Heads Up
Fever Pile

by
Karen Weiser
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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.
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belladonna* catalog

2000
1. Mary Burger, Editing Belief [00]
2. Camille Roy, Dream Girls [00]
3. Cecilia Vicuna, Bloodskirt, trans. Rosa Alcalá [00]
4. Fanny Howe, parts from Indivisible
5. Eleni Sikelianos, from The Book of Jon
6. Laura Mulkin, Translation Series [00]
7. Beth Murray, 12 Harrows [00]
8. Mei-mei Benssenbrugge, Audience [00]
9. Laura Wright, Everything Automatic [00]
21. Deborah Richards, Put A Feather In It
22. Norma Cole, BURNS
23. Jocelyn Saindenberg, Dusky
24. Gill Scott, Bottoms Up [00]
25. Carla Harryman, DIMBLUE and Why Yell
26. Anne Waldman, THINGS SEEN/UNSEEN
27. Ian Edwards, a diary of lies [00]
28. Bhairu Kapil, Rider, From The Wolf Girls of Midnight [00]
29. Rosmarie Waldrop, Trace Histories [00]
30. Tina Darragh, from rule of dumb
31. Chris Tysch, Mother, I
32. Jennifer Moxley, The Occasion
33. Zheng Er, Cross River... Pick Lotus
34. Tonya Foster, A Swarm Of Bees In High Court
35. Lauren Gudath, Animal & Robot
36. Alice Notley, IPHIGENIA

2004
53. Joanna Fuhrman, Belladonna* Maraine
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. 2)
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

2001
10. Lisa Jarrott, Nine Snaps [00]
11. Kathleen Fraser, Soft Pages
12. Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Draft 43: Gap
13. Nicole Brossard, Le Coup de Lee Miller/ The Neck of Lee Miller [00]
15. Adeena K七大, The Angel Fugues VII-VIII [00]
16. Aja Coughous Duncan, Confounded: Sight
17. Lila Zemborain, PAPAR [00]
18. Cheryl Pallant, Spontaneities
19. Lynne Tillman, chapters from Weird Fucks and "Dead Talk" [00]
20. Abigail Child, Artificial Memory—vol 1 & vol 2 (56 set) [00]

2003
37. Caitlin Mcdonnell, 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
47. Anne Tardos, A Noisy 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 Revising of the Preamble
52. Susan Briante, Neotropics: A Romance in Field Notes.

2005
67. Eileen Tabios, THE ESTRUS GAZE(S)
68. Susan Howe, 118 Wasterly Terrace
69. Corina Copp, Play Air
70. Lyn Hejinian, Lola
71. Mercedes Roffe, Theory of Colors
72. hassan, Salem
73. Mónica De la Torre, Doubles: An Excerpt
74. Erin Moure, Befallen I
75. Lisa Robertson, First Spontaneous Horizontal Restaurants
76. Martine Bellen, NYC Stories / Lessons of the Microscopist
77. Karen Weiser, Heads Up Fever Pile

Paraphlets published in conjunction with the Belladonna* reading series and are 6 to 20 pages. Books are $4 ea.; $6 signed editions; add 50¢ postage per item. Checks payable to Rachel LeVitsky.
The Morgue Would Speak French

The hallway is a perspective trick
deecomposing in color, banked formaldehyde stare:
Hospital plant. Turn right to enter honeycomb
space overlooking bridges lit with flickering
pin-up stars. Brooklyn expanse sees you looking—
building face—Navy Yard beauty at night.
The morgue would speak French but its accent is green
metallie first consciousness, artificial music.
Blocked by the Barge

a departing shape the year turns
counterpoint a name clock a narrative
the sea and my brain give up
an identifying mark every year
slipping into anonymity from forms
recognizable to the self misplaced
scale of person-slash-building-slash-ocean
pressing through the Miss Ellis Island
and the Coast Guard machine guns
navigate a rough slipped surface
drop a plumb line, see corresponding
gravities settle downward
blimp in the sky moves out of sight
juggled by a distant volume

Peony Monument

my eyes a store of violent resources
a film over vision
inside your dark vehicle

  piled red mist
  manifold surface meadows
  in secret: little brisk
  and tumbling
  legs give way

between meals squeamish
bench-like seeing

my weight fall through
  a perfectly natural defense
  covered over with sky
3.14.04

four deaf women
  silently
  leak music

two weeks frame
  fake brick
  fumbling stutter

days
  inarticulate, autopsied
  no radio

read: empty
  label me
  uncontoured interior

photo flash
  lit shift
  again up close

or pulled back
  infinite
  aerially becoming

Most of All, the Roundness of Planetary Dimensions

Most of all, the roundness of planetary dimensions
under largesse duress
presence in the open causeway of sky

standing on the page on the mountain kitchen countertop
metal duet-way
heft
  in the thru-space—grass
  held up or under by fragile wires

red balloons mark
  decadence in purple
  fat loops suspend
  ghost skyline pathway
“Clack” the Summer Parallel’s

feathered shape
egg elicite
panopticon assembly

mist-ridden blue
family compartment
split the risk

where there are notes
eye frame box
cloudy edges lit

we the peeps
legendary idleness
instrument
Brooklyn-bound mouths
spill
pious eye glances

igloo-domed
dreams dwindle
colorfully thread

between the day's punchbox
meter. Spun round
a later spell

stuffed-over sweet
the couch tilts
intentions

sandwiching days between
corrupt un-placeable increments
clock with no arms

Heads Up Fever Pile

Afterimage horizon stretch
word yourself steps
heat up the windsock

flap and wax by the runway
vocabulary lapse
into button clutch

Prepared tree still
numbered in structured pauses
fallen mass
panic ticket
The Sad Small Beauty of an Aerial View

Street runs its lines
   folds, unfolds in creases
   lisp little scripts
   permanently banner-like

float by as liquid
   crumbling under touch
   a motor-sore well of shadows
   compressed and spent

O gunpowder-forming mass
   hide your exhibition
   hot sheets of wings
   fall so accordion night

various water
   soluble miracles
   parade like fireflies
   picture zipper-up

2.7.04

midnight is aquarium pretty
   spared details asleep
   propped-up city skin

moving skims wonder
   oracular tinkering with space
   walking bird

feverish body compromise
   veneer thin sideways
   through shoulders

familiar turn on sidewalk
   island image condenses
   cold metal gate
common man

blue jays are starry
  bullets of morning-glory
  little weights keep pace

hunker down in vectors
  blue forest room
    latched brain-tree

hope of clear eyeballing
  boundless country sprawl
    heavy sky patchwork

look landmarks of misdirection!
  look crowd of prophets
    lighting the fence

Still Life with Typewriter and Speeded-Up Snow

Slow sex expose
  the personal economy
    balance on your hind legs
bubble terrain

to grasp the moneybag
  dupe
    calm closed and flat
gray heap of human levels
one light
  its eye-duplicate
    blurry with graspability
ashen round win
Opened by force
  a small medical object
    an ordinary body miracle
      slow moving taxi

well rested among objects
  like a sudden awareness of your face
    I am not at home within
      the fog of waiting

5th Avenue houses
  a sleep with string
    interior sounds casual

on another planet's
  fine serialized sand
    the elevators move

A stutter fades
  shelved note
    light tipped in my pocket

tunneling to Virginia
  secret terminal recipe
    all parts waiting

a metaphor for soup
  who is there
    making it make itself

into tradition a song
  hanging from above
    printed like money

a city-wide parallel conspiracy
  aligned and abundant, wordless
    stents for city-flux
      rocket science as we hold the door