

# BELLADONNA\*26

## [THINGS] SEEN / UNSEEN



She finds a comrade. Now she beats  
now she sings.

Madhyamika  
in saguaros  
beetles  
texture  
grass-  
royer person-  
the sur-  
pers-

UNSEEN  
and ponder if these ar  
the mesquite girder.  
of emptiness? Peter thi  
enthusiastically for mes  
in a series of singul-  
anlacial naturalism clank

*by Anne Waldman*

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

BELLADONNA BOOKS • SPRING 2002

*[THINGS] SEEN / UNSEEN* © Anne Waldman 2002.

Cover collage by author.

Belladonna\* pamphlet design, David A. Kirschenbaum.

Production and design, Bill Mazza.

It is set in FuturTLig 7 and 12 pt, FuturTMed 10 and 33 pt, Minion BoldCondensed 10, 14 and 60 pt, Minion Condensed 7, 10 and 12 pt, and Minion CondensedItalic 10, 12 and 24 pt.

Price is \$3 in stores or at events, \$5 signed copies, mail order add 50¢ postage per item.

Belladonna\* pamphlets are published periodically by Belladonna Books.

Belladonna\* 26 is published in an edition of 75—15 of which are numbered and signed by the poet—for her Belladonna reading at Bluestockings Women's Bookstore, April 26, 2002, with kari edwards and Bhanu Kapil Rider.

Belladonna is a reading series at Bluestockings Women's Bookstore 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.

Bluestockings Women's Bookstore is at 172 Allen St., New York, NY 10002.

For further information: 212 777 6028 • info@bluestockings.com • www.bluestockings.com

Rachel Levitsky, editor Belladonna Books.

Belladonna Books 458 Lincoln Place, #4B Brooklyn, NY 11238 • levitsk@attglobal.net  
<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna>

I am the members of my mother the member of all my tribe I am the wearer of snakes the beater of men the egg-beater of men the whip top of men I am the barren one 'til today and many are my sons are my sons I am she whose wedding is great whose empathy soars in war who wields the shield all the weapons of 10 directions in space I am the subsidy of the low and wicked I am the toil of all Jerusalem my eyes are firebrand meteors to light your way I won't go there over there because I am here living the good life the sane life the yuppie housewife life of a lovelorn mistress life of all my people's people the life of grandiloquent suburban despair and desire I could be a prime candidate for betrayal but I trick the fiend the flibbertigibbet I flick my tongue at his sloppy mindset his sad body fluid his loathsome temper his old skin I strike up -- palsy -- with a thunderbolt I am friend to the storm king the storm windows no one knows the code the name the constellation I will inhabit in space I cry to be hidden but no one can be hidden under this new code this code of middens of ash and shell and dream of labour of telephone of plastic of glass of wood and all its constituents including fiber, of insect dung of scarab lore of wasting away in the desert waiting for a mirage of good fortune to steer my course by it will be steered it will clear, the dust storm will abate the eyes of all the enemies will open wide they will put down their rusty armaments they will wage war no more they will hang the swords from trees innocuous now out of the hands of men and as woman I will watch I will witness I will recall any stumbler any falterer I will track the liars and abusers to their graves I will tear up their scrolls their mighty warmongering poetry their lasting flame of crude moans because their lot is to be white to be male to be privileged to be of greater arrogant sex pain than the ones who really suffer never forget the sufferers of field of stream of mountain of meadow of dungeon of cavern of full fathom five of Hawaii Five-O of Havana of harvest time of constabulary withholding of tax evasion of draft dodging of being profiled for color, for race, for ideological metaphoricalness for religious belief to be an artist of regret isn't your calling to be an artist of remorse is not for you to be an artist of doom and gloom forget it to be a chance operation is more your style as long as the waters part the breath is held and you survive to carry on the examination of evidence of choice of love of dark pogrom of prison of death camp of trapped in Nablus of trapped in the Church of The Nativity of elected officials that were never my choice or yours to keep the men honest and functioning to abdicate control so that people are happy and free and not one is hit upon no one is subjected to the indignities of false love of fallacious love of folly love of freak love of wearing out of syllables love of treason love of dis-the-women love. Avaunt thee warlock!

## [THINGS SEEN]

---

### UNSEEN

“If I had people in here, I’d want to know someone was looking too,” Danny Nolan said. Danny Nolan has nightmares now, waking up screaming about the job sometimes. Friends from the past who have died visit him, like the old friend whose name he will not speak because of a belief that the name now belongs only to the soul. In the dream, the friend takes him into a strange room and shows him actual items that Mr. Nolan has seen recovered from the World Trade Center, things like African artifacts. “The place is playing tricks on me, I guess.”

*The New York Times*, November 18, 2001

snake wrestler  
Ofra Haza singing "Galbi"  
La Pitture Etrusche di Tarquinia  
A Bar At The Folies-Bergère

---

I met a man who killed a man  
-- scattered fierce T storms --

life is not like this  
not the way it was supposed to be

but allegorical

*you were in a place where the future had come and gone*

name it "home"

I met a man who had wronged many women

crossed borders  
he sidewalk here late one chilly evening  
he fell back way into 20th century  
Oslo on route & fall again by wayside in failed detente  
code: to rout one out to out one out and suffer for it  
war-state, mental siege, people gone on a dime  
entering outer Mongolia

he mass seducer he holy bounder

code: seen anyone else the premises promises?

born in a crucible of heroin and rubble

all maps all children suffer  
but he's privileged man-on-town  
faithless, a liar of cruel tonnages

wielder of psychological harms not knowing the  
truth of deeds, how concomitant ignorance is  
rejecting the truth of its own nightmare  
locked, of course, the SETI researcher conjures, sadly,  
into weapons in space

an end to imagination or of  
"thinking of things as they exist" (Oppen)  
that's the rub for this palinode: I was never there  
*so let me go*

---

on to smart bombs heat bombs bunker bombs  
out of their caves  
to one or two en route it's moot  
onto and what she was into knowing  
how long –Daisy Cutter – how long be shredding?

(more suicided flesh & nails)

*sustaining*

The Queen Tut Archive

*sustaining*

Pesh Merda (We Who Face Death)

*sustaining*

The summer of 1992:

Keraterm, Omarska, Trnopolje

*(seen)*

the relational  
the retinal  
Cash  
the Camps  
The Camps & Genocide  
2,000 lbs of laser bombs  
a white male Chief of Staff smirks  
a vice-president dodges his odds

*no pasarán*

---

*(unseen)*

it depends what ends you are on  
terrorism? or eternalism?  
cash deficit  
(mortar rounds)  
Michael Moore stalks Charlton Heston  
another voting machine dysfunction  
“my last mistress” in cash

or better yet  
the strobe of intended  
landing  
knew words by heart  
& there were ruins  
more unnerving  
near rapids again, need rapids again  
    & again, had disappeared  
sun & rain of a dead civilization  
her debit card  
works like a ghost

a bitch from Westchester  
lights up the night  
digs claws into the young novelist  
"sketchy" at best  
a palpable hit  
maybe half-truths  
are the clearest phantom you have  
staying alive

---

her mordant wit  
my worst dream: lobotomy

recommended for "cognitive dissonance"

sham Xmas-tide in a negligent trophy home  
little quarter acre of ache & regret (ram into heart)  
crack in the way-back

lift a candle to fetishes of crash & burn  
to the fetishes of deluge, hard rock, death of a holy Beatle  
the way you hold up your holiday like that playing ragas  
you'd think the world depended on trance music (it does! it does!)  
cumbersome native soils he writes over

the worst offender of anything ecological, all he wastes is mine  
all cons, obligatory tears, subtle oil on the sex-dawn-sheet

on the strangle-this-dawn sheet

old loves come forth with a frontal assault on Adorno



what about Indian Point  
what are you going to do about it  
what about your "crazy" wife  
what you gonna do about her  
& the girl with the face makeover?

(the Dutil-Dumas message was sent from a transmitter in Ukraine. The message was encoded using a system called Lincos that starts with simple mathematical ideas and builds to complex information about who we are)

---

"My conduct was the will of my people"  
--Milosevic

seen

a Burqa  
an Abaya  
a Chador  
a Magneh  
a Niqab  
a Roosarie

---

face mask, black cloak, sheath worn by Iranian & Lebanese Shiite women, cowl-like head-covering (Iran), a face-concealing veil, Iranian handscarf

---

women whose senses I told you  
be gentler to  
& speech to save  
in light of cleansing things  
not the presidential selected ones

"kill, whatever it takes, let's roll!"

I take this vow in meditation

say it: *I take this vow in meditation*

women no longer hidden  
non-obstruction is the effort, a greater *poethics*

dicey talk  
the markers are all mine  
mitochondria in space  
strident lab animals in the forgone conclusion tubes  
gene splice continues  
(genes for spider silk spliced into goat's milk)

*cut out the one for grief & splice in aspiration  
this document keeps the demons at bay*

*Extrapolated in haste from Journal "Time Goes By/Please Return If Lost This Book This Way"  
Fall-Winter 2001-2002.*

## BELLADONNA \* CATALOG

Pamphlets are published in conjunction with the BELLADONNA\* reading series (Bluestockings Women's Bookstore, NYC) and are between 6 and 20 pages in length.

### **published in 2000:**

1. Mary Burger, *Eating Belief*
2. Camille Roy, *Dream Girls*
3. Cecilia Vicuña, *Bloodskirt*, trans. Rosa Alcalá
4. Fanny Howe, parts from *Indivisible*
5. Eleni Sikelianos, from *The Book of Jon*
6. Laura Mullen, *Translation Series*
7. Beth Murray, *12 Horrors*
8. Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, *Audience*
9. Laura Wright, *Everything Automatic*

### **published in 2001:**

10. Lisa Jarnot, *Nine Songs*
11. Kathleen Fraser, *Soft Pages*
12. Rachel Blau DuPlessis, *Draft 43: Gap*
13. Nicole Brossard, *Le Cou de Lee Miller/The Neck of Lee Miller*
14. Lee Ann Brown, *The 13th Sunday in Ordinary Time/Reverse Mermaid*
15. Adeena Karasick, *The Arugula Fugues VII-VIII*
16. Aja Couchois Duncan, *Commingled : Sight*
17. Lila Zemborain, *PAMPA*
18. Cheryl Pallant, *Spontaneities*
19. Lynne Tillman, *chapters from Weird Fucks* and "Dead Talk"
20. Abigail Child, *Artificial Memory*—vol 1 & vol 2 (\$6 set)

### **published in 2002:**

21. Deborah Richards, *Put A Feather In It*
22. Norma Cole, *BURNS*
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 Midnapure*

\$3 each; \$5 signed editions; add 50¢ postage per item. Checks payable to Rachel Levitsky.



Belladonna Books  
458 Lincoln Place, Suite 4B Brooklyn, NY 11238  
[www.durationpress.com/belladonna](http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna)