

# BELLADONNA\* 27

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*a diary of lies*  
*by*  
*kari edwards*

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

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# a diary of lies

1.000.00

I recently discovered I was writing this secret diary, totally unaware of the fact that I was keeping this secret diary

well, that's not quite true.

there was always this feeling I was doing something I didn't know I was doing, but you know, I never quite knew what it was.

before the second annual of animalism-in-the-park became a national past time, the idea of inventing came to mind, which had little to do with the before mentioned popular event, such as what can happen when creating small nuclear devices. well, it wasn't so much what I remember, but partly, except I was sitting in the office that I wasn't thinking of and got this message attached as a post script that said, "I hope you think what I am doing is o.k.?"

I am here, doubting cellular cohesion, wishing I could find the fuse box and my position has worried my doctor, who ordered a mammogram, sonogram, a singing telegram and I am supposed to know what's o.k.?

really, what's the standard practice here? how do you politely decline monthly payments and not worry about being labeled a heretic and sent to the gallows?

yes, your honor, it's true, I have plotted my sperm donor's death now for sometime, it seemed quite equitable, and at times beyond counterfeit thought.

oh well, some of it could have to do with the talking bugs bunny, that when you pulled its string would say "daddy daddy which way is the best way?" or "what's up doc?" you see, we had this understanding. I could use words that daddy didn't understand like egalitarian and jet propulsion systems. it all seemed like a comfortable bark-a-lounger that had the vibration set for twenty in the lean back position with a life death sex manual ready to take over if I got lost, or daddy decided to play six shooter . . . bang-bang you're dead.

ooh no, ooh no, the plans go way back to an agreement based on the final meal. our feet would be washed with a number ten oil. we would choose a boy or girl child for salvation, while from the back came screams of "ooh jesus this" or "ohh jesus that." whenever I heard that scream, I'd say, "oh jesus you're at it again." just then the cavalier proprietor said "that's right," and I said "that's right," just as the proprietor brought everyone giblet-a-la-gratin. so yea, it's been that long, maybe longer.

it was six or seven months before something or most things that came before my eyes were before them.

and then I said, "so this is the beginning." and then I said, "so it begins." and then the beginning was put into place and you know bugs bunny was already saying "daddy, daddy, which way is best for the second coming," and just then I was told I was old enough to follow the leader.

yes, it's like an long unpaid debt, and some would say, "it's so not like you," and I keep saying "daddy, daddy which way is the best way, and I keep saying "daddy which way is the best way, is this o.k.? please tell me daddy, please?"

### 1.002.13

we were returning from the celebration of the cast iron icons, me and bobbi who used to be bunny, who changed names as a way to explore the parameters of "b's" - and I was taking my dog, whom I called pomagranite, who was a pomeranian, for a stroll - who since that first day of its being, was wrapped in swaddling clothing, whom everyone loved so much they wanted it to be that way forever - that quiet - little - way - that little way children are when they are wrapped in swaddling clothing - before they decide to play mutant ninja turtles in the ceiling with small nuclear weapons. like when you came home and the swaddled bundle you called, let's say - bobbi, which was used to fix a certain ease for future bathroom usage - but one day you come home and bobbi announces that bobbi no longer wants to be called bobbi, but bunny - and now, you have to buy brand new brand name things for bunny, which made the whole family quite sad, since the family always wanted to cast a pair of bronze shoes of bobbi's, that could have been made into a pair of candle stick holders or a pair of doorstops - but the thing is, it was too late for the pair of cast bronze shoes of bobbi, since bobbi became bunny and bunny didn't like to wear the things that were bobbi's because it made bunny feel too tall - that's what happened to pomagranite - one day we decided that our pomeranian needed a name - you know, something to reflect the image of a small dust ball with eyes, but before we named our pomeranian, already knowing what names do - we thought we would make a plaster cast of our pomeranian and make duplicates in cement and put them on our lawn - this seemed like the obvious thing to do since we loved our pomeranian so much - and when our pomeranian saw all those duplicates on the lawn - fifty on each side of our side walk which led to our house, all in symmetrical military order saluting the flag, our poor pomeranian just froze, froze right there and never moved again - so what could we do, but put wheels on our pomeranian's feet and call it 'pomagranite' - so any ways, I was walking with bobbi and my pomeranian 'pomagranite,' and we were all laughing about deuteronomy - and all of the sudden bobbi started laughing so hard at deuteronomy - which is as you know, is where lenny bruce got such a good sense of humor - and as we were laughing at the one about why did the bleeding one not cross the street, bobbi started laughing so hard, that all of the sudden bobbi looked at me as though a shark had just bit a piece of bobbi's leg off - and then bobbi looked at me and said - I was laughing so hard I pissed my pants - and feeling a little titillated, I wanted to say - this is where *the body becomes a public place* - and bobbi would have responded - *the human body is unsettling in its multiple forms of the grotesque and the ultimate possibilities of desirability* - and I would have said - *the body is proof of doing* - and bobbi would have said - I've always thought about what it would be like to allow *people to shit and piss and spit in my mouth* - and I would have responded - *the lily pisses in the vase* doesn't it? but instead we just took turns and rolled 'pomagranite' home - later that night we knew that what we had done had nothing to do with aphrodite and the sea and cronus' penis, but on the other hand, maybe it did, it depends on how you look at it, you know what I mean?

## 2.015.16

in their secret life my husband and wife never seem to wear the right color combination. the rest of the story is too close and I am afraid they'll see, so I am going to write in code.

first, you take beef tripe ... how much? about as much as you can hold with both hands .  
.. oh yes never buy it frozen - always fresh - always fresh. you know what's best? no tell me.  
well ... if you go directly to the slaughterhouse, anyone will do ... you usually can walk  
away with a fresh bucket of tripe. I personally like to wrap my vibrator in it ... the thing is  
you have to use it that day ... beef tripe doesn't have a long shelf life. o.k.? o.k.. I think I'll  
stick to carrots ... did I tell you about the time I discovered carrots? you want this recipe or  
not? o.k., o.k.? jesus christ you'd think this was the most important thing since guava jelly  
incest. whatever. o.k., so you gently hold the tripe under lukewarm water and clean it like  
you would your favorite pair of Victoria secret panties, or favorite cotton plaid boxers,  
rubbing it between you fingertips and feeling the amorphous quality of it ... yes sure  
whatever, like you would ever wear plaid cotton boxers. I'm talking generally ... you want  
to hear the rest of this or what? sure go ahead. then you drain it, I like to wipe out each  
curve with one hundred percent natural organic cotton ... oh yes, make sure you have an  
eight quart pot with boiling water going, then drop each section of your tripe gently in to  
the water and step back and watch it undulate ... it's really quite wonderful.

they're not looking ... so I've got to tell you, I don't know what to do, one of them is  
inevitably wearing orange cellophane while the other wears drab ever expanding  
horizontal stripes ... it's embarrassing to have my parents over for dinner, even though  
they're dead, still I have ...

quiet ... they're back.

after the tripe has cooked for a good three to four hours, skim the stuff off the top. stuff?  
yea, stuff, like when you're cooking beans ... that foaming stuff ... it's like the beans last  
fart before they die. o.k.. while that's cooking you make yourself a horde of tortillas... you  
do know how to make tortillas, don't you?

o.k., they've left again, they always travel as a pair, sort of like an amoeba that couldn't let  
go. yeah, but at least amoebas have some aesthetic sense about them ... sort of like cancer  
cells? yeah .. I knew this crazy doctor who loved the aesthetics of cancer cells so much  
there were enlarged photographs in every room, and every time I went over for dinner ...  
all the lights would be low and then this so-called doctor would start shining this red laser  
pointer on sections of these photos like they were pieces of art and this was some kind of  
art history lecture. yeah, I had an art history professor like that, and whenever it came to  
those greek vases, all we ever looked at were uncircumcised penises, highlighted with a red  
laser.

hot chili powder is what you add next ...

shit that was close, they were both looking over their shoulders, each one had their hand  
on my breasts.

how much chili? two heaping handfuls and when I say heaping handfuls I mean heaping. is that it? no . . . then the hominy, two, one pound cans . . . rinse, then add. let it cook for about a half hour.

it felt good, real good, but one had on a pastel pink polyester jumpsuit and the other had gold lamé . . . and you know I don't get turned on by gold lamé . . . polyester is fine, if it's snug enough to see every orifice breathe through it . . . but pastel pink . . . a jumpsuit, my grandmother used to wear clothes like that.

oh yeah, when you serve it, put out little bowls of fresh ground oregano, parsley, some sliced lemons and of course fresh tortillas. I am not sure jackson truly got it, not really, if he truly got it we wouldn't still have the same old colon and semicolon debates going on, like blood stains from a failed brain transplant you can just never wash out.

## 2.128.39

knock knock. who's there? I've learned never to answer doors even with my self diagnosis.

knock knock. who's there? none of this would illuminate the sickness that has involuntarily invaded my lungs, in the form of an edgar allen poe chain letter requesting me to send ten unmarked bills to those at the head of the line. what struck me, during those ungodly hours when I could no longer see what sex was available, was someone knocking.

knock knock. who's there? I ignored this persistence until I heard someone outside mumble something about the last supper's courtesy call on complicated issues. still, I wasn't about to answer the door for any mumbling horticulturist. I mean, you never know, it could be another one of those fluke mass murdering vampires with a high potential for self gratification. on the other hand, I suppose it could be a kinder percy shelley, door-to-door seller of replacement hoses, or those scrubbing bubbles that once they invaded the anal cavity, smiling at each other, talking of *self recovery*, *self recognition*, *self mastery*, *self resemblance*, *outside of the self and inside the self*, would cause my sphincter to groan in a sudden outcry of anticipation.

but even with the possible dialectic that rummaged through my body, I did not feel like taking my hands from a position par excellence just to answer the door for a mumbling something or other. it seemed that someone who was someone else made the mistake that can be made at any house where they're six occupants and only two bedrooms. I make it all the time - I walk up to someone who I think is someone and start talking like they're someone, it usually takes a minute or two to realize they are not real . . . but I never . . . I repeat . . . I never talk to someone wearing cheap clothes from sears with a mail order side arm, here to rescue society from the dust that lingers in the floor boards. and I certainly would not let them in, but that's me, I have my standards you know. and as with any forced entry by the authorities they always bring along those spare parts, common place engines that control the hysteria. you see them everywhere as attachments to public monuments, stop light replacements, those hobgoblins in blue polyester with the brownish stains under

arms from chewin' to much tabagi. they were there, raining down fun house adventures with side arms, machetes, uzzis, cannons and laser guided missiles. all one hundred of them storming my bedroom like it was san juan hill, which was nothing more than a side screened-in porch, covered in plastic to keep the rain out. they were all there, one hundred misplaced booby hatches led by a slightly modern but still noir toned elliot ness searching like a hound dog for unlisted submarines.

the fun house gang threw me on the my couch, my davenport, my place where I go to watch my pet mouse swing to the musical hits of the 70's, 80's and beyond. with a combination of flesh intimidation and interrogation surround-a-sound all asking at the same time if I would play the harlot with the prettiest hair. and as I was about to perform a sharp shooters question of annihilation, came straight at me with an assassin's precision asking -

why had the amerikan flag been used as a urine strainer? why? why? why?

I knew if I said anything my autopsy would take place right there in front of my mouse, with a parade of blue suited facsimiles performing surgical explorations on my body, as they were doing to my floor boards, searching for conspiracy theories wrapped in small used baggies.

in the process of removing the floor board these fictional characters released a community of roaches that I was trying to keep under lock and key. roaches of all sizes and religions, roaches the size of rats, roaches that have bred with rats, roaches that thought john adams was still president, roaches that took sides, some pretended to be blue suited storm troopers parachuting in behind enemy lines, while others donned fedoras and paraded around in a line behind this faux misprint of elliot ness. it was all very amusing, until I was struck across the face with the butt of a gun and told in no uncertain terms - we're taking you to the station on a suspicion drive.

not having any clothes on they offered the brilliant suggestion to get dressed. I chose a blue sequin gown and my queen elizabeth tiara. I almost walked out like that until some lard mollusk with a ak-47 said -

you going as a tramp or you going to wear shoes?

I immediately put on my red cowpoke boots with the silver tips and gold heels - they where my favorites for climbing on top of private dicks and shouting -

get-along -little cow poke - get a long.

as I approached the squad car I noticed it was a 1959 pink thunderbird with a seat mounted on the back. I didn't realize it at first but I was to be a part of a parade. the fifth column was there, along with all the living presidents, including ronald regan who was wearing a bib from red lobster. and there I was at the head of the parade, waving my miss everything to everyone, catching winks and overt exposures from part time pork producers. oh yea, they gave me a hedge hog to hold in my lap, that kept speaking something about the generalities, at least that's what they told me after taking me out of their trunk and removing my nipple clips.

once inside I realized this was a dream come true. when they took the usual daguerreotype, I hoped I would be discovered and star in a disney animation version of "this is it christ."

after the head shots were done they took me to a shadow room with a stack of rubber gloves and a fifty-five gallon barrel of vaseline, told me to strip and bend over. I suggested the gown be pressed and dry cleaned before morning. then this marsupial with hairy knuckles, drove the titanic to its depths, bulldozing its way through my real-estate, circumnavigating my small and large intestines and coming up for air in my esophagus.

immediately after I was given a physical exam I was invited into a mass holding cell designed for sixty, now a sprawling city of ten thousand human functions that permeated the air with its oily fermentation, subdivided into a layered bouquet of the many human aromas, fecal matter that hovered just above the urine plane with its pungent reminder of asphyxiation. between the urine arena and the sweat gland theater was a thin layer of sperm with its unmistakable salty abduction process lingering on a dangling participle. undefined but floating throughout all the layers was the evangelistic aroma of menses flowing in the wind and on the earth.

I plotted my way through the slaughter to my assigned mat beneath a four tiered bunk. each tier was personalized with cut-out images of icons to reinstate identity. on the bunk right above me were images of holocaust bodies and etched in the cement, in 72 point courier was "the south will rise again." I immediately grabbed some magazines, not so much to reinstate my identity but to counter the effects above my head. first, I put up marcel duchamp's nude descending a stair case, it always seemed to attribute to everything, everything right there until I came across an ad for labia lip enhancers. I knew any nude descending a staircase at that speed must have had their lips enhanced. I didn't see any other words so I put up the words, 'Collagen injection' and wrote the definition on a separate piece of paper. I licked the back of the paper and put it next to the others.

turning to my opponent's bunk I noticed eyes emerging from obscurity staring at my crotch . . . to divert attention I asked

how does one get into one of many games being played?

my motivation was not chit-chat, but to switch attention away from casual sex. this individual reminded me too much of a dead salamander that had died three days ago and was left out to dry. and the truth is, it never appealed to me to have sex with something that was dried out.

all you have to do is buy your way in with matches or cigs, or you could just come over here and I'll show you dante's hell in a hand basket.

oh . . . maybe later, I want to play a few tables first, see what my win/lose ratio is . . . but later, if you have some of that cream corn left from lunch.

you promise?

with my heart and soul on your crotch.

really the thought of my heart exposed to that alien mold spore made me want to cut my own tongue out, but I had no matches and no cigs. I needed one more favor, one more item that would cost me, which I suppose would be o.k. as long as I had the creamed corn.

so where does one get matches and cigs?

oh, you can get that from cadillac.

where?

over there in the corner beyond the pulsating nebula.

after pushing my way through the crowds, paying crossing fees of a kiss here and a body



temperature check there, I made it to what seemed like guppies swimming around and towards this huge body in the background. it was a sea of sweat and cream corn, all attempting to offer services to cadillac. and there in the middle of it all sat this multi-breasted multi-cocked monstrosity being sucked on by an earlier version of evolution. I could see that to join in I would have to jump into this undulating ooze and return to my primeval state, but I just stood there and stared as if seeing kali for the first time on a blind date.

and then cadillac looked at me, smiled, and raised one arm -  
child . . . come, sit by me.

just then cadillac pulled a breast out that had obviously been hidden and nodded a self conscious nipple.

it's yours my child, come and sit by me, let me feed you . . .

that's not what really happened, I was put in a four-by-four cell in the desert with enough water for a day. I died three days later.

### 1.375.20

#### insanity ropes a new pony

I couldn't sleep last night or the other night, I'm not sure, it could be the antidepressants I take so I don't kill myself, which aren't really working, it just couches the depression in a thick iron sauce of speed and teeth grinding. it's made my suicide fantasies less dramatic, where as before I might have thought of jumping off a fifty-five story building with a fifty-four and half story length of rope, or burying myself in a block of quick dry cement leaving only my arms sticking out. now, I just think about taking pills or running into on coming traffic. "whatever it takes" is my motto - now . . . it used to be . . . "o.k., if I'm going to do this, I might as well make it art, or what's the point . . . right?"

that, coupled with the fact that it was my first day teaching a new class. newness always makes me sort-of . . . jumpy; I start glancing at things sideways and counting the objects in my pants, more than the usual ten or fifteen times. I had designed a ten page syllabus complete with directions, criteria, expected outcome, how outcome could be measured. I had everything tied down. I had a bibliography, further readings, web sights, zines, personal phone numbers of poets, down to what type of pen to use. one of the reasons I made a syllabus without an escape hatch, was I knew these students would try to shoot their jizm through the holes and do nothing, and still, expect an A+. this - time - I - was - sure - I - had - them. that's the way junior colleges are, run by a bunch of lackeys teaching "who cares." well, I really did care. these were human beings paying a fee, trying to expand their minds. the only thing was, expansion for them was switching from frozen peas to fresh peas . . . oh shit, what a leap . . . right? I'd probably have to show them how to cook the stupid things. I knew that most of these students really wanted to learn the possibility of poetry, instead of writing the crap they have been writing . . . "my daughter is the sweetest thing / my daughter gave me a kiss / my daughter is my queen of hearts." crap . . . crap . . . nothing but a nonprime time morphine drip you find on children's television shows. really, do people think nothing happened yesterday and that today is the beginning of the rest of their life, and the social revolution of the proletariat had nothing to do with

their lousy life having certain freedoms? they probably believe we got rid of taxation without representation.

it's the same with art classes, you know . . . someone comes in, and does a bad looking henry moore, (which is not saying much since most of henry moore's art looks like large smooth shits) they come in and say . . . look . . . I've worked the last six months on this piece of marble, what do you think? looking like all they want is a present for their birthday or a fresh bunny rabbit with approval stamped on its head . . . oh . . . it's . . . nice . . . have you ever looked at henry moore ?

who?

as my anti-depression medication kicks in around 3 a.m., my mind creates the perfect syllabus, turning each letter of each syllable over and over, two or three times, letter by letter, slowly arranging them in my head on an invisible desk, in an invisible room, syllable by syllable, letter by letter. I know it's not mine. everything in my dreams always belongs to someone else, but I still wanted it perfect. I truly wanted to give those student some insight into language and an opportunity to have fun. besides, I hand picked most of the students.

you see the way it's set up is anyone can enter some junior college, somewhere, at sometime. either the student signs on the dotted line or the parents signs for a child who is probably lost with will robinson . . . danger danger . . . will robinson . . . danger. the problem is some parents have no clue about their child, since the child has become a proxy for the parents' fetish fantasies. a lot of parents think just because their child is mainstreamed, they got the job, so they sit in the dirty little pool of pride watching their child stumble up to the podium to receive their diploma, (what they didn't know was, all the child had to do to receive their diploma was not shit in their pants in the last few days of class), drooling and spasmodically screeching out on the way to the podium, the child screams . . . fucker you fucking bitch cock sucking bastard faggot whore . . . it could be they're not quite ready to be a first string player in the big game, but still some parents, in their need to have anything work in their life, send these poor drooling blobs to junior college, where for some, just figuring out how to use the elevator may take them days.

I do, I do, I do care about them. . . really . . . listen . . . I was threatened with special education myself. I was escorted by the principal, the psychologist, my parents and a force of security guards to a separate building, surrounded by a tall electric fence, with plastic fungus green strips woven in and out of it, so no one could see in or out of it . . . and no one, could escape. when the entourage was let in by the sentry at the guard post all I could see was a two story brick building with tiny portals, with bars in them. the building was surrounded by a surface of sharp pumice rocks the size of fists. thirty feet between the fence and the building, were leftovers from volcanic eruptions . . . it seemed appropriate. the building screamed entombment torture memorabilia. at first I didn't know what the pumice rocks were for, until I saw a gym teacher standing there smoking a cigarette, forcing these deformed entities to run around the building until they fell down, leaving huge gashes in their legs, arms and faces . . . pelé strikes back.

once inside, I was aware of a living nightmare, bodies with heads so big that every time they tried to lift them in those enlarged baby chairs they would fall over again . . . help, I've fallen and I can't get up. some of the bodies were tied down with ropes, others had seat belts on their chairs (I guess that was in case they crashed into each other). all I

remember was the stench of urine and vomit stuck deep into the recesses of my nostrils, so deep, I dug at it for days . . . every chance I had, I got in there, digging with a metal screwdriver until it started to bleed . . . nothing came out, other than a few calories.

but sending individuals that still drool to a junior college just because anyone can enter seems like unusual punishment, or at least a test of my humanity -

can you do this calculus?

is this calculus?

what the fuck are you doing in my class, if you don't even know what the fuck class you're in . . . now if you could turn to page twenty-three of your workbook, I will try to help you. do you know they offer tutors, guide dogs, bulletproof vests and, if you have the money, you could get someone to take the course for you?

but this is a junior college, and disposable income is not something that grows in the land of single parents and those who have been displaced by bigger and better living, for the bigger better paid, pushing all foreigners and those with skin color slightly darker than white bread off to the far reaches of the universe just to find affordable housing, where they put the lackeys and the bad high schools, where the students pass because they breathe, and parents expect their children to get Ph.D.'s, work at 7-11's, or become the first retard to run for president.

I don't know what it was, the injustice of the world, planning some simple suicide plot for myself with a sort of beckett rambling line . . . I am going to do it . . . I am going do it . . . do it . . . I am going to do it . . . do it when . . . do it when . . . when are you going to do it . . . when I do it . . . are you planning on doing it soon . . . soon . . . how soon . . . soon . . . how soon . . . real soon.

or it could have been that every time I was about to fall asleep or came close, the attendant was saying this is your airship, and we are cruising at thirty seven thousand miles, at an air speed of twenty two hundred knots. I was caught in my own fantasy land, which really had no distinction from this world, or any other world, the only difference was in this world the clocks keep relatively perfect time, and little fat pinkish green pigs ran around me on their hind legs, snorting and shouting about the fair trade tariffs and who is really president . . . they kept running up to me stabbing me, with their sharpened hooves. I was swaying back and forth between the pigs and my complimentary peanuts and coffee, when from the edge of the teetering precipice came robert blake . . . a bad short actor who always played a nazi fascist sadistic napoleonic motor cycle cop with a grudge in a bad movie, "electric glide blue," kept coming into my dreams . . . night after night, it was always the same thing . . . just as I was about to fall asleep, this ugly face with vaseline colored hair would jump right in my eyes. I could smell the sweat of someone who had been in the same dream for years, breathing on my face with dead meat breath, screaming at me, always screaming at me, and the director kept saying . . . we will do it again . . . bob, until you get it right, bob . . . you understand, bob . . . take ten million five hundred fifty two thousand . . . all quiet . . . action . . . bob magically reappeared the ten millionth five hundred fifty two thousandths and one time with a menacing psycho killer smile . . . I'm going to kill you, I'm going to kill you, I'll be watching you when you're not looking . . . I am going to tear you limb from limb . . . I'm going to kill you . . . I'm going to get you . . . .

## 2.

I woke looking around the room and under the bed to make sure both bob and the pigs were gone, pushed the cats off the bed . . . I like my cats, but after a night of fighting bob and the pigs, I do not need other stupid animals coming to me asking to be fed or when the newspaper is coming. usually, I lay in the tub and take a forty five minute bath . . . it's a sort of rebirthing process I go through each day before I face what's on the other side of the door. I keep hoping one day, I will wake from this dream and it will have all - just - vanished . . . turned into the land-o'-oz . . . of gingham and lace, where gender is extinct . . . but I know by the sound of the 5:10 bus, the social order is still firmly in place and the pigs are just around the corner.

after I am reborn, I'll try to read or write in a quiet place where the pigs can't get in and the cats send letters. it's really just too much . . . I truly can't face the world until I have slowly entered. I don't know if it's just me or not, but I can't come from ten thousand leagues under the sea to the present . . . I can barely come to the present at all . . . I mean what's the big deal . . . I get up, go to work . . . you get up and go to work . . . you drink some coffee . . . I drink some coffee . . . we both make some money . . . is it noon yet? . . . are we there yet? . . . I want to shoot someone . . . you go to lunch . . . have diet salad since the style now is skinny . . . I drink some more coffee, and then drive for an hour just to get home, thinking about the money I made, so I can buy things to break the boredom of this day-in and day-out shit . . . one minute to quitting . . . fifty-eight-seconds-to-quitting . . . fifty-seven seconds-to-eleven to quitting . . . maybe on the way home I could by a new CD, or a CD burner, or a mini CD, or a CD for my CD, or CD earrings.

## 3.

I had to take the directions I received in my dream on the syllabus stuff, that wasn't mine, but it looked just like the one I had done, and made all the corrections on . . . I also had to make the corrections my editor made . . . who's not my editor, who is my partner, I say my editor because it sounds cool . . . I have an editor . . . this editor, though, is the one who occasionally fucks me and the one who corrects my writing, since I am relatively incapable of writing a coherent sentence, since I am way over-the-counter dyslexic . . . not knowing the difference between where and were, and it has taken me forty some years to be able to occasionally spot the difference between; their and there and they're . . . and they have me teaching basic grammar at the junior college . . . lackeys all of them . . . of course most of the students who take basic grammar from me, can't speak a speck of english . . . I can't write it, so I guess we're pretty much in the same lot of discourageables, as far as the state testers and major colleges go.

after getting all the corrections on my syllabus done (that my editor who fucks me gave me) and the corrections on the syllabus in my dream, that wasn't my syllabus, but it was my dream . . . I had to assemble reading materials, since most bookstores at most junior colleges are incapable of handling anything that hasn't been on the reading list for the last fifty years. I assemble three suitcases of books, and copy a page or so from each book,

creating an illegal copied book for the students, so they get some of their tuition money back in copies.

I could have told my students -

hey . . . listen . . . I want you to go get these books by friday.

but if I said that, I would never see them again, they would have to spend the whole semester traveling from here to the kansas outback to find a store that was run like a supermarket, with supermarket prices for peas and books. it was just as easy for me to spend half a day using the one copy machine that is there for all the faculty to use . . . you see I'm trying to do something for these students, who for all I know, the biggest thing in their lives is switching from marlboro to camel lights?

just before class I had enough time to get a bagel at the college café . . . that is really nothing more than rolled bread with a crust on it, it's definitely not a bagel . . . (maybe, it's one of those new inventions like the crescent rolls, by pillsbury, that are more like soda biscuits, than croissants) the cream cheese is as real as cream cheese can be, laced with milk byproducts and red dye number 12, 13 and 27, all to make it white . . . it was either something fake or something that screamed when I ate it. all I knew was at any moment I would be facing a classroom of drooling infantile adults, that thought literature was those books they buy at the check out counter at the local buy-by-the-ton and we-sell-it-for-less. you'll always find those stores in the suburbs. downtown you find individually wrapped, never touched by human hands, packed by doves, held in place with organic grape leaves. I don't know . . . am I the only one that notices the difference?

my classes seems to always begin with -  
is this poetry class?

yes, this is poetry class

do we have to have any materials today?

yes, you should, it would be helpful since this is a class and your here to learn . . . then again, you might be interested in the instructions, so you can pass the course, how about that . . . wouldn't that be amazing, that you actually know the rules and don't come to me half way though the class and go . . . oh . . . I'm going to miss that last five weeks, will that affect my grade? . . . will it affect the money you spent? will anything affect you, or does living in this subterranean world make you think life never changes and you can grow up, never to leave home . . . get married have children . . . send your children to school . . . have them drool and then hope they can come to school and leave five weeks early . . . fine . . . no really, whatever you think, out here in the nether world, I don't care . . . you want to go and sniff a gas tank? that's fine with me, but you'll never catch me living where I cannot tell the difference between the scene in deliverance where the retarded kid is playing the banjo on the porch and driving down sleeping beauty lane. sure it's fine, take as much time as you need . . . take the whole semester off . . . I don't care . . . you paid, you deserve an "A".

is this poetry?

yes . . . this . . . is . . . poetry!

do you want to see my child's poems?

no, maybe later.

no look, they're so cute.

no later, you see I don't give a damn about your child or children or what you do at home ... all I want you to do is the assignment?

for the first class, I thought I would do an exercise where ... o.k. there's no way I will hear ... "my daughter is the sweetest thing / my daughter gave me a kiss / my daughter is my queen" ... instead I heard ... "my daughter is the sweetest / my daughter is kiss / my daughter my princesses" ... ok ... so it wasn't fool proof ... since some fool found their way through the maze without string or leaving a trail of bread crumbs.

o.k. children we are going to do an exquisite corpse now ... I'm going to shoot one of you and the rest will play dead until the end of the semester. then you fold the paper and pass it to your left

this way?

is that your left?

is this poetry class ?

I'm sure that one hasn't gotten off frozen peas yet ... it goes around ... some could only write one word since it took them twenty minutes to write one letter ... that's fine, take your time ... no rush ... I am not going to be like some professor at one of the big ten universities in the middle of wisconsin where I took my first writing class, who said ... you ever read a book? where did that come from ... in front of a class of two hundred and twenty? yes ... that's right, take your time ... that professor's on my list, next one in line. I wanted to say, what are you doing taking a poetry class when you can't write? on the other hand there's always those artists with no hands, no legs, no mother, that paint pretty pictures with two bushes stuck up their nose ... can you see the bird? this is prime time live friday evening ... this is the breaking world news ... just in ... stop the presses ... hold your bladder ... artist with no hands, no legs, no mother, paints pretty pictures with two bushes stuck up their nose ... can you see the bird? just write and try to get close to the word ... close is good enough out here ... photo copies are better than no books and a library with a typewriter is better than a library with only short chewed-on testing pencils, is better than a town called gay, georgia, with its gay post office ... I could never get a gay post office ... what did they do with the mail ... now, a gay 5 and 10 store, well ... that makes perfect sense.

I continued to play a cross dressed mr. rogers and nurse ratchet after joining the nazi party.

just pass the body around and when you've finished writing on it, pass it on ... I thought o.k. I will participate and be a part of the gang ... join the club ... not place my self above the rest ... look at my classist issues ... count to ten and come out screaming ... o.k. you should end up with the sheet you started with ... I opened mine and near the bottom written in nearly legible script was something that referred to me as a he/she ... referring to me ... as a he/she ... here I am trying destroy their reality, and they insist on assisting me in joining the two party system ... is that all that exists for them? mommies and daddies getting together to fuck to make babies, to fuck some more and make more babies ... have they ever had fresh peas?... are they all related to robert blake? ... do they own pigs? ... are they trying to make it easier for me to decide who to kill on my lunch break?

## BELLADONNA\* CATALOG

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