



Hopefully, the Island

by

*Rachel Levitsky
in collaboration with
the artist Susan Bee*

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

Hopefully, the Island

**Rachel Levitsky in collaboration
with the artist Susan Bee**



Susan Bee, *The Island*, 2005, 38" x 48", oil and collage on linen. Collection: Peter Gizzi.

Hopefully, The Island, I

after Susan Bee's "The Island"

March 25, 2014

It's called The Island;
It comes from a book by Robert Creeley;
The poet Peter Gizzi has the painting;
It's the drawing.

The poet Lisa Robertson is sleeping in the other room.
The poet So and So, like the actor or the magician So and So
I must have heard
People say "the poet"

Just like I see a movie
In which the doctor has
A huge birthmark to then understand
All doctors are scarred including mine

Steve Dillon who has scoliosis and
One clearly drug addled but
Promising good advice from a poster
On a bus stop on Washington Avenue.

Suggestible – means I am breaking my rule.

I have jet lag and diarrhea.

I need to prepare for a class.

I read something about Two or Three Things—

It made me want to see it again but

I have an ambivalent relationship

To thinking about deep meaning

In the specifics of popular culture.

I put the drawing on the wall where I look at it

Before I go to sleep.

I didn't do this on purpose or for the

Purpose of collaboration.

I did it for convenience; it was convenient

For a reason different from its

Proximity to sleep & dream & writing but I have to go now

To prepare for a class.

Hopefully return not very distant like that

March 26, 2014

This morning was rough it has

Taken me a while.

I find myself reaching for someone not there and not not there

and remember the island which is funny she was speaking about

an island I did not know how much the island is the metaphor is it

a metaphor.

On her island is a little house a little god box that fits her and

only her.

My box is

golden too.

I will her

to reach

for my golden box

and please

never to arrive

at its door.

I work.

March 27, 2014

But, what do you love about it?

To do something I cannot.

April 1, 2014

7:50 a.m.

On the computer I'm

Supposed to be arranging taxes, texts /

Geese fly above me / honking.

The last was a quote from Judy Grahn.

Goose glint less than seconds.

Sunlight in the window.

Youmna gets it right it is now

Early the light is at 6 a.m.

April 2, 2014

Is it lonely on the island.

Is that why you look out and not in.

Do you feel less confident and more afraid.

Are you very sleepy there, do you dream.

David (David not David Buuck or Buuck)

Has a program.

Arranging us when on Treasure

Island, to be ordered for looking in.

Is the girl a tourist can she be a poet?

A traveling question.

I was asked what I mean by program—

If it has something to do with architecture.

Perhaps by program I mean the plot of a strategy.

Rather than the plot of a story.

I have come here to forget about story—

To trail off in the middle of a thing

I've long stopped

caring about.

I wonder why we haven't all stopped

Caring about it, it is so very trite

Tight and controlling of others; it never goes anywhere;

Falling short of its own revolutions, it

Never lets anyone go anywhere.

Let's never go anywhere.

I keep forgetting all my island stories.

There are so many island stories!

April 3, 2014

Island Story

My biological family may provide ample evidence

For a theory of destruction but

A family will never theorize its decomposition.

Does this make rising from ash heap

Like Death Camp: 1 in 3 survive.

How long can one live on an island?

I am master. I know how

To tie my shoes.

The consequences they

Escape me like the cat.

Like the squirrel, rabbit

Escape the cat.

Mother

Vehemently doubts the

Medicine will help.

April 5, 2014

By tree twisted, torn, alive.

From underneath a window

On the ceiling

I catch

That hawk

Flying

Above me

That is lucky a sign

I thought for

To write

The Island

Poem. I

Didn't call Mother.

Do Mothers ever know

I will sing to them that

I can't be

In a rage about it.

What is the it.

He is writing about Freedom now.

I am sort of an asshole dreamer.

In my dreams

Men pack nothing more than prosthesis

For my pleasure.

The writer yesterday said writing is for the pleasure of the reader.

Writers are prosthesis, in this case.

I almost hated this notion

Yet had nothing to say against it.

He told about an argument in philosophy between pleasure (Foucault) and desire (Deleuze).

I tried to track down that argument in text form

So that I could understand it.

One mustn't forget the dark forces.

I may not forget the dark forces

Interrupted temporarily

In light.



Susan Bee, *The Island*, 2005, 11" x 15", watercolor, crayon, and collage on paper.
Collection: Rachel Levitsky.

This poem/drawing collaboration is the first part of a project Susan Bee and Rachel Levitsky began in response to a call by Leo Goldsmith and Rachel Rakes' for a collaborative group show "Former Islands," Heliopolis Gallery, Greenpoint, NY, June 2014.

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