

BELLADONNA * 6

Translation Series

by

Laura Mullen

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

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Some of this as stole.

thanks to Rachel.

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have.” Increasing defects: the too many limbs disturb the image in the mirror—how to “use” it? “For some people the image *is* the poem.” The world we turn silent moving through it. Our byproducts.)

‘Stood for’ springing, springing? Mid-leap.

Translation: into another element.

History: amphibious.

“between prose and verse”

“Old”: murky? still? low?

“And no bird sings.”

“Do I dare...?”

(Waiting for the restored, inverted...)

One of the translations: splash!

“Now where is the original of this?”

(Having invented neither sky nor leaf,

which stood in refusing to stand still standing
in for or in fact *falling*.)

Described a gesture.

Translation: in the manner of....

[a] dead leaf

(Where is happening located?)

Describing the surface.

To ?

(His question) (when confronted by

Tattered shreds of
[?]

slowly rejoined, perfect, that is, unchanged:
unless the viewer had—startled—
moved slightly? [In time?]

“when he got to the end of the
line he seemed to leap to the
next line as a kind of spring-
board and I thought Yes, this
is what you can do in free
verse that you can’t

do in metrical

“yes....at the start

verse....”

of the....”

Q: What happened

one of the translations.)

Or the light had....

Q: But what pond imagined here, what

The sound (translate)
pattern of thought

(Or, *Proof!*)

Still, yes; but deep? Imagined how
exactly? Not given that. The ever-
Greens banked behind the dusty
scribble of bare aspens: blue lake
in the mountains to save a single
leaf in? Or a puddle taken in--eye
to eye--in a single glance (from
the road)? Still enough to see
the whole of it unfold. The work
of memory. Smoothing it out.
Tear-like. "An enclosed body?"

In my mind one vision
(Received)
Of how it would be (when in fact)

Lilies rotting in the gelid, dark....

2. Arose (Read As)

Curved above: bent as if to peer into a deep or a surface which in its variety of reflections kept calling attention precisely to the problem (itself). Under various lights. “Ladies and gentlemen.” My sense that I read as the transparent subject. *Vis a vis*. A *green* pen. Revenant armed with the categories. Packing materials. Suggested by the obvious. Erased by their disregard. Someone else had an image of walking perhaps a long beach. In the silence after it was up to: *Splash!* “White sound baffling” the first sentence suggested by. Or as “a shape-shifter” she said, maybe. Along a long. Shells, etc. To recognize what you would later want displaced. *The love poem*. I was expecting something else. We agreed laughing against his wishes that the activity he described described perfectly that of an “accountant.” Saying “I exist”; thinking I don’t exist. Lights various. Sometimes in the middle of the sentence. I wrote “baffling” and then tried to find some way out. The first word “disparate” or “desperate.” Or a hypochondriac: exquisitely responsive, reading for symptoms. Desperate step matte list. Marginalia. First permission where first. There was more but I can’t remember it. Underlined twice. The point was to block (syllogistic) progress. One section out leaning against the wall behind her chair. “Logistics” he exclaimed: a rueful mix of excitement and something like grief. If you could live in the present. The[y] love poem[s] (like that one). You have the floor. Reflective surface briefly interrupted by what entered: falling leaf or flung hook. I still had troubled finding reference. Erudite: armed with a variety of suit(able) cases. Suggested by the actual: an opening in the ceiling gaped. *Hi-liter* pens, for instance. White surfaces. O, relevance. *Crash!* The lyric, for instance. If. In the silence after it was up to me to make a transition lubricated—or so I thought—with encouragement. As if walking along some shore, near but out of reach of the surf, picking up...? Or else, we laughed. Another shape under or among lines glowing for emphasis: what we’ll want for the test. As if diving into a. How you knew you needed to know it. Whorled, broken. In every blank. Space. Desperate as despite. Suit yourself. Pencil in the margins of. Everlasting omen. What price. The difficulty around someone else’s (re)marks. Oh he said *logistics* as if throwing himself into... Wrote *A green pen*, the ink reflective maybe slightly metallic. Various sites. I felt like it was up to me. Errata. They’d been working on the wiring perhaps? A ghost who knew the secret: which box. And after all that time spent teaching us not to mark it up! By “transparent” (it transpired) I only meant I couldn’t (accurately) see myself. The love posed. “Scavenger.” “You still cling / to your habit of music,” underlined in each. A certain kind of attention, loose and then

as suddenly fixed. And if we weren't being asked to "fix" it? Fit. "Has the sky at his feet as an abyss," for instance. Not a means to somewhere else. A spiky "star" (or two) next to the parts she agreed with. Open shape. I shut my eyes as if *that* would help: as if that would. An passage like a grave cut into snow but reversed, floating above us. It was up to me I thought. In a silence. Suggested by the obvious. We went back over it. "Pretend he's not here." Getting the reference only after somebody else pointed it out. In writing cramped to fit that narrow space and continued in back. Early the sign of a certain seriousness. "Caught in the eddies" was how he described it: "You cling," a kind of bait. Space. As though on fire isolated all you would need (to know). And floated in front of us. Pencil'd "gag" in the margin, responding to that stuff about the *half* or only *faintly formed* works that issue from the female imagination, with an exclamation point. Two shades of green to be truthful. A game played to annoy him which in fact worked: erased by our disregard he grew more and more desperate. Wretched as wrenched. At best I was "diligent" having failed to find it out for myself. Neatly packed. He isn't here. Read wiring as writing. Marked in various ways I still had trouble finding what I continued to think of as "my" place. Rose to the surface, swallowed in a gulp. Often I am permitted. Moods, various. He read "grilled Atlantic God" and then caught himself. Shoulders always hunched. A collector of sorts. As though falling forward at a speed from a height. "Who walks on his head...." Or wakes? Wherever there was an empty space. "Oh that's great," I said, "now, can you tell us about...." To recognize what you would later want and yet live in the present. The repeated shape was an arcade or arc. To be truthful. Sometimes a pencil'd list as if shadowing that 'table of contents' which told you where to find or was it look for what, for what.... Often I am a victim of my desire to see something else in that place.

3. Phenotype

“the distortion of resolution” (*Armantrout*)

When one is tired one.

Mere. (Translate.)

When one is.

The words failing what the lips do

When one is *Mouth or Sound*

Or don't do the strangeness (she said

Row, row, row “*Michael...*”

one sleeps

“blue”) that they could open to contain
the boat

you or? And what (she said)

swallow swallow

(Answer?)

When or went

on comparing

In the pond a little

Boat. In the boat

A little (Remember.)

Spreading version of

The pond. The same

syllable, suggestion

Blue but the boards through it.

(sleep) “paper thin firmament”

(Answer: secret is true.)

Q. What happened to the thing

Which of its *own* will...

“When one is . . .”

The _____ sunk the boat
(to make it true)

When I spoke I / was speaking (who
said this?) to
shiny as. “one sleeps.” sinking. you
down down down
smile. In memory only where
She didn’t look doubtful. Or not so.

Who, who? Inward (in word) turning

Or down. The (reflected) moon, or moan. Owl
(Logistics) or swallow. (Up into.) Who called?
When one is. When up and down _____:
Only a more intense.

which a satisfied sound.

We knew, she said she said, what (to do).

We knew. Inside her.

Conducting themselves. Out (light) upon
The waters.

(Or startled.)

Pause to plan deep into

you. the mouth. opening. A ripple, smug
(sinking=true)

on a silence rounded: “I could kiss.”

(wide, into)

Shade of. One s[ll]eeps. Into. Q.
Instead of

As. Sinking (as if) in a.
There was sending, and there was also.

In, she said, the know.

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