from
INSTANT
CLASSIC

by erica kaufman

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Belladonna* is an event and publication 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.

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the difference between tv
preachers and the fanatic’s
empathy fully planned fully

prepared to play
hopeful and grab the snake
by the entrails, offer up

a macro view
of creation, beyond
dreams of avarice

beyond networking on
the laundry room floor.

“And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak
what may help the further discussing of matters in agitation”

(Areopagitica by John Milton)

“I leave you to choose whether a factory is nicer or more liberating
than a theater.”

(Revolt, She Said by Julia Kristeva)

for Simone White
I GOTTA COUPON

for mom and D.B.

don’t worry, you’ll realize
it's monotheism
that causes all problems—

the expletives in mainstream
parchment. a marriage
between blood, agriculture

and the key to the armoire
already constitutes informed
consent. the strategy

du jour for functioning
outlet sales, elbowing
as code for morality

code for email-driven civic
passion or the mass
in my neck as indicator

of benign neglect. too
profound to be bitter.
too neurotic in the face

of regular experience,
a common test
for the intangible

exodus, for the devouring
that takes place
when no one knows
than just shacking up with liberatory ideology the larvae that fucks everything i’m not sure i want to be transparent anymore a new species that doesn’t hold a model of my story doesn’t write *epic fail* on my hypothetical *strive to be beautiful* new department installed the first time i thought about that word seriously couldn’t look beyond my own palate

### III.

in this narrative i market myself as “generally happy” and carry a pill box that stays the same. we are all elements of epic sometimes like the antique who really belongs to the man that lives here and cries and channels machines like i count outlets cross diamonds raise glasses every five hours. this is the way to get around that academic stage, where there is no chance to rehearse plenary or to assume we’ll get to a movie and find an usher or another person writing this form thriving requires more than just survival.

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**INSTANT CLASSIC: transition, a formality**

there is nothing unique or historical about a traffic jam there is nothing quite like forced conversation in real life we don’t talk long without interrupting that is nothing unique historical conglomerate how you monetize the library shelve tiny acts of protest alongside anemic conversation dolly back to mayor *at the movies* type error choreograph campaign placards emblazoned with nothing unique nothing hysterical because we don’t apologize anymore at least not in public the new epistemic shift to lifelong bachelor forced conversation in megalodialectic sing forgive the accuser forgive the sponsor quiet like a record of conversation where nothing is historical
INSTANT CLASSIC: a crown

the ordering of syndromes the recital bias
the meta-context the economic colloquy
the coffee cup the mouse my fantasy of tea
drinking then riding donkeys the pretense
collage because what stains always hold
immense meaning and only the parotid
oblige a new way of talking about the heart
known as greed and i say let’s plant
vegetable garden aesthetics in the shunt
of every front lawn a blue ocean opportunity
pocket sundial corporate sage rotation
repeat we imagine corset structures speech
perception discriminative like drawings of
luxury a model exercise in boning to stay place

say place a model luxury a boning exercise
an acknowledgement of the difference
between naked and nude self-irrelevant
or the text that i have when i go home
and resurrect the pigeon that shits
in cleavage the bared breast a symbol
of wean necessary superfluous a past
around my neck to show the conductor
who i want medical discourse tightlacing
workhorse we facilitate tourism pretend
we don’t travel alone the epic split
between action and contemplation a body
art ally half expecting a discussion of
striptease only breathe the top my lung

and so we breathe striptease lung top only
remind us to act as good men do back

INSTANT CLASSIC (homo)retro

I.
how many times can we be clandestine
repeat clandestine repeat the open marriage
agenda penetration and think about all
the switch-boards human, agile, an interpretation
of the sherpa we all hold inside the masculine
voice can only summarize foreign films
and other moments where heterosexist
observation slows down as if it is visibility
that’s portent the privilege of virility
a register of upper class escapism anti-
binary dancing and so i say—

“my physical gifts are no use”
economic military mimicry where city
state just another body’s network device
deep like religion and money and back
when i was your aim and dialed into it

and you remind me of a horse a self-maintained
costumer whose pants are what does
all the work the fluff of the loss war excess
out of excess out of excess out of air
take wristband take nails take parameter

II.
let’s say i can visualize my own film
build a public garden out of body
language index the utterance devoid
of spokespersons who use faggot
for affirmative because it is more
like a consultant an ear trumpet
at last romanticize the root that snows

shows intubation cross country
lung collapse some semblance of what

i used to be before i got all third
generation medi-can’t mobile in all

the right papers authentic a constitution
age or a meatloaf between the tears

there is nothing wrong

with looking in the mirror a tendency
for the simulator to work badly

i have to do my career

to have a total gustatory experience
to be eligible for deductions

to admit the reception purposefully
bad because you know, she says,

you know we don’t matter and
i leave this place always taped

in hand handcuffs on metallic stud
bikini petro-glad this elevator

used to be broken, thanks
i’m gonna clothes on green

it’s always got to be about pattern
to the wilderness trope only this time
bring a hatchet a geographic whose regular
elated but still standing her face a shrine
to the resurgence of guardianship refined
missing teeth successful detached
figuratively a great day in the forest
center my chaos desire polynomic
self-similar metafunctional piggybank
allegory for we are going backwards and
i have no place to talk amidst all this ideal
geometry collective tell me though risky
fool escort in the middle this plural night

escort this plural night of middling
what does it mean to no longer cry
in testimony a public obsessed but this
is not a tragic story not another situation
i want to read but can’t arborescently
listening to programs of limbs extending
from windows their veins my athletic
periphery a work in progress a caricature
of daily bread the work i transcribe
a whole regime of roving of putting down
the hearing aid proficiently demonic a city
kid severely upholstered to prevent
something ugly instead we live in
uneven floors gallery walk casebook divorce

casebook divorce gallery walk uneven floors
turn your head loose in the library
where i tell myself stories about vikings
the importance of audio pirates bathtubs
declawed people love constraint some
partial to laboratory ideal qualities of down-
time the permission never to use words
like “limbo” “balance” “vanity”
all talismanic invitations for signage
protection in the form of bras and panties
ascent out of the fashioned “she” a new
balance between raffle tickets and propaganda
between the tip of a cliff and the face
gracious dictatorial not in compliance

gracious when compliant dictatorial not
typical create a plaza with a fountain confuse
oil on birds with big media breech lethargie
we all know this is not history we all know
a pelican serves as signpost argue success
in closure monetized abject as point of view
my imaginary safety net democratic romanticized
at best a balcony scene comparted because i can
now use cliff deploy my own persona(e)
as the circled word i am up here she is
speaking about the lament we all pass
the revision of tonsils as markers a logo-thetical
bridge between audience and dead heroic
there are lizards her menagerie we ride them

in this menagerie there are lizards so i ride again
draw a boundary line across arguments for similarity
a conditional like “she is also called a throat”
or “this doesn’t look good in address” afraid
of bodies utter hip to a code to the code
i can now throw overboard husk reticence need
no images no longer need to evoke “she”
one less arrow in the quiver weakening and by that
the self-censor the blank android the t-shirt
i used to want to wear too much and only say
“What’s chosen constrains me” in deep intent

INSTANT CLASSIC: TYPOS/SLIPS

i don’t believe in criminal justice

i know she only jumps when she can
play the martyr card, wear all black,
and run from the economic humiliation
of walking into a room with swollen

lips scored by the root of the tooth
that falls out i can’t get a password

past-poor of import i never turn

on my ringer gyrate grate the waste
remember the instructions

are the test the best logic
of impounding details de-rail to repeat

precisely you must do more

than just observe dentures in action
enjoyably aphasic i know the time

will come and i will pick the bus
harness the pirate remember it is only

arthritis in the eye only the same
tissue as the knee suburbanized

old-mobile if the word strategies
is spelled correctly use the term
over i am the one who only who always sees
the gorilla inside a circle an epic example
of why speech no longer fleets but feeds
on all that distribution training i get
the mountain global recreation is not
a pursuit but the claiming my gravatar

now claim this pursuit endorse my body
gravitate towards a model of luxury plural
not silent throne monger stage robot mime
precious because these x-rays were my uniform
now a window open a lizard walks alone
i am not sacrificial here her garden envy mounting
counterfeit repentance blackout screenings skylight
circa the bindings the binges the proximal node
code for the i is a woman who finds comfort
in logistics knows we’ll all be famous in some
windshield these stories regenerate shift happens
when i get affidavit split rinse explain as if i could
how our illness presents me a parasol in one hand
ordering of syndromes bias meta map the other

robot voice florid like “this is the peacock
and her undoing” a distraction can’t be
depicted on stage ectopic the feather’s pulse

originally she imagines a department store awake
congruent to this concept of journey water-related
retail open as the form a crown a framework
for landscape where she pulls herself into the ark
returns a litany of hands a rubric to gauge
familial styles of man both barber and fighter
gouge the suitcase and find the real question
that begins “maybe if i take enough photos”
interrupted as inadequate because we are sharks
to each other and she’s a shark again but
there’s no room for animals now this narrative
she can’t speak and so falls a lapse into
accessible gesture drawings a system to act
as she drives through her body endorsing alone

feather ectopic pulse on stage depict fictive
like you can choose your family your flashlight
your connection to the pothole pitfall
compost psychosis i know this introduction
public body confused recyclable chant
“my operation cannot be by chance” or
“let’s give eden night” wedded imagined
the job is the implant control to control
to loop homeric google prosthetic body
language be a narrative alter this mouth so
my face is not a face not a place synthetic
i collect companions like ringtones tradition
badly admit there are problems in the landfill
robotopic cyborg construction not stable not self
not cyborg self not robotropic staple construction
economic a corroboration between the voice
through speakers and the lantern i wear
across my sternum a need to recharge
the missing piece the multiplication of pathos
her sound my sound recur receive response from more vultures more sky burials
tweed blazers i need to herd carnal coast
past she to i to a moment to bray and declare

this is not my genre of testimony provocateur not
my signatory i'm not troubled by this body
because naming now my choice a gift a blouse
a silent play a mutual mime my metric theater

play mime theater through silence metrically relevant yet the map as language disowned
i build a stairwell in her doorway a template state for shoulders unwanted fleshy the torso's
trailer ostensibly mobile built of a branch hung whole body epic imaging it hurts not to open the window but who can top say malfunction wing negative queen fragile integrity gene flight airport blacklisted like wave scenes back to the ark the masculine expense of water where i don't get to pick and choose unstudy our condition blatant textual market the majority of pursuing my actual house a desert versus rainforest sexual incident retort the options picture compatible uniform course

uniform retort compatible pictures optional a horse is not my totem i don't want travel to arrive to fertilize through dedication to find pride in drone my neck too strong for all the obvious

pollen please make me hand over my tail pre-predatory a certain reflection of the penny’s visage not wanted on this voyage where i spread my insurance out razor style akin to the inner boar she speaks through me airports wave scene barium scavenge high temperature swallow inner-metallic vacuum my throat permanent white with the challenge to keep a breast any breast an alloy of gossip x-rays worry screenings precious fluids finally say

finally say worry is precious x-rays fluid bluff scares me a mess to clean up later where there is a there there abstract as tolerator or in the sense where we all act as parasites and i find another whale in the moment of vocalizing i know i author memory in question find the animal giraffe flavor of standards the second hand stress of who is she stealing for the lesson plan wants out wants to privilege the other as idea malingering legacy industrial made graphic she doesn't envy science she doesn't soft wear she don't test performance code paint a widow open the throne

code a window throne performance open skylight rain down on the stone it grows important prepared to thwart walking off without first leading the climb down learn to fine the polygon auto-complicate and remember the she is i now and the i not done by computer like her likeness commuter devolve sequential reruns she