tell how deep anything was

when it comes to what you want or what you could
want it's never the same as it is now

4)

the atavistic arch-rival

*a little history of the coffee that is not Brazil:
(or) there's something to be said for headache*

from where I sit it's hungry all the time women exclaiming
over diamonds and planning to spend
somebody else's fortune once it's been made
you might wonder what there is to wonder about at this point
and I might agree citing puffiness obstinacy and flab
there's nothing wrong
with complete sentences there's a shortcut
for everything there's someone
looking over your shoulder the library is closing
please pack up your land mines
and exit the building

5)

the sympathetic bombardier

*perhaps it was the flask that made us say
so many useless things*

you could spend hours procrastinating you could spend hours
doing the rhumba or preparing talks on particle physics
you could invent things of a useful nature, invent usefulness itself
if need be you brush your teeth the right way and
at least twice a day you are an aristocrat
in sheep's clothing you smell of wet wool and hairspray
you are obsessed with time and obsessed with this obsession
or any other you notice
when other people's hands shake some things
you cannot mention at work the bills are all paid you are intransigent
with a floral arrangement dance hall music pink polka dots
there's no way to set you straight

The news read tonight by Pinocchio

you get what you get: it's the little things
like bacteria in the water detailed studies of slime
a report from the front: there was disdain for their ho-ho-ho and snotty tissues

if you win the award is breasts if you're a girl
you don't have any lines but you could scream a little from time to time
(in my play someone always gets killed)

not to disparage your infancy — hey
you still *are* a beautiful baby
but your clothes don't fit you anymore

put your leg over your head and attend to the difficulties of sleep
grammar creates criminals detailed studies of slime you can learn about
bugs on television
studies say “no one” is having “enough sex”

it's the little things: a tilt of the shoulder can change your direction
but I would not be separate from my limbs
just look what the flying machine has already done for us

Lessons in Things

*(some things then get wet and
dropping them dropping things that is
and knocking things over things fall over
and get wet*

*selling things giving things
away giving away things or things or getting things or things
being here, there, everywhere
things particularly on the stairs and still
other things)*

(periphery)

sometimes someone is actually talking *about* something and that makes it harder. mostly if you drive off you will be expected to go to three grocery stores and then to return empty-handed and out of breath.

(progress)

when things work better than they did before, this is called progress. when things are more complicated than they were before, this is called progress too. when things are more expensive than they were before this is also called progress. progress is very important to human beings, who haven't changed a wink in thousands of years.

(knees)

there is space in between the space in between. skin-covered bone against skin-covered bone. it's a great story, whether it happened or not. what I love is ownership or at least possession so that I cannot love you fully after you leave. I cannot explain this; I do not share the memories that count. do not ask me to answer her, I'm afraid I would bite off her ear.

(books)

there's something behind the couch, but I can't reach it. no one understands language that's why it's so useful these days. flecks of gravel pile up; no swooping, no soaring. it is impossible to stand absolutely still. erect small monuments and knock them down. the body creeps in eventually, through the window, another accident of vocabulary.

Rusty Nails

1. *delight in the obvious*

I wonder sometimes how your plate got broken
and glued back together so lovingly
but I hate you when you tell me things like this

so, put on a tie, and walk backwards around the room
seven times

there are many ways to earn respect
share pornographic moments
then retire

this is not a movie it is a still life

yes, I do dream in color, but it doesn't do me any good

2. *mostly coasting uphill*

“your difficulties are not the same
as your job”
your job is to explain without any new words

distillation takes time

“you hit”
let's sit at that table I can drink you under
“the male on the head every time”

3. Used to go north now I back off and brilliant

now the air is humid enough to
get one's cilia on guard
only you can understand my recent obsession

4. The Dream of the Lost Pen

because stains replace themselves
siphoned off for great disorder and the like, inanimate propelling in slack
season or delight with the handkerchief
from poverty to sudden wealth, at least in theory
general grumpiness — hooray!

(Pantoum)

today, we will focus on description:
a few unlikely candidates or other variations
when I “grew up” there was
a real market for despondency

a few unlikely candidates or other variations
I have been given pause I will use it now
a real market for despondency
size takes care of itself

I have been given pause I will use it now
we live lives of muted exuberance
size takes care of itself
and now we can be careful, we are of sensible age

we live lives of muted exuberance
driving with eyes shut was something we did in books
and now we can be careful, we are of sensible age
something you’d know in a dark room

driving with eyes shut was something we did in books
today, we will focus on description:
something you’d know in a dark room
was there, when I “grew up”

Everything Automatic

everything is automatic:

the omission of fact, or the annoying grasp of it

I am not a cartoon I am a subdivision

the chairs are all outgrown, knees go beyond all this

and I don't remember what I said last night

for just this: amputation of desire

no one can touch you

but they do a little accidental

the emptiness that follows recollection is astounding

the moth on the wall accuses you

of undue fear

the filter doesn't work you have to watch the whole thing

even if it embarrasses you

in the foreground so it can look like what you handed me

in black and white

this is the present with the buses the same colors

only now I can forget dates

we are always here for the first time in the same room

you is someone new each time I turn around

in a smaller room, explanations exist without situations

what is a photograph? a play

distillation takes time

I have been a map but never a postage stamp

I'm ready to redefine the binge and skew your statistics

Note: fake rain

doesn't get you as wet as the real

we know what it is to be human

we just can't do anything about it

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