

Urth Animal



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Poems, Collages, Ephemera for Marthe Reed

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“By ‘weird’ I mean the Icelandic and Old Norse roots of that word, ‘urth.’ What things are is inextricably looped, twisted or entwined with how they appear, yet different—so things are weird and also fragile, even black holes.”

--Timothy Morton

I THINK IT MEANS SKY TRAM

Dear writing wives
Giraffe babies fall
6 feet to the ground
Like: nothing exists
But everything matters
I love you is a divination
Scratching thru whitewash
The earliest examples
Of an alphabet en route
To somewhere else



I started writing
poetry when I was
the objects they're perceiving

PORT OF LITTLE I

I want to fold what you wrote & keep it warm in my pocket as a ritual for remembering en route is where it's at I mean where presence is Jupiter is & is not the way of breath that is not clipped by the next selfcare being the most difficult starling I mean simple start murmur meditation read eye of the year the 16 candles of our relationship like a real teenager-teenager-anyone-animal parable of love in the time of that greedy widget mob politic we will talk about students we will clot the valhalla with our melancholy prose an emergency room's fluoresce I wanted to go back into the back room the door opened on the first room not the same room the room with the spoons dipped in honey always ready for a guest we talked about labor our attachments in the birth center dream of an emergence room that didn't call check-in triage did co-exist with the fibers nosing out from the blind root manifold in the compost the red worms gods of the accordion universe



TINY

ache of light
points in from silver
like everything
is so fine
without oxygen
there is no option
like picking up salt
on the way home from

work leaps
from one cool place
to the next worry metal
will overheat as
the cool moon wish
for sun
even ambiance
gives too much light

I am a silhouette against the sheen

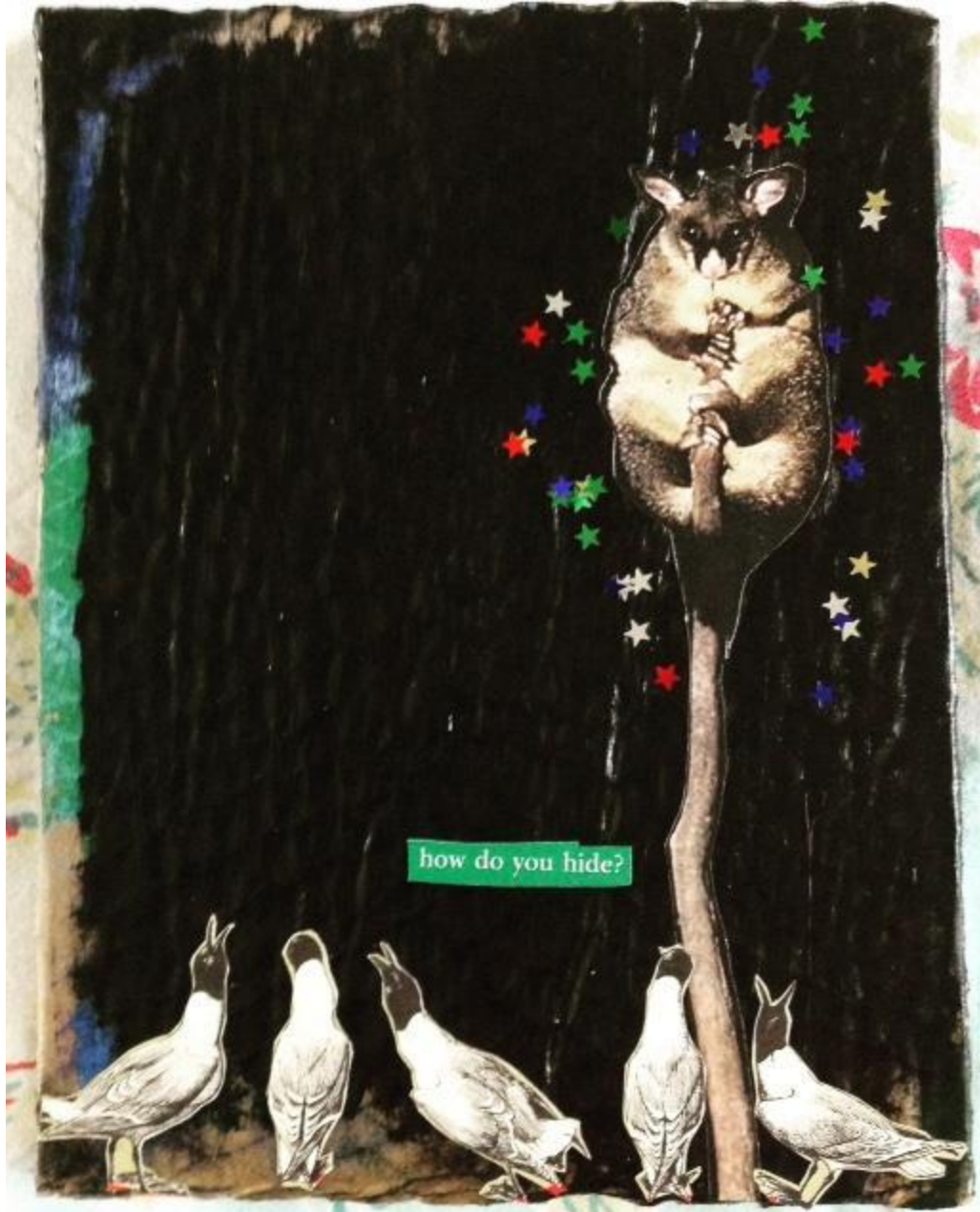
the children murmur--
spread tinsel
between their
Fingers words

like ooo on the inhale--

a wish to sprout wings

SEDIMENTARY

all is luminous
when the apogee
shirks doom—this
in all caps above
we are ad
libbing and singing
plastic pens
in our pockets
our pants
on fire
—an earlier hunch
ended there
in flames
—less dire



how do you hide?

BALLAD OF URTH ANIMAL

You are all the birds at once—
the house finches and the jays—

and I am the rain
avoiding you

through dart and weave
in the fabric of song.

Your call builds
in my throat.

Whether it's the romance of the sky
or the death of romance

we will find our way back to the fold.
This rhythm of a new old self.

PORT THROAT

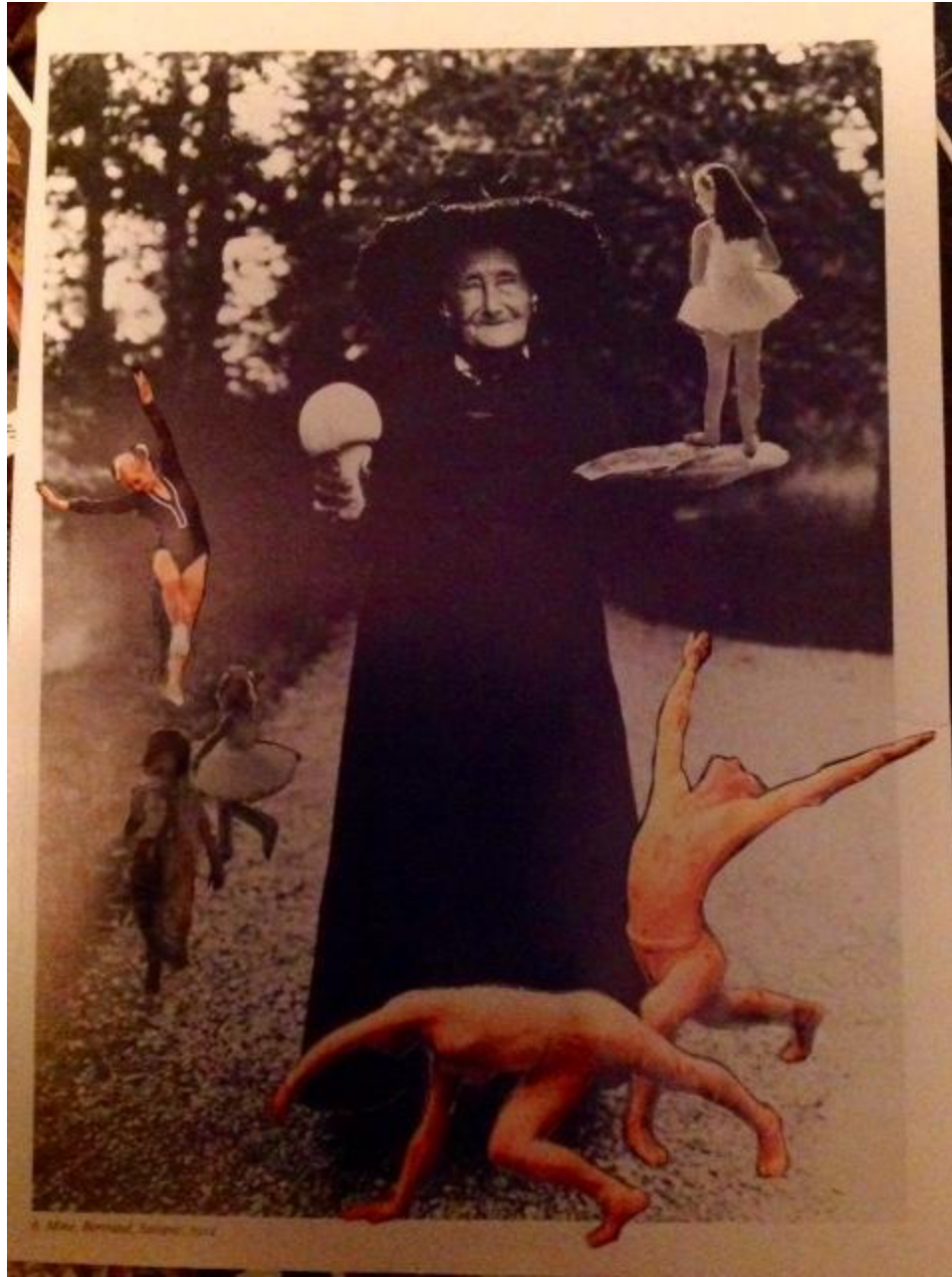
You pass yourself at every port—
until your throat runs dry—
you have the ocean left to swallow
but you won't even lift your cup.

I'd like to be the ears to hold you,
like shells hold the sounds of the sea.

I haven't learned to breathe underwater
if that's even being taught these days.
When I hold my breath to dive down deep
you've already headed for land.

And the tides
the tides

the tides



HERE'S ANOTHER BLACK HOLE

stripe iron stockings

a leg of green and stroke

an arm of je ne sais quoi

I imagine you must know the rest

*o , u , r , , , p , o , r , o , u , s , , , c , h , o , r , d , s , , , , ,
 , , , , , , , , , , , the internet maybe , , , my desire lit , , , , ,
b , y , , , t , h , e , , , h , e , a , t , , , o , f , , , a , m , b , i ,
e , n , t , , , , , h , o , u , n , d , s , , , , , , , , , , , c , i , r
 , c , u , l , a , r , , , s , o , u , n , d ,
 ,
asymmetrical wound

* ,
 ,

*the face-of the future-in the praying mantis-the one you-addressed after-
returning from the-edge:

*who are you-king of the world?

my allergen my amethyst my beholder my
commodity fetishism my crypt keeper my
decorated deer, dear twitching dear bot-
any dear angora dear muscle memory
dear seeming dear self-restraint dear crystal
suit dear mondegreen my cub foods my ant-
elope my accelerant my ambition my arrogance
my Nicholas Cage of aloneness dear sizing potatoes
dear wasteland my acid burn my alpenglow my
cryptozoologist of the astral plane, who wants to
see the money go? dear unpopular dear wallow
dear velvet soft soft soft dear art cellar my
books my broken - a feeling my euphoria
my basilica my binge my art as a metaphor
for something else

URTHLINGS' MOURNIFESTO

Who hears harness when the other says
no whose impulse is to shame is to
shame in the face of sovereignty

The body cannot experience time in reverse
no one has asked for a time machine
this isn't about asking
only the other side of the ear

Those men know babies come from that
urth place they don't want to hear about.

Those women know the men they contain
know babies come from that urth place
Those women know their tyrants speak
for them and write for them they
know best know best those women
lease their voice as lesser

It drives those men to crime to know my body
is more parts cavernous than
obvious. What invisible planets
happen inside--even absent light
seems to jealous them.

Solvent in their primitive envy
some 600 month olds cling to dust
their grammar stuck to mine
What is your attachment style?

Is living through this retro
tantrum--(the dead don't erupt
the same)--while still being able

to feel pleasure a more accurate
measure of labor?

The answer is yes
URTHLINGS ARE EASY
(URZY)

My body my my my my
Sovereignty my body
Supernus in the modern
Spelling super body
So many super bodies
Uterine supreme
Urth supreme
Sacred and sublime
Dread sovereign goddess

I love my blood
who eats supper in the seat next to mine
who smiles my same smile my blood
who filters through my heart my blood
who sheds a skirt down the inside of my legs
I wear no gowns but this womb.
I choose my blood.
And I choose not.



BLACK AND WHITE

I am late and had an accident
In my twenties I wrote a manifesto for Panda
Who is a giant
And I never imagined living through thousands of bamboo
Each day a bamboo, an exaggeration
Sugar water squeezed from orphan fears
I wasn't kind to myself
Panda did not want to survive, would not have minded
Disappearing quietly into the chromatic earth
Mental health is not encompassing enough
How can I describe the effort
Effortlessly the universal furies
Spread their feminine wings
How much care has gone into the game
Of this single, shriveled bamboo larva
Of even a species going extinct
Of a marketed product an unmarked target
an unknown celeb a square scream
How tearful I am, sucking kicking, raking, getting bigger
Relentlessly their wings carry us on
Bamboo eyelashes of a sleeping giant
Riddle me this, what is black and white
And what is matter
And how does it mother
And how is your mother
Is she precious, sacred, controlling and trauma like mine?
Is she loved beyond measure like mine?
Did she give birth to a disowned panda like mine?
Is she a microscopic giant like mine?
Is she a god like mine?

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This is #_____ of 25.

