

The Book of
**REPULSIVE
WOMEN**

Five Increasing / Rhythms



Carrie Lorig

**THE BOOK OF
REPULSIVE WOMEN**
FIVE INCREASING / RHYTHMS

CARRIE LORIG

a winner of the 2015 Essay Press
Digital Chapbook Contest
selected by Lily Hoang



#64

ESSAY PRESS CONTEST SERIES

For Essay Press's 2015 Chapbook Contest, we asked 12 recent Essay authors each to select and introduce a manuscript extending and/or challenging the formal possibilities of prose.

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<i>Layout</i>	Aimee Harrison		

INTRODUCTION

– LILY HOANG

In the first incarnation of *The Book of Repulsive Women*, Djuna Barnes writes “[Her lips] bloom vivid and repulsive / As the truth.” 101 years later, Carrie Lorig has usurped Barnes’s title to expose the contemporary repulsive woman: she is a thinker, a feeler, a poet. She is intellectual emotion, relentlessly inquisitive and just plain brutal. She exclaims, “All reading is blood,” and the literature she reads is “So Polluted.” This text is blood, polluted with punctuation and form and accusative words that may as well be curses. And we are all accountable. Harkening to Barnes, Lorig declares “There is a Devil inside me / There is a Flower inside me,” and so we watch them both bloom and wilt and decay. We twist our faces in disgust at revelation; we squint against all that beauty.

THE BOOK OF
REPULSIVE
WOMEN

*****I can't believe it hasn't been torn down yet

Take us out,

shitting flowers Take us out

*****UNMETRICAL AND FRAGRANT

*****So long as the sky is recognized as a citation.

 *****UNMETRICAL AND FRAGRANT*****

 |||||
 |||||

The sky is a fisherman*****
 The sky is / a hook*****
 The sky is a citation of*****

 *****melting*****
 *****grief/

 *****The sky is wildly inappropriate / The sky is a
 citation of roses / a little black stage / UNMETRICAL AND FRAGRANT****

 *****Very salt winds Very clouded
 sentences

Very clouded
 Very clouded
 Very clouded
 Very clouded
 Very clouded

 *****SENTENCES These This females*****

 *****SENTENCES These This couldn't understand
 how they came to be born****An essay about distance and estrangement / An essay
 about learning how to speak / the broken line the shitting flowers the energy / of the
 bite that lingers / *****

 *****O "Kiki"
 O Tom
 O Mr Thomas Stearns Eliot

 *****N: "Just another poem's male /
 diagnosis dancing on the corpses of womenspeaking."

 *****I: clean clean clean: yes... Your nightgown I watched

- Bill, This was some Raw Bunch, Bill / These This billowing time These This luminous
 place I mean—I guess I fly around / A Hagstar disapproving / A C-gull
 glorying a bit / SENTENCES These This females I mean—I worship hard /
 in softer beings and space These This I think crimes / These think I think
 limes I'm 28 and booked I'm 28 and exaggerating I'm 28 and too personal
 I'm 28 and my slippery beginnings are These This and here / a generative
 dissolve into a life UNMETRICAL AND FRAGRANT / dissolve into a life
 wildly inappropriate / Unflustered or Flustered I approach / with difficulty
 from the dead Light / is bleeding from my hood / from my shitting flowers /
 from my flared edges / from my flared edges of blue.

- Around who / does the air Charge
 does the air Charge
 does the air Charge
 does the air Charge
 does the air Charge
 / which is felt?

- (*singing*) (as it was first understood) "All I want from you is a letter and to be
 your / distant sweater That is all that I can / offer you at this time."

- This was some Raw Bunch, Bill, it says on the front of the crowd / on the
 cover on the postcard from Texas where / the crowd is seeing the Dying
 Figure They are caught seeing / the Dying Figured into the archive / Imagine
 the light being taken / the lost and found body

The Narrative Mouth—
 Lilacs—
 Cézanne—
 Nobody else
 Nobody else but yours
 Nobody else but These This
 They can't copy it.

- The most local thing about a person We walk A to her car after class because of the abductions

- The most local thing about a person A postcard A letter / We walk A to her car after class and she tells us about Emily Hale, a lover of T.S. Eliot's, who gave Princeton thousands of his letters to her upon her death on the condition that they wouldn't be open to the public until January 1, 2020 Emily Hale and her letters The depth The jagged depth of that, says A, of that altar or chilliness Let's get bitchy about a few things, she in effect said, channeling Alice Notley talking about William Carlos Williams Emily talking about Eliot Emily channeling Alice writing letters to Bernadette about Williams Eliot burned Emily's letters to him so All That's Left is his voice All That's Left is his voice but when we walk A to her car after class I'm sure I hear Emily channeling Alice or Emily channeling The Depth The Jagged Depth of Your Abandon of that altar or chilliness or the Hagstar on the little black Stage or the Dancer / Maria Tallchief / whose girlchild grew up to become the executive director of the Poetry Society of America:

“but sometimes I get so angry, & what I think I'm angry about is phantasmic & this anger will drag me down— & this anger will draft me down—a “fine” woman, another flea, a secret prima ballerina—how similar are anger & lust?” —A. Notley

- (*singing*) (as the words actually are) “All I want from you is a letter and to be your / distant lover That is all I can / offer you at this time.”

I can't die
I can't die
I can't die
I can't die
I can't die

the book
of
REPULSIVE
WOMEN



There is a Devil inside me
There is a Flower inside me

He got Love*****

Blood and rags / ***

She filmed them****

*****There is a Devil inside me

*****There is a Flower inside me

She filmed them****

*****burning

in the snow*****

with their arms up**

CORPSE A

For you though they Took you they hurled you
 Out of space
Half strangled In yrLace You'd lip the world to madness
On yrFace Plunging grandly out See you sagging down
with bulging Hair to sip Plunging grandly out To fall on
yrRip yrGrip To fall on yrFace / yrBelly bulging Stately
 Into space

CORPSE B

For you though they Took you B wrote me a letter asking me if I had any poems with the word "corpse" in Them *they hurled you Out of space* I thought to myself, Don't I? Haven't I seen / corpses Many horse corpses / when I wrked at the barn / Dead from Colic *Half strangled In yrLace* The delicacy of the horse The delicacy of the dying body is the corpse / but isn't the corpse / I keep thinking / of Hiromi Ito's *Wild Grass on the Riverbank* when it goes, "Mother said, / 'A growing, laughing, living body' / Mother repeated, / 'A growing, laughing, living body'" When I read this or heard this I was immediately struck by These Chiseled Moon by the thought that This is a corpse This is the inexplicable movement of a corpse *Half strangled In yrLace You'd lip the world to madness On yrFace* What is a fucking girl, Djuna, What is anger, Djuna, to a fucking girl in a girl's corpse body How is anger a BLKSEED a BLKC a BLKSEIZE ripening glistening fluttering in the fire / tissue / script of the corpse's spreadgirl body, Djuna, *Plunging* I bought your book made of construction paper *Plunging grandly* I bought *The Book of Repulsive Women*, Djuna, I felt it choose me *Plunging grandly out To fall on* The book that chose me and a Thunderstorm *To fall on yrRip yrGrip To fall* and I read the last poem in yr book / The BLKSEED some powder

or color on my Fingers / The last poem in a BLKC of Women Dying Women in New York City They hurl They *See you sagging down with bulging Hair to sip* The last poem, "Suicide," possesses a movement from Corpse A to Corpse B a movement which *Sees you sagging down with bulging Hair to sip* a movement which Chooses you / *Sees you yrBelly bulging Stately Into space* And I know that the corpse is rupture the corpse is rupture I am a corpse a corpse's spreadgirl body a girl's corpse body when on St. Patrick's Day a group of white college men demand that N kiss me for them / that he take me home and fuck me for them / *For you though they Took you* because I am just an unrecognizable instance *they hurled you Out of space Half strangled in yrLace* A nightmare / grown suddenly real but only / to myself *See you sagging down with bulging Hair to sip* How lonely Driving myself On the way home The corpse The Rag and Bone felt until it went / into a Panic Attack How lonely It shredded itself into the BLKC *You'd lip the world to madness on yrFace Plunging grandly out To fall on yrRip yrGrip To fall on yrFace* C (who is currently in California) explains what it means to understand exactly what is happening / how that is the corpse's powerful capability That rupture The deaths of those disappeared and murdered by the State / and the bodies of those still living / but forced into silence, or those who must bear the weight of testimony by the fact of being survivors *yrFace / yrBelly bulging Stately Into space* Or, when the poems were thrown overboard, the corpse could finally identify the senseless brutality all around it It was much worse than a nightmare, it was real In that moment the corpse sees how endless that realness is to become Through the corpse's growing, laughing, living body the book never ends The book can only start again and again The Book of Repulsive Women The Song of Our Disappeared Love and that is only revealed in the rupture *yrBelly bulging Stately Into space* The immutable bulging The speakinggore that comes from beyond The Devil inside me The Flower inside me The spreadinggirl or the bit of contact filling me unwrapping my mouth with An Offering my mouth with A Horror



We Wish Ana Mendieta Was Still Alive

Art · Hosted by No Wave Performance Task Force

Join Save

***Join / Save

****Join / Save Join / Save Join / Save Join / Save Join / Save Join / Save
 *****Join / Save Join / Save Join / Save Join /

 *****Save*****

 *There's a Devil inside me There's a Flower inside me There's a Devil inside me There's
 a Flower inside me /// She does not kneel low to confess A little conscience no distress

CORPSE A

A loved bad word And those who have
 their blooms in jars Over-hearts
 left oozing Even vases in the making are uncouth Yet some wondrous thing within
 the mess Was held in cheek / The site of decimation / We've worshipped you a little
 more than Christ What turn of body What turn of body You pay her price
 and wonder why you need her still And those who have
 their blooms in jars Over-hearts
 left oozing What turn of body You pay her price and wonder why you need her Still /
 She does not kneel low to confess / It means her powers slip away / It means she draws
 back Even vases in the making are uncouth What turn of body What rag of wrong
 It means her powers slip away / their blooms in jars Over-hearts left oozing And you
 we valued still a little more than Christ

CORPSE B

There are these flashes / These This female sentence-ing /

These flashes that cover the lawn don't shelter,
 Lily Briscoe says / inside the waves / inside the sick
 or murmuring white / around Woolf's lighthouse¹
 The Unpredictable Pattern The Volatile Faults
 / wavering in the gauze in the entire ocean contracting
 around *What turn of body What turn of body /*

Oh, I say, looking at the flower inside Woolf's bleeding ghost,
 / I read that wrong I blurted out an interpretation contracting around / *Blooms in jars*
Over-hearts left oozing What Lily / the Painter / describes Today or a Million Years ago
 while imagining the table up in the tree like a *cheek* or a Crown
 while imagining the vacant cross with countless bleeding

¹ "But how long do they leave me / on the lighthouse?" she asked. He told her. He was amazingly well informed." -*To the Lighthouse*

bodies contracting around it or *some wondrous thing within the mess* /
is what it feels like to have to
“take shelter from the reverence
which covers all women”

Lily / the Painter / She continues / is the waves / these
flashes / *The site of decimation* Love has a thousand shapes contracting around the
vacant cross that covers the lawn The cross that covers the lawn doesn't shelter *And*
you we worshipped a little more than Christ Oh, you look like a moaning star / contracting
around the entire darkness I think / while listening / to Lily speak from The Flower
inside me The Devil inside me *She does not kneel low to confess*

“Let him gaze; she would steal a look at her
picture. She could have wept. It was bad, it
was bad, it was infinitely bad!”

I read Lily as she continues / as she is the waves and immediately think of Ariana Reines
I look up the quote / the Hunted Body I'm thinking of and it's so much closer to Lily /
The Flower The Care Package Corpse A The Fish Moon The Hunted Body Corpse B
What rag of wrong / This poem called *Hagstar* than I ever could imagine

“I want to say something about bad writing.

I'm proud of my bad writing.

Everyone is so intelligent lately, and stylish. / Fucking great.

I am proud of Philip Guston's bad painting,

I am proud of Baudelaire's mama's boy goo goo misery.

Sometimes the lurid or shitty means having a heart,
which is something you have to try to have.

Excellence nowadays is too general and available

to be worth prizing:

I am interested in people who have to find strange and horrible ways
to just get from point a to point b.”

Lily continues from the flower inside Ariana Reines's bleeding ghost / *She does not*
kneel low to confess She continues having found the strange and horrible ways to get
to her vision / It's twisted through the hole / contracts around / her indisputably

“She could have done it differently of course;

the colour could have been thinned and faded;

the shapes etherealised;

that was how Paunceforte² would have seen it.

But then she did not see it like that.

But *It means her powers slip away / their blooms in jars Over-hearts left oozing*

She saw the colour burning on a framework of steel;

the light of a butterfly's wings lying on the arches of a cathedral”

You pay her price and wonder why you need her Still

You pay her price and wonder why you need her Still

You pay her price and wonder why you need her Still

You pay her price and wonder why you need her Still

You pay her price and wonder why you need her Still

I sit in the classroom and listen to us talk about Virginia Woolf / the flower
inside her bleeding ghost / the murmuring sick gently washing around
the Lighthouse / the Lighthouse which is the opposite of Lily's vision
/ The Lighthouse which is so far from her / It is enveloped inside her /
She contracts around A Literature So Polluted / I think when I sit in the
classroom / trembling with excitement / with the realization or notes that

² A fictional male impressionist painter. Impressionism, at the time, was a style
some artists (including Cézanne and Matisse) were beginning to turn away
from / to the horror of others.

are / an incredible texture / of discussion / I sit in the classroom trembling with
the realization that maybe I have no idea what I'm doing / writing about these
women writing / with the realization that my experience of reading Woolf / of
reading Djuna's *The Book of Repulsive Women* / a book I read she Hated / is not
touching a Still woman in the portrait / My experience of reading Woolf / of
reading Djuna's *The Book of Repulsive Women* / is touching a bleeding ghost The
Flower inside me The Devil inside me / Ana Mendieta collapsed in her blood
on the pavement below / No One Knows How She Got There / Only That
She Screamed / She Screamed The Entire Outline Of Her Own Body / Oh,
you look like a moaning star I think when I sit in the classroom and feel Lily or
Ana painting / their bodies contracting around the entire darkness The energy
of falling / into a spell This one particular life The outline of its body tracking
Tansley or Carl Andre when they are remembered multiple times in the story
for saying, Women Can't Write, Women Can't Paint, but Woolf never actually
lets Tansley say it / She only lets Lily / Ana / The Painter remember it / It is
enveloped inside her when she says,

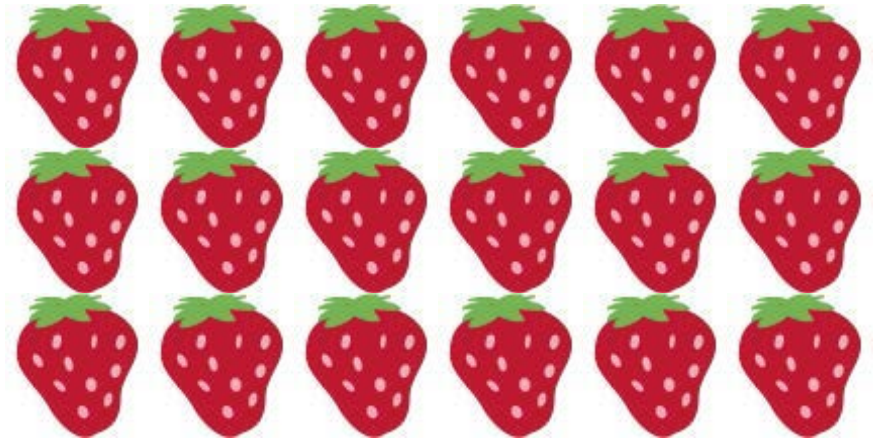
“Women can't write, women can't paint—what did it matter coming from him,
since clearly it was not true to him but for some reason helpful to him,
and that was why he said it.” *And you
we valued still a little more than Christ* Today or a Million Years ago Love has a
thousand shapes contracting around the vacant cross that covers the lawn
The cross that covers the lawn doesn't shelter Love has countless bleeding
bodies contracting around it

The body that writes / that contracts the bodies of writing
It must become Dirty too / I am Dirty and Bleeding

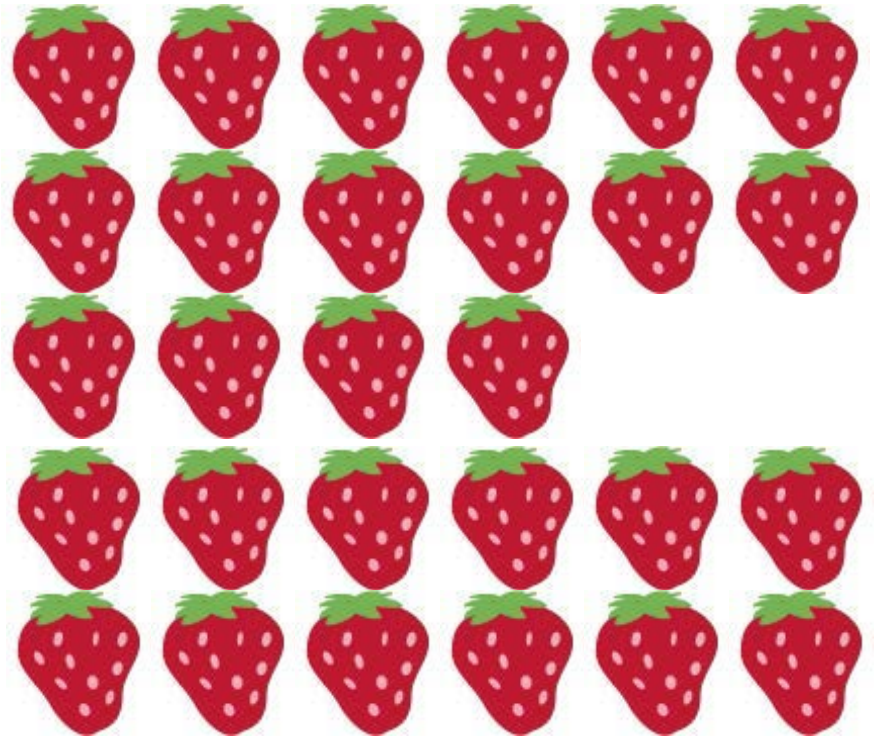
Dirty Critic Dirty Critic Dirty Critic Dirty Critic
Dirty Critic Dirty Critic Dirty Critic Dirty Critic
Dirty Critic Dirty Critic
Dirty Critic Dirty Critic in Love with the countless bleeding bodies

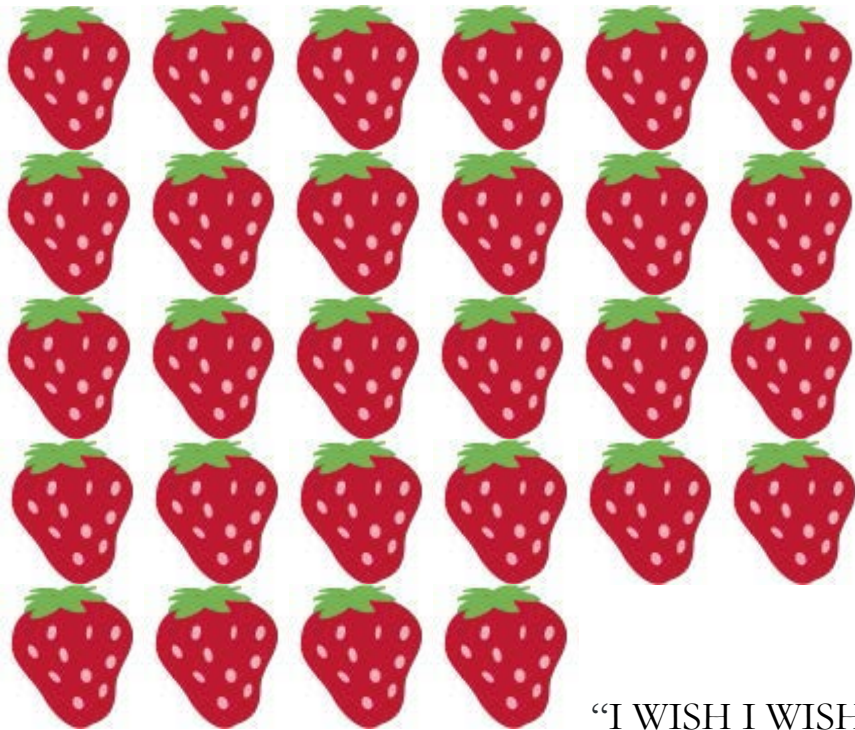
She contracts around An Art So Polluted / She filmed them burning / in the snow / with
their arms up / She filmed them burning / the outlines of her body / in the snow / with
their arms up

The
Book
OF
REPULSIVE
Women



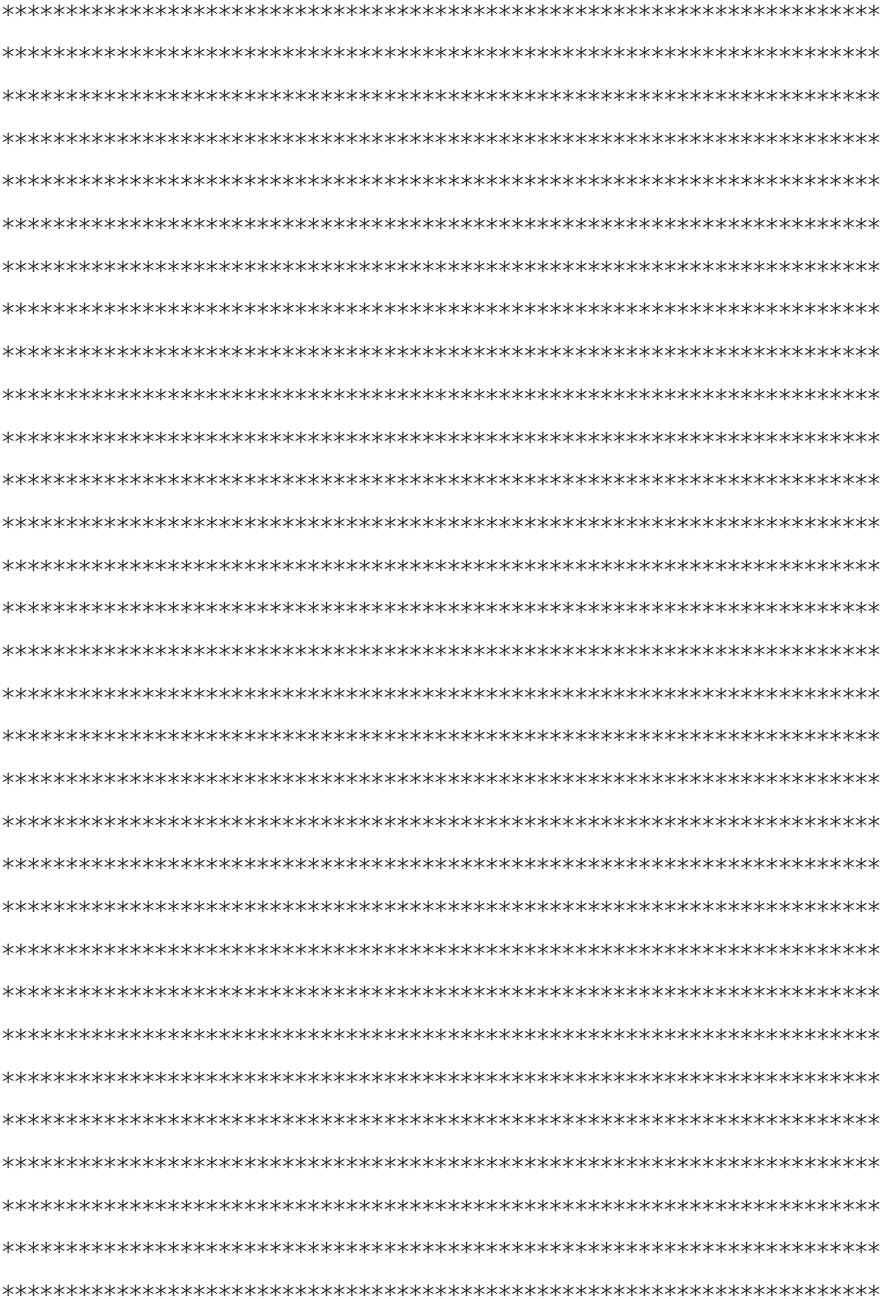
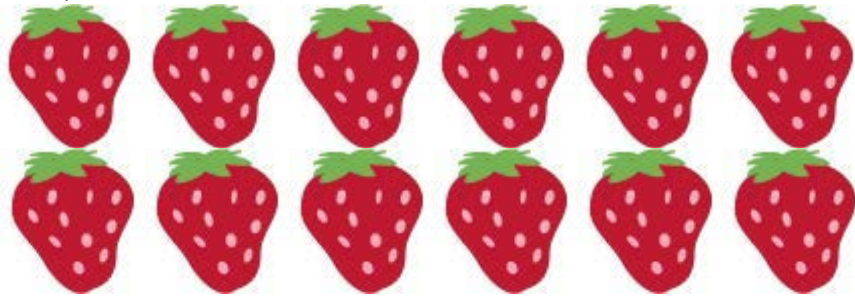
I AM JOHN BERRYMAN'S FEMINIST REVENGE





“I WISH I WISH

I WISH I WISH I WISH YOU / MY SIC CUNT /
 MY SOUGHT EDGE / COULD HAVE A FIELD
 OF / STRAWBURY”



*****What I always like

*****about*****

*****strawberries / waterfalls and dread /

**

***** / little starlets / their seeds *****

 *****is that they are a
 *****shieldfruit*****

 *****a fruit that shields itself / scattered

with / scoured with

/ its potential

/ its own sought edge *****

bodies and fields bodies and institutions bodies and fields bodies and
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AM I POET AM I SCHOLAR AM I
 AN EMPLOYABLE ROSE AM I TEACHER AM I JOHN BERRYMAN'S
 FEMINIST REVENGE AM I A DRUNK SIC CUNT TALKING TO A STRAWBURY

I moved over the bridge he threw himself off of every day.

What do I have to repeat to prepare / a choice?

AM I POET RISING AM I SCHOLAR RISING AM I
 AN EMPLOYABLE RISING AM I TEACHER RISING AM I JOHN BERRYMAN'S
 FEMINIST REVENGE RISING AM I A DRUNK SIC CUNT TALKING /
 RISING TO A STRAWBURY

/ they are a shieldfruit

/ they are an inversion excavating

/ they are a protrusion

/ they are a yung grl hustlin'

that alienates / further includes itself

scattered with / scoured with /

a flesh.

SHIELDHORROR IS ALWAYS IN SEASON

I gave my paper strawbury to my friends and my friends wrote back and they said, but why Berryman / ?? / they asked why Berryman was here / amongst all my buries. I could answer / I couldn't answer / I re-read my answers / the font has darkened amongst all my dream songs / amongst all my buries. *I repeat: I love him / until I fall into a coma.* I like this line from amongst all my dream songs / from amongst all my buries / because I darken the font.

Because I steal from the old drunk / Because I steal poetry back from the old drunk the insipid men / the poets or professors who didn't get what they want / once / THEY ARE THE DOUGH or doesn't that explain why they are such terrible soldiers for their own jazz tapes / some kind of reverie they could feast on forever / made of BLKENED CHICKEN / WITH PÁPRIKA / *WTF FEEDING GIRLS* / The red in the field destroys *The Garden Master* in theirs don't you think They mix /

and I am the women who snows & snows / I am the women who loves & loves / I steal back while in an impossible state Everyday in Minnesota I moved over the bridge he threw himself off of every day I went to class *♫ I took up a pencil; / like this I'm longing with. One sign / would snow me back, back / Is there anyone in the audience who has lived in vain? Is there anyone else who ever saw their dying purple intelligence in a room slaughtered to them?*

I did / I moved over the bridge he threw himself off of every day Everyday in Minnesota When it became too gashed I stared / at Berryman / at the Buryman's bust / up on the shelf the bust / had a great stuffed a great DRUNK forehead I stare at / until I *fall into a coma* / until I am so far away from the instructive threatening That I touch my crisis gently curl up into it Thrash and feel I am the dead man, speaking / *The high ones die, die. They die. You look up and who's there?*

I roar silently I don't roar / silently The women who snows & snows The women who loves & loves They coat their skin in backslashes and coconut oil Looks are hard I'm not always convinced I have control over where they show up / the backslashes and I need it that way / it's how I think / I have found you There / because you're There I don't hate / the Buryman I read him I read him and feel magic and labor I feel The pyramid / the poem can be built without a king and the dust

/ the sex pimple he pulls for us to suffer in He apologizes off & on I read him *fighting for air, tearing his sorry clothes / with his visions dying O and O / I mourn / again this complex death* I steal from him M writes to me / says, Almost more than anybody writing you've figured out what it is to write yourself / *out of which what grows but an unshaven, disheveled corpse* / That is what I steal I think, reading M's letter / That is the power the Buryman and I share /

I steal poetry back from him and then forget the way you think I should live / Come with me / I steal it for us without wanting something I want her to love me / The women who snows & snows The women who loves & loves / I want to read with men bodies I want her to read with men bodies She destroys them don't you think They mix / I ask them to read with me / Reading is actually not very pleasurable or easy *The architecture is far from reassuring* You are almost sure It is

but It isn't It is / soft Flags loose / in the Rivers of Blood Everyday Every day *They are shooting me / full of sings* A reckless unbearable form of / care A fruit / A grain A grain A reckless unbearable form / *A dream / A bury is a panorama of a whole mental life* A reckless unbearable form Surfacing in the Rivers of Blood They are the line and the failure What the fuck is a prophecy It's the only thing about publication that interests me It's / An inversion excavated A defective sheen

That fact is a lie but so is every novel and THIS IS A NOVEL / A bust My inconsolable reading of the Buryman / My attempt to destroy him Thoughtfully via Seeds / The oldest nekkid in Existence Pleads there on the OUTSIDE What is feminist revenge But the only thing / about publication that interests me What is feminist revenge but the idea that a text / Our Collective Beating / My paper strawbury / A prophecy A roadkill / A dream song about a man that I gave / that darkened the font

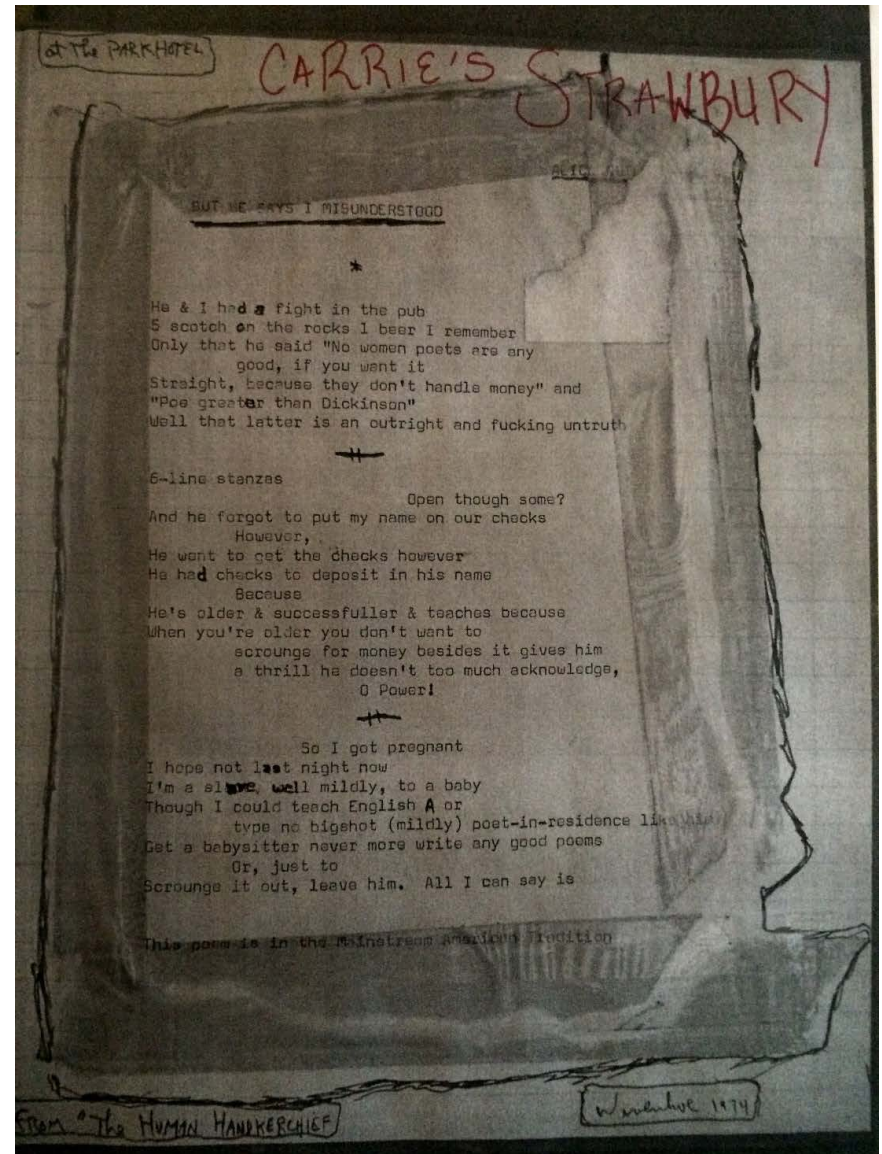
I am a text

my heavy daughter

She contains more than I ever could imagine

/ This is a poem / *my heavy daughter* / in the American Mainstream Tradition / This is a poem / *my heavy daughter* / The oldest nekkid in Existence on the OUTSIDE

Pleads there.



BUT HE SAYS I MISUNDERSTOOD

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SONNET A

Compromised Paradise / Love scattered not concentrated Love talked about
The rhyme of the jewel / torn and sore / you pay attention to becomes
A thousand apples you might put in your theories / The Stingy Notions
Of the Bedded Heterosexual / But you are gone from the benefit of my

Love / Does the world belong in you? / No not countable the specificity
Of its love / In the blue descriptive city Stoned men think they are different
From Stoned women / the church is hot the church is hot & climbing over it
IfellinlikeGreek&Latin / To die practically without mentioning / I can't
Hear symphonies, can't hear the popular Songs / the Coming Light / Why

Don't you spend the hurricane with me / female of art / All the city's a
Mass of slush and ices / My hand's your hand in this rhyme of the jewel
You pay attention to / torn and sore / You look at me / This is all fucked up
Time rigorously going / from field to field / the student cereals Floating

Around in, of all Things, milk / A Sonnet is an offer of a previous peace /
She or he Who still tends to titles as if all of us Are reading a new book

Called THE NEW LIFE

SONNET B

All reading is blood

Leo

Leo, when you wrote me, you said you were newly in love, and my heart clapped loud for you. And when you told me of your new shows, your galleries and invitations to perform, I knew the world was clapping with me. But, I sensed sadness in you too, a closed mouth trying to drink from a full cup. And, with that sadness, an inability to see the agent of change in you, the brave animal who knows who they are in this life and what they can make of it.

You have your reasons, your grief over friends and lovers and lives whose loss no language could serve justice to, your fear of loving something you could lose.

Leo, I can't promise you that you won't lose again, and I wouldn't want to. Each loss has brought you closer to who you are, has stripped you of illusions. Since when did our lives become about how hard we can hold onto something? Since when was having something to lose not reason enough to love what you have and who you have yet to be?

So long as the sky, /

a long leafless flower / stalking,

is recognized as a citation

Leo & Leo Rising

Though it will spend most of its time in Leo, Venus will station retrograde in Virgo this Saturday, July 25th in your second house of income, property, possessions and self-worth.

Venus, the planet that governs your career, communications and daily activities, will have you reorganizing your priorities in these areas and will invite you to parse out the aspects of your work that feed you and feel sustainable from what does not. If there's any clearing out or cleaning up that you need to do in regards to these topics, this week would be a powerful time to engage in such rituals.

You might consider how to become more effective at what you do or learn a new skill that would help you be so. You might consider a new attitude when it comes to what you do or a new way to do it altogether. This summer is one that will uphold what works in your life and reveal what will not stand the pressures of reality and time.

This week the sun and Mercury will enter Leo and join forces on Thursday, July 23rd. This could offer you some clarity as it pertains to the direction that you are setting off on. As your birthday dawns you'll start to see the formidable task that you have ahead of you: to use all that you have learned in the past year to reveal more of yourself than you possibly ever have. Let all that you have learned center you, and this grounded confidence will naturally ripple out its effects to your work, career and aspirations in the world.

All reading is blood All employment / seems impossible /

a form with consequences / based on the description /

wrk

*

pain

*

wrk

*

pain

This braid is existence / That's what my sonnets sing / The only words I've said today³ /

A compromised paradise / wrk / pain

³ "Mortal joy is that way." –Bill Callahan

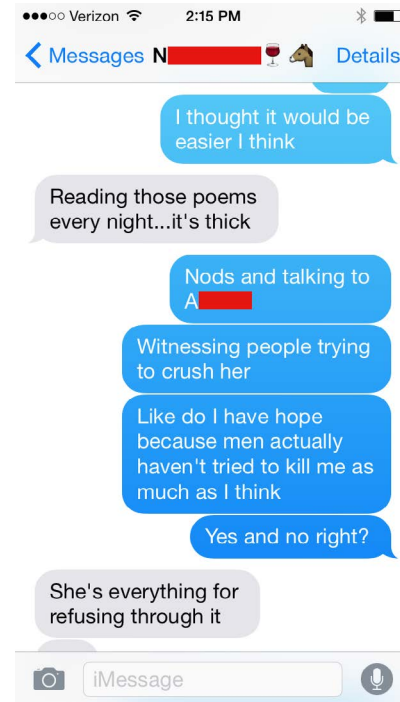
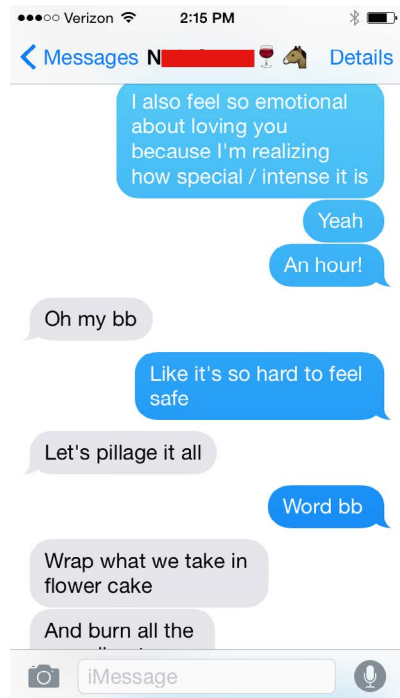
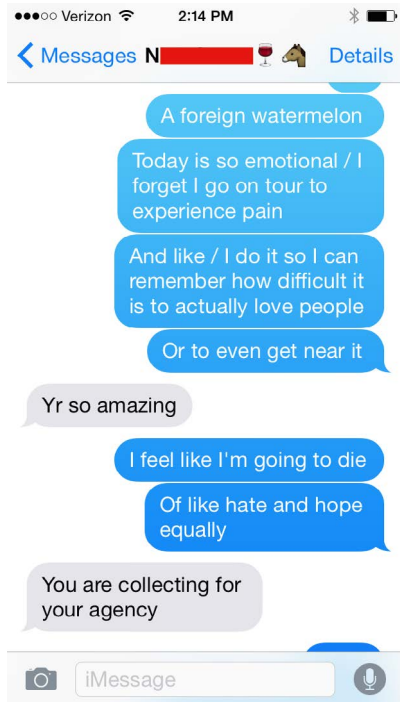
/ I've been writing somehow / A *Blackbury* A *female of art* / wrk / pain / the peripheral
sonnet I can't write

a form with consequences

/ the church is hot the church is hot / or if I can I have to /
I must be seriously things /

I must drag it around

/ the *Coming Light* Why don't you call it The Prophet the *Coming Light*
Against all agony / A shard wrecks in peace /



Does the world belong in you /

yr Lot I am my type you know

/ Love scattered not concentrated /

I am my type

A / A screen A fog All of us*****

know other / How can we / How can*****

the line know other / body All of us*****

failure inside / my own name*****

A sonnet An ode / wicked / of *****

stealing back A word's standing *****

perversity contains / A sentence A dead*****

A richness I / then room / I am not*****

/ containing I can write a sonnet*****

now / This is my only strength *****

/ *****

/ / *****

/ *****

/ *****

/ / *****

/ *****

/ *****

YR LOT / MY TYPE

“That is less common,
and more rare, than one might think – to die.” –Mary Ruefle

*

The overgrown tremble or the overgrown rattle or the outside pocket / of frogs burning along the Florida highway / was unexpected / and at first, assumed to be a problem with the speakers but was actually a scream / an orbit / a floating / with a hole punch in them. Before we left for the airport / down the Florida highway, my fingertips became a rash and they were bright and peeling and bright and peeling and traveling, briefly, to my legs where a small flare erupted / was unexpected and at first, assumed to be a problem with the speakers but was actually a scream / an orbit / a floating / with a hole punch in them.

*

“The fingertips of those dead bodies caught fire and the fire gradually spread over their entire bodies from their fingers.” –Akiko Takakura

*

To go on tour.
To go on.
To go on tour.
To go on.
To go on tour.
To go on.
To go on tour.

*

To go on tour is to be cursed with the book.

*

As soon as there is motion / a poem / As soon as there is art, the pretentious scrap / the pretentious corpse / the female occupant / the repulsive *jewel you pay attention to torn and sore* / She has no choice / She has no choice when she reads.

*

All reading is blood.

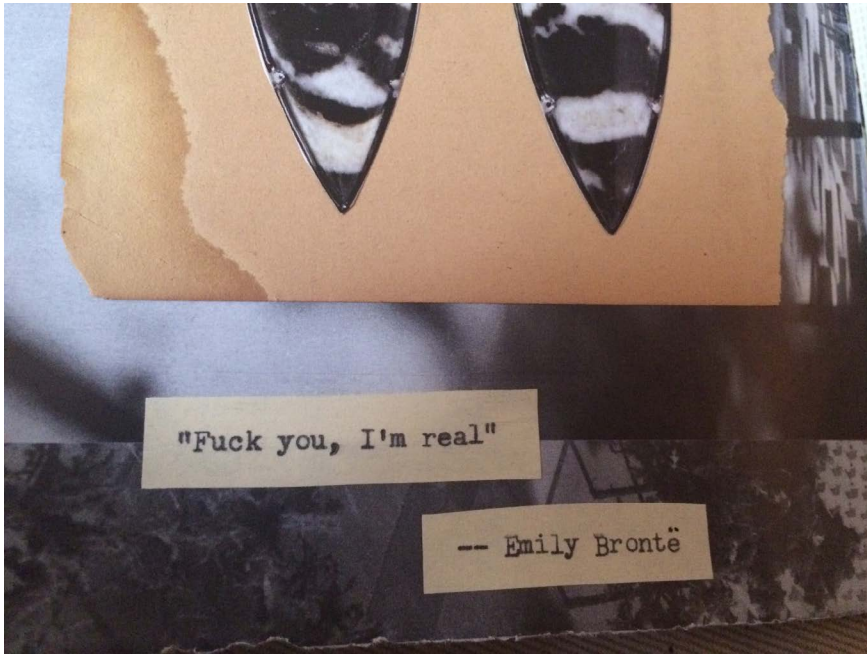
*

“Fuck you, I’m real.” –Emily Brontë

*

“You’ll use what I taught you to manipulate others.” –Emily Kendal Frey

*



*

“Saretta Morgan is black and alive and she thinks you should be, too.”

–Saretta Morgan

*

/ Just prior to the motion
/ just prior to the motion of buses
/ just prior to the motion of sitting with A in New York and Pittsburgh and DC
/ just prior to the motion of reading
/ just prior to the motion of building a second performance from / the debris of reading
/ from the motion of the debris of reading / of hearing you say
/ YOU’RE WORRIED ABOUT ME
/ AFTER I READ
/ I HAVE TO PERFORM MY PAIN THE PAIN THAT IS JUST
PRIORTO / THE MOTION OF VIOLETS / YR VIOLENCE
/ CAN’T WORRY ABOUT ME WHEN I’M ALIVE DESPITE
/ WHEN I’M FUCKING BURNING BUT STILL REFUSING
INTO OBLIVION
/ THIS IS WHAT IT IS / TO BE LUMINOUS / SAYS A SCREAM /
AN ORBIT / A FLOATING / WITH A HOLE PUNCH
IN THEM / the motion
/ of being bound towards / a different city every night
/ just prior to the motion of binding me *Stoned men think they are different from
Stoned women*
/ They think they shorten war / A and I
/ We r alive, talking / Our time on the water is right here
/ We r alive, talking We die talking We experience the obliterations all at once
/ just prior to the motion of dried papaya /
the motion of the rock I bit down on in the lentil salad /
the motion of the blueberries in LeBron James’s hands in Ohio
/ just prior to the lawyers
/ just prior to the crystals held up with floss
the motion of the rats / the angels on dope slipping / under
the motion of slipping under / a fence with a bruised tooth
a repulsive *jewel you pay attention to torn and sore*
in their mouths like in my mouth

/ just prior to the motion of sitting with M in the enormous surface /
the motion of sleeping in the same bed with M in Indiana
as animal sounds who care for each other /
the motion of sleeping in the same bed with M in Indiana
to the shock of the *Stoned men* /
the motion of a body never needs a cunt to be a *Stoned women* /
the motion of a man can be a body a body / never needs
power to meet me /
as animal sounds who care for each other

/ just prior to the motion of We get out there together /
Singing in the pines / We get out there singing together /
I thought mostly / of discomfort /

I thought mostly of discomfort as I stood by the window / where N writes
/ just prior to the motion of my own / leaving / I thought mostly of discomfort
/ incarnate + sacred /

It's here, / the bold darkness, / I thought / as I thought to describe / a chronic loop /
As I thought how to describe / as I thought how to create / a connection for N or you
/ a connection to the sensation of /

a chronic loop / rather than to simply have N or you make contact with / a chronic loop
/ of thinking / that is illness and also feeling / To describe that I perform with but
can't see my body

Just prior to the motion of my own / leaving / I thought mostly of discomfort /
incarnate + tracking / I stood by the window where N writes / and tried to describe
my life / diseased + tracking

-5 yoga classes / week + some running on top of it
-0 days off from wrk / pain / 0 BEERS just prior to the motion of my own / of leaving
-for my tour / just prior to having to face / the body / that I perform with but can't see
-I just feel shock / or disgust / Witnessing Instagram
-I'm worse than a corpse / I'm alive,
-I think trying to understand how I, the Blood Barn,
-even appear / a terrible exposure of flesh,
-the initiating / implicating mark
-of an uncontrollable narrative

Mary Ruefle is wrong / I think / or I thought / riding on the bus / eating peppery nuts in
a verdant state / because I am yr verdant bb / 🌱🌱🌱🌱🌱🌱 / reading Mary Ruefle /
and thinking of

what it means to claim that / to die / dynamically or vividly / to be alive and also a
corpse / and also something else / the language of resilience / is LESS common / and
MORE rare than one might / think

*

“You will remember / but I will die.” –“Planets of the Universe,”
Fleetwood Mac

*

“I said, biochemically I am more alive than you. / This is not a lie for
the sake of the line.” –Kelin Loe

*

I know Ruefle means for her statement to be a call to arms / YOU MUST DIE / YOU
MUST ALLOW YOURSELF TO DIE / but I knew how to die before I knew how to live
/ I once practiced /

how to kill myself via refusal / via repeating over and over that I couldn't / need food /
I was the sea / an impossible charge in the depth / I was the sea / Just a sound
/ an unedited version extending /

extending her stay / in the world / I was the sea / the most extreme form of self-hatred
that says, / Don't hate yourself anymore / As soon as there is motion / a poem / illness
that is also feeling / As soon as

there is art / As soon as there is a dead body in the cell / a chronic loop / As soon as
there is a dead body in the street / *No not countable the specificity Of its love / In the
blue descriptive city*

the pretentious scrap / the pretentious corpse / the female occupant / the repulsive
jewel you pay attention to torn and sore / She has no choice / She has no choice when
she reads / She has no choice but *To die*

without practically mentioning / She has no choice but 'To remember all at once and 'To
not be able to include it all She can't be straight She falls in love with bodies She can
perform with her body

/ She can feel the organs around her neck She doesn't need a cunt to be here just
a wound / just a different word for overlapping roughly / for the brutal practice of
overlapping roughly For how we practice

towards each other / overlapping roughly She can't be straight / Feminism can't be the
only word for regarding how she dies / for regarding how she lives / for what can't
be rare We need the motion of our bodies /

We need more / a cry / for this moment a chronic loop / just prior to the motion of
our bodies just prior to the motion of living / dying She can perform with her
body but she can't see it She has no choice but 'To include it all anyway

*

“I am now an exhibit and not a worker.” –Alice Notley

*

I thought about this phrase while I was on tour / When I had not yet read it /
When I had only yet / lived it.

*

If the witch eats the president of The Poetry Foundation / If the
witch eats the president of Facebook / If the witch eats the president of
every university / If the witch eats the president of violence / If the witch
eats / ?? / what should happen to her / ?? / the Sphinx of Literature.

*

“Help me, the rapist said, I'm being hoisted up.” –Feng Sun Chen

*



Album art / The Kossy Sisters *Bowling Green*

*

“It's hard being a little girl because you have to be bad a lot,” says Alice to Bernadette's
daughter, Marie. N printed off a long poem of hers for my birthday / which is
the same day as Emily Brontë's and just prior to 'The Blue Moon / Sappho's boat in
a burst /

I read that it's also just prior to the 50th anniversary of T.S. Eliot's death
I wonder how many times someone has posted on his grave and told him
he's still / the best one / at Bread Loaf / We have to find a way to teach

without stealing \$\$ from students / I sat with S in the kitchen this morning
 and there was so much wrk / pain wrk / pain / between us The only words
 I've said today / Mortal joy is that way I live with these flowers I barely know
 / in Atlanta, GA Mortal joy is that way I call the house The Blue Moon I'm 29
 and booked I'm 29 and exaggerating I'm 29 and too personal I'm 29 and
 I regard atrocity / Resistance is suffering, I hear the yoga teacher say /
 No, I said to S in the car, Resistance is technology / Resistance is an
 acknowledgment of suffering, / of the possibility that its lastingness / might be
 be unfathomable / A house on the edge of fields / Resistance is a book that can be
 illiterate and remembered / as a clump / as a cup / S and I talk about how a
 rareness / a book might fall out of the archive / and be lost or be placed
 in an airplane hangar in Florida / A house on the edge of fields / and then
 brought back to the library / because U made a call and said, I have found this
 body / because this is what moves poetry / If that's not the trace of your
 experience / the lost and found body / the illiterate and remembered body /
 the clump / the cup / the impossible movement between regarding atrocity
 and mortal joy, / then I don't fucking know why you are lecturing me about
 how much I need to behave when I read / Reading ends in a cry / it ends in a call
 that says, I have found this body / because that is what moves poetry I will put
 ruins in your life / your cute life N says I am getting more unforgiving / N is
 reading what I've written so far and helping me / he is helping me acknowledge
 that I've become more unforgiving because he loves me because / A body doesn't
 need power 2 meet me / in the sound / in the listen / We need 2 meet / 2 meet
 in the sound / in the listen / around and beyond Feminism if we're going to
 acknowledge how much a person can love / thought they should be loved /
 by another person / if I'm going to acknowledge how much I love this person

who let me stand by the window where he writes and describe what it felt like to
 practice killing myself via repeating over and over that I couldn't / need food /
 that food was for / men who had been born / N is helping me become more
 unforgiving because forgiveness doesn't mean you'll ever see your violence /
 because forgiveness doesn't mean you'll stop telling me you want poetry to be fun
 / because forgiveness is following the law / because forgiveness is "playing the
 game" / the creation and maintenance of a world where I'm buying your stupid
 shit on Sky Maul forever / No, you won't save anyone / Forgiveness means
 writing / will try to heal me / because writing means I'll include it all and
 never be able to include it all / help me include it all / help me not include it all
 / *You look at me* You won't save me / H gets us a table for 2 and we drink a
 champagne with flowers and a cold metal / straw she tells me she can see
 narrative in me / but I'm afraid it is too much that already / or narrative is
 forgiveness for men who have been born / or I'm a repulsive woman or
 I believed that / until I went on tour / until I was cursed with the book and
 realized I'm a repulsive woman I'm something worse / than a corpse I'm alive
 I'm something worse / than a corpse I'm dead I'm a corpse and I read like
 "A growing, laughing, living body" / When you save a life / I will write a hilarious
 poem about a dog in a croissant-shaped hat and it won't be more than 30 lines
 so you can stop banning me from bringing my wrk / to class When you save a life
 / I will write a sonnet

*

a sonnet / / /
 a sonnet // // / / /
 a sonnet / / / / /
 a sonnet
 a sonnet / // // // // / / / / /
 a sonnet / / / / / / / / / / /

*

I don't know how to write a sonnet. I went to bed last night at nine thirty a little bit drunk / a little sic cunt swollen from crying / from the wrk / pain of my love / from the wrk / pain of FaceTiming with my love / from the wrk / pain of having moved to Atlanta, GA without my cat and my love / for a little while. I don't know how to write a sonnet / derived / I don't know where the sonnet comes from. This morning I rode my bike to my job and listened to people talk about color / If no one tells you the sky is blue, you might call it white /

If no one tells you how real trauma / terror is for repulsive bodies, you might call it invisible.

*

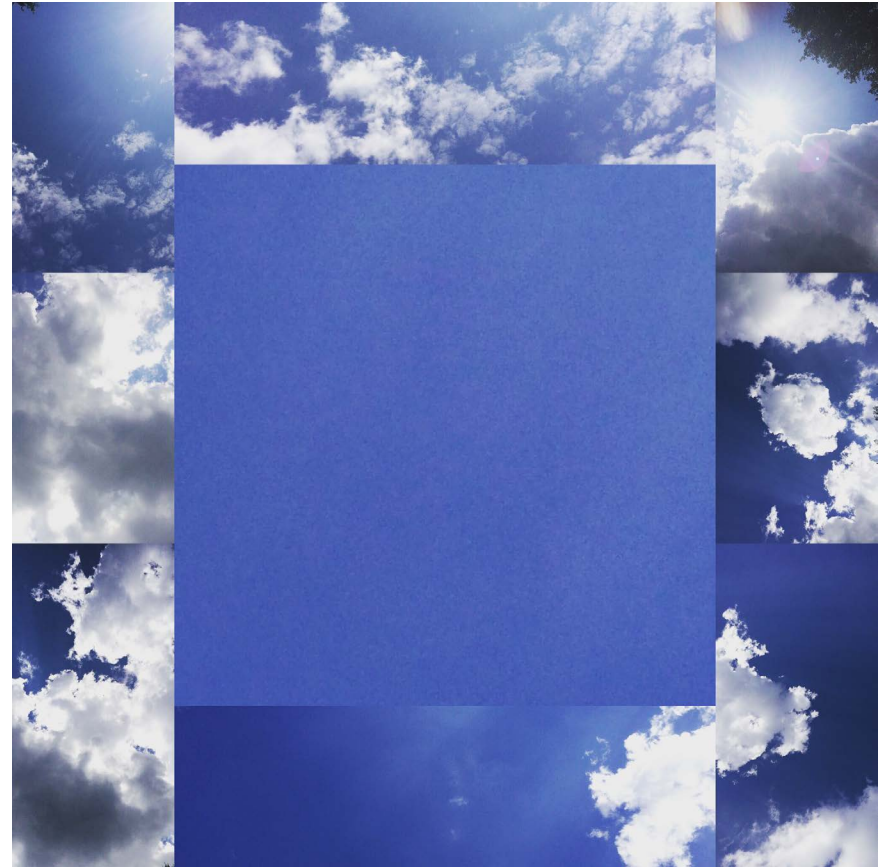
All reading is blood

So long as the sky, /

a long leafless flower / stalking,

is recognized as a citation

*



*

“I remember red, black and brown, but nothing else.” –Akiko Takakura
(describing the sky / August 6, 1945 / Hiroshima, Japan)

*

A sonnet I wrote after B wrote me / a letter asking me if I had any poems with the word “corpse” in Them / A sonnet I wrote after (Djuna Barnes’s) *The Book of Repulsive Women* chose me / I didn’t believe in rare books / but the deaths flare up They erupt / We are wired to look away / to describe this sonnet or the book as being so oddly built up by other writers / by reading / by corpses / by what each writer means / and that is wrong I think it is wrong to call it / oddly built / or to emphasize How Much it considers writing / when writing must consider the holy, tyrannical air / each writer means

I think we know to die / In my MFA did I learn how To ask how many sonnets will be in the Best New Poets this year and did I learn To die / I ask why / I think we know to be dismembered I think we know to carry ashes in our arms Flowers, champagne, cold metal have / always lived in this space On the phone I smoke one of J’s cigarettes in Chicago instead of taking the water A offers because my hands are shaking so hard My hands are shaking so hard when F tells me who I’m working for / A sonnet / I wrote about how dreaming is hard /

You realize you’ve been dreaming /

You’ve been dreaming / thinking you’ll feel safe / thinking space we live in space we write / is safe for anyone / to study to admire Only awe, / which is a force / a force that is illness and also feeling / a force that comes from between what’s terror and what’s real and what’s glistening / a ribbon / a stream / in my imagination, / keeps my heart a red belly a mud / “Always, this nowhere to go,” / says Jackie Wang in “THE FUTURE IS BETWEEN US” / “I don’t think about where I will go next,” says Jackie Wang in “THE FUTURE IS BETWEEN US” / I don’t think about where I will go next / on the bus with A / I shed on my hands thinking going on tour / thinking writing will only reveal love to me / A sonnet /

*



A sonnet / A lemon pistachio donut

*

A sonnet / I can write / A sonnet / I can’t write / I wrote I write / A sonnet / A love / wrk / pain A repudiation of everything / wrk / pain The only words I’ve said today A sonnet / A feral top knot / An indescribable composure *She or he Who still tends to titles* / An indescribable composure *as if all of us Are reading / a new book Called THE NEW LIFE.*

*

WHAT SPILLED / IN THE VELVET JUNGLE / FROM WHERE:

- The title of this chapbook, *The Book of Repulsive Women*, is the same as a book of eight rhythms and five drawings, *The Book of Repulsive Women*, written by Djuna Barnes in 1915.
- The second poem in this chapbook was constructed from reading / re: reading / reading / re: reading Alice Notley's *Doctor Williams' Heiresses*, William Carlos Williams's *Spring and All*, and T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land."
- The two "singing" lines in the second poem in this chapbook contain quoted / misquoted lines from Sylvan Esso's "Uncatena."
- Corpse A #1 and Corpse A #2 are comprised of lines from the poems in Barnes's *The Book of Repulsive Women*.
- Public posts by poets Jennifer Tamayo, Marisa Crawford, Bhanu Kapil, Becca Klaver, and Monica McClure alerted me to the existence of the protest "We wish Ana Mendieta was still alive," which was begun by No Wave Performance Task Force.
- The coda *SHIELDHORROR IS ALWAYS IN SEASON* contains lines from John Berryman's *The Dream Songs*. Only those lines which are italicized come from *The Dream Songs*.

- The picture captioned "BUT HE SAYS I MISUNDERSTOOD" is a photocopy of Alice Notley's poem, "But He Says I Misunderstood," which was taped into Ted Berrigan's journal / was given to me by N / was taped to our kitchen cabinet / after N spent some time in the Stuart A. Rose Manuscript, Archives, and Rare Book Library at Emory University.
- Sonnet A is comprised of lines from throughout Bernadette Mayer's *Sonnets* (Tender Buttons Press).
- Sonnet B is mostly constructed out of events / places / feelings that took place over the course of a book tour I went on with Alexis Pope (+ Mike Krutel when Alexis had to leave for a short time) from approximately July 7-20, 2015.
- Horoscope #1 comes from the July 2015 horoscopes posted on galacticrabbit.com and Horoscope #2 comes from the horoscopes posted on chaninicholas.com for the week of July 20th, 2015.
- The photo depicting a material version of "'Fuck you, I'm real.' –Emily Brontë" was constructed by Nick Sturm as part of a chapbook he made for my 29th birthday, called *ANCIENT LEO*.
- When the cover of The Kossoy Sisters' album appears, you might want to listen to "Single Girl" by the Kossoy Sisters with Erik Darling.
- "A growing, laughing, living body," / a line which appears in the last poem in the chapbook, was previously cited in the third poem of the chapbook as a line from Hiromi Ito's *Wildgrass on the Riverbank* (Action Books).
- The quotes from Akiko Takakura, a survivor of the Hiroshima atrocity, were taken from an article the poet Brandon Shimoda shared on his Twitter feed. *The Washington Post* published this article, written by Ishaan Tharoor, on August 6, 2015, the 75th anniversary of the bombings.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you Nick Sturm, Alexis Pope, Brandon Shimoda, Mike Krutel
/ everyone else who came into contact /

Thank you ghosts / blood /

Thank you Essay Press for allowing me to publish / preserve
individual pieces / as they are intended to be read / with their
individual variations + mutations /

Poems from this chapbook were published previously in *Atlas
Review*, *Yalobusha Review*, *jubilat*, and *Tagvverk Journal*.

AUTHOR BIO



Carrie Lorig is the author of *The Pulp Vs. The Throne*, a book of poems and essays. Chapbooks include *Reading as a Wildflower Activist* (H_NGM_N), *NODS*. (Magic Helicopter), *stonepoems* (with Sara Woods, by Solar Luxuriance), and *Labor Day* (with Nick Sturm, by Forklift, Ohio).



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